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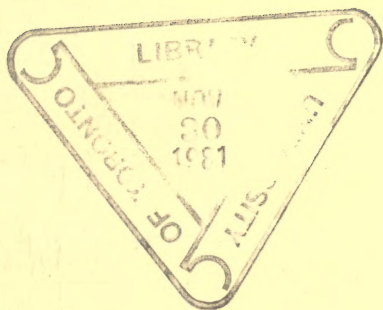
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No. DCCCCLXIX.

JULY 1896.

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ROBIN REDIVIVUS.

Wha says that Robbie Burns is deid?
Wha says he lies below the weed,
A pickle stoor, baith heart an' heid,
 This hunner year?
Deil blast the loons! but they hae lee'd,
 For Robin's here!

Here whare the Cluden, 'neath the mune,
Gangs happin' to the same auld tune;
Whare hoolets to the midnight win'
 Mak' eerie mane;
Here whare I focht wi' sangs an' sin
 In days lang gane.

For Heaven is guid, but Scotland's best!
Sae when they gie the herps a rest
I tak' a frien'ly, quiet request
 To Peter Doot;
An' he, guid man, swears at the hest,—
 But lets me oot!

Behint me clinks the gowden yett;
An' faith! the psalms I sune forget
As doon the road I skelp sherp-set,
 Past star an' planet,
Wi' thochts o' hame that bizz red-het
 Aneath my bannet!

An' when I stap oot ower the cluds,—
There's Scotland yet! The birlin' fluds;
The broomy braes; the whusslin' wuds;
 Gowans the same!
God! but my heart starts aff in thuds,
 To ken I'm hame!

Saftly I daunder up an' doon
By Ayr an' Nith, by Embro' toon,
A licht-fit, liltin', hame-daft loon!
 Ilk stream, ilk tree,
The mavis' sang, the cushie's croon,
 Brings joy to me!

Yet Scotland's changed since first I kent it;
The Gospel-faulds hae been augmentit;
The hypocrites hae a' repentit,
 An' quat their quirks;
The auld black creeds hae been white-pentit
 In a' the kirks!

Nae mair frae pupits yerks a yell
O' God's damnation fierce an' fell;
A saft an' couthie tale they tell,
 An' tell it quick;
They've sell't the guid auld brunstane Hell,
 An' pensioned Nick!

A land o' saunts it would appear!
Stories o' death their daily cheer;
Whare ilk ane sits beside the Brier
 Plantit by Ian;
Whare a' men drap the mild saut tear
 Beloved in Zion.

Nae lad plays pliskie wi' a lass;
Nae fule tak's hame a stotterin' glass;
Nae stirk gangs furth a college-ass,—
 Baalam's the mate o't;
The Lord kens hoo it comes to pass,
 But that's the gate o't.

An' as for Bards,—they're scarce as brose!
But kailyaird gents, stript to the hose,
Keep dibble-dibblin' at the prose
 For English stots;
An' Lun'on toon pays through the nose
 In gowden groats!

Guid faith! I ken na wha can fash
To read sic screeds o' auld wives' clash;
The teary-weary, cantin' hash
 Is nocht but haivers;
An' yet the birkies, prood an' gash,
 Brag o' their clavers!

Leeze me on tales o' deils an' drink;
On canty sangs that jouk an' jink
Wi' rowth o' luve, wi' rowth o' clink!
 But bards an' bottle,
Ballant an' sang, hae taen a kink
 O' d——d teetotal!

As for mysel', I'm saunt or hog
In this man's praise, or that man's prog;
My very statues glower incog.,
 For jaw an' nose is
As like this common, rough phizog
 As I'm like Moses!

The critic-craws still bigg their hame
'Mong Robin's fauts, on Robin's fame;
Ilk rag-tag rhyme that bears his name
 Is brocht their beak in;
An' a' his bits o' sin an' shame
 Gang to the theekin'.

Deil roast sic craws an' a' their cawin'!
 Their blame is stale, their praise is stawin';
 When Robin drank he paid his lawin',
 Sure that's weel kenned;
 When Robin fell he mourned his faain',—
 So there's an end!

Faith! if the truth maun be confest,
 Auld Scotland's guid, but Heaven is best;
 A body's frien's there stand the test
 Withouten sham;
 Guid fellows a' at crack the jest,
 An' pass the dram.

Shakespeare, the king o' a' the core;
 Byron, a deil to start a splore;
 Shelley, whase gowden lilt galore
 Keeps a' herps waitin';
 Coleridge, whiles seraph,—whiles a bore,
 Like Milton's Latin!

But Scott's the wale o' men for me,
 Wi' pawkie Allan at his knee,
 An' gleg James Hogg, wha thraws a wee
 At burly Kit;
 An' Louis,—blythe of late cam' he,—
 A' shanks an' wit.

Wi' siclike frien's Scotch saunts come sair;
 Sae back to Scotland I'll nae mair;
 For after Heaven I canna bear
 Sic godly folk;
 Then fareweel! daylight's in the air,
 An' there's the cock!

HAMISH HENDRY.

THE INDIAN IMPERIAL SERVICE TROOPS.

A YEAR ago all thoughts were turned towards the gallant garrison beleaguered in Chitral fort, and the determined little force which brought them relief over the snows of the Shandur pass. A very large share of both the hard fighting and the arduous work, which rendered those events conspicuous, was borne by the Imperial Service regiments of his Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir, and thus for the first time the attention of the general public in England was drawn to a new element in our Indian armies, the rise and development of which have been the object of much interest and discussion in military circles in India during the last eight years.

It has always been recognised as desirable that the great feudatory States of India should bear some part in the defence of the empire, in return for the advantages of tranquillity and prosperity secured to them by the strength of the British rule. To this end, in the first half of the present century, several of the largest States, notably Hyderabad, Oudh, and Gwalior, were moved to raise considerable bodies of men at their own expense, which were considered as forming integral parts of the British forces, and which were commanded by British officers. These contingents rapidly attained such efficiency as to be regarded as amongst the *corps d'élite* of India; service with them was eagerly sought after by officers, and those who obtained such appointments were selected for their special military proficiency and smartness. But, with the exception of the Hyderabad contingent,

the whole of these corps disappeared after the great Mutiny, in which most of them joined. The system on which they were formed was a mistaken one: instead of being used to foster such military spirit as might exist in the States to which they severally belonged, they were composed almost entirely of mercenaries, drawn from the recruiting-grounds of British India, which already supplied the fighting material for the native army of the Company. They were thus no more intimately attached to their States than were the trained brigades of De Boigne and Perron devoted to the cause of Scindia or Holkar in the Marhatta wars of fifty years earlier. The Hyderabad contingent alone was, by reason of its long standing and material, more particularly identified with the Government by which it was paid; and it alone, as has been said, continued to exist after the Indian Mutiny. The other great States, however, continued as heretofore to keep up standing armies of their own, in numbers proportionate to their size and wealth. In many cases the material composing these forces was excellent; but want of discipline, instruction, and proper organisation reduced them for the most part to a mere disorderly rabble, far more dangerous to the public safety than ever they would be to a foreign foe. They were generally divided into regulars and irregulars, of whom the former remained at or near the capital and in attendance on the ruling prince, while the irregulars were employed in the country districts as police, collectors of revenue, &c. These native armies

reached, in 1887, to a total of some 80,000 regular and 100,000 irregular troops, of which 18,000 regulars and 7000 irregulars were maintained by the Maharajah of Kashmir, 8000 regulars and 22,000 irregulars by the Nizam of Hyderabad, 9500 regulars and the same number of irregulars by the Maharajah of Gwalior, 4500 regulars and 4000 irregulars by the Gaikwar of Baroda, and 3500 regulars by the Maharajah of Mysore.

In the leading States above named efforts were made from time to time to make the standing armies really efficient, but such attempts were generally attended with but indifferent success. The large regular force of Kashmir was for the most part composed of Dogras, Sikhs, and Gurkhas, the flower of the fighting races of India; the Maharajah and his Government entertained a very high opinion of its efficiency, and large sums were annually drawn from an impoverished exchequer to pay for its maintenance. Its discipline and organisation, however, left much to be desired; nor was it in reality very superior to the ill-armed, undrilled rabbles which represented the military force of other States of the Punjab.

In Central India the army of the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior was trained and organised with a care which placed it in the front rank of the native forces of India, and far above any of its immediate neighbours; but notwithstanding the fact that good fighting material exists within the confines of the State, no effort was made to take advantage of it, and the army was composed entirely of mercenaries.

In Hyderabad there was (and still exists), besides the contingent already mentioned, a miscellaneous assortment of troops of all kinds

and nationalities, and almost all more or less useless. Some years ago a brigade of cavalry was organised under a British commander, and its regiments were termed "the reformed troops," a name by which they are still known. They have, however, ere this been left behind in the advance towards efficiency by another force of cavalry formed more recently, and called the "Golconda Brigade." This force is commanded by Major Afsur Dowlah, a Hyderabad gentleman of distinguished ability, and it has been trained by him to a high standard of excellence. With the exception of these two brigades, the army of the Nizam is of no practical value. The Hyderabad contingent need not be further described here. Although the cost of its up-keep is borne indirectly by the Hyderabad State, yet it in no way forms part of the standing army of the Nizam. It is in all respects under the orders of the Government of India; it is commanded by British officers, and there is no practical dissimilarity between its regiments and those of the British Indian army.

In Southern India Mysore has for some years been conspicuous as possessing a force of moderate dimensions, but of more value than the hordes existing elsewhere. During the long minority of the late Maharajah the army, in common with all the affairs of the State, was under British control, and on his attaining his majority the prince continued to administer this, as well as other departments, with the good sense and moderation which have caused his early death to be universally deplored. The infantry of the standing army has never, however, been of much value as fighting material; but the cavalry, which was for many years commanded by the late Colonel

Hay, was recruited from the classes which furnished the troops of Tippu Sultan in the last century, and was officered by members of some of the best families of the State, and it certainly equalled any similar force in India previous to 1887.

The whole of the forces described above, as well as the standing armies of other native States of less importance, were entirely under the control of their respective Governments; they were officered entirely by native gentlemen, nor had they any connection whatever with the army of British India. How to moderate the extravagant expenditure by native States on troops worse than useless, how to train this idle and undisciplined material, so that in case of need it might aid in the defence of the empire on which it is dependent, have been problems which have more than once occupied the serious attention of the Government of India. The strained relations between Great Britain and Russia in the spring of 1885, and the consequent increased attention to the internal as well as the frontier defences of India, were the causes of a renewed consideration of the question of inviting the principal native rulers to bear a share in those schemes of defence. No definite decision had, however, been arrived at when, in August 1887, the Nizam of Hyderabad intimated to the Viceroy that he wished to do honour to the year of her Majesty's jubilee by contributing a very large sum of money towards the cost of the frontier defence works then in progress, and by placing such a force as his State could afford at the disposal of her Majesty in case of need. This loyal offer met with a ready echo in other parts of India; the native States both great and small

hastened to follow the lead set them by the Nizam, and offers of contributions both of men and of money poured in in rapid succession to the Governor-General. It was evident that the time had arrived for carrying out those projects of securing co-operation and aid from the princes of India which had so often been put forward, and the Government of India forthwith proceeded to consider how best the loyal offers of the native States might be accepted.

It was at once decided that contributions of money should not be accepted, and that such assistance as might be given by each State must be very carefully proportioned to its resources, while at the same time its offer must be absolutely spontaneous. The essence of the scheme finally adopted was the employment of the actual resources of each State both in men and officers, and the formation therefrom of serviceable corps, which, while available for Imperial defence in case of need, should be otherwise as much identified with the State which raised them as were the old, disorderly, and useless standing armies. Such "Imperial Service" corps, as they were termed, were to be liable to inspections by selected British officers, but were otherwise to be in no way connected with the British army; they were not even to be under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, except in the event of their mobilisation, but were to be controlled by the Foreign Department of the Government of India. Finally, it was decided that the formation of a corps for Imperial service by any State should be accompanied by a proportionate reduction of those rabble forces the expense of which had hitherto been so great as well as useless.

It was not until the latter part of 1888 that the scheme for the formation of Imperial Service Corps was put into definite shape. It was then decided that the experiment should first be tried with some of the principal States of the Punjab, and with the Rajput State of Ulwar. A chief inspecting officer (Colonel H. Melliss) was appointed, with two inspecting officers under him. These officers, under the orders of the Foreign Department, were in the first instance to superintend the organisation of the new corps, the selection of recruits, the supply of their equipment; they were to advise the States' Governments on all military matters, and when the corps were in working order they were to inspect them constantly and report on their progress and efficiency.

The corps were raised entirely from amongst the subjects of the States, and were in like manner officered for the most part by gentlemen of position in the State, often by relations and connections of the ruling chief.

The work of organisation was assisted by the services of non-commissioned officers from native regiments of the British service, who were attached as instructors to the various corps; while their labours were further supplemented by the deputation of classes from Imperial Service regiments to undergo courses of instruction with some of the best native regiments.

Both these methods of obtaining efficient instructors proved eminently satisfactory, the classes sent to our regiments showing especial eagerness to learn their work, and rapidly acquiring great proficiency in the duties of regimental instructors.

In equipment, as in drill, the Imperial Service Corps followed

the main lines of our own native regiments, and though the advice of an inspecting officer or the taste for novelty of the native chief occasionally introduced innovations in colour, &c., yet all corps were equipped with an eye to utility and to avoidance of wasteful extravagance. In this matter, however, the inspecting officers had sometimes a good deal of difficulty to restrain the enthusiasm of the princes, eager to show their approval of the scheme by dressing the rank and file of their new regiments in broadcloth and gold, or by housing their cavalry horses in palatial stables. This very enthusiasm it is which indicates one of the greatest dangers to the future of the Imperial Service Corps. The ardour of an oriental ruler for any novelty is apt to resemble the delight of a child with a new toy, or the unthinking excitement of the London public over a new lion, quite irrespective of the real value of its object. But in native States much depends on the sunshine of royal favour, and should the enthusiasm of the ruler abate, or should he be succeeded by one of a different way of thinking, the former object of so much solicitude and attention would soon feel the result of the change.

Meanwhile, however, the Imperial Service Corps have been firmly established, and are daily securing a more certain footing. But a very few months sufficed to show that the scheme was in the main a success. Fresh corps were accordingly organised, those of the Rajput States of Marwar, Bikanir, and Jeypur, and the Central India principality of Gwalior, being followed by Indore, Bhurtpore, Rampur, and others, and in the south by Mysore (where, as has been mentioned, a cavalry force on the

lines of the present scheme already existed), and finally by Hyderabad. As the corps have gained increased efficiency, many of them have been exercised at camps of instruction, where they have been brigaded with regiments of the British forces. Some few have been employed on active service, and have amply proved their value. The military authorities have come to regard these regiments as something more than the creation of faddists, or the outcome of a passing fancy amongst the princes of India: they are acknowledged to be in many cases fit to take their places in the front line of defence against any foe, and to be a really serviceable auxiliary to the forces of the Crown.

What the strength and efficiency of the Imperial Service troops are at this moment may best be gathered from a few details about some of the more important of them.

Foremost among these are the forces of Kashmir, which consist of two *ressalahs* or squadrons of cavalry, each 300 strong, six regiments of infantry of about 600 men each, and two batteries of mountain artillery, each of 150 men (the only artillery corps which have been raised by a native State). The greater part of this force of some 4500 men has already done good service in the field: in the expedition against Hunza-Nagar in 1891-92 the 2d Regiment of Kashmir Rifles, then only lately raised, served with distinction; and the gallant conduct of the 4th Rifles throughout the defence of Chitral, as well as the share taken by the 5th and 6th Regiments in Colonel Kelly's march to the relief of the fort, have been already alluded to, and are still fresh in all men's minds. These regiments are composed for the most part of Do-

gras and Gurkhas, hardy mountaineers, and accounted the best infantry soldiers in India: they are commanded by officers of ability, intelligence, and position; their discipline and smartness leave nothing to be desired; and their performances in the arduous mountain warfare in which they have borne so prominent a part are sufficient indication of their value in the field. Nor is less to be said of the mountain batteries, the first of which also shared in the Chitral campaign, while the second is composed of equally good material, and may be trusted to do equally good work when called on. All the above corps have had assigned to them a more active rôle than falls to the lot of other Imperial Service troops, or than was contemplated when the scheme was first formulated. Events of the last five years on the northern and north-western confines of Kashmir, the establishment of the Gilgit Agency, and the assertion of a real control over the dependent States of Hunza-Nagar, Chilas, and Chitral, have necessitated the employment of larger bodies of troops on those frontiers than could be conveniently spared for a length of time from India; moreover, the work has been all to the advantage of Kashmir, whose territories have been secured from depredation and her frontiers respected. The troops of that State have therefore been employed for the purpose, and the Imperial Service regiments were naturally pushed to the front as being the best organised and drilled. At the same time, it must be admitted that the cost of keeping a considerable body of men constantly employed in the inaccessible outposts of the Gilgit district is more than the State of Kashmir, which is by no means wealthy, can afford. Owing to

the numberless expenses resulting from this incessant frontier service, the charges for Imperial Service troops fall heavier on Kashmir than on any other State. The loyalty of the Maharajah, who has lately received a timely acknowledgment of the services of his troops by being given the rank of Major-General in the army, and the military zeal of his brother Rajah Sir Ram Singh, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Kashmir forces, have both been averse to any reductions of those forces hitherto, but it is certain that some diminution of military expenditure in Kashmir is urgently needed. The fact remains, however, that the Imperial Service troops of this State have been tried in more or less prominent positions in three campaigns, and have shown themselves to be of undoubted value.

Next in point of numbers to Kashmir come the Imperial Service troops of the Maharajah of Patiala, the leading Sikh ruler in the Punjab, and the son of a prince who was conspicuous for the firmness of his support of the British Government during the critical period of the Indian Mutiny. In Patiala there are one regiment of lancers and two of infantry, each six hundred strong, and composed mostly of the best classes of Sikhs, whose reputation as soldiers is world-wide. This brigade formed part of the force assembled at Lahore in December 1894, on the occasion of the *darbar* held there by the Governor-General, and it marched past before him at the review of the troops. Both cavalry and infantry were conspicuous for their steadiness and smartness. The lancers have also attended several camps of exercise, and have always earned very high

praise for their efficiency. The Maharajah has always taken great personal interest in his troops; and this, coupled with the exertions of his officers, has resulted in the formation of a valuable brigade, as keen and eager for active service as it is smart on the parade-ground.

The remaining Imperial Service troops of the Punjab are supplied by the States of Kaputhala, Baka-walpur, Jind, Nabha, Faridkot, Sirmur, and Maler Kotla, and include four and a half squadrons of cavalry, three battalions and four companies of infantry, and two double companies of Sappers, or a total of 3200 men. Some amongst these are particularly useful troops, especially the squadron of cavalry and battalion of infantry supplied by the Rajah of Jind, which are second to none in efficiency. Another corps which calls for special notice on account of its very great value is the double company of Sappers furnished by the little hill State of Sirmur. Nothing can exceed the excellence of these troops, both in efficiency on parade and in the special details of their profession. Maler Kotla has lately started a similar corps, and the example so furnished is an excellent one.

All the above-named corps are composed of those stalwart races of the Punjab which have done such yeoman service for the British in the last half-century, and which have made the regiments of our Punjab army famous amongst the finest troops of the empire.

We now come to the contingents furnished by Rajputana, the ancient home of all that was brave and chivalrous in war, but whose races we have never yet succeeded in attracting in any

large numbers to our service. Imperial Service corps are maintained by Ulwar, Jodhpur, Jeypur, and Bikanir, each of which requires special description.

The eagerness of the late Maharajah of Ulwar to prove the sincerity of his offers of assistance in 1887 was so great that, before the scheme now under review was definitely decided upon, he took the initiative in forming a special regiment of cavalry on these lines, and secured at his own expense the services of a British officer to superintend its instruction. The result was that, when the other Imperial Service regiments were yet untrained, the Ulwar Lancers was already an efficient regiment; nor has it ever yielded this supremacy, but still remains acknowledged to be the best drilled and smartest corps amongst the Imperial Service cavalry, and one which is fit and ready for any service. Nor is the regiment of Ulwar infantry far behind this standard. The young Maharajah takes the same enthusiastic interest as did his father in his Imperial Service troops, and the only disappointment which he and they have felt is that no opportunity has yet arrived for their employment on active service.

Were it not for this enthusiasm in Ulwar, one would be tempted to think that the very extraordinary ardour in the neighbouring State of Marwar was altogether exceptional. At Jodhpur, the capital, there have been formed two regiments of lancers, composed entirely of those Rhator Rajputs who for centuries contested the supremacy of Central India with their kinsmen of Mewar, and who seem to have lost nothing of their martial enthusiasm. Brilliant horsemen, the finest swordsmen in India, the

material of these regiments is an ideal one for light cavalry; but in addition to this the corps have been infected with the spirit of a very exceptional man, Colonel Maharajah Sir Partab Singh, K.C.S.I., brother of the late and uncle of the present ruling Maharajah, a nobleman of more than ordinary enlightenment, a keen soldier and an accomplished gentleman, whose greatest and most genuine ambition is to bare his sword in the service of the Queen. Under such circumstances, and with such leadership and guidance, the Jodhpur Lancers have earned a distinguished name for dashing horsemanship and military ardour; they only need the steadying influence of occasional brigade work with regiments of our own service to become some of the best drilled as well as the most brilliant cavalry in India.

In the State of Jeypur a corps has been formed to which must unhesitatingly be awarded the palm of being the most practically useful of all the Imperial Service troops: this is a transport train of 400 carts, 1000 ponies, and 650 men, perfectly equipped and brought to a wonderful finish of organisation and discipline by the liberality of the Maharajah, and the energy of its superintendent, Dhanpat Rai, coupled with the able supervision of brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Tate, the inspecting officer. Those who followed the history of the late Chitral expedition are well aware of the great difficulty experienced in collecting sufficient transport for General Low's relief force within a reasonable time. The maintenance of a sufficient reserve of transport during peace-time to supply the demands of a force in the field has always been the most difficult military and economical problem

in India. It can therefore be readily understood how invaluable are such corps as the Jeypur transport train and the similar corps at Gwalior, and how willing the Government of India would ever be to accept the services of such, when offered for active work as readily as were the Jeypur and Gwalior corps last year.

Finally, the Bikanir Camel Corps of 500 men and camels is an item of the Imperial Service scheme no less valuable than the transport trains just described. Our campaign in the Soudan proved the value of such a corps for service in the East, and this is the first corps of the kind formed in India since the days (fifty years ago) when the present 6th Punjab Infantry was raised as the Sind Camel Corps. The experiment has been amply justified by the result. The corps is a regiment of mounted infantry, 500 strong, fully equipped with camel transport, and capable of carrying with them, on the back seats of the camel saddles, another body of men of equal strength. It has reached a high state of efficiency, and is animated by the same forward spirit which exists in all the Rajput corps, and indeed in almost all the Imperial Service troops throughout India.

Other States of Central or Western India which maintain such troops are Gwalior, Rampur, Bhurtpore, Indore, Bhopal, Bhavnagar, Navnagar, and Junagad, of which the first alone need be specially described. The Gwalior transport corps has been already mentioned; it remains only to relate that, like the Jeypur transport corps, it started with enthusiasm for the Chitral expedition in April last, the Maharajah himself attending its entrainment; that it served throughout the summer, and that its work and conduct were univer-

sally excellent. The Maharajah of Gwalior also maintains two regiments of lancers, in which he takes great personal interest, and which are both fine bodies of men.

The troops of Mysore and Hyderabad alone remain to be noticed.

It has already been related that a small force of regular soldiers has been for many years maintained in Mysore, under the superintendence of British officers. From the cavalry of this force were formed the four squadrons of lancers which represent the Imperial Service movement in the State. The excellent administration of the late Maharajah, which has been mentioned, was an element of success in the scheme in Mysore. Now, unfortunately, that assistance has been removed; but it is probable that the able men who are conducting the government during the minority of the young Maharajah will be no less favourable to the work. The troops are commanded by Sardar Desraj Urs, a cousin of the Maharajah, and a keen soldier, whose military ambition was sufficient to induce him to serve for some years in one of our own native regiments, with which he saw active service in the Burma campaign. The regiment is composed of good material, is well horsed and equipped, and showed to considerable advantage when it was reviewed by the Viceroy at Bangalore in November last.

It is noticeable that Hyderabad, whose prince was the first to offer assistance to the Government of India, was the last of the principal States from which such assistance has been accepted. The reasons for this were numerous. The territories of the Nizam are situated in a part of India whose inhabitants are not a fighting race; almost the whole of his existing large force is composed of

mercenaries: it was felt that Imperial Service troops, if composed of natives of the State, would not be valuable, and mercenaries could not be accepted. The Nizam, however, renewed his offer on more than one occasion, and at length, in 1892, orders were issued for the formation of two regiments of Imperial Service lancers, 800 men in all. They were to be selected from the "reformed troops" and the "Golconda Brigade," which have been already mentioned, and the whole were placed under the orders of Major Afsur Dowlah, the commander of the Golconda Brigade. All that depends on Major Afsur Dowlah and his officers has been done to make these troops efficient; but the material is inferior, and the regiments have not the same advantages, in many respects, as are enjoyed by Imperial Service troops in other States.

There can be no doubt that the source whence Imperial Service troops can be drawn with most advantage, or indeed with any real advantage, is from those manly races of northern India whose traditions and religion make them soldiers, and whose swords have already been drawn in our cause.

The total strength of the Imperial Service troops, of which some details have been given above, amounts to rather over 19,000 men. This represents the contributions of twenty-three different States, Kashmir supplying 4350, the rest of the Punjab 4950, Rajputana 4000, other States of Central or Western India 4500, southern India 1400.

It will thus be seen at a glance that a very large majority of these troops do belong to the best races of India; and not only do

such races supply the best soldiers, but their rulers are men of undoubted loyalty: they are the sons and the grandsons of those men who supported the British cause when its peril was most deadly, and when the danger which threatened us came from a quarter with which they might have been expected to feel some sympathy. Much more may we count on the loyal support of these princes against any external foe. How far the troops which they might then bring to our aid will be of value in the field depends on the manner in which they may be trained and instructed in peace. If they continue as they have begun, they will in many cases be fit to be placed alongside the best of our own native soldiers; nor is there any reason why their present efficiency should not be maintained and increased, provided that they are treated judiciously. Any danger which may exist of their deteriorating is likely to come from excess of zeal, rather than from carelessness or want of ardour. We have already alluded to the fear that the enthusiasm of some of the chiefs might be but evanescent; there is also a fear lest the British officers who are appointed to inspect these troops may exceed the limits set to what is required of them. A considerable increase of efficiency has been obtained of late years in our native army by a corresponding increase of hard work. This has been particularly the case in the native cavalry, which, from being a very irregular force, has been "dragooned" to a pitch of smartness often equalling that of any British cavalry corps. However much this system may be advantageous in our own regiments (and proofs are not wanting that it may be carried too far), it can

occasion nothing but harm if it be applied to the troops of native States, which after all belong to their own rulers and not to us. It may be safely predicted that the Imperial Service troops will maintain their efficiency so long as the interest of the rulers in them is maintained; and that that interest will not disappear (unless in exceptional circumstances) provided that the princes continue to feel that the troops are their own to do with as they like.

Meanwhile it is well known that almost all the States which maintain these troops are eager for their employment on service. Several of them were bitterly disappointed at not being employed in the Chitral expedition, and even if Great Britain were engaged in a war outside the limits of India there is little doubt but that many loyal offers of assistance would be made from this source. Many difficult questions are connected with the possible employment of Imperial Service troops in conjunction with a British force in the field — questions connected with their discipline, with the duties which might be assigned to them, and above all, with the proportion of British officers which should be attached to them. These matters will no doubt be duly dealt with by the Government of India when the necessity arises: for the present it is inadvisable to discuss them here.

One point may, however, with advantage be noticed — namely, the unduly large proportion of cavalry amongst these corps. They include 8300 cavalry and only 8800 infantry, or nearly equal numbers. We have already in India a far larger number of cavalry than we can ever employ across our frontiers; in all our little wars there is seldom any

scope for its use: much less then can these Imperial Service squadrons look to be employed, as they desire to be, in our frontier expeditions. To those who wish for active service an easy answer would be that they should reduce their cavalry and form transport corps; there would then be no difficulty about finding employment for them. But this solution is not feasible: the men who will serve in a cavalry regiment will not drive transport carts; more than that, they will not even become infantry soldiers. Nothing would induce a Rhator Rajput to serve on foot, and even in the Sikh corps of the Punjab it is difficult to get gentlemen of position to officer the infantry regiments. The dislike of the native of India for any work or exercise necessitating humdrum drudgery is well known, and a coincident prejudice is that which regards foot-soldiering as fit only for servants.

It is evident, therefore, that the large proportion of cavalry can only be lessened by reduction; and this step does not seem advisable, at any rate at present. It might, however, be insisted that the maintenance of a corps of cavalry should be accompanied with rather more than the ordinary regimental transport, and should invariably be followed by a reduction of cavalry from the old standing army, coinciding not in numbers but in expense with the new corps.

The maintenance of these new regiments, equipped with serviceable transport and mobilisation stores, is a far more expensive business than the up-keep of the disorganised, ill-paid, and ill-equipped forces which preceded them; and the reduction of the latter should be consequently large.

This reduction of the useless

hordes which formerly drained the resources of the State, and endangered rather than secured its peace, was one of the first objects of the formation of Imperial Service troops. The result aimed at has been in most cases fully attained, and it is to be hoped that nowhere will new Imperial Service regiments be suffered to exist alongside of an undiminished standing army.

In the brief account of the Indian Imperial Service troops given above, many points have necessarily been passed over in silence or been but slightly touched on. But it is hoped that enough has been said to show that a scheme which was regarded at first with much distrust and suspicion has proved a practical success. Loyal support by the native chiefs, a small number—its utmost limit has only amounted to fourteen—of British officers have, by hard work, tact, and perseverance, transformed, in seven years and less, upwards of 20,000 undisciplined men into a disciplined and serviceable force; and that, too, although the units have been scattered over many thousand square miles of country, precluding, in most instances, individual attention, or anything but interrupted visits of inspection. From three separate

quarters of India parts of this force have already done service for us beyond our frontiers; and no one who has seen the genuine earnestness of the princes of India in this matter, and the fine temper of their troops, can doubt but that only the lack of opportunity prevents many other such corps from doing similar good service for the British Crown.

The movement has given yet another proof of the excellent fighting material which exists in India, and of the British genius for organising and training such material to a higher pitch than it could reach under native guidance alone. But the development of the Imperial Service troops has done more than this. The interest and the money freely spent on them give daily proof that the offers made on the occasion of her Majesty's jubilee were due to something more than the enthusiasm of the moment; they prove a deep-seated loyalty and goodwill on the part of the princes and chiefs of India towards the British Government, and a real belief in the benefits which are secured to India by the British rule; and they give us cause to echo in India the words of Lord Salisbury—we care not how much we are isolated so long as we are united.

HOW SUMMER CAME TO CAITHNESS.

HAIL! sunny Whitsuntide! Hurrah for flannel shirts and hobnailed shoon! welcome homespun suits and supremely shabby headgear—the livery of ten days' respite from the tyranny of town garb! In this free and far-off land one may wear what he lists, for never a "lum" hat cometh here, save at funerals, and those affected by members of that archaic and strangely ceremonial class—the craft of postboys. Crisp heather and flowery turf instead of wood pavement and wall-posters—long gloamings on hyperborean shores in place of glare of gas and electric light—no sorry exchange, pardie!

Sure there is no more restless creature on earth than a salmon-fisher during a prolonged drought. All the readable fiction in the lodge, as well as a great deal which, under happier auspices, would have been pronounced unreadable, has been exhausted. The back numbers of the 'Field' have been conned, even to the advertisements (not the least suggestive matter in its columns); impatient knuckles positively ache from repeated rappings of the barometer, and it is within actual knowledge that a scorched-out angler has derived jejune solace from the perusal of 1 Kings xviii. The record in that chapter of the breaking of a long drought is so faithful and vivid that it filled him with envy of the prophetic gift which enabled Elijah, while the farmers and shepherds of Israel were still plunged in despair, to detect in the brazen firmament "the sound of abundance of rain."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass, at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not."

For more than a month our river had been at its lowest, for no rain had fallen since that which produced a small spate in the second week of April. This was all the more tantalising, for this year 1896 has produced a heavier run of spring salmon in Scottish waters than has been known for many seasons, and our stream had drawn its full share. The loch had yielded a heavy score already, and still, as often as the north wind blew and passing clouds obscured the sun, here and there in the deep river "linns" ("dubs" they would call them on the Tweed), or in the loch, small grilse-flies prevailed to make an odd fish or two lay hold, out of the numbers which were perpetually rolling up to the surface. The bay, too, was full of summer fish, both salmon and grilse, waiting for a flood to give them escape from the seals, porpoises, and parasites which embitter marine life. Everything was languishing for rain, but, of all Scottish counties, rain falls most seldom in Caithness; snow is the staple from which these northern streams are brewed, and of that there was very little last winter.

By the way, there scarcely could be a more thorough refutation of the kind of evidence which is often given, and too often listened to,

before Royal Commissions and other inquiries, to the effect that overstocking is the cause of salmon disease, than the condition of the Thurso in a season such as this. Of water there has been a minimum, of heat a maximum; fish have been huddled together in shoals, both kelts and clean fish, for many weeks, yet the dread *Saprolegnia* has not made its appearance; nor has any instance of it been recorded during the last forty years. On the other hand, in the rivers of the Solway, of far greater volume than the Thurso—rivers which have been depleted to the utmost by netting—the scanty stock is periodically subject to fierce attacks of this fatal scourge. So in the Tweed, where, it is true, the autumn run of fish do occasionally present some appearance of great numbers, even in these lean times in which our lot is cast, it is alleged that the disease, to the presence of which that river is peculiarly liable, takes its rise among fish crowded in low water. Marry! could we but have one season on Tweedside such as our forefathers knew before the days of extravagant netting all along the coasts, we might then have some idea what a full complement of fish really means.

But my present business lies not in the waters of Abana or Pharpar, but in the little Jordan of the northern land, in which, by the clemency of a friend, it was my privilege to cast an angle in the month of May of this year. It was not his fault that the rain tarried, and that recourse had to be made to other subjects of interest than the taking of fish. It was not difficult to find them. Angling apart, but for the fisherman's constitutional unrest, there was store of matter to occupy eyes, ears, and thought agreeably.

It was a very early spring, nearly a month in advance of last year. Ripe cherries in the open air near Dingwall and the hawthorn bloom past its best before the end of May, young grouse actually on the wing on the 24th—these are incidents without precedent in anybody's memory of the northern counties. "On the 4th of May," wrote Robert Dick to his friend Peach nearly forty years ago, "the buds are only swelling. There is no 'May blossom' in Caithness. Even at the end of May the few hedges are not in full leaf."

Everybody who knows the Highlands at this season, knows also the splendour of Highland broom—the badge of clan Sinclair—which, in the north, largely takes the place of the tenderer gorse. Well, the banks of the Beaully are worth a special visit in May, by reason of an unusual floral display on the green links near its mouth. They will be found ablaze with broom, but mingled with it, and greatly enriching it, are masses of a bonny purple-and-white lupin, an escape, no doubt, from some neighbouring garden, which has established itself profusely on the light soil. Seaside landowners please copy.

The Scots fir is one of the few green things that seem to go rusty at this season of ebullient growth and life. It strikes an autumnal key among the vivid verdure of oak, birch, and sycamore; but it is not really sluggish: the rusty look is caused by the profusion of vigorous youngshoots, russet brown in hue, which are pushing from the end of every spray. On some of the well-clothed hills near Bonar Bridge this peculiarity is clearly to be seen, the braes planted with Scots fir seeming lifeless and wintry, while those bearing larch woods are veiled in a mist of adorable green. Farther north, how-

ever, on the windy wastes of penultima Thule, there is no opportunity for comparative notes on woodland, for the same reason that cherubs can't sit down—*parceque il n'y a pas de quoi*. After the train has climbed the birch-clad valley of Helmsdale, and entered upon the appalling desolation of Forsinard, trees become a memory—nothing more. When first I made the acquaintance of the river of Thor some years ago, I was puzzled by the name attached to a salmon-cast on that stream. It was called the Hazel Pool: nor was the reason apparent, till there was pointed out to me, half-way up a frowning cliff on the far side of the river, a stunted, gnarled hazel-bush—quite enough to confer a title on the pool, for it seemed to be the only herb of appreciable stature in the whole vast parish of Halkirk. Yet there was forest once on these bleak plains, as attested by the presence of roots and stems of pine and birch in the numerous mosses.

Nevertheless, bare and cheerless as this country strikes the traveller, I found here the same blithe business of love-making and nest-building in progress that I had left the previous week in full swing beside a Hampshire chalk-stream. In a blazing springtide such as this, the lot of a pair of reed-buntings, with all their hopes and cares centred in a nest on the heather not fifty yards from the front door of our lodge, seems greatly more desirable than that of another pair of these birds which I left honeymooning beside the tepid Itchen. A coat of feathers must be terribly stuffy wear in that steaming valley. The two districts, so diverse in aspect and atmosphere, have many fowl in common, but many a winged thing breeds among these lochs which is unknown in southern

counties. The ubiquitous mallard, the cosmopolitan teal, the worldly-wise sandpiper, are here in numbers, of course; but there are besides many aquatic couples of greater distinction. One day in fishing I came suddenly on a newly-launched brood of widgeon in the sedges by the river. Delicious little bundles of golden brown velvet, they were as greatly terrified as I was delighted, for I had never been before in the breeding haunt of this choice duck in nesting-time.

Mergansers, goosanders, black scoters, black-throated divers, red-shanks, and plovers of various kinds, denote the high latitude by their presence. These are common enough; but on a small loch four miles across the moor—a loch that shall be nameless by reason of the avidity of collectors—there is an island remarkable for possessing a small thicket of saugh-bushes. This is one of the very few places on the mainland where the grey laggoose breeds regularly. Ah, these accursed collectors! how senseless is the craze for “British-laid” eggs to which they minister!—a craze which has raised the price of a grey lag’s egg from Sutherland to fivefold that of one from Iceland. Last year Mother Goose had brought a fine nide of eggs near to hatching on this island. The keeper was watching them to secure a pair of goslings for me: beshrew me! if one of these scamps did not rifle the whole lot under the brief cloud of a night in June.

On goosanders and mergansers, showy and aristocratic as they are in plumage and carriage, the salmon-fisher is forced to look with no friendly feelings. About four o’clock one sunny morning lately a pair of mergansers might have been seen taking breakfast

in the pool immediately under our windows. It is not often that one gets such a near view of their operations. Swift and fishlike they darted under water, propelled by powerful wings, making the spray fly over their backs in the shallows, too often emerging with a salmon-smolt between the sharp serrated mandibles that give them their popular name of saw-bills. It was a mistaken clemency to bring these greedy marauders under the scope of the Wild Birds Protection Act, and make the shooting of them penal precisely at the season when they do most mischief—when the smolts are descending to the sea. They are all out as hurtful as cormorants, and though one would be sorry to see them extinguished altogether, their numbers certainly should be kept in strict check.

Yonder, however, are a pair of pirates of noble mien, but of such murderous repute that the law has shown no tenderness for them. The greater black-backed gull is one of the handsomest of British birds, measuring fully six feet from tip to tip of the wings. His massive snowy throat, powerful lemon-yellow beak, and sable back and wing coverts, compose a livery so distinct that one cannot but enjoy his presence. But justly he has been outlawed, for he is the enemy of all lesser fowls and of many small quadrupeds. These two black-backs are quartering the moor in diligent search for young peewits and golden plover, and great is the anguish of the parent birds. But the two species, so nearly allied in race, manifest their concern in very different ways. The golden plover, which have exchanged their white winter waistcoats for black summer wear, flit disconsolately from knoll to knoll, piping with indescribable

despondency, mourning their bereavement in advance. Far otherwise the gallant lapwings. They swoop, dart, and tumble round the tyrants, uttering agonising shrieks, and actually succeed in driving the great gulls off the ground. If gamekeepers had spared the ospreys and kestrels, and dealt more severely with black-backs and mergansers, they would have served the cause of grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing to better purpose.

A word in season for the lapwings. The farmers of Great Britain have no more indefatigable ally among birds. The food of the lapwing consists exclusively of worms, insects, molluscs, and crawlywigs of all sorts: the diligence with which these pretty birds search every inch of the fields over and over again ought to earn for them more tender consideration than they receive. We actually treat them worse than any other wild bird, for it is the only species of which both the bodies and the eggs are made regular articles of commerce. It is nothing short of disgusting to see, as one may do any spring in London, strings of these birds hanging in poulterers' shops at the same time that their eggs are displayed for sale. There is no reason to deprecate the traffic in the eggs; they are a delicate and rightly prized article of food; their collection brings a little harvest to a very needy class of persons each year; and a very large proportion of the eggs that find their way to market would never be hatched, even if left alone, because most of them are laid on ploughed and fallow fields, where they would be destroyed in the operations of sowing, harrowing, and rolling. But the lapwing itself is far from being a delicacy, and our county councils, who have

the matter in their own hands now, ought to prohibit rigorously the destruction of the old birds after, say, February 1. Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey has described how they are taken in great numbers by spring and fall nets. "We have known the fowler," he says, "take in one fall of the net over a hundred plover, both green and golden, and as many as a thousand during a week."¹ As for the ordinary sportsman, surely it does not require much self-restraint to enable him to spare the pretty peewit, for it is the most confiding of all plovers, and offers such easy shots as to tempt, one would think, none but the veriest duffer.

The peewit is almost unknown in Caithness during the winter months, though the golden plover abounds at that season, and is a harbinger of spring almost as unerring as the swallow. It was quite an event when, owing to the exceeding mildness of last winter, flights of lapwing began to arrive in February.

When Charles St John published his charming 'Tour in Sutherland' in 1849, he was able to record the finding, and—what had better not have been—the robbing, of several eyries of osprey. Now the whole county might be searched in vain for one, though no doubt passing birds may be seen at times on the coast or fishing in one of the innumerable lochs. In the whole British Isles there are only two places known where the osprey rears its young. It is not likely that I am going to betray these; but I have this piece of good news for those who delight in our nobler fauna, that at one of these stations, where there has been a single eyrie each year for more than a generation,

this spring there were *two*, and two broods were safely hatched out. The keenest angler would willingly spare a few fish for the pleasure of seeing the splendid dash and skill of these fine fowl in taking their prey. Last November a pair of them frequented the middle waters of the Tweed, where they were once regular natives, but their visits to that river have become so infrequent of late years that none of the boatmen were able to say what they were.

It is a strange thing, and one for which it is difficult to suggest a reason, that the grouse of these counties, like those of the western islands, never become so wild as those farther south. It is not that they have less reason to fear the approach of man, for the wide moors are shot just as diligently and regularly as those elsewhere; nor is it owing to the character of the ground, which differs little apparently from southern moorland. The far-stretching wastes of undulating moor seem to provide a perfect theatre for the practice of driving, but it has never proved a success, because the birds refuse to be driven,—they never become wild enough. This is all the more remarkable because the partridges on the arable lands of Caithness, though not so nervous as those of Norfolk and Lincoln, take quite as much care of themselves in winter as those of Galloway or the Lothians. If the progress of education ultimately teaches these northern grouse to take timely flight before the line of flags, the stock will probably show the same proportionate increase as has followed on the institution of driving elsewhere—at Moy, in Inverness-shire, for instance, and on the

¹ 'The Fowler in Ireland.'

Yorkshire moors. If that come to pass, the returns from Caithness ought to be prodigious, for there are few counties which possess such unbroken stretches of good heather.

These, and others of like nature, were the problems and objects which kept busy our wits, notebooks, and field-glasses during the water famine; but if watching beast and bird were not enough to relieve his tedium withal, the salmon-fisher might turn his attention to the trout, with which every loch and stream abounds. Of these he may catch as many as he cares for, but in one important respect they are disappointing so early in the season. Caithness trout are very backward in coming into condition—far behind those of the waters of Sutherland in this respect. Very few, indeed, are so well made up as to give the fastidious sportsman much gratification in contemplating them when landed. But their numbers seem inexhaustible; their size is far from despicable—fish of a pound weight being far from uncommon; and the only detriment to the sport they afford later on, in the summer months, consists in their exceeding boldness and the small exertion of skill necessary for their capture.

The idler in this country will do well to let his thoughts wander in the records of the past. Not the least interesting associations of Caithness are those of the ancient Norse dominion, of which many signs may still be traced in the ruins, whether of masonry or of language, with which the district abounds. It would be strange, indeed, had they all disappeared, for it is only seven centuries—next year will be precisely the seven-hundredth anniversary—since the earldom of Caithness was forcibly

annexed to the new-born kingdom of Scotia. Dazzled by the intrepidity of the outlaw Wallace and the masterly enterprise of the Norman knight Robert de Brus, people are apt to forget how slender and recent was the tie which held together the kingdom which, between them, they rendered independent. The realm which the award of Edward I. assigned to John de Balliol included Orkney and Caithness indeed, but they had been so included for less than a century previous. Therefore, while the people of these counties are among the most loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, and as proud as any of their standing as Scotsmen, they do well not to forget that their forefathers were lieges of Thorfinn the Skull-cleaver and Earl Harold.

Somehow the infusion of Scandinavian blood into the native population seems to have had less effect in dulling the mercurial temperament of the Gael than the heavy Anglo-Saxon has done in other parts of Scotland. One meets with flashes of occasional humour recalling the divine gift of *repartie* enjoyed by the Irish. "Oh, go to hell, will you!" exclaimed an angry sportsman to his gillie, who had made some provoking blunder. "Certainly, sir," was the reply, "and when would you be wishing me to start?"

It was in 1197 that Caithness was first reduced to full subjection to the Scottish Crown. In that year William the Lion invaded Moray, and after vanquishing Roderic and Thorfinn (not the Skull-cleaver this, but a son of Earl Harold), advanced to Thurso, where he destroyed the castle and sent Harold a prisoner to Roxburgh.

Such a checkered history—the contest of people of different races for a land—always leaves an indel-

ible record in the place-names. In Orkney, indeed, the ancient Pictish nomenclature was completely obliterated during the four or five centuries of Norse dominion; nor did the Gaelic language ever cross the sea again to these islands; so that it has come to pass that not a single Gaelic name appears in the topography of those islands, saving only the first syllable of Orkney itself, which is supposed to be the Gaelic *orc*, a whale—the whale islands. But in Sutherland and Caithness it has happened differently; Gaelic, Norse, and Anglian names are spread all over the map. Sometimes the Norse original has not even a veil of disguise, as in Loch Watten, the largest lake of Caithness; of which the meaning is the somewhat childish one of Lake Lake—*vatn* being the common Norse equivalent to “lake” at this day. At other times the Scandinavian name has received a gloss suggested by local characteristics. Cape Wrath is a very appropriate designation on the lips of Englishmen for the northernmost point of Sutherland, for nowhere round the whole ragged coast of Scotland do the winds roar more constantly or the surges chafe with greater fury. But the Vikings laughed at the storm,—if the sea ran too high, they could pull ashore their black *kyuls* in any sheltered creek and wait for fine weather; so they named the cape *Hvarf*, the turning-point, for it was there they pushed their helms a-starboard, to run down to their possessions in the Sudrey, the southern islands—the Hebrides, as we now call them.¹

Not seldom it has happened that the people of Caithness, having forgotten their Norse speech, and not taken the trouble

to learn Gaelic, have substituted a name in the English language (which they speak with remarkable purity), and then invented a story to account for it. Thus at Dirlot, about fourteen miles above the sea, the Thurso runs through a series of deep gorges, cut in the table-land of Strathmore. It is a scene of ineffable melancholy: you cannot see the river till you are close upon it, only a wide brown moor, with a little graveyard perched on the windiest ridge, enclosed in a high wall. No church, nor the ruin of one,—just the dead-yard, with one tall, lean object showing above the enclosing wall. As you get nearer you find that this object is a human effigy, the figure of a young girl carved with considerable vigour and feeling in red sandstone. It is a monument to the daughter of one in the neighbourhood, and the handiwork of a local, self-taught artist, who, under more propitious auspices, would surely have made himself a name. This lone figure, standing thus high over everything near, midway between the stupendous cliffs of Hoy in Orkney to the north and the boding cone of Morven in the south, impresses the imagination as many more elaborate and costly memorials fail to do.

Having paused, as you are sure to do, before this tomb, and taken in the spirit of the place, you walk round the outside of the graveyard and find that it is perched on the precipitous verge of the gorge. Below you, if it is winter, Thurso thunders, lashed into tawny foam; if it is summer, as now, it steals with the voice of a harmless brook from one pool to another, deep, dark, impenetrable to the eye. An isolated cliff

¹ The name Sudrey is still retained in an English bishopric—Sodor and Man.

rises athwart the stream and thrusts it at right angles to its former course. At the base of the cliff is a pool—deepest, darkest, least penetrable of all: on its summit stands the ruined tower of Dirlot, the stronghold once of some petty Norse tyrant, passing afterwards into possession of the Mackays.

It is a scene of intense savagery: you can imagine the traces of almost any imaginable crime having been committed to the profundity of that sombre pool, and you, being Saisneach, are not the least surprised to hear that it is called the Devil's Hole. Then you will be told an elaborate story to account for the name; and there is no harm in that, provided you don't believe it. I forget the details, but it is something about a wicked lord of Dirlot named Sutherland, who robbed a church (nothing more likely); on the neighbours assembling to besiege him in his tower, and seeming about to prevail (which, having regard to the situation, is *not* so likely, unless they starved him out), this evil man thrust his ill-gotten valuables into a kettle or cauldron, and flung it into the pool. Just as it touched the surface, a hand and arm emerged from the water and received it, said hand and arm belonging—as cannot be denied is what might be expected—to old Hokey. Yet, in spite of the inherent credibility of this tale, and the impossibility, in the absence of documentary evidence, of disproving it, did I not well, in view of the following fact, to warn you against believing it? The old Gaelic name for the pool, still preserved on the Ordnance Map, is *pol a' choire*—that is, the kettle or cauldron pool, named, as so many similar pools have been in the Highlands,

because of its boiling, swirling eddies. The presence, therefore, of the kettle in the story is easily accounted for, though the natives have preferred to explain it in a less matter-of-fact way, and the convenient but homely utensil has been suppressed in favour of the romantic but inconvenient personage above-named.

Kettles, by the by, must have remained at a premium in this district as late as the seventeenth century,—not articles to be lightly flung into rivers, if we are to believe Richard Franck, who travelled through this country about the year 1650.

"From Dornoch," he writes in his 'Northern Memoirs,' "we travel into Caithness, and the country of Strathnavar; where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell (almost as barbarous as Canibals), who when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcase; since few or none amongst them hitherto have as yet understood any better rules or methods of eating."

Sir Walter Scott, who re-edited this entertaining work in 1821, remarked in a note on this passage, that apparently the people of Strathnaver retained to this late period the rude cookery once proper to all Scotland. When Randolph Moray and the gentle Douglas gave Edward III. the slip at Stanhope Park in Weardale in 1326, their troops left nothing behind them but three hundred cauldrons made of raw hides. On which Froissart comments as follows: "They have no occasion for pots or pans, for they dress the flesh of the cattle in the skins, after they have flayed them off." In which practice the curious reader may discern the true origin of the Scottish haggis.

When Richard Franck dabbles

in ornithology he puts a greater strain on our confidence in him.

"More north in an angle of Caithness lives John a Groat, upon an isthmus of land that faceth the pleasant Isles of Orkney; where the inhabitants are blessed with the plenty of grass and grain, besides fish, flesh, and fowl in abundance. Now that barnicles (which are a certain sort of wooden geese) breed hereabouts, it's past dispute; and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree is questionless; and those so fortunate to espouse the ocean (or any other river or humitactive soil) by virtue of solar heat are destined to live; but to all others so unfortunate to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity."

Theophilus, Franck's companion, usually eager to accept any statement that his Mentor may choose to impose upon him, boggles a little over this startling explanation. "Can you credit your own report?" he ventures to say, "or do you impose these hyperboles ironically upon the world, designedly to make Scotland appear a kingdom of prodigies?"

"No, certainly," replies the unblushing Franck; "and that there is such a fowl, I suppose none doubts it; but if any do, let him resort to Cambden, Speed, or Gerhard's herbal. . . . So that few ingenious and intelligible travellers doubt a truth in this matter; and the rather, because if sedulously examined, it discovers a want of faith to doubt what's confirmed by such credible authority. But if eyesight be evidence against contradiction, and the sense of feeling argument good enough to refute fiction, then let me bring these two convincing arguments to maintain my assertion; for I have held a barnicle in my own hand, when as yet unfledg'd, and hanging by the beak, which as I then supposed of the fir-tree: for it grew from thence, as an excrescence grows on the members of an animal;

and as all things have periods, and in time drop off, so does the barnicle by a natural progress separate it self from the member it's conjoined to. But further, to explicate the method and manner of this wooden goose more plainly: The first appearing parts are her rump and legs; next to them, her callous and unploom'd body; and last of all her beak."

And so on. Ah, well! we smile at old Franck, his turgid periods and deliciously inconsequent syllogisms; but some of us retain a privy hankering after the arbitrary and marvellous, such, for example, as that the phases of the moon affect the weather, or that communications from departed spirits are conveyed by rappings on modern upholstery.

But if the character of the nameless lord of Dirlet is unblemished by the legend of the Devil's Pool, there are ugly stains on the history of this land not so easily effaced. The Sinclairs, Earls of Caithness, were unruly subjects of the Stuarts; but they were so powerful and so far distant that they generally got off cheap. Thus on December 23, 1556, George, Earl of Caithness, obtained a remission from Queen Mary for

"the cruel Slaughter and Murder of Henry Leslye and his son, a youth, and other six persons, who were in a certain boat loaded with victual, opposite the place of Girnego; also for the cruel Slaughter of Hugh Neil-soune in Strathvlze [Helmsdale] . . . by way of Hamesuckin, in his own house. . . . Item, for treasonable usurpation of the Queen's authority, by taking David Sinclare his [the earl's] brother and incarcerating him for a long space. . . . Item, for the cruel Slaughter of William Auld in Scarm-clet, committed on suddenty" ¹—

besides a variety of other crimes of less magnitude, including vio-

¹ Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. i. part i. p. 394.

lent seizure of the salmon-fishings of Thurso. The next Earl of Caithness, though a cultivated man and much at Court in his youth, became a terrible savage in later years. He was at hereditary feud with the Earl of Orkney; so in 1608, some of Orkney's men having been forced to land in Caithness by stress of weather—

*"The Earl of Catteynes maid them drunk: then, in a mocking iest, he caused sheave the one syd of their beards and one syd of their heads; last of all he constrayned them to tak their weshell, and to go to sea in that stormie tempest. The poor men, feareing his farther crueltie, did choyse rather to committ themselves to the mercie of the senseless elements and rageing waves of the sea, than abyd his furie. So they entered the stormie Seas of Pentlay Firth (a fearfull and dangerous arme of the Sea between Catteynes and Orknay), whence they escaped the furie thereof, by the providence and assistance of God, and landed saiflie in Orknay."*¹

This earl brought ruin upon his house, owing to want of success in his laudable design, pursued for many years, "to mak the Lord Forbes wearie of his lands in Catteynes." He was denounced rebel in 1621, and his own son, Lord Berriedale, applied for and obtained a commission to pursue him,—all of which was no more than his due, were it only to punish him for the dastardly betrayal of his kinsman Lord Maxwell, who sought refuge with him after murdering the laird of Johnstone.

But among the records of these dark times, perhaps all connected with this district yield in horror before the proceedings in the trial of John Stewart, Master of Orkney, on the charges of "Witchcraft,

Poysoning, and Murthering of his brother Patrik Erll of Orknay." The prisoner was acquitted, but what words can describe the torments by means of which evidence had been produced against him. Alison Barbour, the instrument supposed to have been employed by Stewart in murdering his brother, was kept for forty-eight hours under "vehement tortour of the caschielawis,"² but confessed nothing. The devilish ingenuity of the assize thereupon devised the additional stress of sympathetic torment. Alison's husband, eighty-one years of age, her eldest son, and her daughter, against none of whom had anything been alleged, were submitted to torture *beside her*. The old man was placed in the "lang Irnis" of fifty stone weight; the son received fifty-seven blows in the "boots," which reduced his legs to a mass of bloody pulp; the daughter—a child of seven years—was submitted to the "pinnywinkis," whereby her fingers were pinched to shapelessness. Under the stress of these accumulated horrors, the miserable Alison, who had endured without flinching all that could be inflicted on her own body, was taken out of the cashielaws in a dead swoon, revived, and confessed all that the prosecution desired, upon which she was led forth and burnt as a witch, not, however, before she had revoked absolutely all that she had confessed. Thomas Palpla, another witness, was kept in the cashielaws eleven days and nights, placed in the terrible "boots" twice a-day for fourteen days, "he beand naikit in the meane tyme," and so savagely scourged with cords "that thay left nather flesch nor hyde vpoun him." All

¹ Sir Robert Gordon's 'History of the Family of Sutherland.'

² The exact nature of this abominable engine of torture is not known.

this, be it remembered, being part of a public prosecution, conducted by "Mr William Hairt, Aduocat to our souerane Lord." But then "our souerane Lord" was none other than gentle King Jamie, thorough master of the whole matter of demonology and witchcraft. Oh, the good old days!

Happily there is a ghost of later times that haunts us among the crags of Dirlot and on the upland of Strathmore—the gentle spirit of one who possessed this whole county in a different, yet far more real, sense from these bloodthirsty barons and ferocious advocates. Robert Dick—baker, botanist, and geologist of Thurso—was the first to bring Caithness into the realm of natural science, to make known its vast depth of flagstones and shales, crammed with the bituminous remains of myriads of fish, great and small, and to explain the unsuspected floral wealth of its silent hills and sounding shores.

Dick's story needs not to be re-told here, but no traveller to this land should fail to read it in Dr Smiles's book, for none can understand the pathos of the story till they have visited the scene of it. In worldly matters Dick was an honest failure; he ruined his business and himself by devotion to the pursuit of knowledge. Had he been a better baker, he had been forgotten long ago, and Thurso graveyard would be without its most imposing monument.

The following extract from a letter to his sister provides an example of the almost incredible exertions to which Dick's ardour was continually driving him:—

"On Tuesday last" (the letter was written on November 12) "I set out at two o'clock in the morning to go to the top of Morven. Morven . . . is by measurement on the map twenty-eight miles as the crow flies. But

taking into account the windings and turnings of the road—up hill, down hill, and along valleys—it is a good deal more: say thirty-two miles from Thurso to Morven top.

"For the first eighteen miles I had a road: the rest of the way was round lochs, across burns, through mires and marshes, horrid bogs and hummocky heaths. . . . When I had a marsh to wade, I had it level, but when I had heather I had an awful amount of jumping. . . . My object in ascending the hill was to gather plants. . . . I reached Morven top at eleven o'clock A.M., and left it at two P.M. . . . The night became windy and stormy. Tremendous sheets of hail-stones and rain impeded my progress. . . . In spite of hail, rain, wind, and fire, I got home at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, having walked, with little halt, for about twenty-four hours. I went to bed, slept till seven o'clock, then rose, and went to my work as usual. . . . Oh, those plants, those weary plants!"

No human frame could wrestle so with the climate of this region without suffering for it. "The rain is killing me," Dick wrote in the last April of his life, yet still he fought on. A few weeks later, when laid on what was to prove his death-bed, he wrote to his brother-in-law:—

"I have sent you a Thurso paper full of holes—holes out of which I have cut words such as 'Thurso,' 'Caithness,' 'Dunnet,' &c., for my plants."

His collecting days were done, but he was still busy arranging his herbarium.

There must be many living (Dick died only in 1866) who remember the quaint, spare figure, the eager yet "douce" countenance, flitting swiftly over the roads and dismal twilight moors. None of his neighbours understood him, still less had any of them sympathy to spare for his darling pursuits. Some thought him un-

canny or even crazed, but the chimney-pot hat and black tail-coat, which he wore through storm and shine, shielded him from the worst suspicion, and perhaps he himself felt less an outcast from the world of culture, as long as he could go clothed in the raiment of a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The rain came to us when it was least expected. There was a hard north wind on the morning of May 21, and never a cloud to veil the burning sun. But hope dies hard; we went up to the loch to try and delude one of its many inmates to take a fly. Changes are proverbially sudden in British climate, but the machinery of change seldom can be seen so plainly as under the broad sky of Caithness. The glass had given no warning, yet there came at mid-day the same sign that gladdened the eyes of Elijah's servant—"a little cloud out of the sea." At one o'clock "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." At this moment appeared what, in the days of faith in augury or the flight of birds, would have been reckoned a portent. An Arctic skua came swinging freely athwart the gale, now dipping in the rising waves, then soaring under the clouds. Strangest of British birds in this, that, without respect of sex, it has two distinct schemes of plumage—one of uniform sooty brown, the other dark above with white underparts. We had not noticed this daring bird during the fine weather, but here was one of the white-breasted variety to herald the storm.

Suddenly the north wind slackened; in a few minutes it was nearly a dead calm; then puffs came from various quarters. My gillie, prone like all Celts to per-

sonify natural phenomena, affirmed that the wind was "looking about for some place to blow from" (it *must* always be blowing from somewhere in this country). Presently it found it, and by half-past one a steady westerly breeze set in, with heavy persistent rain. The drought was broken; there would be a welcome spate, but it was hardly likely that the charm would act immediately on the fish. Not now with the huge flies, four inches long, which were necessary to stir salmon out of the chilly depths of snow water in February, but with the smallest double-hooked grilse-flies must the attempt be made. Cruising along the sandy shore, and trailing the flies just where the water suddenly becomes profound, there came to pass a mighty commotion: a great form loomed out of the side of a wave, a broad tail swept round in the brown water, the line tightened bravely, the good greenheart bent in sympathy, and away went the salmon, buzzing off thirty yards of line at a stretch. The charm of these loch-fish lies in the splendid fight they show for liberty. Many a river-fish can be played under the point of the rod, and landed without running out more than half-a-dozen yards of line. But it is far different when there is plenty of sea-room, with no banks or shoals to cow the fish, and nothing to bar his powerful rush towards the deep water. It is this, and the splendid display a loch-fish generally makes on the rise, that compensates the fisherman for much weary, monotonous flogging of the surface. The bold rise is very characteristic of loch-salmon. In streams where it is expedient to fish the fly deep, a fish in seizing it most often never breaks the surface; but in a loch the flies cannot easily be kept in

motion if sunk; they must be drawn along near the top, and the salmon must dash to the surface to catch them, thereby imparting a peculiar charm to this kind of sport.

Well, our fish made a grand run, the gillie bent stoutly to his oars and followed it, the anchor was dropped in a few minutes, and the dispute soon ended in favour of the angler, who, peering at the index of the steel-yard, complacently pronounced the verdict, "Eighteen pounds, neat!"

The flood came that night, but it was small and dirty, and at noon next day the water was falling fast. Fish were seen passing up over the shallows opposite the lodge, but these were not fresh from the sea, but had been lying in the lower pools. A short flood such as this affords the best opportunity for reckoning the speed at which salmon travel up from the sea. The rate is much faster in summer than when the water is cold. From the sea to the loch is some five-and-twenty miles, following the river course; there was running water at the river-mouth—enough water, that is, to bring in fish from the sea

—for twelve hours after noon on Friday. The first sea-fish were seen passing the lodge on Monday morning following, but it was not till Thursday that the first fish with sea-lice on him was killed in the loch, five or six days after leaving the salt-water. Doubtless, however, one would have come to hand sooner had the weather on the intervening days not been of the worst possible description for angling.

Warm as my attachment is to the barren north, and pardonably prone as all lovers are to prose about the objects of their reflections, it is time to release my reader's button-hole. I like to close my eyes and imagine that the roar of this city is the soughing of the great wind sweeping down from Dorery. But there are less frequent aspects of Caithness which the advent of summer brings to mind—the leagues of brown moor, with gleams of lake and stream, stretching away to where the linked cusps of Shurery and the Reay hills, with the great cone of Morven, spread a band of intense purple across the flaming west.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE MUSICAL TEMPERAMENT AND ITS MANIFESTATIONS.

WHEN Schopenhauer claims for music that it is the mightiest of the fine arts, we at once think of its immediate effects as an emotional stimulant of intoxicating strength, but with little capacity for transmutation into any other form of artistic energy, and with an influence upon conduct mainly negative and depressive, tending to relax rather than to brace the springs of self-control. So interpreted, the saying is easy of acceptance, for it is little more than an equivalent of the proposition that, of all the arts, music is the most emotional and the least intellectual. It is by emotion that the creative instinct of the artist in sound is awakened, it is to emotion, through sensation, that he makes his appeal; and the work which succeeds in kindling no glow of feeling, however it be admired for its "intellectuality" by critics eager to parade their smattering of musical science, is not music at all, but a more or less skilful and ingenious combination of notes, having no relation with the final cause of the tonal art. It is true that, as the whole gamut of human feeling is responsive to the magician's touch, so the impulse to his productivity may flow from sources the most various. His creations may be the reflection of his own joys and sorrows, they may be wrung from him by his sense of the mystery and tragedy of life, they may be inspired by the contemplation of lofty character or heroic deed, or by delight in noble achievement in the sister arts — the poet's melodious and rhythmic thought, the painter's radiant vision, the sculptor's dream eternalised in stone. But though

the first cause of his activity may be thought or idea, the efficient cause is none the less emotion: that which he translates into sound is neither idea nor thought, but the mood to which it has exalted him. If Wagner, with his limited power of improvisation, was forced into championship of "reflective music" by an uneasy sense of defective melodic faculty, he ungrudgingly admits that music is, "in its infinite involutions, always and only feeling." More significant still is an *obiter dictum* of the composer whose works are most informed by thought, in the only sense in which such works can be informed by thought. Speaking to Bettina von Arnim about the influence upon his mind of Goethe's poems, Beethoven declared that they powerfully impressed him both by their rhythm and by their matter; "and," he added, "I am moved to composition by their language and by the lofty spirit of harmony pervading them." So that what stirred in him the creative impulse, as he came under the spell of a great poet, was the ecstasy born of the measured words and of their inner sense—their æsthetic and spiritual rather than their purely intellectual content. And it was in this connection that he affirmed music to be "the medium between the spiritual and the sensuous life"—a luminous and pregnant word which sorts not ill with the view here presented, and is, perhaps, as near an approach to a definition of the undefinable as is likely to be compassed.

The obvious inference from this conception of the art which is at once the highest and the lowest,

the greatest and the least, the inference that in the musical temperament emotionalism holds supreme sway, balanced by no corresponding force of intellect, finds abundant confirmation in the annals of musical biography. The new "mad doctors," as Charles Reade was so fond of calling their predecessors, who talk as though we might all be composers if we were all imbeciles or idiots, are not to be taken too seriously; and when they tell us of unmusical mathematicians from whose softened brains emanate melodies as lovely as they are original, one cannot but admire the versatility that enables specialists in lunacy to qualify as experts in music. But the lives of the great composers do show, unwelcome as the truth may be, that music of a very high order has been produced by men who were indisputably dunces, if not simpletons. Hence the degraded alliances which noble music has contracted with mean and foolish words; hence, too, the little that has been done by composers of the first rank in the way of elucidating the laws which their genius has evolved. No one will be found to deny to Gluck a place among philosophic critics; and there are those who look upon Richard Wagner as the Elisha upon whom his mantle tardily descended. But while Wagner's mental activity is beyond controversy, his pretensions to philosophy are ill sustained by the monstrous theory which represents music as a kind of Aaron's rod destined to swallow up all the other arts, in flat defiance of evolutionary law. It must be conceded, too, that Schumann and Berlioz, men of undoubted genius, though not on the highest plane, have left behind them much luminous and penetrating criticism; that Liszt, with a

gift more executive than creative, had so considerable a faculty for literature as to have been honoured with a place among Dr Nordau's "graphomaniacs," beside Mr Ruskin; and that at present the composer is as often as not a more or less competent critic. Such instances, however, show little more than that in days of widely diffused education even musical genius lacks the opportunity, or can hardly dare, to be ignorant.

That the mental faculties of some of the greater composers, of no special distinction to start with, were neglected to an extent for which there is no parallel in the other arts, is due in part to the amazing precocity so frequently found in association with musical genius. Not unnaturally, though certainly to their misfortune, the infant prodigies have been allowed to follow the bent of their nature without restraint, and thus have missed the thorough intellectual discipline which, while it would not have debarred them from doing the highest justice to their gift, would have tended to check their emotional excess and to equip them for the proper conduct of life. So it is that Handel, apart from his own work, was never known to have an interest in anything but pictures, and that Haydn and others do not seem to have been interested even in pictures. This explanation, however, does not wholly account for the limitations which led Heine to hold the musical intellect in amused contempt. Chopin, for example, was no ignoramus; but so great was the disproportion between sense and sensibility in him that, in spite of an education which included some acquaintance with the sciences, he could bring himself to care for nothing but women and their toilets, and was

even indifferent to music that lay outside his own *genre*. Beethoven himself, though he delighted in Homer and Plato, in Shakespeare and Goethe, and was profoundly affected by the history that was making around him, was not a man of large outlook, still less of sound and balanced mind,—though it would be unfair to judge his logical faculties by a quaint instance of their exercise, which deserves a wider currency. He had dismissed a housekeeper because, not in her own interest, but in her master's, she had told a fib, and when challenged to justify his severity, he did so by arguing that “any one who tells a lie has not a pure heart, and cannot therefore make pure soup”!

It is not strange that the great masters, thus endowed with an abnormal sensibility unqualified in most instances by force of intellect and unchecked by systematic mental training, should have shown themselves to be peculiarly susceptible to romantic love, with results too often painful and unedifying. Nobody who knows how much their work has been indebted to this source of inspiration is likely to deal censoriously with irregularities which it is not difficult on other grounds also to extenuate. But one may at least regret for their own sakes that the conjugal relation, to which by their temperament they were so powerfully drawn, should be precisely the relation for which by their temperament they were disqualified. In Handel's life alone the tender passion appears to have had no place. He has been accused, and that on no substantial authority, of but one *affaire du cœur*; and, if the story be authentic, it would seem that most of the sentiment and all the suffering were on the lady's side. Even as

a youth he had made up his mind to have no mistress but music, for it is recorded of him that, having journeyed to Lübeck to compete for the post of public organist, he unhesitatingly refused to enter the lists as soon as he learnt that the successful competitor was expected to take the retiring organist's daughter to wife. Doubtless it was at least as fortunate for Fräulein Buxtehude as for himself that he declined a rivalry in which he was so likely to succeed.

Beethoven, again, never married. But it was from no defect of sensibility that the tribulations which were distributed among many successive housekeepers were not heaped upon the devoted head of a wife. If love be a disease, Beethoven was always ill, or at best but convalescent. No less than forty ladies save four has he immortalised by his dedications to them. To Bettina von Arnim — Goethe's Bettina — for whom he long cherished a hopeless passion, he once said, after trying over a composition which he had just written, “I made that for you; you inspired me with it. I saw it written in your eyes”; and this is but a specimen of the gallantries to which he was addicted. Twice at least he proposed—on one occasion to the lady who, as he found to his mortification, was already the *fiancée* of his friend Hummel. That marriage would have saved him from a good many worries is certain enough; for it must be allowed that, as Emil Naumann delicately puts it, he “did not possess any aptitude for household management.” How thick and fast his domestic troubles came may be seen from these extracts, which the historian makes from his diary for 1819-20: “31st January. Gave

notice to my housekeeper. . . . 15th February. The new cook came. . . . 8th March. Cook gave me notice. . . . 22d of March. The new housekeeper came." Yet it would be rash to assume that he merits pity because his many loves were all in vain; for wretched as was the solitary life of this storm-tossed soul, the imagination shrinks from contemplating the misery which he would have suffered—and inflicted—in the matrimonial estate.

Haydn, less fortunate than the mighty genius who carried on his work, did marry—and was unable to live with his wife. The lady of his choice, a hairdresser's daughter, had determined to betake herself to a nunnery, and when he found that she was not to be moved from her pious decision, he was induced by her father to console himself with her elder sister. Frau Haydn may not have been blessed with the sweetest of tempers; and she was certainly destitute of any sense of humour. Not long before their formal separation, when her husband was in London tempering his labours with an innocent flirtation with Mrs Schröter, the widow of the Queen's music-master, she wrote begging him to send her two thousand gulden, so that she might purchase a little house to live in during the days of her widowhood. Approving of her provident disposition, he inspected the house on his return, bought it, and occupied it for nine years after her decease!

Mozart's matrimonial experience was in one respect curiously like Papa Haydn's, although on the whole he fared better. Susceptible from his boyhood to the charms of the fair, he, at the age of about twenty-two, became enamoured of Aloysia Weber, then a girl of fifteen, a vocalist with no hope of fortune except from her voice. Of

course he wrote music in her honour, and credited her with a genius hardly inferior to his own. "I would rather she played my sonata than Vogler," he once touchingly declared. And while under her influence he delivered himself of sentiments on the subject of marriage which can never be sufficiently admired. "The nobility," he compassionately exclaims, "can never marry from inclination or love. . . . But we poor common folk not only may take a wife whom we love and who loves us, but we should, can, and will take such a one. For we are not nobly born, aristocratic, or rich, but little, mean, and poor, and so do not need a rich wife." Unhappily these exalted views failed to commend themselves to his more worldly minded father, who invited his gifted son to picture himself as dying on a sack of straw in a hovel "full of starving brats." Always a model of filial obedience, Wolfgang, in spite of his "should, can, and will," submitted, and, Aloysia having married, transferred his affections to a younger sister, whom he was careful to present to his parents in a much more prosaic light. He admitted that she was not possessed of "much intellect," and claimed no more for her than that she had "enough common-sense to fulfil her duties as wife and mother." A less amiable temper than Constanze's would have found it hard to resist the spell of so sweet and gracious a nature as Mozart's; and this "angelic genius" died too early to put to very severe strain a union which had so unromantic an origin. Troubles there were, for the fascinating young *maestro* was the idol of ladies, both great and small, and, excellent as were his inclinations, his behaviour was not always

marked by a rigour that left no occasion for scandal. But, if we may trust his biographer, as often as he sinned he confessed; and hazardous as candour in such a case must be, the penitent does not appear to have gone without absolution.

Of Mendelssohn it can neither be said that he failed in love nor that he lived to regret his success. But for him the lines were cast in such pleasant places that his must be regarded as an altogether exceptional case. His early death is the least of the evidences that he was of those whom the gods love. Grandson of the philosopher, he had for mother a woman of rare accomplishments, while his father was not only a man of sense and culture, but had a pleasant wit to boot, as is shown by the pretty *mot* which he was humanly fond of repeating when his son had become famous. "Formerly," he would remark, "I was the son of my father; now I am the father of my son." Nor was Felix less fortunate in his environment than in his antecedents. He enjoyed a liberal education, and became a *protégé* of the aged Goethe; and from the time when Moscheles, at his first lesson, saw that he was instructing his master, and even the austere Cherubini found it in him to say, "*Le garçon est riche, il fera bien, il fait même déjà bien,*" his genius never had to wait for recognition. In every relation of life, not excepting that of marriage, he found the happiness which even so finely poised a nature as his cannot command in the absence of favouring circumstances. His devotion to his wife, the daughter of a minister of the French Reformed Church, was hardly greater than his affection for his parents, and for his sister Fanny, whose sudden death

so overwhelmed him that with a cry of horror he fell fainting to the ground. They say that in the remaining months of his life he was never heard to laugh; and there is little doubt that his own untimely end was hastened by the grievous shock.

So lovely and pleasant a life as this is in strong contrast with the careers of many of the romantic composers, and may partly explain the gibes in which some partisans of Wagner—whose life was as full of discords as is his music—think fit to indulge at his expense. Had Mendelssohn's nature been less morally harmonious, we might have been spared some of the unworthy allusions to his Jewish blood; and his "superficiality" might conceivably have been less evident. However this may be, it is only when we turn from the classicists to the romanticists that we find the besetting weaknesses of the musical temperament in their full development. Of many of these it must be allowed that in morals, as in music, their allegiance has been reserved mainly for the comfortable law of self-expression. The time for dealing quite frankly with the greatest of them is not yet: when all the truth has come into circulation, the world will perhaps marvel that even those who can revel in the *longueurs* and cacophonies of the composer equally with his finest inspirations should have been able to lavish upon the man a devotion little short of idolatrous. Never was there a sorrier hero than this selfish voluptuary, who was content to gratify his luxurious tastes at the expense of his friends, but was too independent to feel grateful for their sacrifices; whose self-indulgence was so much of a disease that he smoked in order not

to miss a sensation which others enjoyed, and was capable of driving his host into the streets in the small hours of the morning to replenish his snuff-box; and of whom his ardent champion, the late Ferdinand Praeger, has to confess that while he was ready enough to enter into a quarrel, he "always moved away when it looked like coming to blows." His callous neglect of his first wife, who had been his slave through years of penury qualified by prodigality, provoked the remonstrances of his friends, and forced Mr Praeger to say, "I can testify that Wagner suffered severely from thoughtlessness." No shabbier letter was ever penned than the one he wrote to Mr Praeger when he found that the long-suffering woman had confided her troubles to their common friend. "How could she have expected," he plaintively asks, "that I was to be shackled and fettered as any ordinary cold common mortal? My inspirations carried me into a sphere she could not follow, and then the exuberance of my heated enthusiasm was met by a cold *douche*." The familiar plea that there should be one law for genius and another for the "common mortal" is not intolerable when urged by the apologetic hero-worshipper: from the hero himself it comes with but ill grace. "I liked every luxury—she fettered me there," he bleats of the woman who had striven so hard to save him from the ruin threatened by his colossal extravagance. But it is only when he declares—"The truth is, I have spoiled Minna; too much did I indulge her, too much did I yield to her"—that one sees the depths of meanness to which he was capable of descending, and the appalling self-deception which a greatly gifted mind may practise upon itself.

If Wagner complained of poor Minna because she had too little of the artistic temperament to admire masterpieces which many of the greatest of his musical contemporaries could not away with, Berlioz did not find that the artistic temperament, even supplemented by strong mutual attraction, is a sufficient bond of sympathy between husband and wife. The story of his mad love for Henrietta Smithson, the Irish actress whom he saw as Ophelia and Desdemona in Paris, has been told by himself with as much accuracy as is possible to an egoist in treating of his own concerns. Without the formality of an introduction he began to bombard her with letters full of wild protestations, to which no reply was vouchsafed; for Miss Smithson was rather alarmed by a wooing which savoured so much of lunacy, and at last gave orders that no more of his effusions should be taken in. After an absence in Rome, he returned to Paris to find her taking the part of Juliet, and it is on this occasion that he is said to have exclaimed, "*Cette femme j'épouserai, et sur ce drame j'écrirai ma plus vaste symphonie*"—a legend which he contradicts, though, he adds, "I *did* both." Presently he contrived that Miss Smithson should be present at a performance of "*Lelio*," and seeing in the work the story of the composer's love for her, and recognising his genius, she went home, he says, lending to her the sensations which would have been his in the case, "like one walking in her sleep, almost unconscious of all that was happening around her." Then she allowed him an introduction, and accepted him as her lover; and a few months later, in 1833, they were married.

The wedded love thus promisingly begun ran no smooth course,

however. As time went on, in addition to other causes of friction, Madame Berlioz developed what her husband characterises as "a mad, and for some time absolutely groundless jealousy;" and in 1840 he met her objection to his going on tour alone by decamping to Brussels with another lady. His wife's death, in 1854, let loose in him floods of sentimentality, and brought a letter of consolation from Liszt, reminding him that she had inspired him to sing of her, and piously adding, "Her task was done!" It was a letter, Berlioz remarks, such as Liszt alone could write; and it would be pleasant to think that it was. He now married again, this time a young vocalist, Mdlle. Rezio by name; and after her sudden death he sought out the earliest of his loves, his Beatrice, the "Estelle" of his autobiography—the "tall slight girl" who had fascinated him when she was eighteen and he twelve, and who was now a widow. "I recognised the divine stateliness of her step," says this Romeo of sixty, describing their first interview; "but, O heavens, how changed she was!—her complexion faded, her hair grey." It was certainly inconsiderate of her to have allowed Time to play such havoc with features which he had doted upon half a century before. Nevertheless he induced her to promise to receive his letters, and some of them were answered; but "Estelle" maintained a prudent reserve, and the first love of her incorrigible adorer was never exposed to the test of marriage. Of his other loves there is no space to speak. Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that no one ever more nearly succeeded in reducing the romantic passion to an absurdity.

The love-affairs of Liszt and of Georges Sand's "petit Chopin"

furnish illustrations as striking as any that have been given of the emotional aberrations of the romanticists. But it is pleasanter to prove the rule by exception by recalling the case of the Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning of music. In his sensitiveness to feminine charms, Robert Schumann was excelled by none of the composers. The English type of beauty moved him to ecstasy; but he was catholic in his taste, and made no secret to his *fiancée* of his delight in all the pretty faces he saw. "They make me positively smirk," he wrote to her, "and I swim in panegyrics on your sex. Consequently, if at some future time we walk along the streets of Vienna and meet a beauty and I exclaim, 'O Clara! see this heavenly vision!' or something of the sort, you must not be alarmed nor scold me!" The caution may or may not have had a touch of seriousness in it; but in any case, it was needless. How full of delight was their wedded life, what a true helpmeet Madame Schumann was to her husband, especially when, from the injury to his hand, he was incapacitated from playing, and how much his fame, after his death, was promoted by her interpretations of his pieces, all the world knows.

The whims and caprices which make the lives of the romanticists such entertaining reading form too large a topic to be dealt with in this place. A whole paper would be inadequate to do justice to the vagaries of Chopin alone; and if he stands first among composers as an eccentric, he is not without respectable rivals. Here the subject can only be referred to in passing as connected with the lack of humour which is one of the most signal defects of the musical temperament. That sentimentalism

and humour sometimes contrive to run in couples, clear as it may be that they ought not to, the examples of Sterne and Dickens suffice to show. But the conjunction is rare; and the emotional extravagance which is the strongest "note" of musical biography finds little relief in humour—at any rate of the conscious kind. Some of Wagner's devotees have persuaded themselves that their idol was endowed with this choicest of gifts; and one may readily grant that the "*Meistersinger*" is not without gleams of a humour appreciably above the level of the practical joke, which was the more ordinary result of his efforts in this kind. It is not easy, however, to see how the claim can have survived the depressing letter which, in a mood that he mistook for gaiety, he wrote to Mrs Praeger about his godson. Now and again, to be quite fair, he did succeed in concocting a jest at which, allowing for the Teutonic touch, one may smile consistently with self-respect, as when he checked the ardour of the too noisy trombones in a rehearsal of "*Rienzi*" with the remark, "If I mistake not, gentlemen, we are in Dresden, not marching round Jericho, where your ancestors, strong of lung, blew down the city walls." For the rest, Haydn was playful rather than humorous. Mozart struck a deeper note. Beethoven, by virtue of his splendid irony, is entitled to no mean place among the great humorists. And to two or three of the romanticists, who were writers as well as composers, the world is indebted for many a hearty laugh. Much may be forgiven to Berlioz, in particular, for his delightful sallies. In his *Memoirs* he not only holds up many of his contemporaries to ridicule, but, egoist as he was, he cannot always abstain from poking

fun at himself. He recalls his anti-Rossini rage in his early Paris days, when the star of the Italian was in the ascendant, and tells us that he often used to speculate upon the possibility of undermining the *Théâtre Italien*, so as to blow it and its Rossini-worshippers into space. "And when," he proceeds, "I met one of those hated *dilettanti* I used to mutter to myself, as I eyed him with Shylockian glance, 'Would that I might impale thee on a red-hot stake, thou scoundrel!' Not," he adds, by way of showing the mellowing effects of time on even the fiercest natures—"not that I would now desire to impale any one on a *red-hot* stake!" How wittily, too, does he tell the story of the three thousand francs which he had so much difficulty in extracting from the French Government for his Requiem. While he was impatiently waiting for the money the Opposition papers began to gird at him "as a favourite of the Government," abused him as "a silkworm feeding on the revenue," and at last declared that he had been paid thirty thousand francs. "In saying this," he observes, "they were merely adding a cipher to the sum I hadn't received!"

Having said so much of the faults and foibles of the musical temperament, its lack of balance and sanity, its excesses and absurdities, its habit of taking itself and things in general too seriously, one must in fairness add that, if the phrase may be so twisted, it has the qualities of its defects. It has been shown that in the lives of the masters there is not a little to amuse the cynical, and make the judicious grieve: equally true is it that in no other department of biography is there so much that is pure delight. Nowhere

else do we find such sweetness and gentleness, such winsome simplicity, such superiority to the baser incentives to artistic travail. Of the miserable jealousies that have played so large a part among "the petty fools of rhyme," and not among these alone, we see comparatively little here. Nor has the noble generosity with which the composers have known how to treat each other been wanting when the conditions have been those of rivalry. What, for instance, could be more charming than the relations between Haydn and Mozart? It was Haydn's influence that made the way plain for the composer who was four-and-twenty years his junior when the latter came to Vienna. "As an honest man," he once said to Wolfgang's father, "I declare to you before God that I consider your son the greatest of all composers of whom I have any knowledge." To the manager of the opera-house at Prague, who was thinking of giving an opera of his on the evening after one of Mozart's, he wrote that it would be too much to venture, "for next to the great Mozart it would be difficult for any one to stand. Could I," he goes on, "force home to every lover of music the grandeur and inimitableness of Mozart's operas, their profundity and display of genius, . . . the nations would contend for the possession of so rare a gem." This shrinking from a comparison between his own work and Mozart's is all the more significant from the fact that, by one of those eccentricities of self-criticism with which all the arts abound, Haydn regarded his operas as forming his surest title to enduring renown. Mozart, on his side, cherished for Haydn an affection almost passing the love of son for father. "I would not

have done that," said Kozeluch, referring to an innovation in a new quartette of Haydn's." "Nor would I," replied Mozart. "And do you know why? Because neither you nor I would have had such an idea!" Nor was Mozart, in the days of his fame, slow to mete out to younger composers the appreciation which had been measured to him. After listening to an improvisation by Beethoven, he went up to the youth's friends and said, "Look after him; he will some day make a great name in the world." Beethoven, again, when towards the end of his life he was shown some pieces of Schubert's, bore emphatic testimony to the gift of the neglected genius, and expressed his regret that they had not been brought to his notice before. And, since there has been occasion to notice some of Berlioz's less amiable traits, let it be said that no one ever more abounded in generous enthusiasm for worthy rivals than this master of caustic criticism.

If the composers have not been wanting in the amenities of character, neither have they lacked its pieties. Strange indeed would it be were it otherwise, seeing that music, above all the arts, has found in religion its loftiest inspirations. Bach dedicated all his compositions to the service of God, and, not less than Milton, worked ever as in the great Taskmaster's eye. Handel, gross as were his faults, had strong religious feeling. The smaller ills of life exacerbated his temper; but when overtaken by the blindness which, by a melancholy coincidence, darkened the later years of his great contemporary Bach, he submitted himself to the dispensation with pious resignation. "If I am spared a few years longer," wrote Beethoven in a time of sore trouble, "I will thank the Al-

mighty, accepting joy and sorrow as it shall please Him to ordain it." Mozart's Requiem could have come from none but a fundamentally religious nature; and no one ever more truly acted out the wholesome maxim, "Serve God and be cheerful," than did Haydn. "I cannot help it," he said to one who pointed out that all his sacred pieces were marked by gaiety; "I give forth what is in me. When I think of the Divine Being my heart is so full of joy that the notes fly off as from a spindle; and as He has given me a cheerful heart He will pardon me if I serve Him cheerfully." He was not ashamed to avow that while he was composing the "Creation" he daily prayed for inspiration, and believed his prayer was not in vain. The story of his last appearance in public, a few months before his death, has often been told—how he was borne by loving hands to a grand performance of the oratorio in honour of his seventy-sixth birthday—how at the burst of music which accom-

panies the words, "Let there be light!" there was a tempest of applause, in the midst of which the aged composer, trembling with emotion, looked upwards and exclaimed, "It came from thence!" Not less indicative of the essential spirituality of the musical temperament is the experience of Wagner, whose faith a pessimistic philosophy enthusiastically embraced could not destroy, but only diffuse into a mysticism that goes far to explain the spell his music has cast over minds strongly antagonistic to definite religious belief, but dimly conscious of spiritual cravings which negations can neither appease nor eradicate. In the case of Liszt the conflict long waged in a restless and penetrating mind between faith and doubt issued in the triumph of faith; and he ostentatiously proclaimed his adhesion to the Church with which the romantic temperament, whether expressed in music or in literature, has such obvious affinities.

W. W. HUTCHINGS.

TH' PLOUGHIN' O' TH' SUNNYFIELDS.

"How does feyther find hissel' to-neet?"

Mrs Rainford, who had been bending over the fire, slowly stirring the steaming contents of a small black pot, tapped her wooden spoon against the side, and turned round.

"Eh, mich same as he allus is," she responded, wearily. "Sometimes a bit better, an' sometimes a bit war. It took me all my time to keep him abed when he heared yo'd started ploughin' th' Sunnyfields. Eh, he were that takken to I 'ad to be vexed wi' him at th' last. He allus reckoned bein' at th' ploughin' o' yon hissel', thou knows—it's bin pasture iver sin' gron'feyther's time——"

"Well, it wanted turnin' up bad enough as how 'tis," interrupted her husband, with a roll of his bullet-head. He had been practically master of the Gate Farm for more than six months now, and did not see why his father-in-law should interfere with his arrangements. Old Joe Orrell was indeed the nominal proprietor of the place, but quite incapable of managing his own affairs, having been ill, off and on, all the winter, and indeed kept to bed for a fortnight now.

At this moment a kind of husky roar was audible from above. Mary Rainford jerked her thumb over her shoulder and turned her head on one side. The roar was repeated.

"'Ark at feyther," said the woman. "He's shoutin' for thee, Tom. Thou'd best nip up—it starts him coughin' awful when he gets excited."

Tom went creaking up the stairs willingly enough; he was a good-

hearted fellow at the core, and anxious to humour the old man in everything that he considered reasonable. Mary paused to pour out a mugful of the gruel she had been preparing, and then followed. Old Joe Orrell was sitting up in bed, his broad bony shoulders showing square through his flannel shirt, his eyes bright under their shaggy brows, one huge hand gripping the bedclothes.

Tom stood still just inside the door, and nodded.

"Well," he said, "an' how are yo', feyther? Yo' look a deal livelier this arternoon."

Joe stared at him fixedly for a minute or two.

"Thou's started ploughin' up Sunnyfields, I 'ear," he growled. "Thou met ha' waited a bit, I think. I reckoned to be at it mysel' this spring."

"Well, but yo' aren't able to, yo' see'n," replied Tom, mildly.

"I'm noan bahn to stop 'ere mich longer, though. How long dun yo' reckon to keep me shut up? I'm about tired of it, and so I tell yo'. I'll be about when warm weather cooms."

Tom gazed at him with a certain stolid compassion, and Mary, standing immediately behind him, heaved a deep sigh and slowly shook her head. Joe glanced at them sharply and resentfully.

"I see: yo' count to ha' me under ground afore owt's long," he observed; "but I tell yo' I wunnot dee just yet—so theer!" He sank back on his pillows. "I'm noan bahn to get out of yo'r road as soon as all that cooms to, Mester Tom," he continued, half jocularly.

"I dunnot want yo' to get out

of no roads," returned Tom, visibly moved; "a long life and a merry one to yo', mon! But business is business, yo' known, and Sunnyfields has got that poor and mossy there isna welly pasture for a goat on 'em."

"Eh, thou'rt a gradely farmer, thou art!" put in his father-in-law, sarcastically. "Thou'lt make a fortin soon, for sure! Wonderful clever thou art, Tom Rainford! Eh, thou'lt happen mak' shift to drive a straight drill afore thou's done."

"Ho, ho, ho!" came in stentorian tones from the stairs, and a broad red face appeared over Tom's shoulder. "Thou'rt in th' reet on't, mon! I can always tell when yo'r Tom's been ploughin'. The drills goes wrigglin' an' womblin' across the field till they look mich same as snigs."

Tom laughed uneasily, and with a protesting "Nay, nay," moved to one side to make way for the new-comer. This was Joe's special crony, Richard Woodcock, a big burly patriarch well on in the seventies, with a face so red that it positively seemed to glow from out its framework of white whisker, and a figure so broad that he was obliged to turn sideways to enter the door. The boards creaked as he crossed the room to Joe's bed. Taking up his position at the bottom, he leaned over the wooden rail and nodded. Joe nodded back. Richard, putting his hand in his pocket, produced a serviceable black pipe, which he silently proceeded to fill and light. Joe, catching Mary's eye, pointed to a similar pipe on the chimney-piece, and, drawing a tobacco-pouch from under his pillow, nodded again, commandingly.

"Yo'd happen best sup your gruel first," insinuated Mary, approaching with the mug aforementioned.

"Gruel!" said Joe, glancing indignantly towards Richard. "Gruel for a mon o' my years, and as wake as I feel mysel'! Theer, Dick, that's how us owd folk gets put upon! Tom, theer, 'ull be sot down to a gradely bit o' beef in a two-three minutes, an' our Mary 'ull gi' *him* his quart o' beer reet enough; but theer's nobbut gruel for feyther."

"Ah," groaned Richard, commiseratingly, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very depths of his capacious waistcoat. Tom retired discreetly down-stairs; the dispute over Joe's gruel was of nightly occurrence, and he wished to avoid being drawn in by either party.

"Well, yo' known," said Mary, persuasively, "doctor's orders mun be obeyed, else he'll be bargain' at us. An' th' gruel's lovely, feyther! eh, the groats—I never see sich fine ones!—"

"I never mak' mich count o' groats nobbut i' black-puddin's," retorted her parent. "Eh! I could fancy a black-puddin' rarely. I could do with summat a bit tasty if I could get it—but this here nasty sickly stuff— Eh! It fair turns my stoomach!"

Richard groaned again, and withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, pointed with the stem at Mary.

"Th' poor owd lad's welly clemmed," he observed, indignantly. "Clemmed he is! He wants nourishin' food—that's what *he* wants. A bit of beefsteak wi' th' gravy in't—"

"Or a sassage," put in Joe, peering at his daughter from under his eyelashes to see how she took the suggestion.

"Or happen a pork-pie," resumed Farmer Woodcock, with a magisterial air. "Summat as 'ull ston' to him i' th' long weary neets as he lays awake coughin'."

"Well! doctor said," responded Mary, in a plaintive tone, for she was wounded at the implied reflection on her filial piety—"doctor said as he weren't to have nowt nobbut slops. 'Nothin' solid at all,' says he; 'no beer unless yo' want t' kill him straight off. Th' only stimulant mun be a table-spoonful or two o' brandy now an' then.'"

"Well, then," said Joe, somewhat reviving, "go an' fetch it now, theer's a good lass. Happen a drop or two in this here sloppy stuff 'ud mak' it slip down a bit easier—an' fetch a glass an' a sup of hot water for Dick here at same time. Coom then," he added, turning towards his crony with a brightening face as she retired, "we'll have soom mak' of a do to 'earten oursel's up a bit 'as how 'tis."

Mrs Rainford presently returned with a black bottle and a tumbler half full of hot water, and after measuring out a portion for each, again withdrew, closing the door after her. Old Dick followed her with his eyes.

"I know'd hoo'd tak' bottle wi' her!" he remarked, in dudgeon.

"Eh, hoo's noan the lass hoo used to be," returned Joe, falling to at his gruel with an aggrieved expression.

"It's my belief," pursued Richard, drawing a chair forward and seating himself, "as thou'd be a deal better wi'out so mich coddlin' an' doctorin'! Why, thou hasna bin out o' doors all winter, hasto?"

"Nawe," responded Joe, shaking his head. "I've bin fastened i' chimney-corner ever sin' Christmas."

"I dunnot mak' so mich count o' Dr Thring," pursued Richard. "I soomtimes think he doesn't understand thy constitootion. Eh, he is but a yoong whipper-snapper when all's said an' done! He

hasn't 'ad the experience, lad. Eh, poor owd Dr Wells, *he* were the mon fur my money! Never know'd nought when he coom, an' larn't it all practisin' o' th' cottage-folk. I've 'eard him say so hissel' mony a time. 'That's the way to larn,' he'd say, so jov'al-like, 'buy yo'r experience for yor'sel,' he'd say."

"Ah, he were a mon o' the reet mak'," agreed Joe. "Allus that friendly an' pleasant, ready for a joke wi' ony one, an' thankful fur a glass o' summat warm jest same as oursel's. I mind him here when our missus were layin'-in' wi' our Mary, theer he sot i' th' nook suppin' at's tumbler, and lookin' round now an' again—'Cheer up, woman,' he'd say; 'it's a poor 'eart as niver rejoices,' says he."

"Ah!" resumed Richard, admiringly, "I have seen poor owd Dr Wells as fuddled as I met be mysel'—mony a time I have! Allus so hearty-like! One o' th' better mak' *he* was, an' niver one for physickin' an' clemmin' a mon. I mind when my owd feyther were agate o' deein' he coom an' stood a'side o' bed. 'Mon,' says he, 'yo'r time's up. I can do nought to mend ye,' says he. 'But mak' the best of a bad job! Con yo' fancy a mutton-chop?' An' my feyther shook's 'ead: he were past it, thou knows. 'Coom then,' says doctor, 'happen yo' could do wi' a drop o' beer?' An' my feyther made a shift to nod. 'Reet,' says doctor. 'Sup it up like a mon an' then fall to at your prayers,' says he."

"That's th' mak' o' doctor that 'ud do a body good," observed Joe, regretfully; "but this here Mester Thring, eh, I welly lose patience wi' him. He coom yesterday, and opened my shirt, and went thumpin' an' feelin' o' me till I were tired, and then he whips out soom mak' o' trumpet-lookin' thing wi'

two handles 'as he stuck in his ears till his face looked fur all the world same as a Toby-mug, an' he listened at my breast, an' he sighed, an' took handle out o's ears, an' says he, 'Mester Orrell, yo'r 'eart's wore out!' 'How con you tell thot?' says I, a bit rough-like, fur I were vexed wi' th' chap. 'We doctors 'as our ways o' knowin',' says he, lookin' very solemn. 'I fear I cannot do mich fur ye. Yo'r heart's the size of two,' he says. 'Did yo' see it,' says I. 'Nay,' he says, an' he laughs a bit. 'Well, then,' I says, 'seein's believin'!' Ho, ho, ho! He couldn't say mich to thot!"

"Nay," responded Richard, much tickled at his friend's astuteness. "'Seein's believin',' says thou, didn't thou? An' so 'tis, mon. Why, how could a body tell what mak' o' heart thou had, wi' nobbut feelin' o' th' outside? I allus thought Dr Thring weren't up to mich, and now I am sure on't. But thou was in th' reet to ston' up to him. If I were thee, Joe, I wouldn't be put upon no longer—I wouldn't be kept to bed if I felt mysel' able to get up, and I'd tell thy Mary straight out, if hoo were *my* lass, as I'd noan' be put off wi' gruel and sichlike when there was owt else to be had."

Joe's wrinkled face flushed, and he rolled his head uneasily from side to side.

Richard gazed at him sternly through the clouds of tobacco-smoke which now encircled his ruddy countenance.

"I'd ha' thought thou'd 'ave had a bit more sperrit," he observed presently.

"Gruel isn't like to put mich sperrit into a mon," retorted Joe. "An' when me an' our Mary has words it starts me coughin', thou knows, an' my 'eart begins o' thumpin' till I am welly smooored."

Farmer Woodcock appeared unconvinced. "Well, if Mary were *my* lass," he was beginning, when a rush of hammering feet upon the stairs outside interrupted him, and the door bursting open, three or four sturdy little folks came rushing into the room.

"Coom now," said old Richard, with a good-natured change of tone, assisting the smaller fry as they clambered over his legs and made straight for their grandfather's bed, "Coom! What's all yo'r hurry? Gronfeyther's noan bahn to run away fro' yo'! Theer he lays, fast on's back, and like to stay theer for all as we know. Up hoo goes! Now, Teddy! Thot's a bonny mak' o' whip thou's gotten, Joey!"

"Teddy an me's been playin' we're ploughin'," cried Joey, junior, marching up and down the room and cracking the implement in question. "Gee back, Blossom!"—with great energy—"Coom up, Prince! Haw!"

Old Joe chuckled in his bed, raising himself on his elbow and craning forward his neck, the better to view his grandson's performance.

"Chip o' th' owd block, eh?" he laughed, winking with both eyes together at his crony. "'Ark at him."

"Eh! he do favvour thee, Joe," replied Richard, admiringly. "He do, fur sure! He's coomin' on wonderful! Niver saw a little lad shap' so weel in all my life——"

"My daddy's ploughin' up Sunnyfields," announced Joey, pausing opposite Farmer Woodcock, and opening his round blue eyes very wide. "Goin' to mak' a good job of it, he says——"

"Yigh, thy dad's a gradely mon," growled Joe, rolling back on his pillows. "All 'at thy dad says mun be reet, munnot it?"

Thy dad's gaffer now, and gronfeyther's fast on's back, as Mester Woodcock says."

The two smaller children, crawling about the bed, were prattling meanwhile of their doings out of doors. Joe absently stroked their tangled locks, and all at once put his horny hand under the chin of the little roly-poly girl and turned up her face.

"An' what says our little wench?" he asked tenderly, and fell to patting the dimpled cheek fresh and cool from the evening air.

"Daffies is ablow, grondad, daffy-dillies all yaller! An' Teddy an' me found some primroses this artemnoon!"

"An' we saw the lickel lambs," put in Teddy; "they was jumpin' an' playin'!" immediately proceeding to simulate the lambs' antics till his grandfather's bed shook again.

The old man laughed, but with a puzzled look. "Lambin'-time a'ready!" he said, gazing inquiringly at Richard.

Richard removed his pipe, stared stolidly at his friend, and put it back again without replying.

Joey now came prancing over to the bed.

"Daisy's cauve is sich a pretty one, grondad; it's a wy-cauve, an' it's red wi' a little white star on its for'yead——"

Joe sat up. "Why, Daisy is noan due yet, sure? It's noan of Daisy's cauve, lad. Daisy wunnot cauve till end of March."

"The lad's in the reet on't," said Richard, indorsing Joey's shrill protest. "This here's the twenty-sixth o' March, thou knows. Yigh, March is going out like a lamb for sure."

"Eh dear o' me!" groaned the old man; "so it is. Eh, I reckoned to be about afore this."

"Thou'll be about soon enough,"

growled Richard, "once warm weather cooms, thou knows."

Joe patted the little round cheek nearest him and sighed. The children chattered on. All their talk was of the budding life without: of posies in the grass, and blossom on the hedge, and chickens and downy ducklings in the yard; of how Bob was sowing "wuts" yonder in the five-acres, and Will'um of the Lone End, an' Gronny Makin was sot in the back-kitchen cuttin' up "sets." Even in the stuffy little room, amid the reek of brandy and tobacco-smoke, there seemed to be a kind of atmosphere of spring.

Joe listened in silence, fingering his empty pipe, and sighing. At last Richard, extending an immense forefinger, pointed inquiringly, first at the pipe, and then at the well-filled pouch beside it. But his friend shook his head.

"I donnot seem to want it to-neet," he said.

Richard gasped—

"Mon, thou'lt never rest wi'out thou smokes thy pipe," he said, in alarmed tones.

"I hannot th' 'eart fur't," persisted Joe.

"Coom, this 'ull never do! Here, little uns—be off wi' yo'! Gronfeyther's had enough o' yo' now."

"Nay, let them bide," said gronfeyther. "I'll happen not ha' them so long. Weel, Teddy, an' how many chickens is yonder, saysto?"

He scarcely appeared to hear the answer, and presently Richard, much distressed in his mind, went ponderously down the stairs in search of Mary. The latter agreed with him that Joe's refusal to smoke his pipe was a very bad sign. So much alarmed indeed was the good woman that, after the children were duly fed and tucked up, she prepared with the

most solemn of faces to sit up with her father during the night. Joe did not seem to find it easy to compose himself, in spite of his daughter's repeated adjurations that he would "try to settle off." At last, however, he fell into an uneasy doze, and though poor hard-working Mary made strenuous efforts to keep awake, her heavy eyelids drooped at last, and she too slept.

The dawn was breaking when Joe awoke. He sat up and glanced uneasily at Mary. Her head had fallen back, her sturdy outstretched legs were wide apart, and her portly bosom rose and fell, accompanied by a continuous sound of snoring, like the rumbling of a distant cannonade. Joe rubbed his chin—the bristles of his beard rasping his fingers—and nodded to himself.

"Hoo's dropped off, poor lass!" he muttered. "Welly tired out, I reckon. I could a'most wish I were out of her road for good—what wi' shiftin' me, an' physickin' me, an' sittin' up o' neets, hoo mun be half killed."

The row of empty medicine-bottles on the chimney-piece next caught his eye.

"Lord, to think as I 'ave 'ad to sup all as was i' yon! Why, it's a wonder I am wick at all."

He clenched his fist, and thumped the bedclothes with a gathering sense of ill-usage. How could he ever get well if he was kept in bed during the beautiful spring weather, while every one else was out an' about, and Mester Tom gaffering the men, and giving his orders as free as if the place belonged to him?

"They tellen me nought," he muttered to himself. "I niver know what's doin' wi'out one o' th' childer lets summat out."

His face worked a little at the recollection of his grievances. All the winter he had sat in the ingle-nook while other folks came and went, the labourers clumping in at meal-time with the smell of the soil clinging to their garments. Occasionally with a nod and a grin for "owd mester," they had talked of the jobs actually in hand, and "owd mester" had sometimes disapproved of his son-in-law's arrangements, and sometimes exhausted himself by giving advice; so that Tom and Mary deemed it best to discourage such communications, and indeed since Joe had been confined to his room, all intercourse with the outer world was necessarily stopped. Had it not been for a chance word let fall by his daughter that morning, he would never even have known of the ploughing of the Sunnyfields.

The light brightened and grew, spreading out fan-like on the white walls, and reaching to the low ceiling; a branch of the little monthly-rose tree flapped against the window; louder even than Mary's snores came the trill of a lark. It was broad day, and no one yet was stirring about the place—not the clink of a pail, not the clatter of a clog.

Pretty times these! A nice hand Tom would make of his farming, if this was how he started! If Joe were not tied there like a log, he would soon make them tumble out of their beds and bustle about—he had a great mind, as it was, to go and pull the long ears of that great lazy ne'er-do-weel, his son-in-law. What a start it would give him!

Out of bed came one long lean leg, then the other. Joe gasped a little as his feet touched the floor: he had not left his bed for more than a fortnight, and felt, as

he would have expressed it, "a bit wummicky." There was also a queer sense of oppression about his chest, but he congratulated himself on the fact that his cough had altogether ceased. Joe crossed the room, pausing to peer through the unshuttered window. What a glorious morning! golden and silver with sunshine and dew. What a sky! cloudless save for the rosy and purple streaks at the horizon. The new-budded trees were stirring in the morning breeze; yonder in the field the dairy-cows were trooping through the glistening grass to the gate, awaiting milking-time. This was a morning truly for folks to lie abed, with such a piece of business awaiting them too as the breaking up of the Sunnyfields! Eh, if Joe were only able to go out——

A sudden idea struck him. Why should he *not* go out? Why should he lie there just because Mary and the doctor said so? Mary was not likely to know better than her own father when all was said and done; and as for the doctor, "young whipper-snapper," as Richard said, who was he to be ordering about a man of seventy-six? Why, what Joe wanted was a good brisk walk, with a beefsteak and a tumbler of something hot when he came in.

"He doesn't understand my constitootion," said Joe, emphatically; "thot's where it is—and I'll ston' no more o' this mak' o' work!"

Creaking across the floor he went, moving unwieldily on tip-toe. There were his clothes in the cupboard—the familiar folds and creases of the well-worn garments greeting him like smiles on the face of an old friend. His fingers were stiff and trembling; but for all that, it did not take

more than two or three minutes to don them. Next came the socks; his clogs and wide-awake were in the hall below; out of the room now, and down the stairs. "Lord!" how that lazy Tom snored! Joe could even hear him through his closed door. There were the clogs, and yonder the hat; cautiously Joe withdrew the bolts of the back-door, standing at last under the free air of heaven. He made one or two faltering steps forward, and paused, hat in hand, his head tilted a little backwards so that the breezes lifted his ragged grey hair. His eyes were sparkling, his lips parted in a long breath of rapture.

"Coom, now, I'm a mon again!" he muttered, and thumped his chest. "Ay, I can feel mysel' wick."

The old yard-dog came limping to his feet, fawning on him with extravagant joy. Joe stooped and patted him. "Ay, Laddie, there's life i' th' owd mon yet! we're noan done for yet, neither of us! Coom, we'll have a bit of a do together afore onybody else is stirrin'."

He crossed the yard with feeble heavy steps, and opened the stable-door. A gust of warm air greeted him, the familiar aroma being as incense to his nostrils.

There they stood, the great sleek beasts—Blossom and Daisy and Prince and Di'mond; thriving and hearty, every one, their shaggy manes plaited, their broad backs groomed till they shone, a simultaneous rattling and banging of ropes and weights sounding as they lifted their heads to look round at the newcomer. Joe made straight for his favourite mare, bestowing one or two resounding caresses on her round dappled flank; then going close up to her he fairly took her head in his arms.

"Eh, Blossom!" he said, "thou'rt here, arto? Coom, arto fain to see mester? I welly believe the poor owd lady knows me! Theer, Blossom, theer!"

Keeping one arm still round the creature's neck, he laid his cheek against her soft nose, whimpering a little, and uttering inarticulate phrases of endearment as the mare whinnied back. But recovering himself after a moment or two, he brushed his coat-sleeve across his eyes, and began to unfasten the animal's headstall.

"Thou an' me's bahn to do a bit o' wark afore breakfast," he observed. "Eh, an' Prince too. Ay, lad, we's addle our mate this mornin'."

One by one the horses came clattering forth, harnessed, ready for the plough. Joe followed, staggering but determined, and Laddie brought up the rear, sniffing uneasily at his master's heels, and turning up his old white muzzle inquiringly from time to time, as though to intimate his suspicion that something was amiss. But Joe's face beamed again with the rapture and triumph of his new-found freedom, and when the little company had crossed the yard, and passed through the gate, and found themselves fairly in the sandy lane which led to the Sunnyfields, he uttered a quavering whoop of joy.

"Coom, Blossom, lass, we'n stolen a march on 'em for once 'as how 'tis! We'll put 'em all to shame yonder! Ho! ho! theer'll be a bonny to-do when our Mary wakkens and finds 'at I've flitted! My word, Tom will be ashamed to look me i' th' face, I should think, when he sees me worthin'! It'll larn him to lay abed, th' lazy lout! Now, Prince, step out, lad! eh, I could wish owd Richard could see me! How th' owd lad would

stare! He'd scarce know what t' mak' on't."

He walked a little faster now, upheld by his inward excitement, and further exhilarated by the brisk keen morning air. The hedgerow beside him, white in patches with blossoming black-thorn, or sown with little folded green-tipped leaf-buds, was all asheen with glistening drops. Birds rose twittering from it as he passed; yonder on a newly fledged elder sapling a thrush was singing: a delicious smell of moist and fresh-bruised grasses greeted his nostrils as the heavy feet of Blossom and Prince fell rhythmically on the strip of sod that bordered the lane. The ditch alongside was golden with marsh-mallows flaming in the morning sunshine. Beyond the hedge lay the Sunnyfields, the yellowish mossy surface of the wide expanse veiled, as it were, in parts, with ethereal greyish green. The unreal aspect thus produced by the heavy dew was broken here and there by streaks of darker green, where the rabbits or pheasants had left tracks. At one end of the field two long narrow brown stripes marked the scene of Tom's labours of the preceding day. Joe glanced at them contemptuously from time to time, and when they reached the gate, and entered the field, he paused, the better to consider them.

"Jist same as Richard said," he observed with a disgusted air, "not a straight line between 'em! Coom, Prince an' Blossom, we's show 'em what we can do. Coom, we's start o' this side o' field so's Tom can see a bit of the better mak' o' work."

There lay the plough under the hedge. With a good deal of panting, and at the cost of more fatigue than he would have cared to own,

Joe fastened the horses to it and began operations.

"Now then! steady! off we go."

Off they went, the ploughshare cutting into the sod with unerring accuracy, Joe plodding behind, crooning some old-time ditty for very lightness of heart. The farther end of the field was reached, and Blossom and Prince strained their huge limbs as the plough creaked round. Now down they came, cutting a parallel line a few paces from the other; then they turned once more, Joe's feet sinking deep into the uncovered earth. He was not singing now, for his breath came rather short, and it required all his energy and resolution to withstand a gathering sense of weakness. The end of the field was regained, however, and, throwing down the reins, he drew himself up and looked back, rubbing his hands and chuckling faintly. There was a furrow! clean and shapely—and straight as a dart.

"Theer, Mester Tom, match me thot if thou con! Coom, Blossom, we's rest a bit, and then we'll be gettin' on again."

He walked to the horses' heads, flinging an arm about the neck of each. Laddie, who had been pacing up and down in his wake, now squatted on his haunches, surveying the scene with a grave and judicial air. Suddenly he sprang forward. Joe's head had sunk on his chest, his hands were slipping slowly from the supporting crests, and all at once he fell heavily to the ground almost under Blossom's feet.

Old Richard Woodcock, comfortably jogging along the road an hour or so later, became suddenly aware that an old collie dog was limping after his low trap, uttering snuffling barks and

whines as though to attract his attention.

"Well, an' what dosto want, eh?" he said, looking back lazily. "Poor fellow, thou'rt lame enough! Wilto have a ride?"

But the dog, turning, hobbled a few steps in the contrary direction, and with a piteous backward glance whined again.

"Why, it's Laddie, I believe—Laddie o' th' Gate Farm! What brings thee here? Hasto lost thy road? Coom, jump in wi' thee, an' we's bring thee awhoam again."

He pulled up, patting his knee and whistling; but Laddie did not approach.

"Well, then, stay theer if thou wonnot," ejaculated Richard, irritably; and he whipped up his pony, leaving the dog standing mournfully in the road, its tail drooping, its face wistful.

Farmer Woodcock glanced back and shook his head.

"Soombry's bin ill-usin' yon poor beast," he muttered. "I've a mind to go round by Orrells' an' tell Joe about it. It's a shame—as faithful as it's allus bin!"

He turned back, Laddie hobbling eagerly forward, and preceding the gig for some little way; but when they reached the lane which led to the Sunnyfields the animal again paused, barking.

Richard, looking over the hedge, discerned the plough and team of horses motionless in the far corner: no driver was to be seen.

"Well, to be sure! Did anybody iver hear owt so knowin'? The poor brute's fur tellin' me as horses is left stonnin' 'ere wi' nobry to see to 'em. He knows th' owd gaffer 'ud niver ha' had sich doin's. It 'ull be yon wastril, Will'um o' th' Lone End—Mester Tom's too lazy t' be agate himsel' so early,—it 'ull be Will'um, for sure, on the

fuddle again! Theer, Laddie, we's see to't, mon! Hie thee yon, an' ston' by they 'orses till soombry cooms. Ha, ha! how th' poor owd fellow hobbles off! Now he's lookin' back. Reet, mon, I'm bahn to fetch soombry."

He drove on, smiling to himself, and, turning into the yard of the Gate Farm, hallooed sturdily for Tom.

But his face changed when Mary, rushing out pale and distracted, announced that her father was nowhere to be found; and Tom, coming up breathless from the stack-yard, added that he had hunted everywhere he could think of about the place, and could not find a trace of him.

"He connot ha' gone far," wept Mary. "As wake as a kitlin he was,—it's more nor a fortnet sin' he took to 's bed, an' he hasn't bin out o' th' 'ouse all winter."

Old Dick flung the reins on the pony's back, and climbed out of the trap, his face redder than ever with consternation.

"Eh!" he said, "e—e—eh! Poor owd lad! Wheer can he ha' gotten to? I allus thought yo' was too 'ard wi' him—yo' kept him shut up too fast. He's bruk loose fur onst—thot's what he's done!"

Just then "Will'um o' th' Lone End," with his eyes starting out of his head, but otherwise to all appearances as sober as ever he had been in his life, came running from the stable, announcing that Blossom and Prince were stolen. It never occurred to the honest fellow to connect their disappearance with that of his master; but Richard Woodcock clapped his hands together.

"Why!" he cried, "th' owd lad's takken them—thot's what he's done. He's takken them off to Sunnyfields!—I see 'em mysel'

theer a two-three minutes ago. He's started ploughin'—eh, he's a gradely owd chap! he *would* 'ave a finger i' th' poy, see'n yo'? Thot's where he is—an' Laddie wi' him. Laddie coom runnin' arter my trap—quite takken-to, poor dog! he knowed his mester oughtn't to ha' bin theer, an' he coom runnin' and yowlin' arter me to fetch me to him. Ah, I see Blossom an' Prince mysel'."

"Eh, but did yo' see feyther?" cried Mary; "it's enough to gi' him his death, it is. Did yo' noan see nobory theer, Mester Woodcock?"

No, Richard had certainly not seen anybody. The jubilant expression left his face, and he looked from one to the other with a kind of fear. All began running, by a common impulse, in the direction of the Sunnyfields, Mary leading the way.

"Yon's th' 'orses," gasped Tom, breathlessly, "an' yon's Laddie."

"Eh—what!—what's thot o' th' ground theer?" cried the woman, straining her eyes.

Almost under the horses' feet lay a dark heap, which Laddie sniffed and pulled at, but which did not move, even when every now and then Blossom, craning forward her long neck, touched it with her pendulous under-lip.

Mary stopped suddenly, clutching her husband's arm, and Richard pushing past her, hastened forward.

"Mate!" he cried, and fell a-sobbing.

There lay his old crony, prone on the upturned soil, his grey head pillowed on the dewy sod, and a smile of triumph still on his upturned face; and yonder stretched his last furrow, clear-cut and straight, cleaving the field from end to end.

M. E. FRANCIS.

LADY TRAVELLERS.

SOME half a century ago the late Dr Scoresby — formerly Captain Scoresby of the Arctic Seas — used to tell a story of a soiree to which he had once been invited in Paris at the house of the celebrated savant, M. Arago. The company embraced an extraordinary group of travellers. Scoresby himself had at that time been nearer the north pole than any navigator, so that it was quite natural that he should be introduced to the sailor who had been nearer to the south. There were present likewise the aeronaut who had reached the highest point above, and the mining engineer who had penetrated to the greatest depth below the surface. But the star of the company was a lady—the only lady at that time who had circumnavigated the globe. In accomplishing this feat she had shown remarkable pluck. She had been married to a commander in the French navy, who, almost immediately after, was ordered off on a two-years' cruise round the world. The regulations of the service at that time forbade any woman to be on board, though they must have been relaxed since then to allow Miss Gordon Cumming to give us the story of 'A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War.' Madame, however, was determined not to be balked of her marriage trip. When the ship had made some way, she astonished her husband one morning by appearing on deck. Loyal to his orders, he was obliged to send her ashore, which he did at Madeira, and to make all sure, he committed her to the charge of the French consul at Funchal. But a new surprise awaited him. A few days later, when the ship was

well on its way, my lady appeared on deck again. How she achieved it we do not know, unless she had changed clothes with one of the sailors. The captain was now helpless and compelled to surrender, and, in spite of the navy regulations, his plucky wife circumnavigated the globe.

But since her day we have had lady travellers whose adventurous spirit has defied far more formidable powers than the French Admiralty—defied hurricanes, shipwreck, arctic cold and darkness, and all other dangers and discomforts of the sea; and by land, fatigue, hunger and sickness, robbers and extortioners, wild beasts, scorpions and mosquitoes, heat and cold, filth and fever, besides the nameless terrors of savage races, on whose whims they could not count, and whose greed and ferocity shrank from no crime. In such an age as this we need wonder at nothing that women will dare. In some cases the impelling motive may have been simply curiosity, coupled with the love of adventure. But in other cases higher considerations also have been at work. A genuine desire to add to our knowledge of the earth and its people has had a strong influence on some. Others have been moved by a philanthropic wish to improve the condition of the race, both materially and spiritually. The study of their books has a double interest. From a physical point of view it is interesting as exemplifying the fitness of women, or at least some women, to rival the rougher sex in a field which till now it has monopolised. Intellectually it reveals the features of life and scenery that most attract the female eye,

for we know that women see many things that the other sex is not likely to observe. A brief sketch of the experience and doings of some of the lady travellers of recent years must, we think, prove interesting to many readers. Generally, like Julius Caesar, but not always, the travellers themselves have chronicled their achievements.

We begin with Ida Pfeiffer, whose name and fame for a considerable time stood alone as *the* lady traveller. Her own name was Reyer; she was born at Vienna in 1797, and married a lawyer, Herr Pfeiffer, with whom, however, she seems not to have lived much. When she was but a little child she tells us that she had a great desire to see the world. Whenever she met a travelling-carriage she would stop involuntarily and gaze after it until it disappeared; she used to envy the very postilion, for she thought that he must have accomplished the whole of a long journey. At the age of ten or twelve nothing gave her so much pleasure as the perusal of voyages and travels. Her parents, and afterwards her husband, used to take her on excursions hither and thither; but she was not satisfied. Often when she climbed to the top of a mountain she would shed tears because she saw other mountains towering above, whose summit she could not gain, to see what lay beyond.

Her husband, according to her own account, having to be much from home, the education of her two sons was confided to her care; but when that was completed, and she was living in retirement (for the husband now fades from view), the dreams and aspirations of her youth awoke once more. Most of all she longed to see the Holy

Land. At first the difficulties appeared to be insurmountable, and she tried to put the idea aside; but back it would come with irrepressible force. It took the savings of twenty years to defray the expense of that journey.

It was at the mature age of forty-five that she began her travels, and she hardly laid down the pilgrim's staff till she was sixty-one, when, after a long imprisonment in the island of Madagascar, she returned to Vienna, and on 28th October 1858 died in consequence of hardships and ill-treatment borne in prison. Altogether Madame Pfeiffer made four great journeys, the record of which she gave to the world in successive copious narratives. The first was to Palestine in 1842; the second to Iceland and Scandinavia in 1845; the third, entitled '*A Woman's Journey round the World*,' in 1846-48, embracing South America, China, India, Asia Minor, Persia, Russia, Turkey, and Greece. In 1851 she set out for a "*Zweite Weltreise*," in the course of which she visited England. Hearing in London of Livingstone's attempts to reach Lake 'Ngami, and of the fertile regions now discovered in that neighbourhood in place of the traditional desert, and smitten with the desire to explore them, she proceeded to Cape Town in the hope that, as she had travelled in safety among savage tribes where armed men hesitated to go, and had borne with equal impunity the heat of India and the cold of Iceland, she might be destined to raise the veil from some of the unknown portions of the interior of Africa. But owing to what she learned at the Cape of the difficulties and expense of travelling, she was obliged to abandon her intention. The £100

sterling which she had got from the Austrian Government would carry her but a little way. This was in 1851; it was in the year after this that Livingstone set out from the Cape, with a purse little better filled than hers, but with a knowledge of the country and its languages, and an influence over the natives, to which she could not have pretended. She accordingly directed her steps to Australasia and South and North America, having spent a year and a half in the Sunda Islands, and penetrated into the interior of Sumatra and Borneo. She did not reach home till 1855. The narrative of this journey extended to four volumes.

Her last journey was to Madagascar, which had now begun to excite the interest of the civilised world. Unfortunately, it was the time when that island was ruled by the fiend, Ranavaloa, the great persecutor of the Christians, and poor Madame Pfeiffer seems to have excited the suspicions of that female miscreant, and was thrown into prison. She languished there for the greater part of two years, experiencing such treatment that her strong constitution broke down, and when she regained her liberty in 1858, she returned to Vienna only to die.

Madame Pfeiffer cannot be classed with those travellers who have explored and brought to light unknown regions, or added substantially to our knowledge of the globe. In Sumatra and Borneo she made the nearest approach to such service; but it is as having more fully described the known, rather than brought to light the unknown, that she has gained her fame. In a simple, lively, and pleasant way she writes of what she has seen and heard, dwelling chiefly on the outside of things. Her descriptions

of the places and people she visited are interesting as conveying the kind of information usually desired by average readers. Her narrative is free from the tendency to exaggeration in which many travellers indulge, magnifying their difficulties and dangers in order that their achievements may appear the more wonderful. When she meets with such exaggeration in others she rebukes it in an honest tone, as when an officer of a French frigate whom she met in Iceland declared that he had ridden on horseback to the very edge of the crater of Vesuvius. It happened that she had been there herself, and knew that the crater is inaccessible on horseback, and must be ascended either on foot or in a *chaise à porteur*. If she sometimes allows prejudice to crop out, it is when she comes in contact with the doings or the manners of the English, or when she sets herself to criticise Protestant missions.

Her courage was remarkable, especially in robber-infested countries, such as Babylonia, Kurdistan, and Persia. But being a woman, she suffered little, and though she carried pistols, she seems never to have required them. The Russians were the only people from some of whom she experienced rude and violent treatment. Once when travelling with a caravan, and walking alone at a little distance while the caravan rested, she was seized by two Russians, one of them an officer, thrown into a car, and hurried to the post-house, no doubt to be robbed, or released only for a handsome ransom; but after a night of hardship, her passport set her free. "Oh, you good Turks, Arabs, Hindus," she exclaims, "or whatever else you may be called, such treatment was never shown to me amongst you!

How pleasantly have I always taken leave of all your countries; how attentively was I treated at the Persian frontiers when I would not understand that my passport was required; and here, in a Christian empire, how much incivility have I had to bear during this short journey!"

Though not a scientific geographer, she gained the respect of some who were distinguished as such. Herr Petermann wrote highly of her in the 'Athenæum,' regretting that when in London she received scarcely any encouragement, her travels and her books being little known. "Though not a scientific traveller," he said, "she is a faithful recorder of what she sees and hears; and she is prepared to note the bearings and distances of the journey, make meteorological observations, and keep a careful diary, so that the results of her projected journey [in Africa] would perhaps be of as much interest as those of other travellers of greater pretensions."

Madame Pfeiffer in her various travels showed that she appreciated the three passports which Livingstone found so useful among savages — "good principles, good conduct, and good manners." She always looked on the natives with a kindly feeling, especially the women, whose dreary life in Eastern countries she pitied much, and whose social position she earnestly desired to see improved. Her readiness, if only she had had the means, to undertake the very expedition that immortalised Livingstone, on the ground that an unarmed woman might fare better than a man among ferocious tribes, was a splendid testimony to her self-sacrificing spirit; while her untimely death, the result of imprisonment among a people whom she desired to benefit, gives her a

good title to be ranked among the martyrs of civilisation.

Just about the time of Madame Pfeiffer's death, the spirit of travel and adventure took possession of another lady, also a foreigner, Alexandrine Tinne, of Holland. The father of this lady was a Dutchman by birth, but at one time a naturalised Englishman. He had held an important post in what is now British Guiana, when it was under Dutch rule; afterwards he carried on business as a merchant in Liverpool, and finally he returned to Holland. His first wife was an English lady; afterwards he married Henrietta van Capellen, the daughter of a distinguished Dutch admiral, who, on his own responsibility, co-operated with Lord Exmouth at the siege of Algiers, aided in the liberation of a large body of slaves, and obtained the thanks of the House of Commons. Mr Tinne was a man of wealth, and on his death his daughter Alexandrine succeeded to a large fortune.

From her childhood she had a strong desire to travel, and having ample means, it was not long before she began to gratify her desire. In her early teens she had visited Norway and Sweden, and at eighteen she had made a journey through Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt. When in Egypt she was captivated by the Pyramids and the Nile, and a vehement desire arose in her breast to explore part of the unknown regions of Africa, and especially to investigate the sources of the Nile. A desire to contribute to the suppression of the slave-trade was another motive. She was courageous and adventurous, a bold horsewoman, an accomplished linguist, and beautiful as well as rich. She had suitors in great abun-

dance, but would not listen to their overtures, for her heart had been wholly given to the spirit of travel and adventure.

Accordingly, in July 1861, Miss Tinne, accompanied by her mother and aunt, Miss van Capellen (both were so attached to her that they could not let her go without them), set out from The Hague to winter at Cairo. They were joined by some Dutch friends, including Dr Steudner, who died during the expedition, the Baron d'Ablaing, and Herr von Heuglin, who, like Miss Tinne, were interested in geographical exploration. Gathering a suitable retinue, they ascended the Nile as far as Khartoum. Meeting many vessels laden with captive slaves, Miss Tinne learned for the first time the frightful cruelties to which these poor creatures were exposed, and the desire to lessen such sufferings and protect the feeble among the natives became more than ever a reason for her enterprise. Not finding Khartoum a suitable place where to spend the winter (at which no one will wonder who recalls Sir Samuel Baker's account of it at that season), Miss Tinne and her party hired a steamer and made a further ascent of the Nile, going a little above Gondokoro. Here they explored the tributary river Sobat, and returned to Khartoum in the autumn of 1862. Gondokoro was the place where preparations had been made for Captains Speke and Grant, in the event of their coming out alive (which was hardly expected) after their journey from Zanzibar in quest of the source of the Nile. In point of fact, they did return about this very time after the discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, and Sir Samuel Baker and his wife met them at this very place, Gondokoro. But they never came into personal con-

tact with Miss Tinne, though they had a good deal of pleasant intercourse (as Speke tells us in his narrative) with her aunt, Miss van Capellen, whom sickness had detained at Khartoum.

It appeared to Speke and Grant that the question of the source of the Nile was now conclusively settled, and they did their best to induce Miss van Capellen and her friends to desist from their enterprise, believing that they could not grapple either with the malarious fever or with the ferocious tribes that infested those parts. But Miss Tinne was too determined to be moved by such remonstrances. When these travellers met Baker, they represented to him also that the great problem was solved, as the Nile had been seen to flow out of the Victoria Nyanza. But they owned to him that they had not pursued the course of the river where, after leaving the Victoria Nyanza, it took a bend almost due west; they had taken a straight line and come upon it farther on, where it resumed its northerly direction. This was the very part of the river which Baker determined to explore, and in exploring which he discovered the lake Albert Nyanza, having found that the Nile, after issuing from the Victoria Nyanza, flowed into the Albert, which he held to be the true source. Evidently the ladies were convinced that more light might be thrown on the question of the sources: such was their belief when they left Khartoum in the spring of 1863 in order to explore anew the Bahr-el-Ghazal, a tributary of the Nile. Thereafter they intended to explore a district in the neighbourhood of a mountain called Casinka and the Nyam-Nyam country.

The expedition fitted out at Miss Tinne's expense consisted of

a steamer and five boats, 168 persons (of whom a considerable number were soldiers), four camels, and thirty mules and donkeys. The expedition was on such a scale, and so grand, that the natives averred that Miss Tinne was the daughter of the Sultan. At first they got on wonderfully well; they had fewer difficulties than Baker encountered on the same route a few months later. But, at the best, it was very trying and toilsome work. The Bahr-el-Ghazal was found to be a great swamp, blocked by such masses of vegetation that the paddles had to be taken off, and the steamer towed through it by the boats. When they reached the head of the Bahr, the party had to take to marching overland. The country was full of beauty—birds, trees, and plants being alike most interesting.

But terrible disasters fell upon them now. Miss van Capellen had already died at Khartoum, and Dr Steudner, Madame Tinne, two maids, and other members of the party, were successively attacked by fever and cut off. Some idea of the hardships encountered may be formed from the fact that the tents would sometimes be overthrown by torrents of rain, and the inmates deprived of all shelter. On one of these occasions Miss Tinne was prostrated by fever, and the party prevented from travelling for many days. Provisions fell short, and porters mutinied. After all, Speke and Grant were right. It was not work for ladies. Overcome by such an accumulation of disasters, Miss Tinne had to abandon further exploration for the time: she returned to Cairo, Herr von Heuglin remaining to prosecute the exploration.

All this time the Royal Geo-

graphical Society of London had been receiving short accounts of the expedition, which they regarded with great interest, partly owing to its being the first expedition of the kind undertaken by ladies, and partly to the extraordinary curiosity then felt about the particular spot of Africa which they were exploring, and about the sources of the Nile. The Society were supplied with intelligence by Mr John Tinne, one of their members, a step-brother of Miss Tinne's. Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Society, spoke of the ladies oftener than once in highly commendatory terms in his opening address, and at other times.

When Mr John Tinne heard of the disasters which had terminated the expedition and compelled his sister to return to Cairo, he hastened to her, and endeavoured to persuade her to give up the East and return to Europe. But she had become such an Oriental in her tastes and modes of life that she resisted all his appeals. Her household at Cairo was constituted after the oriental fashion; her principal servants were allowed to be polygamists; wherever she went she was attended by a eunuch; and she adopted the costume of the Arabian women. One trait of her character attracted no little notice—her kindness to animals. On one occasion she had taken into her stables two donkeys that were ill-used by their owners, and had given them rest and food. From that time all the sick and worn-out donkeys of the town were brought to her place, to be cured. When Herr Gentz called upon her, he found apes sunning themselves on the outside stairs; inside, little negroes, the children of her slaves, lay basking in the sunshine; and long-haired Nubian

greyhounds sprang upon him. A young man who had been recommended to her had been made keeper of the greyhounds, but one of them having died, he was dismissed because she could not bear to be reminded of the death of the dog by the presence of his keeper. Her compassion was not limited to animals: a missionary related of her that many a time she would dismount to allow a wounded slave to ride, while she herself waded for hours through the deepest marshes.

For some time she lived at Cairo in this state of oriental magnificence, and it was her desire to build a palace for herself; but obstacles were thrown in her way, and she failed to get an appropriate site. This set her travelling again. After visiting many places on the African shores of the Mediterranean, and a few on the European side likewise, she meditated another journey to the Nile, not being in good health, and thinking that living in tents would tend to the recovery of her strength. On her way, between Mourzouk and Ghat, she was attacked by some Tuaregs, a tribe proverbially savage. While she was trying to settle a quarrel between two of her camel-drivers, a javelin was thrust at her from behind with fatal effect. After she fell, the purpose of the attack became apparent. The rapacity of the savages was excited by the splendour of her establishment generally, but especially by her iron water-chests, which the savages thought must be full of treasure.

Her death put an end to the expedition. It was believed that had she travelled in a simpler manner she would have had a better chance of passing unmolested through the country. Her murder took place in August 1869, when she was but thirty years of age.

It is painful to think of so much zeal, courage, and humanity being expended on an enterprise that led to so little result. But her labours were not wholly fruitless.¹ Sir Samuel Baker, in the map accompanying the narrative of his discovery of the Albert Nyanza, has placed her name on that part of the map which she helped to explore, and which Schweinfurth more fully investigated some years after. Baker, Speke, Grant, and Pethe- rick, all speak of her with respect. Dr Livingstone, in a letter to Sir Thomas M'Lean, Royal Astronomer at the Cape, written from Manyema the month after her death (September 1869), of which, of course, he could not have heard, speaks of her with great admiration:—

“A Dutch lady whom I never saw, and of whom I know nothing save from scraps in the newspapers, moves my sympathy more than any other [traveller]. By her wise foresight in providing a steamer and pushing on up the river after the severest domestic affliction—the loss by fever of her two aunts [her mother and her aunt]—till after she was assured by Speke and Grant that they had already discovered in Victoria Nyanza the sources she sought, she proved herself a genuine explorer, and then by trying to go S.W. on land. Had they not, honestly enough of course, given her

¹ Two volumes of scientific contributions were the results of this journey: ‘Reise in das Gebiet des Weissen Nil und seiner westlichen Zuflüssen, 1862-64, von M. Th. von Heuglin’; and, ‘Plantes Tinnéenes, ou descriptions de quelques unes des plantes recueillies par l’expédition tinnéenne sur les bords du Bahr-el-Ghazal et de ses affluents: composé par MM. Kotschy et Jean Peyritsch, publié aux frais d’Alexandrine P. F. Tinne et John A. Tinne.’

their mistaken views, she must inevitably, by boat or on land, have reached the head-waters of the Nile. I cannot conceive of her stopping short of Bangweolo. She showed such indomitable pluck she must be a descendant of Van Tromp, who swept the English Channel till killed by our Blake, and whose tomb every Englishman who goes to Holland is sure to visit."¹

It may be added that her step-nephew, Mr John Ernest Tinne, of the firm of Sandbach, Tinne, & Co., Liverpool, spent eight months at Tripoli (Barbary), in 1869-70, at the trial of her murderers, five of whom were imprisoned for life. Her body, we believe, was never recovered.

Our next name, though more familiar to English ears, is still that of a foreigner, for Florence van Sass, whom we know better as Lady Baker, the second wife of Sir Samuel Baker, and the chivalrous and devoted companion of all his African travels, toils, and perils, was a Hungarian. Nothing could be more graceful than her husband's notices of her courage, tact, and devotion, which are not crowded on us at every turn like the caresses of a lover, but introduced only on occasions which made a special call on his admiration and gratitude.

When first she started with him in 1861, the year after her marriage, she was but a girl. In the preface to his book he promises to carry his reader along with him till he shall look down with him on the lake and drink the sources of the Nile.

"I have written *he!*" he adds. "How can I lead the more tender sex through dangers and fatigues and passages of savage life? . . . Should anything offend the sensitive mind and suggest the unfitness of the

situation for a woman's presence, I must beseech my fair readers to reflect that the pilgrim's wife followed him, weary and footsore, through all his difficulties, led, not by choice but by devotion; and that in times of misery and sickness, her tender care saved his life and prospered the expedition." "Had I been alone," he says afterwards, "it would have been no hard lot to die upon the untrodden path before me, but there was one who, though my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care,—one whose life yet dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa. It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they would really be; she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers, and to follow me through each rough foot-step of the wild life before me. 'And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'"

At the most critical moments her tact and courage were never wanting; the cause was saved from ruin by her presence of mind. Readers of Baker's narrative will remember how on one occasion he had to struggle as through fire and water to get through the Ellyrian pass in advance of a party of traders under the Turk, Ibrahim, his avowed enemy; and how, when he believed that he had accomplished his object, and thought that he heard the voices of his men, who

¹ Personal Life, pp. 398, 399 (1st ed.)

were a little behind him, a most horrible sight presented itself—the red Turkish flag and crescent, followed by the scoundrel Ibrahim! It was the death-knell of the expedition. But, as Baker says—

“its fate was retrieved by Mrs Baker. She implored me to call him, to insist on a personal explanation, and to offer him some present in the event of establishing amicable relations. I could not condescend to address the sullen scoundrel. He was in the act of passing us, and success depended on that instant. Mrs Baker herself called him. For the moment he made no reply; but upon my repeating the call in a loud key, he turned his donkey towards us and dismounted.”

Baker was himself again, and reasoned with the Turk to show that they did not need to be enemies, clinching his argument with a promise of a double-barrelled gun and a bag of gold. Ibrahim was won. Mrs Baker's presence of mind saved the expedition.

Another time when a desperate mutiny had arisen, and Baker had knocked down the ringleader, but only to gather a crowd round him to rescue their comrade, Mrs Baker, though lying ill of fever a few yards off, rushed out, dashed into the middle of the crowd, calling on the least mutinous to assist, and made her way up to her husband. A sudden indecision seized the crowd, and Baker shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum, and at the top of his voice ordered the men to fall in. And fall in two-thirds of them did, as if overpowered by a mesmeric influence, the remainder retreating with the ringleader. But this was not all. The danger being past, Mrs Baker thought the victory should be improved, and besought her husband to say he would pardon the ringleader if he kissed his hand and begged his pardon.

The crowd approved, and the ringleader humbled himself; and though we cannot say that Baker and his men lived happily ever after, the men were quiet for a time, and all through the tact and courage of Mrs Baker.

The privations and sufferings of the youthful traveller were often very terrible, but in the Obbo country they came to a crisis. Both she and her husband had been greatly distressed by attacks of fever recurring at intervals, and their quinine was exhausted. Mrs Baker was so ill that she had to be carried in a litter, and at times she was unable to bear any movement. Looking round as they were crossing a river, Baker saw her face distorted and purple with sun-stroke; by-and-by she fell down as if dead. They dragged her through and laid her down, perfectly senseless. Her hands and her teeth were clenched, and her husband had to force a wedge into her mouth in order to introduce a wet rag to moisten her throat. It was impossible to discontinue the march, since provisions were not to be had, and the litter in which she was carried had to be stopped from time to time, for there was a rattle in her throat as if she were being suffocated. For days and nights her husband watched her, but not a muscle did she move. But one morning he was startled to hear her faintly mutter, “Thank God.” The torpor was past! But when he looked on her, her eyes were full of madness, and a week of brain-fever was followed by violent convulsions, making recovery seemingly hopeless. Overcome by fatigue and watching, Baker had fallen asleep: he awoke horrified at the thought that she must have died when he was sleeping. When he went to her, she was calm and clear. What brought

her round no mortal could tell. It seemed nothing short of a miracle.

All the time of Baker's African travels, in 1861-62 when he was exploring Abyssinia; in 1863-65 when investigating the source of the Nile; and in 1869-73 during the Ismailian expedition for the suppression of the slave-trade, this noble woman continued at her husband's side. The last of these expeditions exposed her to danger from violence, from sudden, murderous attacks by the slave-traders and their allies, attacks of a kind liable to upset the nerves and paralyse the efforts of ordinary women. But for such things, too, Lady Baker was equal. Once when left in the charge of their fort in the absence of her husband, when she had some reason to expect an attack, skilful arrangements were made under her directions for its defence; every position was defended, and every rifle and pistol laid on the table to be ready for use; and it was probably when the enemy found that such preparations had been made that they let it alone. In the midst of actual warfare, with spears whizzing within a few feet of her head, she remained cool and collected, hardly understanding the name of danger. And her forethought was equal to her courage: once in a time of great want of provisions she astonished and delighted the party by bringing out six boxes of grain which she had stored away in a time of plenty, unknown to them all.

Well might her husband say of her at the conclusion of 'Ismailia':—

"I must acknowledge the able assistance that I have received in common with every person connected with the inland expedition from my wife, who cared for the sick when we were without a medical man, and

whose gentle aid brought comfort to many whose strength might otherwise have failed. During a period of fourteen months, with a detachment of 212 officers and men, exclusive of many servants and camp-followers, I only lost one man from sickness, and he was at an out-station. ❧

"In moments of doubt and anxiety she was always a thoughtful and wise counsellor, and much of my success through nine long years is due to my devoted companion."

Among our lady travellers a place of high honour is undoubtedly due to Miss Isabella L. Bird, now Mrs Bishop. We have reached one of our own countrywomen at last, and she is no discredit to her people. The daughter of a devoted clergyman of the Church of England, and related to the late Archbishop Bird Sumner, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, and other men of mark in the Church, she has all along shared the warm religious feelings of her family circle. Brought up in a quiet rural parish, slight in frame, gentle in spirit, delicate in health, and without brothers in her home to help to develop the spirit of adventure, she seemed the last person in the world to think of roughing it in "unbeaten tracks," or of making us acquainted with some of the most outlandish parts of the globe. In her case the pursuit of health was the first motive to travel. And ever and anon, as a fresh attack of illness has come on her, her remedy has been found in a new plunge into some *terra incognita*. She is one of those remarkable women whose frail bodies are kept in vigour by the elasticity of their spirits. When her weak spine is troubling her, and most persons would crave a spell of rest, her spirit cries out, Away with me to the ends of the earth—toss me on the stormy ocean,

mount me on horse or camel, fling me among untamed barbarians, surround me with new and strange ways of life—anything rather than leave me to the monotony of a sickroom.

And, strange to say, the remedy usually succeeds. We remember finding her several years ago, after a turn of illness, bent on a sea-voyage and tour in America, but under a difficulty not common to tourists. Her trouble was where to find a slow enough vessel. Far from welcoming the *Campania* or the *Lucania*, or whatever might be the crack steamer of the time, she searched for a distant port and a sailing-vessel that would allow her something more than the smell of the sea, and ended by taking a passage in a ship that carried oranges from the Azores to the United States. It has been no uncommon thing for her friends to find her lying prostrate on the sofa, pale, thin, and delicate, and to hear of her a short time afterwards off for a journey of thousands of miles!

When, in middle life, Miss Bird married Dr Bishop, it seemed as if she must now at length "settle down." Unfortunately her married life came to an untimely end. When her husband was taken from her, the medical profession acquired a new and sacred interest in her eyes. Her more recent journeys have been undertaken to a large extent in the interest of medical missions, to the advancement of which she has devoted her life. A mission hospital in a remote part of India is her touching memorial to her husband's memory.

Mrs Bishop is much more than a tourist. It has been her aim, especially in her more important journeys, to select fields that are little known, and thus to make substantial and real additions to

our knowledge of the globe and its people. An acute observer, she enters very fully wherever she goes into the life of the people, and records her observations with great fulness. Most of her books are in the form of letters to her sister, written with the desire to convey to her an exact and vivid picture of all she has seen. She is a lady of many accomplishments, and writes with an easy grace. Her conversational gift, though perfectly calm, rivets attention by the sheer interest of her story and the skill with which she tells it. The same qualities make her a good lecturer, at least to those to whom calm and lucid statements are more attractive than rhetorical declamation or the play of humour. A little more of this last quality, however, would be a decided improvement to her style.

'The Englishwoman in America,' the fruit of her girlish years, was not a book of travels, but only the record of a prolonged visit, chiefly to the New England States, in which a more discriminating and appreciative criticism is given of American life and manners than the public had been receiving from Mrs Trollope or Mr Dickens. After a long interval, the pursuit of health led her to the shores of Australasia, but neither New Zealand nor Victoria had the desired effect. Leaving Auckland for San Francisco in the beginning of 1873, she was asked by a lady whose son was in a dying state, to land with him at Honolulu, and remain until he should either rally or die. This she did, intending to remain there but a month; but she found the group of islands so enchanting that month after month glided past, till after remaining six and a half, it was only the tyranny of a return-ticket about to expire that dragged her away.

"Such a climate" (to quote the words of a letter to the present writer), "I suppose, does not exist anywhere else. Eden probably may have been like it, and it may bless the second Paradise. I am infatuated, I know, about that group of islands. But shivering in our own foggy, murky islands, rasped and aggravated by east winds, depressed by sunless gloom, you cannot imagine the influence of a climate in which cold and heat, floods and drought, all that we call weather, are alike unknown; where the sun smites not by day nor the moon by night. I don't agree with D'Israeli that 'happiness is atmosphere,' but people seem to feel more amiable under the glittering blue of Hawaii, amidst the glories of an endless summer."

Her 'Six Months in the Sandwich Islands,' published in 1875, was her first book of travels. It was not an unknown field, but Mrs Bishop, with her characteristic love of detail, filled up graphically what other visitors had left little more than in outline. She brought us much closer than any previous writer to the marvellous volcanoes and fire-fountains of the islands, which she explored with much care, and found, as others have found, so singular as to baffle description. But her usual experience in the Hawaiian Archipelago was like a vision of Paradise, and it made her think sadly of English slums. Of a particular day spent at Hilo she says:—

"The atmosphere and scenery were so glorious that it was possible to think of nothing all day, but just allow one's self passively to drink in sensations of exquisite pleasure. I wish all the hard-worked people at home, who lead joyless lives in sunless alleys, could just have one such day, and enjoy it as I did, that they might know how fair God's earth is, and how far fairer His Paradise must be, if even from this we cannot conceive 'of the things which He hath prepared for them that love Him.' I

never before felt so sad for those whose lives are passed amidst unpropitious surroundings, or so thankful for my own capacity of enjoying nature."

Returning by San Francisco and the American continent, Mrs Bishop found a new outlet for her adventurous spirit among the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. 'A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains' is the record of this excursion. She had found the beautiful in Hawaii, and now in the Rocky Mountains the sublime. From a convenient centre she would sally forth on horseback and ride fifty miles a-day.

"The scenery that can thus be seen is indescribably magnificent, and seems to dwarf all other. Its features are unique—pine the only foliage. It has a vastness, grandeur, solitude, mystery, under the spell of which one is constantly kept, and there is an undoubted peculiarity in the rarefied air, the steppe or plain from which this range rises being 5000 feet above the level of the sea."

Her mode of life she thus delineates in a letter to the present writer:—

"I am well as long as I live on horseback, go to bed at eight, sleep out-of-doors, or in an unchinked log cabin, and lead in all respects a completely unconventional life. But each time that for a few days at Honolulu or San Francisco I have become civilised, I have found myself rapidly going down again. I know all the mysteries of camping life, can find a blind trail with something of Indian instinct, and I have the character of a very expert horseman. I write horseman, because I have been living for ten months where side-saddles are not recognised, and if you saw me on my mustang, and a peaked Mexican saddle with great wooden stirrups and Mexican spurs, if you did not say it was 'neither brute nor human,' you would say 'neither man nor woman.'"

'Untrodden Tracks in Japan' records a far more daring undertaking than any of the preceding. Many a traveller has described what is ordinarily to be found in the "Land of the Morning Sun," but Miss Bird was perhaps the very first European to explore the island of Yezo or Yesso, the second largest of the 3500 islands that constitute the Japanese empire. The island is one mass of mountains, and for a lady who was suffering from weakness of the spine, the toil and pain and peril of the undertaking were something appalling. For though she travelled ostensibly in one of the rude carriages of the country, she had to get out ever so often in the day whenever a pass had to be ascended or descended; and even when she remained sitting, she was not sure of her seat,—the vehicle might be overturned in a sea of mud, as it was on one occasion, soaking and ruining her garments, in which, wet as they were, she had to spend the night. The inhabitants of Yezo are not Japanese, but the remains of an earlier race whom the Japs dispossessed of the island of Nippon, the chief part of the country. They are a primitive and attractive people, retaining some interesting customs from a remote antiquity, and some simple virtues. It sometimes appalled her to think that she was utterly alone and unprotected among a barbarous people. But the Ainos, as they are called, are of so gentle and harmless a disposition that she found she could go among them with perfect safety.

The Malay Peninsula was the next sphere of her travels—the "Aurea Chersonesus" of Ptolemy, —the "Golden Chersonese" of Milton. Perhaps the Peninsula of Malacca would have been rather a

meagre subject for a whole volume, but as "the way thither" is included, we have an interesting glimpse of the Chinese empire, and of two of its chief cities, Hong-Kong and Canton. Of the peninsula itself, too, it must be said that many fairly intelligent persons have very misty conceptions, which our author helps to make more accurate. It would puzzle not a few to tell in what country Penang and Singapore are situated, and how they came into British possession. But Mrs Bishop's main interest is in the natives of the peninsula, and here she has much to tell us of no little interest. It seems characteristic of the lady traveller to make and record those minute, varied, and vivid observations of life, character, and customs, of which her books are full. No man would be so painstaking and so patient. If the tracks which she follows along the peninsula are not wholly unbeaten, the European feet that have trodden them are but few. And after all, it is only the west side of the peninsula that has been fully explored; the east side on our maps is still but a skeleton.

In her latest publication, which contains her travels in Persia, Kurdistan, and adjacent countries, Mrs Bishop comes for the first time into close contact with Mohammedanism. She had seen a little of it in the Malay Peninsula, but more now. And her impression of it is very bad. We have no room to follow her tracks through these countries; but one thing calls for special notice at a time when the civilised world stands aghast at the Armenian atrocities. Mrs Bishop had seen and heard enough of the disgraceful treatment of Armenian Christians by the Kurds to make her blood boil. Many a scandalous

tale of oppression, robbery, cruelty, and perfidy had she heard; when she returned to this country, her heart was full of their woes; she strove by conversation, by lectures, by articles, to arouse public attention, and if we remember rightly she addressed a meeting of Members of Parliament, to give them information of what she had seen and heard.

In all her varied peregrinations Mrs Bishop has come much in contact with Christian missions and missionaries. Her interest in their work is intelligent rather than enthusiastic: its difficulties cannot escape her; the failings of many of its agents are obvious enough; but she has strong faith in the cause, and great admiration for the many devoted men and women who are working so heartily for the welfare of their race.

The last two or three years have been spent by Mrs Bishop in Corea, Japan, and China. She has visited Corea no less than four times, once before the war, and then after it, being very desirous to learn what effect the war had had on the Coreans. So keen was her interest in that people that, having heard that some of them had passed over from Corea into Russia, and were doing well, she made a journey to Vladivostock to make personal inquiries. The rapidity with which she flits from one country to another, and from one end of a country to another, makes it hard to follow all her wanderings. The last we have heard of her is that she had started on a four months' journey up the Yangtse river, a distance of three thousand miles. The book which she is now preparing will deal with these regions, but especially with Corea, and will no doubt contain much new and interesting information.

When we announce the name of Miss Constance Frederika Gordon Cumming as our next lady traveller, we shall doubtless be felt by many of our readers to be bringing them into the company of a personal friend. If we must make a distinction between travellers and tourists, we are afraid that in strictness Miss Gordon Cumming would rank among the latter, for in her wanderings it is chiefly ground more or less familiar that she has traversed. But she has visited so many countries, and written of them so fully and so well, as to entitle her to a kind of emeritus rank among travellers. Indeed there is not a quarter of the globe where she has not been, and about which she has not written. Her 'prentice hand she tried on her own country, following the track of Samuel Johnson 'In the Hebrides'; 'From Cornwall to Egypt' brought her to Africa; her two largest works, 'In the Himalayas' and 'Wanderings in China,' grapple with the two greatest empires of Asia; she has certainly been in Japan, though we do not think she has written about that country; 'Granite Crags' describes no doubt a very limited part, but still a part of the great American continent, being mainly concerned with the Yōsemité Valley in California; and over and above, her 'At Home in Fiji' shows that she has been among the islands of the South Pacific, as her 'Fire-Fountains' evidences her acquaintance with those of the North Pacific Ocean. We may well rank her among the farthest travelled, whether of the women or men of our time; and she has the great merit of having not rushed from country to country, but of having stayed long enough in each to get steeped as it were in its ways and features, and thus

to be able to reproduce it not mechanically but in living form.

As a writer Miss Gordon Cumming is undoubtedly the most popular of our lady travellers. Her style is clear, fluent, and animated; she has the artist faculty of grouping details effectively, and drawing a picture in true perspective, giving you a good idea of the *tout ensemble*. But more remarkable, perhaps, is the cheerful tone in which she writes: full of enjoyment herself, she communicates her happy feelings to her readers, and on you go in her company enjoying everything. No doubt she is an optimist, and wherever she goes she sees the best of everything. And if her colours sometimes are rather too bright, and her feelings too sanguine, it is surely a pardonable defect. Miss Gordon Cumming has the knack of mingling her personality with her narrative; you do not forget her in the story she tells; but so far from this being an offensive property of her style, it is really an advantage: it gives reality and animation to her writing, and impregnates it the more with her own feeling.

And there is likewise the play of humour—not too frequent, but sufficient to brighten here and there a languid page. And it matters not if the laugh be directed against herself. In ‘Granite Crags’ she tells of her party

“halting for luncheon at a pretty cottage covered with trailing hops; a cheery peasant woman, like an English farmer’s wife, came out to greet us, and to welcome us to a ‘square meal’ with good roast-meat, and the invariable big teapot. I profited by some spare minutes to work at my sketch of the ‘Dead Giant,’ whereat the old lady was vastly entertained. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘you must be the lady I hear them talk of *who makes*

pictures just like a man! And—why, dear me, you wear a man’s hat! Why, I do believe you are a man! Come now, do tell me, aren’t you a man really?’ I tried hard to make her believe that it was quite correct for English ladies to wear wide-brimmed soft felt hats, but the effort was hopeless. Neither she nor any of the women in the valley could believe it, and I felt really glad when an essentially feminine and golden-haired Englishwoman arrived there, wearing a ditto. Why my poor little water-colour paint-box should be considered masculine I cannot say, but it attracted great notice in the valley, as something quite unknown even to most of the tourists,—the artist-masculine, armed with cumbersome oil paints, being the only specimen of the genus known in the Sierras.”

We should be doing great injustice to Miss Gordon Cumming if we did not take emphatic notice of a feature that elevates her travels above the level of mere pleasure-adventures—her spirit of humanity, and lively interest in all that is fitted to brighten and elevate the lives of the races among whom she has been. In this, as in other particulars, Mrs Bishop and she thoroughly agree. In Christian missions she is deeply interested, and no more pleasing or gratifying view of a missionary transformation could be found anywhere than in her book ‘At Home in Fiji.’ The degraded condition of women in India deeply impressed her, and the work of Zenana missions and of female medical missions found in her a very cordial friend. But of all the manifestations of a philanthropic spirit which her books present, none is so interesting as her episode in ‘Wanderings in China’ on teaching the blind to read. We have reason to know that her efforts in this cause have not been limited to writing a chapter of a book, but that she

has sought earnestly to promote it in many ways at home.

The 'Polar Gleams' of Miss Helen Peel, a daughter of Sir Robert, though an extremely pleasant book to read, need not detain us long. With the exception of a tolerably full description of the ways of life of the natives of Northern Siberia, it contains little with which Arctic voyagers have not already made us familiar. Its interest is chiefly as a picture of the experiences of a young lady to whom the gaieties of fashionable life and the luxurious sensations of the yacht had become alike insipid, and who, having an invitation to join some vessels under contract to deliver 1600 tons of rails for the great railway that is to cross Siberia, jumped at the offer, and at short notice, as her friends put it, was "off to the North Pole." Not that she actually fulfilled the oft-expressed hope of eating strawberries and cream at that point of the earth's surface; but having touched latitude 74° N., she was probably as near it as any of her countrywomen have ever been. So excited was she by the prospect of her journey that she forgot to provide fur dresses appropriate to the Arctic regions; but, after all, the cold did not harass her.

It was on board the steam-yacht Blencathra, once the Pandora, under the experienced command of Captain Wiggins, that Miss Peel bore off towards the realms of perpetual ice and snow; and if a comfortable ship and a skilful commander could only have counteracted the miseries of seasickness, there would have been nothing but pleasure in all the voyage. Yet her buoyant spirit refused to be subdued even by days of misery; and when she passed the dim shores of Novaia

Zemlia and was actually floating on the Kara Sea—the first lady that had ever been there—when the waters of the Yenisei river lapped the ship, and when she could date her letters with the dismal name of Siberia, her joy was exuberant. It was a great sorrow when the ship's head was turned homewards. But a better opportunity presented itself of enjoying the coasts and fiords of Norway. When the Blencathra ceased to hug the shore and launched out into the North Sea, the sensation was hardly less terrible than that which must have been experienced when, according to the ballad, Sir Patrick Spens set sail on the return voyage from "Norroway":—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind
grew loud,
And gurly grew the sea."

"No sooner were we in the North Sea than my miseries began afresh. Squalls and hail-storms raged with violence, and we were rolled about unmercifully. I was indeed wretched. Keeping as best I could to my berth, I felt, although so near, I might never see my home again; and my fear was greater than I can describe. Hours dragged on; the three days seemed endless. For want of fresh air and something to do, I opened my port-hole to cool my excitement; but before I had time to realise this act of thoughtlessness, I found myself thoroughly cooled down and well drenched as a punishment for such imprudence. A huge wave had worked itself into my cabin; volumes of water simply inundated me and my berth. However, without losing presence of mind, I used all my strength to close the port-hole. *I was completely cured of sea-sickness!*"

Without claiming an unusual share of the gift of prophecy, we think we may safely predict that this will not be the last of

Miss Peel's voyages. All experience of travel shows that "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on"; and it will be no surprise to find that ere long Miss Peel will have rivalled her predecessors, and compassed many a journey to the ends of the earth.

To Miss Annie R. Taylor the honour is due of having been the first English traveller that ever penetrated more than a little way into that great unexplored land—Tibet. Miss Taylor's first interest in foreign lands was kindled by hearing a missionary address from a son of Dr Moffat while she was attending a school at Richmond. Offering herself as a missionary to the China Inland Mission, she worked for a time in Tan-chan in China, near the frontier of Tibet. A lively interest in that country took hold of her, as being the only heathen country from which the Gospel was absolutely shut out. Surely, she thought, He who said, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," did not mean that Tibet should be an exception. And as He never commands the impossible, surely He will aid any of His servants who humbly tries to obey His command. She resolved in her own person to make the attempt.

First she went to Darjeeling in India, on the frontier of Tibet, and spent some time in a Tibetan village learning the language. Finding, however, that it would be better to make her entrance from the Chinese frontier, she returned to Tan-chan. A year was spent on the frontier, in the course of which she visited many large monasteries and became familiar with the ways and

character of the people. On 2d September 1892 she set out on her expedition, trying to reach Lhasa, the sacred city of the lamas, and then purposing to continue her route to the Indian frontier. For her guide she had a Chinese Mohammedan, Noga, whose wife, Erminie, was a native of Lhasa, and wished to visit her people; she had also a Chinese servant, and a faithful Tibetan attendant, Pontso, who had been brought under her notice when in miserable health, and to whom she had rendered great service, to body and soul alike. She had not gone far when the party was attacked by robbers, who relieved her of two of her horses and a considerable part of her goods. On she went, first through agricultural tribes on the frontier, where

"fertile fields, populous villages, temples surrounded by trees, met our eyes, while the picturesque natives in their bright cotton jackets and sheepskin gowns bordered with cloths of various colours, with their smiling faces and animated looks, singing or chatting while working in the fields, struck me by the vivid contrast to the sober looks and apathetic appearance of the Chinese on the other side."¹

We cannot follow her steps as she advanced towards Lhasa, though we would fain pause with her for a moment on the top of the dreaded pass of Dam-jan-er-la, the highest elevation to which she attained, where water boiled at so low a temperature that though boiling it was only tepid—a great drawback, as every one knows, to the brewing of a comfortable cup of tea. She had got on so well that there seemed little risk of her not reaching Lhasa, but for the treachery of her Mohammedan guide Noga. He had proved a faithless wretch,

¹ Address, Royal Geog. Soc. of Scotland, December 1893.

and had made more than one attempt on her life, in order to possess himself of her whole property, and it was a relief when he left her; but the scoundrel hurried on in front of her and gave the authorities information of her approach. She had just come within sight of the sacred province of Ü when she was taken prisoner, and after in vain remonstrating and palavering with the Lhasa chiefs, obliged to turn back toward China. But no incivility or violence was offered to her; on the contrary, as the various robberies she had experienced had left her destitute of money and even the necessaries of life, they gave her the wherewithal to retrace her steps to the half-way town of Ke-gu, where she left her tents, and for many nights slept in the open air. Whether parting with her tents was resorted to for the purpose of procuring a little money, we are not told; yet nothing but dire necessity could have driven her to that step in such a climate, where a hole in the ground with a piece of felt to cover the ice was a welcome bed, and her night-dress consisted of a bag into which she crept, clothes and all.

Of the people she says:—

“I have nothing but praise to give the Tibetans for their chivalry and kindness. Setting aside their raiding proclivities, they are hospitable, friendly, trustworthy, and by no means averse to intercourse with Europeans. In simplicity and naïveté, more especially, those people form a decided contrast to most Asiatic races. Although the lamas, for political reasons, do not wish to see us in their country, it is the Chinese who force Tibet—though this country is only partially tributary to them—to so jealously guard her frontier, and this principally for their own trade interests; nor do they hesitate to do all they can to impede any intercourse between the

Tibetans and Europeans, and to raise bad blood.”

Miss Taylor, after visiting this country, returned to the borders of Tibet, where she is employed in useful work, but without having as yet made any new attempt to reach Lhasa.

There are other ladies well entitled to the name of travellers and a place in our record. We can but mention two. One is Miss M. W. Kingsley, whose exploration of the river Ogowé is graphically described in the ‘*Scottish Geographical Magazine*’ for March 1896. The other is Mrs Littledale, the wife of Mr St George R. Littledale, and the intrepid companion of his three journeys—first, in 1891, across the Pamirs; next, in 1894, across Central Asia; and lastly, in 1895, across Tibet. Mr and Mrs Littledale, after surmounting incredible difficulties and hardships, had actually got within forty-three miles of Lhasa, and Mr Littledale was determined to fight his way, if necessary, over the remaining space, in spite of all opposition, when the dangerous illness of his wife compelled him to return. (See *Magazine of the Royal Geographical Society* for May 1896.)

It goes without saying that our story reflects high credit on the courage, the perseverance, and the benevolence of the gentler sex; it is a record of which women may well be proud. And there is this further to be said—that in no case has their travelling enthusiasm involved the sacrifice of obvious domestic duty; nor has it brought out any qualities inconsistent with the modesty, the grace, and the gentleness that must always be regarded as the fitting ornaments of the sex.

AN UNCROWNED KING.¹

A ROMANCE OF HIGH POLITICS.

CHAPTER XIX.—PILGRIMS PERFORCE.

THE journey was a long one, by train and carriage as far as Boloszjen, thence by various lines of rail to Pavelsburg. At Boloszjen Cyril parted from the travellers, after seeing them safely into their train. Nadia had not exchanged a single unnecessary word with him since leaving Bellaviste, for the hatred she had frankly avowed to him in their interview had not been diminished by the words which had finally sealed Caerleon's fate, but now she put aside her dislike sufficiently to appeal to him on behalf of poor old Madame Bruics, who was to return alone from the Scythian frontier. Precluded by her deafness from receiving either advice or warning, unless these were tendered in writing, the old lady would be quite helpless if left to herself, and Nadia told Cyril that he ought to send Wright to escort her and bring her home. This plain speaking was rather a bitter pill for Cyril, who was wont to pride himself on his foresight and tactful consideration, and felt that in this case especially he had done more than could ever have been expected of him, but he recognised the cruelty involved in sending poor Madame Bruics upon a wild-geese chase over the railways of Central Europe, and put the crowning touch to his self-abnegation by depriving himself and Caerleon of Wright's services for some days. He and Nadia parted in a polite and hostile manner—that is to say, she did not offer to shake

hands with him, and he went away marvelling at the uncharitableness of some people.

Wright was an escort much more to Nadia's taste than his master, although he thought it his duty to appear at every station and inquire whether the ladies would like some tea—tea seeming to be, in his opinion, the only refreshment acceptable to the feminine mind, and as such, capable of being imbibed at all hours and at very short intervals. When they had reached the Scythian frontier, and Nadia, to her great joy, had found Marie Karlovna, a German lady of her godmother's household, waiting to meet her, she commended Madame Bruics to Wright's care with great earnestness, which he viewed as impassively as he did the coin which she ventured to slip into his hand. But when she had seen Madame Bruics established in the return train, and was turning away with Marie Karlovna, she heard footsteps behind her, and looking round, saw Wright close at hand.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," he said in a low voice and with great embarrassment, "but don't you go for to take on about the King. 'E alway rides straight, 'e do—not like some people as ought to know better and doesn't—and it do take something like a 'orse to carry 'is Majesty," he added with professional pride; "and 'e knows 'is own mind, and as some poetry chap say, 'Is 'eart is always true.'"

For a moment the presumptuous

¹ Copyright in the United States.

groom felt ready to sink into the earth under the combined weight of his own daring and the glance which Nadia turned on him ; but while he was wondering apprehensively whether she would give him in charge or write to Lord Cyril to complain of his conduct, the fire died out of her eyes, and she said gently—

“Thank you, Wright. I know quite well that what you say of the King is true. He is the best of men, and nothing of all that has happened is his fault.”

Wright touched his hat and turned away, deciding in his honest mind that Miss O'Malachy would make a sight better wife for 'is Majesty than that there princess would 'ave done, and that he 'oped he might one day 'ave the honour of trainin' a 'orse for 'er to ride. And Nadia travelled on to Pavelsburg with Marie Karlovna, who had evidently received strict orders not to tease her with questions, for she talked unceasingly of the great conference of members of different evangelical denominations which had recently been held in Pavelsburg, and of other matters interesting to the supporters of the *Cercle Evangélique*. At last the capital was reached, and Nadia saw awaiting her on the platform a tall, stout, carelessly-dressed form which she knew well, with the abundant grey hair surmounted by a ludicrously unfashionable bonnet. She could scarcely wait for the door of the carriage to be opened, but precipitated herself down the steps and into her godmother's arms.

“Oh, Marraine, I have longed to see you so much !” she cried.

“Not more than I to see you, dear child,” returned the Princess, patting Nadia's shoulder affectionately. “You have been out into the world since we parted. How has it used you?”

“Oh, I have so much to tell you,

to ask you,” said Nadia, with a sigh that was almost a sob, but her godmother repressed her eagerness with a gesture.

“When we reach home, my child, not now. Come, we attract attention. My good Marie, I am rejoiced to see you. You are ready? The carriage is waiting.”

“They have not been taking care of you while I have been away, Marraine,” said Nadia, when she was seated by the Princess's side. “You want me to choose your dresses and bonnets for you again.”

“Very well, my child,” smiled her godmother. “Marie Karlovna has looked after my clothes since you left me, and she said that it was of no use my getting expensive things, because I always gave them away.” Marie Karlovna made a deprecating gesture of assent, and Nadia smiled, remembering that she had seen the princess take a sable-lined cloak from her own shoulders and give it to a beggar-woman. “But this bonnet,” Princess Soudaroff went on, “I chose for myself, and I think you must like it, dear child. I saw Olga Ivanovna, the Bible-woman, wearing one, and it pleased me so much that I asked her to have one made for me exactly like it. And she did, and this is the bonnet.”

“Oh, Marraine, I shan't rest until I have taken you out shopping, and made you get some fresh clothes,” said Nadia, laughing ; and then the contrast suddenly struck her between her coming back to take up her old duties as if she had scarcely been away a week, and the scenes through which she had passed in the interval. The tears rose into her eyes, and her godmother laid a sympathising hand upon her arm.

“Have patience, my child—you shall tell me everything as soon as we reach home ;” and Nadia brushed away her tears, and tried

to assume an interest in the changes that had taken place during her absence in the streets through which they were passing. When the great house was reached, of which the Princess occupied a part, she was sufficiently calm to be able to reply with a smile and a kind word to the greetings of the servants who crowded to welcome her, and who were a motley group, owing to the Princess's propensity for taking up other people's failures and giving them another trial.

"I see the house is as full as ever," said Nadia, as her god-mother led her in, after bestowing a kiss of welcome on her at the door.

"Yes, you will find many old friends, although some have gone to other situations. Ah, do you remember my maid Katinka, the pretty girl who married the handsome young carpenter on my country estate? Poor thing! he has deserted her most cruelly, and she came to me almost in despair. I could not take her back as maid, for I am trying to train little Vera, a *protégée*, as you may remember my telling you, of Countess Wratisloff's. She was serving in a little shop, amid very undesirable surroundings, and she did not get on as Countess Wratisloff's kitchen-maid, so I offered to take her. It was a little trying at first, but she does better now. Of course I cannot turn her out and give Katinka her place, so Katinka is sempstress now, and I can scarcely find her work enough to do."

While she was speaking, the Princess was leading Nadia into the rooms she had always occupied, and she now pointed out the little changes and improvements she had made in view of the girl's return.

"How good you are to me, Mar-raine!" said Nadia, gratefully.

"Would you have me cruel to

you, my poor child? Now, come," and she sat down in the arm-chair—"come and tell me everything."

"Oh, Marraine!" cried Nadia, throwing herself down beside her and burying her face in her dress, "I have given up everything because it was right to do it, and I cannot even learn to forgive!"

"Not *even* forgive? But that is often the hardest thing of all. Tell me about it, my child," repeated the Princess; and Nadia poured out the story of her first meeting with Caerleon, of his kindness to her, and of the way in which each had learnt to love the other; then his sudden acceptance of the kingdom, with all the changes it had brought with it; his repeated appeal to her to share his throne, the intrigues by which Scythia had sought to gain an ascendancy over him by her means, her journey to Bellaviste to warn him of the plot against his life, and her resolute but ignominious departure.

"I gave him up because it was right, Marraine," she said, "and not only am I miserable myself but I have made him miserable."

"Was it right?" asked the Princess, quietly.

"Oh yes, Marraine, of course,—at least, I knew that it must be because it was so hard to do."

"Is that the way in which you test your duties, my child? It is a wise plan in many cases, but sometimes dangerous—as when difficulty takes the place of right. You are told to 'endure hardness as a good soldier,' but never to follow hardness as an aim in itself. It is Christ you are to follow. What would you think of a soldier who chose to live out in the snow rather than in the barracks provided for him? Would he be any the better soldier for ruining his health and risking his life in such a way?"

"No, but——" the idea was too novel for Nadia to grasp it at once.

"And think what it is that you have been accepting as right," the Princess went on quickly. "You tell the man who has assured you that he loves you alone in the world that if he desires to please you he must marry another woman. This may be self-sacrifice, my child, but it is certainly sin."

"But the kingdom—the people——" gasped Nadia, confounded.

"Was the King to sin for the sake of his kingdom? Could you not have parted, if this was necessary, assured of each other's love, and content to wait—all your lives, perhaps—if possibly a way might be opened for you? It may be that in taking your own path you have missed the training God meant for you."

"But it was the uncertainty which was so dreadful. It seemed better to end it at once," urged Nadia.

"Better? to you, perhaps. But what of this poor Carlino? Had you no misgivings, my child?"

"None at all, at first. When Carlino told me at Witska that he had accepted the crown, I had just been wondering whether I had been right in urging him to do it, and while he was speaking I saw quite suddenly what I must do. As I had goaded him into becoming king—I really did, Marraine; I said dreadful things to him—this was my punishment, that the kingdom should come between him and me. There was no question about my duty."

"But why punish poor Carlino?" asked the Princess.

"I don't know, Marraine—because I could not do my duty otherwise, I suppose. I am afraid I didn't think of that—I was so unhappy, and yet I never doubted that I was right. And then, when

Lord Cyril spoke to me, it was just the same. He seemed not to have a doubt as to my refusing Carlino, but took it for granted both that I ought to do it and that I should."

"And you felt unwilling to dis-appoint him?" said the Princess, with a sarcasm that came oddly from her gentle lips. "Your parents, also, would have been disappointed, no doubt, if you had become Queen of Thracia?"

"Oh no," returned Nadia in surprise. "They wished it above all things."

"And you felt that anything that they desired was on that account to be regarded with suspicion? I know that you are inclined to be always in opposition, my child. To us of the older generation, dissent is a sorrowful necessity; to you young reformers it is the breath of life. You feel happier when you find something with which to disagree."

Nadia digested this unpalatable remark with what patience she might. "Carlino has hinted something of the same kind to me," she said, "but I did not know that I was quite so bad."

"You have never doubted the wisdom of your action, then?"

"Oh yes, often, when we were at Witska the second time. The doubts used to torment me. And then came the offer which was brought me by Vladimir Alexandrovitch. You would not have had me accept that, Marraine?"

"And enslave your husband's kingdom? God forbid, my child. But you have received a message from Carlino himself, since that time, have you not?"

"Yes, but—— It was Lord Cyril again, Marraine. I forgot all my doubts when he put things before me."

"Then he took it for granted

once more that you would refuse his brother, and you did?"

"Oh no, Marraine; you do not know Lord Cyril. This time he took it for granted that I should give way and marry Carlino, and I could not resist proving him a false prophet."

"You have the very highest respect, then, for Lord Cyril, that you prefer to disappoint your lover rather than hear him say, 'I have prophesied it'?"

"No, indeed, I dislike him, I hate him, but——"

"You do not love Carlino sufficiently to disregard what Lord Cyril says?"

"Marraine! I love him well enough to give him up."

"Yes, but not enough to marry him if his brother would sneer at you. If you loved him better, my child, you would have no cause to dislike Lord Cyril, for his words would have no effect upon you."

"Then it is my fault, after all?" said Nadia in astonishment. "Marraine, it seems to me that I am continually discovering things too late. Now that my mother is dead, I see that we might have been much more to one another; and now that Carlino will never approach me again, I find that it is I myself, and not Lord Cyril, that kept us apart. I am always wrong. But you will help me,—you will show me what I ought to do."

"But I am not sure that I am right in keeping you with me," said the Princess. "You have come home at a sad time, dear child. We Evangelicals are suspected everywhere just now, and the spies of the Holy Synod are watching us."

"But, Marraine—suspected? of what? when we pray always for the Emperor and for Scythia, and counsel patient submission even to unjust laws?"

"Alas, my child! why did the

wolf accuse the lamb? Marie Karlovna will have told you of our great conference, and of the blessing and support it proved to many among the brethren. But such a gathering from all parts of the empire attracted the notice of the police, and they made a raid on the hotel where some of the brethren, who could not all be accommodated in the houses of the faithful here, were staying. Strange to say, there was a band of Oudenist conspirators lodging in the same house, and on being apprised of the approach of the police they fled, leaving a secret printing-press and a quantity of seditious literature in one of our friends' rooms. Happily, our brothers were able, after some weeks' imprisonment, to convince the tribunal of their innocence, but M. Tourquemadischeff considered that the object for which they had come together was scarcely to be preferred to Oudenism. All the churches which had united in the conference were censured, and ordered to keep their members at home for the future, and all our free Evangelical services have been forbidden. We are daily expecting to hear that Anton Gregorievitch is exiled."

"Oh, Marraine, Count Wratisloff! But what has he done, and what shall we do without him?"

"God removes His labourers, and continues His work," quoted the Princess. "The pillar of our faith and our work is the living God, not Anton Gregorievitch. You ask what he has done. He has denounced wars of aggression and religious persecutions, he has prayed that the Emperor might be granted better advisers, and he has devoted his fortune to helping the poor and needy."

"But what is he doing now?" asked Nadia. "How does he stand the suspense?"

"He goes on with his work, one day at a time. The great evangelistic services held at his house have come to an end, but his Bible-readings, his visiting of the sick, both at their homes and in the hospitals, his efforts to raise the condition of the peasantry, he will not cease."

"And you do the same, Marraine?"

"Ah, we women are not in so much danger, my child. But still, I do not like to involve you in risk. Would you care to go and stay in the South with my sister? or I have friends in England who would be delighted to receive you?"

"And leave you? Never, Marraine! Let me stay and help you as much as I can. I am not good enough for the Bible-readings and the visiting of the hospitals, but I can help you with your accounts, and the soup-kitchen, and the sewing-class."

"You shall, my child; and God grant that you may be blessed and be a blessing in your life here."

Nadia began her chosen work the very next day, much to the relief of the Princess, who had, as she herself said, no head for accounts, and found it delightful to be released from the consideration of the business details connected with all her charitable institutions. To the girl herself, also, it was a relief to plunge into work once more, and she found herself kept busy almost all day long, getting in supplies for the girls' boarding-house, checking the sales at the Bible-depot, and arranging for the despatch of necessary articles to the hospital on her godmother's country estate. But wherever she went, she was always conscious of the presence of various watchful, ostentatiously quiet-looking men, who were invariably to be seen lounging in the neighbourhood of the institutions. The Princess's warning had

given her the clue to their presence. They were the spies of M. Tourquemadischeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod.

Thus things went on until the evening of the second Sunday after her arrival in Pavelsburg, when she went with her godmother and several other members of the household to Count Wratisloff's house for a Bible-reading. There were only about twenty persons present, for although many more would have wished to attend, the invitations had been restricted, so as not to give the police a pretext for interference. The Count had been one of Nadia's heroes for years, and she embraced eagerly the opportunity of hearing him once again, for what might, as she now learnt, be the last time. The address was of the character of a farewell, and the speaker prefaced it by remarking that it had been intimated to him that he might remain in Scythia unmolested if he would discontinue his evangelistic work, but that if he persisted in carrying it on, however quietly, his exile would follow. The holding of this meeting was his answer to the offer, and he seized the occasion to make a last appeal to those who heard him. Their leaders might be exiled, he said, their assemblies prohibited, but their faith did not depend on either the one or the other. Lands and wealth might be taken from them, but they could live, as some of them already did from choice, like the poor, and share with them what they gained by the labour of their hands. They might be deported to distant parts of the empire, might be sent even to Hyperborea, but, if so, it was because there was work for them to do there, even though it were only the exhibition of a contented spirit under hardships. Let them feel assured that for every earthly good that was

taken away, there was a greater blessing waiting to reach them, which could not do so unless the way were prepared for it by the removal of the worldly advantage. Was there, then, any reason for blaming the rulers of the empire, or even the authorities of the Church which they had quitted with so much sorrow and reluctance, but which branded them as heretics? None; they were only instruments in the hand of God, and could do nothing without Him. And, therefore, there must be no resentment towards them, for all that happened would be for the best. And even when the cloud was darkest, and no silver lining was visible, were the sufferers never themselves to blame? Had they never injured any one without offering redress, never refused haughtily a proffered reconciliation, never alienated by their unsympathetic demeanour those who would fain have been friendly? If they had, and there were few who could say they had not, let them bear their punishment meekly, accepting it as less than they deserved, and asking that even from the consequences of their own faults and failings good might arise to the people of God.

The coincidence between the burden of Count Wratisloff's words and those which had fallen from the Princess on the night of her arrival struck Nadia forcibly, in spite of the difference of their subjects, but the similarity did not altogether please her. It was hard to acknowledge to herself that her heroic conduct in refusing Caerleon had been wrong and based upon a mistake, harder to confess that Cyril would have been powerless to do harm if she had not given him a hold upon her by accepting his arguments as true ones. She was silent enough during the fare-

wells and the drive home, but when they had arrived she hesitated to face the solitude of her own room, and lingered with Marie Karlovna, listening to her voluble lamentations over the approaching loss of Count Wratisloff. Leaving her at last, and passing along the passage, she heard sobs proceeding from a room on her left, and looking in, found the sempstress Katinka crying as though her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Katinka? Can I do anything for you?" she asked, gently.

"No, thank you, Nadia Mikhailovna," sobbed the girl. "No one can help me, for the trouble is in myself. I have an enemy that I cannot forgive."

Nadia started, surprised to find a story so like her own. "Tell me about it," she said, sitting down beside Katinka.

"It is Anna, my husband's sister," responded the maid, brokenly. "I was so happy with my Yegor, he was so kind to me; and Pauline Vassilievna had promised to build us a cottage close to her own country-house, so that I might be near her still. But Anna always hated me, because I came from the town, and she was jealous because Yegor was so fond of me, and because of the new house. She never showed her enmity to me— if she had I could have guarded against it—but she made up lies about me, and told them to Yegor. He was passionate, and I was proud. I told him that if he could listen to such things it was enough to show that he did not love me. He told me to deny them, and I would not. He went to her for advice, and she told him even worse tales, and he left me without another word, and I have never seen him since. And now Anton Gregorievitch says that I must forgive Anna, though she has ruined my home and taken

away my husband and spoilt my whole life. And I cannot do it."

"I am like you, Katinka," said Nadia. "I also have an enemy whom I cannot forgive. He spoils even my prayers."

"But you are a great lady, Nadia Mikhailovna," said Katinka, in surprise. "Who can have injured you?"

"He could not have injured me if I had not let him—helped him to do it," said Nadia. "That is why I can't forgive him, Katinka."

"But that is like me," said Katinka. "If I had not been too proud to explain, Yegor would have believed me at once, I am sure. Have we both helped our enemies by doing wrong ourselves?"

"I believe we have," said Nadia, and both girls sat silent for a while, Nadia in her velvet and furs beside the sempstress in her peasant dress. At last Katinka looked up.

"I have been thinking," she said. "After all, Anna was fond of Yegor; she had brought him up, and kept house for him until we were married. Perhaps I was not as kind to her as I might have been, and a great deal of the trouble was my own fault—and I want to be forgiven myself, Nadia Mikhailovna——"

"And so do I," said Nadia, softly.

"Somehow," said Katinka, "looking at it in this way, I seem to have been worse than I thought, and Anna not so bad. It is not so hard to forgive—I will, I can forgive her."

"I will forgive him; I do," said Nadia.

"Marraine," said Nadia the next morning, "I know why you took me to Count Wratisloff's last night."

"I hoped you might hear some-

thing to help you, my child," the Princess answered. "Is your difficulty gone?"

"If I saw Lord Cyril now," said Nadia, slowly, little thinking that she would one day have the opportunity of proving the truth of her words, "ill or in any trouble, I should feel so sorry for him that I would nurse him, or do anything I could to help him. And yesterday I am afraid I should have been glad."

"And you are happier now, my child?"

"So happy, Marraine, that I want you to find me some work to do,—a class of little girls, perhaps. I don't want to keep my happiness to myself. I can never feel really hopeless or miserable again."

"Take care, dear child," said the Princess; then, her thoughts reverting to the Scythian translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' she was reading—"Christian's path to the Celestial City was not all smooth, even after he had lost his burden. There was the Hill Difficulty, and the fight with Apollyon, and Vanity Fair, and Doubting Castle. And there is always oneself."

Although Nadia, in her eagerness, was scarcely willing to listen to a forecast that seemed to her so gloomy, there came very soon to the Cercle Evangélique a loss such as that which parted Christian from Faithful. The first intimation of it reached Princess Soudaroff's household on the Thursday morning, when, as the ladies were at breakfast, they heard a voice inquiring for Pauline Vassilievna, and shortly afterwards the servant announced Vladimir Alexandrovitch, and ushered in Prince Soudaroff.

"Pray don't let me disturb you, ladies," he said to Nadia and Marie Karlovna, who had risen at his entrance. "My business is not private. I come merely to bring

my sister-in-law a piece of news. Anton Gregorievitch is exiled."

"Hyperborea?" gasped the three ladies at once.

"No, merely exiled from the empire. I suppose this will make a good deal of difference to you?"

"If God means His work to go on, He will supply the labourers," said the Princess.

"But it will make no change in your plans?"

"I think not. Why should it?" The Princess was on good terms with her brother-in-law, although they differed in their religious views. Some years before, when her own family, fearing that she would bestow all her property in charity, had applied that it should be placed under legal guardianship, he had been appointed her trustee, and had dealt out her money to her ever since honestly, if with a good deal of mockery, and she was grateful to him for continuing to supply her with a perennial stream of cash which she might give away, whereas if left to her own guardianship she would have deprived herself in a single year of all power to give.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, lightly. "I am afraid that this will not be the last of the banishments, that is all. But we all know that ladies will have their way, though empires fall. I only wish you good people would keep out of the way of the Holy Synod. You ought to know that we are determined to drive out all our most industrious subjects because they are Jews, and exile all our best because they are heretics. We mean to be orthodox if we can't be either prosperous or pious. Adieu, my sister."

He was gone, and the three ladies gathered round the table to discuss the situation.

"We shall be obliged to make

new arrangements about some of the work to-morrow," said the Princess. "I fear that we cannot carry on all Count and Countess Wratisloff's classes, but we will do what we can to-day. I will do my best to take the Count's navy Bible-class this evening. The police will have prevented him from making any arrangement for it. Then there is the Countess's Bible-reading at the house of blind Dmitri Nicolaievitch. We must think of some one for that."

"I will try, if you like, Mairaine," said Nadia, timidly. "If I find I am too nervous, blind Dmitri will read, I know, and at any rate I can tell the people what has happened to Anton Gregorievitch."

"Very well, my child. The carriage shall take you on after leaving me at the Mission-room, and I will call for you afterwards."

In pursuance of this arrangement, Nadia found herself that evening a member of the little gathering of poor people who met to hear the Bible read and explained by Countess Wratisloff, and of whom the host was the only one that could read. None of them had heard what had befallen the Count and Countess, and several burst into loud lamentations when Nadia told her story. But above the tumult the voice of blind Dmitri was heard.

"Let us lay before God the case of our father, who is taken from us, brothers, and of the work which he must leave undone."

They knelt down, and Dmitri prayed long and earnestly. Before he had ended his prayer, the cottage door opened. The blind man heard the sound, but took no notice, thinking that one of the members of the class had come in late; but Nadia, looking up involuntarily, saw the glint of uniform-buttons in the lamplight. She recognised the

state of affairs immediately. M. Tourquemadischeff had sent a body of police to break up the meeting. That they remained silent so long was due to the unconsciousness of the blind man, who continued his prayer without perceiving their presence. The moment he had finished, an officer stepped forward and arrested Nadia in the Emperor's name. Others were taking the names and addresses of those present, and searching the cottage for forbidden books, one carrying off the huge volumes of the Bible in Moon's type which Princess Soudareff had provided for Dmitri. This done, her captors ordered Nadia to accompany them ; and she obeyed as though in a dream, while the poor people pressed round her weeping, and trying to kiss her hands or the hem of her dress. Outside the cottage a covered sledge was waiting, which she was desired to enter, two of the officials following. After a drive lasting for some time the sledge stopped, and she was conducted into a small stuffy office, in which two officers were sitting writing. They looked up with some surprise on seeing her, but proceeded to ask her name, age, abode, religious views, and what she was doing in Dmitri's house. They made no attempt to entrap her into any admissions, for this was evidently a strictly preliminary inquiry ; but when it was over she found herself relegated to a bare stone cell for the night. This fact brought home to her the reality of her position. The way she was treading led to Caucasia, to Hyperborea, to separation from friends, to association with the vilest criminals, the stigma of a felon. But she put the thought from her resolutely, and tried to dwell on the remembrance of Dmitri's prayer. "I will trust and not be afraid," were the words

with which he had concluded ; and with these on her lips she lay down without undressing on the rough bench and fell asleep.

"Nadia, my dear child !" were the words that awakened her in the morning. "Forgive me. I thought it would be the navvies' class which they would raid, and I never dreamt of their arresting you. My child, I have been driving about all night from police-station to police-station, and from Minister to Minister, first to find you and then to release you. I went first to Vladimir Alexandrovitch, and he accompanied me everywhere. He said that it would never do to send you to Hyperborea, for we should have King Carlino invading Scythia with an Anglo-Thracian army to release you. Of course that was only his jest ; but we left no stone unturned. I threatened to force my way into the Emperor's presence, and lay the matter before him ; I threatened to put it into the hands of the British Embassy—although I really don't know whether you are a British subject or not ; I threatened to stir up English public opinion through the Evangelical Alliance. At last I obtained the order for your release, and for myself—this."

Nadia took the paper. It was a permission to Pauline Vassilievna Soudarova to travel outside the Scythian dominions, until the Emperor should revoke the leave thus granted.

"Oh, Marraine !" cried Nadia, sadly, "and this is on my account. Exile !"

"Oh no, dear child. This is merely permissive, you see. Now, what shall we do ? Shall we accept the permission, and place Dr Schmidt and Marie Karlovna in charge of the work, leaving the house as it is, and directing opera-

tions by letter? Or shall we disregard it, and wait until we are arrested, and conducted to the frontier by the police, while the institutions are all closed, and our poor people sent to Caucasia? I want your opinion."

"I don't like beating a retreat, Marraine," said Nadia, frankly, "but if we can ensure the continuance of the work better by going, perhaps we ought to go."

"That was just what I thought," said the Princess. "Now, my child, I have a scheme. I wish to follow the footsteps of St Paul."

"A pilgrimage, Marraine?" asked Nadia.

"Not quite. A friend of mine has a yacht, which is lying at Cadiz, and which he is anxious to let for the winter. I have

visited the Holy Land years ago, but I should like to see Malta and Asia Minor and the Ægean. It would be most interesting; and, from the Bosphorus, one might even visit the Black Sea, and perhaps meet some old friends. I have a strong conviction that we are not driven out of Scythia in this way for nothing."

"Yes, Marraine," said Nadia, sedately, as the Princess ended in some confusion; but, in her heart, she knew that her godmother was anxious to see whether there was not a possibility of bringing her and Caerleon together again. Her heart leaped at the thought, but calmer considerations succeeded. Was it likely that Caerleon would try his fortune again after two refusals? It was scarcely probable.

CHAPTER XX.—TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

At Bellaviste preparations were now being made a second time for the King's coronation. The chapel of St Peter had risen from its ashes in the courtyard of the palace, and the decoration of the interior was almost complete; while the regalia had also been renovated, and was ready for service, though somewhat shorn of its original splendour. All the circumstances seemed to combine to enable the event to be celebrated under the happiest auspices. Cyril had been duly presented to the Legislative Assembly as Caerleon's heir, and the announcement was received with acclamation. An income was voted him from the public funds, and the title of prince, already conferred on him by the people in their talk, granted him by a royal proclamation. Even M. Drakovics was content that the succession should be secured in this way, now that he was convinced that the King's marrying was out

of the question. The first steps had been taken towards putting the new liquor laws into operation; and, although there had been a good deal of discontent in the capital, in most places the people had grumbled and submitted. Most important of all, the Roumi Government had at length given way before the representations of Pannonia, and had agreed to recognise Caerleon's election, safe-guarding the Grand Signior's suzerain rights by stipulating that he should nominate a special commissioner to attend the coronation and invest the new ruler.

"We are getting on swimmingly," said Cyril, dropping into the Premier's office one afternoon, three or four days before the date fixed for the ceremony. "One almost wishes things wouldn't all go quite so smoothly. It makes one think of chucking one's watch into the river, or making some other sacrifice to avert misfortune, like the

ancients, you know. I believe my brain would give way under the pressure if it went on much longer. When Caerleon is safely crowned and off my hands I shall breathe freely."

"I have reason to believe," said M. Drakovics, "that the pro-Scythian party intend to try to strike some blow during the coronation itself. All the indications seem to point to that, although we cannot succeed in discovering what means they intend to use. They will scarcely try to burn the chapel again, but they may use dynamite, or make a last attempt at a constitutional protest, or try to get up a *coup d'état*."

"And these three things we must provide against by rigorously excluding strangers from the ceremony, associating the Carlino regiment with the city troops as guards, and dispersing any attempt at a public meeting," said Cyril. "Well, we have three days left for making preparations. I'm glad I just looked in. I thought you would very likely have something to say to me."

"What is the King doing?" asked M. Drakovics.

"Holding his review for the benefit of Prince Otto Georg, with General Sertchaieff in attendance, of course. When one has a foreign prince to entertain, and a little army doing nothing, one may as well trot out one to amuse the other. By the bye, I believe my crumpled rose-leaf is that we can't get away from the Schwarzwald-Molzaus. One meets them all over Europe, and the meeting is neither unexpected nor a pleasure."

It may be noted, as sadly characteristic of the littleness of human nature, that neither Caerleon nor Cyril could find a good word to say of the Princess of Dardania. One had been deceived by her, the

other had helped her to deceive him, but they made common cause against her.

"You would not think, looking at Prince Otto Georg," said M. Drakovics, "that at the time of the Franco-Prussian war his name was in every one's mouth, would you? He was a dashing young cavalry officer—very young—and I remember distinctly the incident which brought him into special notice. Our friend General Sertchaieff was, I believe, at the German headquarters at the time, and it was he who suggested, from his recollection of the matter, that the crown should be offered to Prince Otto Georg when we were first seeking a king. The Prince was carrying despatches—for Moltke, I think—and was taken prisoner by a small body of French cavalry. He managed to destroy the despatches, but he had been made acquainted with the contents. His captors were too far from their headquarters to take him there that night, so they halted in a stable, put their prisoner in the empty loft, took away the ladder, and sat down round a fire underneath. They must have got hold of some wine—at any rate, they went to sleep one by one, and the fire burned low. Prince Otto Georg watched his opportunity, and let himself drop. He fell among the embers of the fire, and burnt his hands badly, but he crept past the Frenchmen to the spot where their horses were tied, unfastened them all, and led them across the grass. He mounted one, driving the rest before him for a short distance, and then turned them loose, and rode for his life, reaching his point safely and delivering his message."

"You are quite right in saying that no one would imagine it from looking at him now," said Cyril, as M. Drakovics rose to escort him to the door. "By the bye, you have

rather a good view of the river here. What steamer is that, flying Pannonian colours?"

"A Scythian trader, I fancy," returned the Premier. "A good many of them hoist the Pannonian flag while they are here. It prevents unpleasantness, and we don't ask too many questions. This particular ship has just unloaded her cargo, and leaves to-morrow."

"Brought wheat, I suppose?"

"No, machinery for use in the arsenal. Sertchaieff has had two clerks on the wharf checking all the cases as they were unloaded. When everything is in working order we shall be far more independent of other nations than we are. This is another piece of good news for your Highness."

"Yes, I think that on the whole Caerleon has about as pleasant a berth as he could wish," responded Cyril as he went out.

It is generally recognised that our good fortune is much more clearly visible to others than to ourselves, and the fact that Caerleon himself was totally unconvinced of the advantages of his position need not, therefore, excite any astonishment. If Cyril had broached in his presence his theory of the advisability of making some sacrifice to fortune in order to avert the perils arising from unbroken prosperity, Caerleon would have reminded him bitterly that his separation from Nadia effectually prevented him, at any rate, from growing intoxicated with success. His face was gloomy enough now, as he rode up to the palace with his royal guest after the review, General Sertchaieff and a group of officers following them at some little distance. It was a wretched wintry afternoon, and only a German prince would have appreciated the compliment paid him in holding a review in his honour on such a day;

but the courteous gentleman who rode beside the taciturn King was overflowing with contentment and good-humour. Prince Otto Georg of Schwarzwald-Molzau was a gay young man of forty-five or so, a younger son of the reigning Grand-Duke, and said by his detractors to live on the reputation he had gained in the Franco-Prussian war, and on anticipations of a *guerre de revanche*. This was unkind, although it is undeniable that he was now much better known in Paris or at Monte Carlo than on the parade-ground or the manœuvre-field; but there was some truth in it, for he was one of the men who are content to vegetate indefinitely unless aroused by some great stimulus. He had come to Bellaviste to represent his father at Caerleon's coronation, ostensibly as a kind of *amende honorable* for Princess Ottilie's conduct; but as he was the brother of the Empress of Pannonia, it was generally believed that political considerations were not wholly unconnected with his visit. It was not, however, of politics that he was speaking as he rode up the street at the side of his host.

"You have the makings of a fine army here," he said; "but you want drill, drill, organisation, organisation. Your men are too much inclined to be independent, to act individually or in small bodies, without definite orders. Here we are in Europe—we do not, as in semi-savage warfare, need scouts, men of initiative. The ideal European army is absolutely a machine, without any thought or volition except what is communicated to it by its head. If the different portions of that army once begin to try and think for themselves, whether in seeking cover or in making an advance, all is lost. Their only concern is to obey orders, and their commander's is to obtain the vic-

tory. It is even more humane for the leader to be untrammelled, when he is once in action, by considerations as to life, and so on, for he has planned his movements so as to obtain a certain end with the minimum of loss, and they must be carried out exactly if he is to win. The better an army, the more completely has it given up its will to its leader—that is to say, the more thoroughly is it drilled into a machine. Your men are more like Cossacks, or irregular levies, at any rate. It is easy to see that your army was drilled by Scythians, not by Germans."

"You will hurt General Sertchaieff's feelings extremely if you tell him that," said Caerleon, glancing back at the War Minister. "I believe we flatter ourselves that we are in a very high state of military efficiency."

Prince Otto Georg laughed silently. "Your *corps d'élite* amuses me," he said—"your city guard, I mean, and that portion of it especially which you call the palace guard. The uniforms of these gentlemen are so magnificent, and their drill so lamentable—to a German eye, at least. They are beautiful to behold, but a much smaller number of good soldiers, or even of your Carlinos, would scatter them with the greatest ease. By the bye, is it true that you discovered a Scythian plot among the palace guard which led to the degradation of an officer?"

"Not exactly," said Caerleon, "although we seem to have been victimised very ingeniously by the officer you mean. He presented himself here as having thrown up a post in the Scythian army for the purpose of joining us, and we gave him a commission. About a month ago we were warned of a plot, which contemplated murdering me, among other laudable objects, and to our

surprise, for we had not heard anything to connect him with it, this man disappeared promptly. We have never succeeded in catching him, and all we could do was to outlaw him and strike his name off the roll with ignominy."

"You leave too much responsibility in the hands of these guards of yours," said Prince Otto Georg, abruptly. "They will think themselves supreme in the State."

"We are doing our best to reduce their privileges gradually," said Caerleon. "They have behaved extremely well so far, and we have no excuse for heroic measures."

"Nevertheless, you would find such a measure your best policy, if I may venture to advise you," said the Prince. "I could almost envy you the task of bringing your army into shape. It would be little less exciting than actual war."

"Perhaps you would like the privilege?" suggested Caerleon. "But I forgot, you have declined it already. If you have no objection, I should very much like to hear why you refused the Thracian crown when it was offered you?"

"To tell the truth," replied the Prince, confidentially, "it was because I thought that I should find Thracia dull. Drakovics imagined that I was afraid to accept the offer, but I was afraid I should be bored. You see, it was not likely that my election would excite the opposition yours did, for I had the Schwarzwald-Molzau influence behind me. But now, I must own, the position looks more hopeful. You have the army to reform, and Drakovics to conquer also. I see you are beginning to teach him that the State is not Drakovics, but he has not fully learnt the lesson yet. Yes, I think that, on the whole, the situation is distinctly interesting."

"I am glad you find it so," said

Caerleon. "I suppose I am unworthy of it."

"What! you are not thinking of abdicating?" asked the Prince, in dismay.

"Abdicating? No! Now that I'm here I'll stick to it. The kingdom has cost me enough already, but I'll stay on until I'm driven out, and try the temperance experiment properly, in spite of riots and rioters."

"You take things too seriously, my dear fellow," said the older man. "Look at me. I live quietly. I am not devoted to philanthropy, or any other form of excitement. I recognise that these are the days of management, not of despotism. If a wave of excitement should come, it might carry me with it, though not by my own choice. Similarly, I might find it necessary, in your position, to issue a decree, and enforce its fulfilment, but I should much prefer to flatter the people into originating it themselves. But you young men must always plunge into things so madly. You must have prompt obedience, unreasoning submission instantly. You have not learned to take things easily."

"I am afraid I have an unconquerable prejudice in favour of wearing out rather than rusting out," said Caerleon, with a quiet smile, "and I think your own history would be on my side, Prince, if I called it as a witness against you."

Prince Otto Georg smiled, much gratified by the compliment, and the atmosphere at the palace that evening was extremely agreeable. A State banquet had been held the night before in honour of the guest, but this evening, at Prince Otto's special request, General Sertchaieff had been invited informally to join the royal party, since he wished to have some conversation with him.

The War Minister was highly flattered by this mark of favour, and he exchanged reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian war at great length with the Prince, having gone through it attached, as a great favour, to the staff of one of the German princes. After such an opening, it was not remarkable that the conversation continued extremely warlike, and even became undesirably technical, to the unmilitary auditor, when it turned on modern weapons and projectiles. This was in the smoking-room after dinner, and although Caerleon was quite content to let the two visitors discuss velocities and electric firing-apparatus together, Cyril objected to being left out in the cold, and succeeded after a time in bringing the talk round to the comparatively simple theme of the use of the revolver in warfare. The two experts rose to the bait, and displayed as much enthusiasm with regard to the mechanism and makers of various types of revolvers as to those of the machine-gun, and Cyril, who flattered himself that he knew something of revolvers, was able to join in the conversation.

"I wish I could show you what I mean," he said at last, after an animated discussion of various knotty points, "but we can't try pistol-practice in this room, for fear of breaking something." They were not in the sacred "den" which Caerleon had established in an out-of-the-way upper room, but in the State smoking-room, so to speak, furnished in gorgeous Moorish style by the late king. "Caerleon has a revolver of the kind I was describing, and I believe it's the best."

"Let us send for it, if the Prince would like to see it," said Caerleon.

"I'll get it," said Cyril, "if you'll give me your keys. I'll get mine too. It's a newer make, but I don't think it's quite so good."

He returned in a few moments with both weapons, and explained their action to the guests, General Sertchaieff showing special interest, and examining the mechanism over and over again. Indeed it seemed almost as though he had looked at it too long for his peace of mind, for just before taking his leave, having arranged that the Prince should visit the arsenal in a day or two, and inspect the new machinery, which would then be unpacked, he might have been observed, although, as it happened, he was not, to slip Cyril's revolver into his own pocket, and take it away with him. Cyril did not happen to remember it when he went to bed, and the loss was therefore not discovered. Prince Otto Georg was escorted to the rooms he occupied in the front of the palace, Caerleon and Cyril betook themselves to theirs in the western wing, and peace settled down upon the building.

Cyril had been asleep some time when he was awakened by a low, hurried tapping at his door. Sitting up, he called to the intruder to come in, wondering sleepily why the sentry in the passage could not keep people from knocking him up at that time of night. To his astonishment Wright entered, closing the door carefully behind him, and striking a match as he advanced.

"How dare you come in like this, Wright?" demanded Cyril, angrily. "You must be drunk." Wright took no notice of the accusation, but lit a candle, and placed it in such a position that the mirror came between it and the window.

"No, my lord," arresting Cyril's hand as he was about to turn on the electric light, "don't show no more light, if you vally your life. I've been down at the stables, my lord, lookin' to 'is Majesty's

charger, as was 'urt to-day by the General's 'orse knockin' up agin 'im, and when I come back to the 'ouse, I see as things ain't right. Do your lordship know as there ain't a single sentry about? I come all the way up 'ere without meetin' one, nor a servant neither, right from the door I come in at."

"Good gracious!" cried Cyril, "there's something wrong. Can the guards have deserted in a lump?"

"Well, 'my lord," said Wright, "they may be all a-sleepin' in their beds, or they mayn't."

"We must go down and rouse them up," said Cyril, getting out of bed. "You go in by this door, Wright, and wake the King, while I get some clothes on."

Almost the first thought that occurred to Cyril's mind now was the recollection of his revolver, but when he felt for it in vain in its accustomed place, he remembered that he must have left it downstairs.

"I must go and look for it," he said to himself, as he hurried into his clothes. "Caerleon has his, at any rate. I noticed him carrying it."

But while the words were in his mouth, Caerleon came in hastily in his shirt-sleeves, with his revolver in his hand.

"Who has been tampering with this, Cyril?" he asked, sharply. "Some one has given it a wrench, and the trigger won't work."

"There's something fishy about this," said Cyril. "Does it strike you that our guns are at the other end of the house, and that we have no other weapons here?"

"If you ask me, my lords," said Wright, impressively, "I think it's foul play."

"Stuff!" said Caerleon. "Don't croak until you're told, Wright. If we haven't got weapons, we

must make some—not that I think there's any danger, but it's as well to be on the safe side."

"Of course," said Cyril, "the guards *may* have all struck work at once, and be enjoying sweet repose in their quarters, but the coincidence about the revolvers is suspicious."

"I have it!" cried Caerleon. "There are our dress-swords, which will be better than nothing. Put on a coat or something, Cyril, while I get them out, and don't stand there shivering."

He went back to his room, and returned with his own sword, while Wright unearthed Cyril's; and armed with these elaborate if not particularly dependable weapons, they prepared to leave the room.

"Haven't you got a weapon of any sort, Wright?" asked Caerleon of the groom.

"Buckle, your Majesty," returned Wright, unfastening the strap round his waist. "'E ain't bad at a pinch."

Thus unsatisfactorily accoutred, they took their way along the corridor. The electric light was burning brightly, but, as Wright had said, there was not a human being to be seen. It felt almost uncanny to be marching noiselessly over the thick carpets, in the blaze of light, without hearing a sound or uttering a word, and Cyril and Wright caught themselves glancing apprehensively at the open doors of dark rooms and at the heavy folds of *portières*. As for Caerleon, he was far too angry with the guards on account of what he conceived to be their dereliction of duty to have any thought of supernatural terrors, or even of the more palpable danger of a possible enemy lurking to intercept him. He intended to go straight to the guard-room and give the guards a thor-

ough fright, which would teach them not to confide too trustfully in their sovereign's powers of sleep on another occasion. The head of the great staircase was reached without any alarm; but Wright, looking out into the courtyard from a window, pointed out to Cyril in a whisper that there were no lights visible there. They began to descend the stairs, and as they did so, there was a sound of footsteps in the hall beneath, and several men appeared from the direction of the entrance. Both parties caught sight of each other at the same moment, and halted, Caerleon, Cyril, and Wright half-way between the head of the stair and the landing in the middle, the others on the lowest step. They were General Sertchaieff, Louis O'Malachy, and six stalwart troopers of the palace guard. For a moment astonishment kept both parties silent, then Caerleon recovered himself.

"May I ask the meaning of this, General? What brings you to the palace at this hour, in the company of a man who is a traitor and a spy?"

"Milord Caerleon," returned the War Minister, "I am deputed by the National Convention to inform you that Thracia has returned to her former allegiance. The palace is in the hands of the patriotic supporters of the exiled King, and you might well expect no mercy to be shown you. Our gracious monarch, however, abhors bloodshed, even in the case of an adventurer whose usurpation has been maintained by means of force and treachery, and it has been decided, in accordance with his expressed wish, to spare your life on condition of your abdicating and leaving the country instantly."

"And you bring me this message?" said Caerleon. "I hope I

am to understand that you have been compelled to do so by force?"

"Milord," said General Sertchaieff, "your remark touches my honour. I am acting of my own free will as the agent of my rightful sovereign, King Peter II."

"X.!" cried Cyril. "What fools we have been!" But the veins on Caerleon's forehead were swelling, and there was a dangerous glitter in his eye.

"Then you are a perjured traitor," was his answer to General Sertchaieff. "As for abdicating, I'll do nothing of the sort, and I'll leave the country just as soon as you can get me out of it, and not before."

"Come on, you bloomin' cowards!" yelled Wright, the joy of battle carrying him away. "We ain't afraid of yer! Eight men don't dare fight three. Yah!"

The long-drawn contempt infused into the last monosyllable seemed to stimulate the courage of the attacking party, and they made a rush up the steps and fell upon the defenders, who were much embarrassed by the extent of their position, for the staircase was very wide. Cyril singled out General Sertchaieff as his opponent, and if any one had found time to watch them, a very pretty display of swordsmanship might have been observed. Louis O'Malachy had not mounted the stairs with the rest of his party, but had disappeared, apparently to summon further assistance, and the soldiers left their leader to tackle Cyril, and devoted their attention to Caerleon. He found himself hard put to it to maintain his position against them, although Wright, using as a buckler a chair which he had caught up on the landing, rendered him yeoman service, dealing fierce and disabling blows with his belt on the heads and wrists of the opposing swordsmen. All too soon Caerleon's un-

trustworthy blade broke off in his hand, and he was left to repel his assailants with the remaining half; but their shout of triumph distracted the attention of General Sertchaieff, who glanced aside for a moment, and in that moment Cyril ran him through the arm and forced him to drop his sword. Wright whisked up the sword immediately, and thrust it into Caerleon's hand before any of the enemy could prevent him, and the fight was now more equal, since General Sertchaieff retired disabled. He retreated no farther than the half-way landing, however, and taking out his revolver, began to fire and load as fast as he could with his left hand.

"If he's going to pot at us one by one, we're done for!" gasped Cyril.

"If he shoots no better than this, we're all right," returned Caerleon, breathlessly, and the fight went on in silence until a sudden exclamation from Cyril showed the King his brother's sword shivered at his feet. At the same moment a heavy blow from behind threw him forward among the enemy, and a howl of rage from Wright proclaimed that an attack in the rear had proved successful. When Caerleon recovered his scattered senses, he found himself held down by four men, while Cyril and Wright were in a like predicament. Under cover of the noise made by General Sertchaieff's pistol practice, Louis O'Malachy had led a party round and taken the position from behind.

"I think your lordship will now see the advisability of submitting without further resistance," said General Sertchaieff, smoothly, as he tied a handkerchief round his wounded arm. Caerleon made no answer, for he had caught Wright's eye, and seen his free hand stealing towards the ankle of one of the men who held him, and in another instant

two of the captors had gone down with a crash, and Caerleon was on his feet and hitting out furiously, while Wright made herculean but unavailing efforts to join him. But the struggle was hopeless from the first, for Caerleon could not even get his back against the wall, and he was dragged down by sheer weight of numbers, and bound firmly with the tasselled cord torn from a curtain.

"I don't think you will get that undone," said Louis, bending over him and testing the knots; then, with the theatrical tendency which besets a certain class of Irishmen in moments of excitement, he kicked him heavily, adding, "That is for my sister."

"Nasty coward!" growled Wright. "It a man when 'e's down that you don't dare touch when 'e's up, and bring in a young lady's name about it, you precious blackguard, do!"

"Lieutenant O'Malachy," interrupted General Sertchaieff, as Louis advanced threateningly towards his unconquerable assailant, "if you will be so good as to take three men and secure the person of the Prince of Schwarzwald-Molzau, I will wait here with the prisoners for your return."

Louis departed instantly, to return before long with a laugh.

"No fighting there. He accepts the situation with great philosophy," he said, and Caerleon felt oddly disappointed. For some reason he had thought that he might reckon on Prince Otto Georg for support at this crisis.

"Your presence is now required down-stairs, milord," said General Sertchaieff. "If you will give yourself the trouble of walking, it will be as well; otherwise we must take you."

Choosing the less of the two evils, Caerleon allowed himself to be dragged to his feet and con-

ducted down the stairs to his study by his captors, wondering vaguely whether a scaffold and a block would meet his eyes on entering. Nothing of the kind was visible, however, although the room was crowded with people—officers of the palace and city guards mostly, with a sprinkling of civilians, principally officials connected with the Ministry of War, and a number of men of foreign appearance, who were evidently exiles returned from Scythia. On the writing-table lay a document, which General Sertchaieff presented to Caerleon as a formal deed of abdication, and demanded his signature.

"I thought you had done with that," said Caerleon. "I have told you already that I won't sign it."

"Milord," said the War Minister, impressively, "we are anxious not to shed blood, but we are not to be trifled with; and if you refuse to sign, Lieutenant O'Malachy has his orders."

"Sign under compulsion," whispered Cyril. "I can witness that you were forced to it by threats, and it can't stand."

"Shut up, Cyril!" said Caerleon, gruffly. "Have you unlimited time to waste, General?"

"At least consider your brother and your servant, who must suffer for your obstinacy, instead of returning in safety to England," said General Sertchaieff.

"If 'is Majesty will say anything to get me my 'ands free for a moment, fust thing I do, I'll give you one in the eye," said Wright, ferociously.

"We are to understand, then, milord, that you refuse finally to sign the deed?" asked the General.

"I do refuse," said Caerleon; "and if there is one man here, of all those who have taken oaths to me and have eaten my bread, who has one spark of honesty left in

him, I hope he will let it be known that I preferred death."

"May I ask whether you are referring to me?" demanded Louis O'Malachy. "I have not offered to carry your messages."

"No, I don't think you ever had a spark of honesty," returned Caerleon. "And as for your sister, to send a message to her by you would be to insult her."

"Lieutenant O'Malachy, you will conduct the prisoners outside, and follow the directions you have received," said General Sertchaieff.

Caerleon drew a long breath. To be led out, and shot like a dog! But his pride came to his aid. Show a sign of flinching before these Scythian spies and Thracian traitors? Never! and he squared his shoulders and held his head erect as he was led out of the room. On the threshold a thought struck him, and he paused to say—

"I do not know whether this rebellion is to be conducted according to the usages of civilised nations, but in any case I entreat you, for the honour of Thracia, to allow Prince Otto Georg of Schwarzwald-Molzau to return unharmed to his own country. He came here merely as my guest, and has taken no part in Thracian politics."

"Make your mind easy, milord," said a tall man, with a strong likeness to General Sertchaieff, who stood among the returned exiles. "As the representative of my gracious sovereign, I can assure you that the King of Thracia does not make war on non-combatants."

Caerleon bowed his head and

followed his guards. They passed through the courtyard, where the first snow lay on the ground, then out through the gardens. A few steps farther brought them to the batteries on the river-face of the town, and they were ordered to enter the lift by which shells and ammunition were raised from the shore. The descent accomplished, they came out on the river-bank, where a boat was lying, manned by two sailors whom Louis addressed in Scythian. The prisoners were thrust in without ceremony, the soldiers took their places, and the boat was pushed off from the shore.

"Caerleon," said Cyril, in a low voice, "I'm sorry I've brought you to this, old man. If I had had the sense to see through that black-guard O'Malachy, it wouldn't have happened."

"Oh, don't go blaming yourself," said Caerleon, hastily. "It's just as much my fault. Wright, I wish you were not obliged to lie just on my chest. No, don't wriggle, that's worse."

"Silence, dogs!" said one of the soldiers, angrily, and the boatmen rowed steadily on until they reached the Scythian steamer which had attracted Cyril's notice that afternoon. The prisoners were dragged up the ladder, and placed in a row on the deck.

"You have one more chance," said Louis O'Malachy to Caerleon. "Will you sign?"

"No," returned Caerleon, doggedly.

"Then I must obey my orders. Your fate is on your own head."

THE GAME AND GAME LAWS OF NORWAY.

ORIGINALLY exploited by British anglers on account of the excellence of its salmon-rivers, Norway is now annually resorted to by many sportsmen from this country who affect the rifle and the shot-gun rather than the rod; and there is not a club smoking-room in Pall Mall or St James Street where the elk-hunter, the reindeer-stalker, and the ryper-shooter do not occasionally exchange ideas with reference to their respective pursuits. As yet the daily achievements of these gentlemen when domiciled in their Scandinavian abodes—whether farmhouse, sæter, hut, or *fjeld-stue*—are not chronicled in the weekly press with that diligence (accuracy is hardly the word) which applies to similar doings within the precincts of the British Isles; but such is the energy of the modern editor, and so unappeasable the public appetite for up-to-date intelligence upon every subject under the sun, that the time, we fear, is not far distant when the “tapes” will announce for the benefit of the unhappy ones at home the discomfiture of each Norwegian mountain or forest monarch within a few hours of the discharge of the shot that laid him low. As soon as the day’s bag of willow-grouse has been counted on each birch-clad island of far Lofoden, the local correspondent will set the wires agoing, and a full account of the day’s proceedings in Norsk-English, and with suit-

able adornments, will appear in the extra special editions of the London evening papers; while the doings of the Hon. Jack Postobit (who invariably catches the first boat to Norway after a bad Derby) on his famous salmon-river will doubtless receive similar attention.

It is evident that the game laws of a country of so much present interest to English sportsmen, and upon which in the near future so fierce a light will in all probability beat, are worthy of scrutiny; to them, therefore, and their influence as exhibited by the status of the more important of the creatures to which they apply, we propose devoting the following paragraphs.

A warm-hearted and kindly race, possessing, moreover, in common with certain other northern peoples, a keen eye to the main chance, the Norwegians treat their wild animals and birds in a manner which cannot certainly be described as either wise or humane; and in this connection it may be well to refer in the first instance to the elk, the grandest and most important inhabitant of the Scandinavian woodlands. Comparatively few people in this country have any idea of the number of these fine animals annually killed; for the five years 1889-93 the average, according to the official returns, was 1122, and in 1894 no fewer than 1252, distributed as follows, were shot:—

Province.	Bulls.	Cows.	Total.
Smaalenene	8	3	11
Akershus	67	60	127
Hedemarken	74	72	146
Kristians	90	87	177
Buskerud	69	73	142
Carry forward	308	295	603

Province.	Brought forward	Bulls.	Cows.	Total.
Jarlsberg og Larvik . . .		308	295	603
Bratsberg		9	8	17
Medenæs		54	48	102
Medenæs		3	7	10
Lister og Mandal		1	...	1
Stavanger		...	...	...
Sudre Bergenhus		...	...	...
Nordre Bergenhus		...	...	...
Romsdal		...	...	...
Sudre Trondhjems		50	50	100
Nordre Trondhjems		212	194	406
Nordland		9	4	13
Finmarken		...	...	...
Together		646	606	1252

On many different occasions "The Norsk Jaeger og Fisker Forening," the most influential association of sportsmen in Norway, has, through the medium of its interesting quarterly magazine, declaimed against this slaughter, pointing out that unless an end be put to it, and that quickly, by drastic legislation efficiently enforced, the elk must inevitably, and within a very appreciable length of time, become extinct.

Several months will probably elapse before the returns for last year are published; but it is certain that in many parts of the country there was in 1895 a very marked falling off in the number of elk, and complaints of indifferent sport, both from native and foreign hunters, were numerous. In order, however, to convey an idea of the position generally, we cannot do better than give a free translation of some of the remarks contained in a paper by a well-known Norwegian sportsman which appeared in the number of the magazine above referred to, published in January last:—

"For years," proceeds the writer of this article, "we have strongly protested against the mischievous destruction to which this [the elk], our grandest wild animal, has so long been subjected, repeating the same

story again and again, and continuing to point out the various injustices of our laws, which sooner or later must bring about the destruction of the race. But the authorities seem quite incapable of appreciating the fact that our stock of elk is now so reduced as immediately to require energetic measures if the remainder are to be saved. Such is now the state of matters that in several provinces the choice lies between absolute protection (that is, perpetual close time all the year round) or complete extinction of the elk. . . .

"In any case, something must be sacrificed. If it is to be the elk, then of course there is nothing to be done but put our hands behind our backs and continue to prophesy death and destruction; if, on the other hand, the elk is to be preserved as game, we must relinquish some of our former methods of hunting it, and this we consider is absolutely essential. In regard to the statistical returns of elk killed in 1894, we made certain remarks to which we now venture to refer. We then stated that these animals were greatly on the decrease in the Smaalenene, Akershus, and Kristians Amts; that things were somewhat better in Hedemarken, Buskerud, and Jarlsberg; while Bratsberg was perhaps the most favoured province.

"We further expressed the hope that the number of elk in the North Trondhjem Amt had not fallen off to any considerable extent, although there they have one enemy more—namely, the wolf—which can at times be troublesome enough. The results

of the season just concluded corroborate the above remarks; but the prospects of our stock of elk are not rendered any brighter, and the hope that we entertained for the Trondhjem Amts has not been realised. There also the elk have diminished in numbers nearly everywhere, while the paucity of bulls is very marked.

"From Indherreds Fogderi complaints are rife. 'Is the elk to be exterminated?' asks a Stenkjer paper, when giving the number killed in the Fogderi last autumn—43 bulls and 49 cows, no fewer than 34 of which were shot in the district of Suaasen. The sport in Sparbu was not much to boast of last year; and in Aafjord the skeletons of no less than 10 elk which had been killed by wolves were found. In the Southern Province (the South Trondhjem Amt) things were somewhat better, but there also fewer deer were killed than usual; in Fosen Fogderi, for instance, only 17 (12 being cows) were shot, as against 48 the preceding year. In the southern portions of the country, however, the paucity of elk has been still more marked. In Hedemarken's Amt there are a few places where there would appear to be a fair number, among which we have heard Romsdal mentioned; and even in Akershus and Smaalenene such exceptions are still found, as, for instance, Hurdal and some of the extensive forests in Enebak and Raelingen, to which elk have come in from the surrounding country. From elsewhere in the neighbourhood the reports are fairly unanimous that there are again few elk, only some homeless animals that wander restlessly from place to place; and such is now the state of matters in both upper and lower Romerike, as, for instance, in Naes, Sörum, Fet, Urskoug, and Höland. In Ullensaker, where ten deer or thereabout are usually killed annually, only two were shot last autumn; and in the great forests to the west, Gjerdrum, Nordmarken, and Hadelands-almenningen, poaching still flourishes.

"The skeletons of four elk which had been unlawfully killed were found in Nordmarken, but this is undoubtedly only a fraction of those that were killed in the same district out-

side the close-time. In Hadeland and Land on both sides of the Randsjord, elk now seem to have entirely disappeared: a well-known native sportsman, who has been in the habit of hunting in this district regularly every season, did not fall in with a single animal last year in fourteen days, during which he covered an immense extent of country in Ost and Vestaasen, districts where formerly elk were numerous. Hallingdal showed but little improvement; but farther south in the province things were somewhat better, although neither there—as in the Jarlsberg and Bratsberg Amts—were there so many elk as formerly. In Bamble and Drangedal, for instance, where these animals were plentiful the previous year, the decrease last season was perceptible."

The value for sporting purposes which the elk confers upon the tracts of country which it frequents is considerable. It seems singular, therefore, in view of repeated warnings emanating from such a source as the above, that the authorities have not, for merely economical reasons, initiated fresh legislation for the protection of the elk.

As in the medical profession, opinions differ with regard to the nature of the remedies which ought to be applied; but the following, we venture to think, would meet with general approval, and are likely to be included in any measures of reform:—

1. The season during which elk may be lawfully killed in any part of the country should occur between two fixed dates, not more than one month apart. At present there are considerable discrepancies in this respect in the different amts.

2. Any one found in the possession of elk-meat during the close season, whether for purposes of sale or consumption, should be made liable to the infliction, with-

out elaborate legal process, of a substantial fine, if unable to prove that it was obtained from one of the freezing establishments, of which there are now a number throughout Norway.

3. The large tracts of forest belonging to the State in different parts of the country should be absolutely preserved (as used formerly to be the case), and no hunting of any kind or description, under any pretext whatever, should be permitted within their precincts. It is due in great degree to the non-existence of such sanctuaries that so many of the bulls now shot are immature animals, and that a really good head is such a rarity.

4. Hunting with the "loose" dog (that is, not in leash) is forbidden in several provinces; the prohibition should be made general, and should be applied to the whole country.

5. The absolute prohibition of "driving" in any form would put an end to an immense deal of poaching and illegal shooting. At present it is a common practice for a number of small owners to combine together in order to "drive," at one and the same time, the total extent of their holdings. On these occasions—the elk having been previously driven in from the neighbourhood as far as possible—everything is shot down, and the law which forbids the killing of more than one elk on each property is evaded.

6. Most unfair advantage is fre-

quently taken of the right which a hunter now possesses to follow elsewhere an elk which has originally been put upon property where he is really entitled to shoot. This right should be greatly circumscribed and clearly defined.

7. Information resulting in a conviction should be rewarded. In a country so wild and extensive as is Norway, effectual enforcement of the game laws by officials is practically impossible; but the mere fact of knowing that they were at the mercy of any chance witness of their misdeeds would have a deterrent effect upon poachers.

The difficulties in the way of extending proper legislative protection to the monarch of the Scandinavian forests, however, are slight compared with those which surround the wild reindeer question.

During the period 1889-93, 591 of these fine animals were annually killed, and in 1894 no fewer than 760¹ were accounted for. But as in the case of the elk, these figures are not necessarily favourable or indicative of an actual increase in the numbers of the deer which frequent the mountain fastnesses of Central Norway, and native stalkers (no mean judges) in some districts go so far as to prophesy their absolute extinction within a few years, if the state of things which at present exists is allowed to continue. On the other hand, again, it would appear from trustworthy sources that a comparative-

¹ Province.	Wild Reindeer.
Hedemarken	38
Kristians	181
Buskerud	31
Bratsberg	12
Medenæs	7
Lister og Mandal	5
Stavanger	98

Province.	Wild Reindeer.
Sudre Bergenhus	97
Nordre Bergenhus	90
Romsdal	170
Sudre Trondhjems	20
Finmarken	11
Total	<u>760</u>

ly large number of wild rein were seen on the high fjelds last season, and there is also no doubt that some very good sport was obtained. The fact is, that there are influences at work the ultimate effects of which it is impossible to determine. During the last few years, owing to natural causes, the stalkers have increased immensely in numbers, and their ranks were still further recruited through the sale in 1894 by the Government of several hundreds of magazine rifles at a very low price (less than 25s. apiece). Not only did these weapons account in a great measure for the exceptionally large number of rein killed during the year of their introduction, but, throwing as they do a solid bullet capable of passing through several animals, they undoubtedly caused the death of many more, which escaped for the time being in a wounded condition.

The Lapps, too, who wander from place to place among the mountains throughout the year, are great enemies of the wild rein. Many of these join the herds of tame deer by which the Lapps are accompanied, and are picked off by the latter, who of course can do what they please with their own property, and are entitled to kill animals presumably belonging to them quite irrespective of the season of the year. On the other hand, again, desertions from the herds of tame deer are numerous. Owing to the practical immunity which they enjoyed for some years from the attacks of their greatest enemy, the wolf, the Lapps grew careless, and did their watching in such a perfunctory manner that until he has examined the ears of his quarry and found no marks of ownership upon them, a successful stalker is never quite sure whether he has brought down a really wild

deer or what is called a *forvildet tam Ren*. In the latter case, of course, his triumph is somewhat marred; but when such an event occurs to a native hunter among the "Hardanger Vidder," he promptly destroys all evidence of proprietorship by removing the ears of the dead animal. That the vacancies in the ranks of the wild reindeer have been filled up to a great extent in the manner above indicated, and that those animals still exist in considerable numbers among the mountain-ranges of Norway, is no doubt the case; but complaints of inferior sport obtained by Englishmen long conversant with the country, of the extent to which the deer are persecuted during the close season, and of the impunity with which poaching is carried on, have been very numerous of late years, and a revision of the laws is undoubtedly required. Experts differ considerably as to the particular course which should be adopted in this connection; but we venture to suggest that whatever else may be enacted, it would be well to limit the territory over which the Lapps wander with their herds of tame deer, and that in view of the difficulty which attaches to enforcing the close-time, one of the most effective measures possible to adopt would be the reservation here and there throughout the country of considerable tracts of fjeld, where, if proper precautions were taken, the deer would be safe all the year round.

Red-deer are not numerous in Norway, the only place where they can be described as plentiful being the island of Hitteren, in the South Trondhjem Amt. Here 43 were shot in 1894 (out of a total for the whole country of 84), while last year 94 were killed, 28 stags falling to the rifles of a party of

sportsmen within a month on one of the three best "forests" or "beats." Not only in Hitteren, however, would the red-deer appear to be flourishing, for in one of the valleys in the neighbourhood of the Nordfjord they are said to have increased to such an extent as to have caused a considerable amount of damage, herds of 10, 20, and upwards having been observed.

Before concluding this portion of our subject, a brief reference to the wolves may not be inappropriate. There is no doubt that recently these creatures have increased in number considerably throughout Norway, coming, it would appear, from across the Russian frontier. In Finmarken's Amt, during the last two years, they have been particularly troublesome; while farther south—more especially in Vaerdalen, Selbo, and in the Faemund country between Osterdal and the Swedish frontier—they have done a considerable amount of damage, not only among the farmers' flocks and herds, but also among the elk and reindeer. On one occasion, when making our way across a dreary tract of fjeld to a certain famous trout-lake in the North Trondhjem Amt, we came across a small pack which were watching the movements of a herd of reindeer. As a matter of fact, our only weapon was a fishing-rod; but although we of course sorely regretted not having a rifle handy, we doubt very much whether it would have been of any use, so wary and agile were the brutes. Even in winter it is very difficult to get a shot at them: in the far north the Lapps occasionally run them down on *ski*, but poison is the means usually employed for their destruction.

While the legislative protection accorded to the Norwegian elk and reindeer leaves a good deal to be

desired, that which is extended to the smaller kinds of game can hardly be described as more satisfactory. Thus, with a few local exceptions, it is perfectly lawful to shoot cock capercailzie up to the end of the month of April, and the result is that in many districts where these fine birds used to be numerous, they have practically ceased to exist. Shooting capercailzie *paa spil* (literally, at play) is one of the oldest forms of Norwegian sport, and one which not only possesses considerable attractions, but also requires a good deal of skill on the part of the performer; nevertheless, it is a cruel amusement, and very destructive.

The finest cocks are naturally enough the first victims, and as a consequence many hens remain barren; and although the close-time for the latter commences somewhat earlier, there is little distinction made between the sexes, and they also are shot without mercy. The same remarks may be said to apply to the black-game, which are destroyed in similar fashion, and for which the same protection (?) is afforded by the law.

Long before the close-time comes to an end the natives in many of the forest districts commence the abominable practice of *lokskytteri*. The locale of a covey of capercailzie or black-game is ascertained, and the finder conceals himself in the neighbourhood: he then proceeds to imitate the call either of the parents or of the young birds, which are thus easily attracted within range, and are potted one after another, old and young alike. This method, although quite illegal, is very common throughout the country, but an instance is seldom reported, and hardly ever punished.

The willow-grouse or *dalryper* is treated in very similar fashion.

The law allows these birds to be snared during the winter months by the thousand in the valleys where they have taken shelter from the storms then prevalent on the higher fjelds, and to be shot—like the capercaillie and black-game—in the pairing season.

The willow-grouse are very migratory in their habits, and it may be that the stock will be replenished from other northern countries where they are less persecuted; but the fact remains that there are many tracts of fjeld in Norway, where formerly the birds used to be very numerous, which are certainly not worth shooting over nowadays, and where one may walk for miles on the 15th of August and not see a bird. Efforts innumerable have been made to induce the authorities to put an end to these ruinous proceedings, but hitherto without success: the Norwegian Gamaliels do not appear to appreciate the position. From time immemorial the farmers have exercised sporting rights upon the vast extent of wild country which belongs to the State; on the fjelds they have hunted the reindeer, and snared the willow-grouse and the ptarmigan; and in the woodlands they have shot the capercaillie and the black-game. So long as these pursuits were indulged in for the purpose of providing food to their own households, they were of course perfectly legitimate; but things are now completely altered. Owing to improved means of transit new markets have been opened up, to supply which, in addition to the home demand, some £20,000 to £30,000 worth of game is annually killed and despatched abroad; while all kinds of sporting property have risen immensely

in value. Were reasonable means of protection adopted, they would not only neutralise to a considerable extent the effects of this greatly increased demand, but would induce a much larger revenue from foreign sportsmen, few of whom care to pay the 200 kroners licence in order to stalk reindeer upon ground swarming with local hunters, or to shoot ryper upon territory which has in all probability been severely snared during the preceding winter.

Although under no circumstances, however favourable, could Norway—owing to climatic and other conditions—ever be so heavily stocked with game as are the British Isles, it is infinitely better adapted for wild sport; and we venture to think that, within three or four years at most of the passage of a law which accorded a proper position to the wild animals and birds, and reasonable facilities to foreigners, the shooting rights over two-thirds of the country would be taken up by the latter, and by sportsmen resident in Christiania and other Norwegian towns. Last year may be described as having been a fair year for birds in the northern and eastern parts of the country, and as a wretched one in the west. Presumably owing to the mildness of the weather in early spring, lemmings swarmed nearly everywhere, attracting as usual immense numbers of foxes and birds of prey.¹ This year it is probable that few if any of the little rodents remain; and in the absence of their favourite food, the eagles, hawks, and snowy owls will no doubt devote their attention to the young ryper and ptarmigan, which will suffer accordingly. "SNOWFLY."

¹ According to the official returns, 37 wolves, 44 lynxes, 46 gluttons, 8646 foxes, 1081 eagles, and 4727 hawks were killed in 1894.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

ALMOST a quarter of a century has passed since there appeared in 'Maga' a short series of papers under the title "In my Study-chair." It is an accident of our good fortune that we are privileged to take an affectionate and hereditary interest in those papers, written as they were by one who not only could appreciate to the full the worth of other men's books, but also had himself the pen of a ready and a graceful writer. His was one of those rarely cultured minds to which nothing appealed more strongly than the treasured works of the old-world writers, and the volumes on which his eye loved to dwell as he sat in his study-chair were those Ancient Classics with which he himself kept up a lifelong friendship, and into the contents of which, in his later years, he so ably contrived to give "unlearned readers" some insight. Dear to his heart were the books themselves, and dearly cherished the associations connected with the early study of the prose and poetry of what to the modern advocate of a purely utilitarian education are indeed dead languages, but which, as an appreciative student justly remarked, "must continue to be the key of our best English literature."

That only a very moderate portion of that spirit has fallen to our lot is the misfortune of a less intellectual nature. We have indeed a warm admiration for many though not quite all the Classics, but it is the admiration only of a passing acquaintance as distinct from the constant affection of a familiar friend. A passage from Homer, dullard though we are, we acknowledge to sound to us

more full of poetical fire than anything ever written in our own language; and we readily believe that in the 'Odyssey,' "be its authorship what it may, lie the germs of thousands of the volumes which fill our modern libraries." Certainly in our early school-days it was impressed upon our memory in more ways than one by a somewhat Draconian ruler, that between the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Walter Scott there existed a close relationship; and many a sin in the way of failure to construe our 'Iliad' was covered by a timely recollection, real or feigned, that something very like the passage was to be found in one or other of the Waverley novels. It was as well, be it remarked, not to be too accurate on such occasions; for welcome indeed then the command, "Fetch me all my Waverleys, my boys," and the last half of that awful hour, which fortunately came but once a-week, was spent by the whole class in looking for the parallel passage. Had we failed to strike that chord, the order—so painful experience taught—might have been, "Fetch me the black-book and the cane. I'll flog ye all." And what a load of anxiety was rolled off from our young minds when the rumour ran round the school that the Warden had gone off for a change in the company of his Homer and his Shakespeare. For then we small fry, who heartily feared, though it was our creed to say we loved, his presence, felt that for a few days at any rate life was indeed worth living.

Or, again, we can read with pleasure passages in the Greek

Tragedians, and, while we only imperfectly appreciate their grandeur, can wholly recognise and regret our incapacity to give a rendering of them in English at all worthy of the original.

Finally, even to our untutored ears, a speech of Pericles in Thucydides, or a Philippic of Demosthenes or of Cicero, seems to have about it a ring and a power which a Burke or a Sheridan or a Magee may have rivalled, but which contrasts very favourably with the 'Times'-reported oratory of the modern politician.

And yet with all our shortcomings in respect to the Classics, we may lay claim to having to a limited extent inherited a fondness for books. But the volumes, we are fain to confess, with which our own modest library is replete are the writings of the English novelists of the earlier half of the century — Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. These we loved dearly in the past; as we gaze on the old familiar titles our thoughts wander back over many happy hours spent in their society: our only grievance against them in the present is that, as we take down one of our favourites from its place in the shelf and open it at haphazard, we feel that we shall know exactly what came on the preceding, and what will be told us in the next, page.

"Ye come again! Dim visions of the past!

That charmed in life's young morn
these weary eyes.

Shall I essay this time to hold ye fast?

Still clings my heart to empty fantasies?

Ye throng around! Well! Be your
glamour cast

Upon me, as from shadowy mist ye
rise!

Youth trembles through me, while I
breathe again

The magic airs that whisper round your
train.

Ye bring with ye the forms of happier
days,

And many dearest shadows rise to
view;

Like tones of old and half-remembered
lays,

Come early Love and Friendship tried
and true:

Thought wanders back through Life's
bewildering maze."

If such epithets as "dim" and "shadowy" can hardly be said to apply to our recollections of the books of the three great authors we have mentioned, it is because we have from time to time, we might almost say from year to year, refreshed our memory. But much at anyrate of an old friend's apt rendering of Goethe's introduction to 'Faust' seems to describe the feelings we cherish for their works. As we look back to the many pleasant hours spent in the company of Esmond, David Copperfield, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, and other favourite heroes, we can readily understand that an enthusiast like Mrs Fenwick Miller found in books a comfort and an interest that have never failed. Some of our best loved authors' works we naturally have found more interesting than others, but a reperusal of many that we have once hastily condemned has not unfrequently brought about a reversal of judgment, and though we have criticised 'Bleak House' as too long, 'Pendennis' as dull in parts, 'St Ronan's Well' as tame by comparison with Sir Walter's best work, we still feel that if we were condemned to a week's solitary confinement, we would choose any one of the three to while away the hours in preference to Mudie's box full of modern three-volume novels. Every detail of 'Ivanhoe,' and of many others of the Waverley novels, we had at our fingers' ends long before most boys leave

a preparatory school; but while we can envy young and lucky people who still have these books to read for the first time, we console ourselves with the thought that they are there on the shelf ready at hand for us to read again when we will. But we hear on all sides now that the time is out of joint with the Waverley novels, and we have been told in these latter years that the Wizard of the North has no longer the power to interest the rising generation, that his work is too dry and too old-fashioned, and that the young brain requires a more invigorating and more satisfying food,—that the children's teeth are set on edge by the sour grapes which their forefathers were perforce contented to devour. On one side a mother complains to us of the hard measure meted out to her boy of twelve on whom the penance of reading such a dull book as 'Ivanhoe' has been imposed as a holiday task. "So very much beyond the poor boy, and so very uninteresting and old-fashioned for a really clever child!" and then the good lady goes on to inform us that schoolmasters as a class are really so extremely groovy (an opinion, by the way, which we cordially endorse) that they expect other people to be as narrow-minded as themselves. We assent to the double proposition that schoolmasters are impossible themselves and expect impossibilities from others. Fortified by our complaisance, and sure of our sympathy, she continues: "Well, what I have done is just this. I have picked out a nice book myself for him to read, a really good modern book, and at the end of the holidays I shall just write and say that I am the best judge of his holiday reading." And she leaves us reflecting on the reasonableness

of mothers and the corresponding unreasonableness of schoolmasters, and wondering whether by any chance that "really good modern book" will be 'Trilby' or 'The Sorrows of Satan.'

On another occasion we are staying in a country-house, and our hostess, who has noticed that we spend a good deal of our time in the library, informs us one night that we are to take Miss —— down to dinner. "I am sure that you will get on capitally with her; she is so fond of books and so very well-read."

Possibly our hostess gave our fair companion the cue, or was it out of deference to our grey hairs and general fogeyism that she forbore to discourse on balls, matinees, and other social subjects, and did not profess anxiety to know whether we danced, or hunted, or played golf, or were fond of music? No, our fair blue-stocking—for if she did not look the part she made a laudable attempt to play it—inaugurated a conversation by a reference to the literature of the day.

"You are very fond of reading, are you not?"

"I read a little sometimes."

"Well, I read a very great deal. I am devoted to books. I have just finished"—here she mentioned one of our three-volume enemies. "Is it not awfully clever?"

Fortunately we had dived into the book sufficiently to gather that it dealt of matters beyond our ken, and fortunately, too, our very superficial knowledge of the contents was good enough for the occasion. But we were not sorry when she showed an inclination to carry the war into our own territory.

"Now, do tell me what you have been reading lately."

"'Woodstock.'"

“‘Woodstock!’ I never heard of it. What a pretty name. Who is it by? Do tell me all about it.”

“Well, it was written by one Walter Scott.”

“Oh, indeed! Is it one of those—what funny name did he call his books by?”

“The Waverley Novels. Have you never read any of them?”

“Well, yes, I think I have read some, or tried to read them. But I am afraid that I skipped rather. They were so dreadfully—what shall I call it?—prosy, and so unlike anything one reads now.”

So unlike indeed!

And once again—we knew a boy in the flesh not so many years ago, one of the most industrious, honest, and healthy little fellows we ever met in a fairly wide experience of that ubiquitous article, the British schoolboy. At the age of thirteen he had many virtues, but at the same time a most profound antipathy for reading or any sedentary occupation whatever excepting that of biting his nails. Whether the antipathy to reading was innate or the result of deficient home-training—whether, in fact, he was the sinner or his parents—it would perhaps be impertinent to inquire. He was very conscientious, good-tempered, and obedient, and what we may call the mechanical side of the intellect was fully developed. But he was wholly devoid of any literary taste whatsoever. He would learn with ease and repeat accurately whole columns of irregular verbs or nouns, could rattle off the names and dates of kings and queens, of battles and treaties, and work through a page of examples in arithmetic without making a single mistake. But he never opened a book out of school-hours except under dire compulsion, and, save only the results of cricket-matches

and the names—initials and all—of prominent cricketers, knew absolutely nothing of what went on in the world beyond what came in the ordinary course of school-teaching. He might almost be said to have had the capacity of locking up the door of his intellect, and keeping it locked until the sense of duty required that it should be opened. It was probably a sense of duty also which induced him to adopt a hoarse whisper by way of a voice in school-hours, and to reserve his natural intonation, which the Boanerges might have envied, for the play-ground or conversation with his school-fellows. Once the experiment was tried—an experiment which answers well in many cases—of setting him down to read a sensible book. Amenable as at all times to discipline, but wearing at the same a ludicrously dejected look, he undertook to do his best. He was taken to the library and asked what sort of story he would like. But he was diffident of expressing an opinion and invited suggestions, and it was difficult to suggest when the only answers to be arrived at, given of course in the hoarse whisper, were “Pretty well,” or “I don’t know.” So at last we started him off with ‘Ivanhoe,’ and he was graciously pleased to volunteer his opinion that it was a funny name. And for a whole month he devoted himself for perhaps two hours a week to ‘Ivanhoe’; and such was his conscientiousness that we fully believe he never skipped a word, and so great his sense of the injury which the great intellectual effort was inflicting on his leisure that he never took a single word in.

“Well, old fellow, how is ‘Ivanhoe’ getting on?”

“Pretty well, thank you.”

“How far have you got?”

"Oh, I've nearly read"—and he consults the top of the page—"one hundred and twenty pages."

"And whom do you like best?"

A hasty glance at the page to see what name came handiest.

"Oh, Wamba!"

He looks so extremely woe-begone over our cross-questioning that we make a feeble attempt at a joke.

"A little fellow-feeling—eh, my boy?"

Blank gaze.

"You don't know what I mean, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, you know what Wamba was?"

"Yes," rather dubiously.

"Well, what?"

"One of the chaps in the book."

A week later we made one more attempt to find out whether the story had in any way appealed to him.

"Have you found any old friends in 'Ivanhoe'?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say that you never heard of any of the people before?"

"No."

"Well, you know King Richard?"

"King Richard!"

"Yes, Richard the First."

"Oh yes, he was king 1189 to 1199."

"Well, you came across him in the Tournament."

"I didn't know it was the same chap."

And he implied by this remark that any form of book-learning indulged in out of school-hours is merely a work of supererogation, and not to be accounted as either profitable or edifying.

This last instance we have cited is an extreme one doubtless, but by no means unique. In all ages of

mankind there has been born into the world, even among the so-called educated class, a certain proportion of boys to whom nothing verging on the intellectual is in any way a recreation, who feel with the Preacher that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Unfortunately the prominence conferred in these latter days on athleticism has a tendency to accentuate the mischief. Each year seems to add its quatum to the number of boys who regard each hour of play-time not devoted to some active exercise as so much time misspent or wasted. So long as they are out of doors this is a spirit to be encouraged. But we draw the line strongly at the youth who in the house can provide himself with no more intellectual occupation than talking cricket shop or studying the pages of an old Lillywhite's guide. When the cakes and ale lose their charm, when stiffened limbs and unpliant muscles forbid violent exercise, when custom, if not fatigue, compels a certain amount of sedentary leisure, what will be the end of these boys and men? Unless they mend their ways and force themselves, or are forced by others, to employ the talent which they are now content to wrap up in a napkin or to bury, they will become time-killers, club-loafers, unintellectual bores; or, as nature abhors a vacuum, less kindly spirits than Calliope, Clio, or their sister Muses will possess their minds, "an empty void though tenanted." To such as these old age will indeed be "pleasureless decay."

It is to this day a sort of comforting reflection, as we look back on our own boyhood through a long vista of years, that we were always employed in one way or another—in mischief often, in downright hard

work on rare occasions, in active exercise on every possible opportunity, in condoning the effects of past misdemeanours by writing impositions not unfrequently, in quarrelling at times, in rat-hunting or rabbit-ferreting or throwing stones at squirrels whenever kindly fortune sent such vermin in our way. And when at enforced intervals a somewhat over-restless nature was coerced into bodily inactivity, the brain was called into play, and we simply devoured books, those books we have round us now, while the amount of castles that we built in the air, peopled by imaginary heroes, during the progress of a long sermon or lecture was something prodigious. We by no means commend ourselves as an example for imitation except in so far that we were always occupied, for ours was by no means a model boyhood; but we do take some honest pride in the fact that, for good or bad, we lived and moved as well as had our being in every waking minute, and were either pursued by vivid dreams at night, or, if we could, lay awake and thought to the music of other boys' snoring.

It is an old proverb that "Little boys should be seen and not heard," and it is, alas! many years since we heard it frequently applied to ourselves. It was invented, we cannot help thinking, by some spinster aunt who, never having had any little boys of her own, and not having had the luck to be a little boy herself, knew nothing whatever of the feelings, character, or habits of the boy tribe. As we never ourselves had a spinster aunt, our remark is without prejudice. The boy, we hold, who does not on occasion make a good row and chatter consumedly, is either an unnatural being or is bottling up his energies

for some less legitimate purpose. In either case he is to be labelled as a suspicious character. As we bethink us of that other proverb, "The devil finds work for idle hands to do," we instinctively find ourselves sympathising with his satanic majesty as being a heavily taxed individual, especially in a populous and prosperous country in which boys are born at the rate of some thousands a day. But the moral of the two proverbs is that boys are not meant to live a vapid and unintellectual existence, but should occasionally spend some time, even out of school-hours, in sensible reading. What better reading can be found for them than Walter Scott, what more fascinating text-book than 'Ivanhoe'? Mrs De Winton, in her papers in 'Mothers in Council,' mentions Scott as the author chosen to read aloud to her children, and the 'Talisman' was a favourite of Charlotte Yonge's childhood. But on the whole we are inclined to give the preference to 'Ivanhoe,' partly no doubt for old associations' sake, but chiefly because it seems to combine more, than any even of the Master's works, points of interest to a healthy-minded boy. There is abundance of incident, not too much love-making or sentimentality, and above all a goodly coterie of characters of varied personality who each play a prominent and distinctive part in the development of the story. There is a somebody and a something to appeal to most minds, whether it be the hero himself or the wandering king, surly but faithful Gurth or quaint and loyal Wamba, the sturdy and independent Cedric or the bold outlaw, the greenwood tree or the halls of Rotherwood. Even the villains of the piece have the merit of personal courage, and are quite as ready to exchange hard

knocks with a rival as to bleed a Jew. And the descriptions are vivid enough to bring the scenes straight home to the reader. We seem to hear the breaking of lances, the ring of the quarterstaff, the twang of the bow, to follow the Black Knight and Gurth in their nocturnal adventures, to wait for the coming of the champion in the lists of Templetown, or to watch with Rebecca from the lattice-window of Torquilstone the deeds of the Black Knight and of Locksley and his merry men. And little will it weigh on the soul of the boy-reader if the hero really did, as Thackeray suggests, marry the wrong young woman. In fact we have a distinct recollection that in our school-days we were as orthodox as Friar Tuck, and not only were at one with him when he declined to champion Rebecca on the ground of her religion, but felt also that Athelstane had a legitimate grievance when he was apparently killed owing to the circumstance of his having mistaken a Jewess for a Christian. But if we could not in those days appreciate the beauties of Rebecca's character as we have learnt to do since, we never had occasion to refer to the number of the page if we were asked how far we had read in 'Ivanhoe.'

"I do not rhyme to that dull elf
Who cannot image to himself,
That all through Flodden's dismal night
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was
slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's hand that deepest hewed
Amid the spearman's stubborn wood."

As for his poems, so for his novels Scott took for granted or presupposed a certain amount of intellectual sympathy in his reader. The Wizard of the North is willing and able to transport the mortal

into the realms of fairyland or the regions of romance, but the follower must be a willing disciple rather than a dull clown like Bottom, easily content to sleep by the way if only he has enough provender to satisfy his brute nature cravings when he awakes, and preferring to have his head scratched and his ears tickled by attendant elves rather than to listen to the soft whispers of the Fairy Queen. But what if we have to deal with a mind incapable of following these flights of imagination? what if "nil salit Arcadico juveni"? Are we to give up the encouragement of reading in despair, and allow the boy to remain of the earth earthy? Parents are only too often ready to throw off the burden of responsibility in these matters or shift it on to other shoulders,—to pack the boy off to school when the time comes, and say what practically amounts to this, "We give you this child to educate, and expect you to teach him Latin and Greek prose and poetry. You have virgin soil to work upon. For in all the years that he has been under our care, we have taught him neither to read or think or to employ his mind in any way whatever. We understand that they make a great point of Latin verses at Eton, and so we hope that he will begin verses at once."

Might it not be as well if they occasionally did a little towards dressing that virgin soil, where ill weeds may otherwise grow apace? or do they imagine that, like the earth of the golden age period, it will of its own accord, and with no external culture, bring forth seasonable fruits? There are tonics for the mind as well as for the body. The child who is taught to read for himself in small doses at a time, and at eight or nine promoted to such excellent short

stories as 'The Little Duke' or 'The Lances of Lynwood,' may reasonably be expected to tackle one of the Waverleys at ten.

But why again, after all, this preference for the Waverleys? For people nowadays are at pains to tell us that Henty's books are more instructive and more interesting to boys, and that our generation only reads Walter Scott's novels *faute de mieux*. Now we have no possible ground for quarrel of any sort with Mr Henty. In fact we feel that we owe him a debt of deep gratitude for having compiled so many books which that fastidious and dilettante student, the boy of the latter part of this nineteenth century, will occasionally condescend to read. We envy the writer his marvellous power of research and his indefatigable industry, and we fully appreciate that in all the many thousand pages which he has written there is not one line which need be expurgated before the book is given in all confidence into the hands of our boys and girls. We will go still further and say that the boy who follows the fortunes of Mr Henty's heroes through all the foreign countries and all the historical periods which are introduced, will have imbibed a considerable amount of useful knowledge and sound information. He would, like Ulysses, know the manners and customs of many races of men, and we hope that he will be gifted with the memory of a Nestor and be able at the end of the course to assign the manners and customs as well as the incidents to the rightful proprietors. There is the danger—for such is the nature of boyhood—that the historical part will be skipped or soon forgotten, and the adventures only of the hero be studied or remembered which, so far as instruc-

tion goes, might almost as well have happened to him here in England as in New Zealand, South Africa, or the Punjab. As we compare one of Henty's books with a Waverley novel, we seem to be contrasting the work of a laborious and painstaking artist who rather sacrifices effect to accuracy of detail, and that of the rapid and brilliant painter who dashes off in a minute something of which the general effect is so vividly striking that the spectator abandons himself to that wholly and forgets to criticise the details.

In our childhood we were occasionally set down to read a story with a moral. The story came first and the moral followed: provided that the former was passably amusing, we seldom troubled our head about the latter—indeed we regarded it as an unnecessary appendage, and could have dispensed with it altogether. As it came at the end, there was no special obligation to read it; had it come elsewhere we might have resented the intrusion, but until we saw it actually staring us in the face, we often never suspected its existence. It was, we feel now, owing to the obtrusiveness of a whole chain of "morals" that we entirely failed to get up any enthusiasm over the perusal of 'Sandford and Merton,' and cordially hated Mr Barlow as the moral-monger. The moral in Mr Henty's historical story-book is of course the history. The accuracy of the history has to come first, and when that is once firmly established, the story is obviously invented as an after-thought to drive the moral home, with the result that there is an air of artificiality about the one main character round whom the subsidiary *dramatis personæ* circle like the lesser stars around the moon. And again the

leading character in any one book of the whole series is monotonously similar to the leading character in the preceding or the following volume. The whole generation of boy-heroes introduced into the world of fiction by Mr Henty instinctively reminds us of a song we have occasionally heard, "The boy who was born to be King." For from the moment that the "dear lads" have read in the introductory epistle that there is an interesting part of the world called India, and that there was once a famous war, to that interesting part of the world and to that famous war they are sure that the boy, who is at school in the first chapter of the book, will have to go. He may not suddenly be called upon to act as commander-in-chief, but he will in all certainty be endowed with that rare gift, an old head on young shoulders; he will fairly win his spurs by the time that he is twenty-one, and long before that age will probably lose his heart to the girl he is destined to marry, who will have been miraculously rescued by him from some extremely unpleasant predicament. Instructive, if seriously read, Henty's stories most distinctly are, but the temptation is to avoid the instruction as we used to avoid the moral, and picking out the places of adventure, to leave on the plate the history part of the pudding.

Scott, on the other hand, in his historical novel painted the map of history with such artistic finish, and laid on the colours with so deft a brush, that we hardly suspect the draught of the outline. The history he gives us is told incidentally, and only to such an extent as the development of the story requires. As we do not at first look too closely into the details of the picture that attracts our

view on the line in the Academy, so too the reader of Walter Scott has no occasion to weary himself by vainly searching for missing details in his pictured history, but must be content to accept it for what it is—a vivid sketch of the spirit of the age. How true to life the pictures are in our textbook, 'Ivanhoe'! John, as we can fancy him on the eve of signing Magna Charta, sulkily acquiescing or feigning to acquiesce in the caprice of his turbulent followers, but consoling himself with the thought that, even if the worst comes to the worst, he will still have his revenge: Richard, the rollicking adventurer, a knight-errant rather than a king, a fine figure of a man, but tainted with a double portion of the old Plantagenet wilfulness and impetuous temper: a country overrun by turbulent spirits, barons and outlaws both, ready to fly at each other's throats on any or every possible occasion, the haughty and lascivious Norman, the avaricious and time-serving churchman, the Saxon thane still clinging to his ideas of re-establishing an extinct royalty, the festering iniquity lurking beneath the semi-priestly garb of the Knight Templar, and with it all a prophecy, conveyed in the fall of Torquilstone, of a day when the baronial power should be a thing of the past, and the Commons of England should strike home for their liberties.

The Locksley or Robin Hood of 'Ivanhoe' shrewdly resembles Chaucer's description of an English yeoman (quoted in a note to William Longman's lectures on the History of England):—

"And he was clad in coat and hood of
green,
A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and
keen
Under his belt he bore full thriftily.

Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly ;
His arrows droopèd not with feathers low,
And in his hand he bore a mighty bow."

And as we read in those same lectures that "Robin Hood and his companions represented the national struggle of the Anglo-Saxons against the Normans and of the natives against foreign favourites," we recognise the truth of the novelist's historical sketch. And yet, as we said before, the fact that he is teaching us history is nowhere paraded by Walter Scott: it is rather that we insensibly imbibe the historical information as we follow the fortunes of his realistic characters.

There is room, however, in our libraries for a Henty as well as a Scott, and the reading of the one need in no degree interfere with the reading of the other. We seem to know of no book of the

living writer which goes over quite the same ground as that which the great novelist almost sanctified to his use. We think of Mr Staple's speech at the memorable cricket dinner in 'Pickwick': "If I were not Dumkins, I would be Luffey; if I were not Podder, I would be Struggles;" and we congratulate the rising generation on the fact that they can be Dumkins and Luffey, Podder and Struggles, readers of Scott and readers of Henty, in one and the same boyhood, and we hope at least that they will read the one or the other. But we doubt whether in days to come, as they sit middle-aged men in their study-chairs, the books of these latter-day writers will have made quite as deep an impression on their memories, or retain quite such a lasting hold on their affections, as Walter Scott's works have done in many other cases besides our own.

DEATH IN THE ALPS.

THERE was bustle and excitement inside of the principal hotel in Vargues, for a party was preparing to attempt the ascent of the formidable Pic d'Aube. Once upon a time the attempt to ascend the dreaded Pic had caused a wave of emotion to run through the little community and a fierce sensation to agitate the hotels. The departure of the daring band—looked upon as curiosity's forlorn hope—was something between a funeral procession and a triumphal march. Gentle eyes gazed tenderly after them, and telescopes lay heavily upon them till the mountain hid them from view. Small wonder that many have climbed to heaven up this snowy ladder of the sky.

Nowadays the good people of Vargues only shrug their shoulders when they see a party with guides pass through their quiet streets, and wonder if life is so unattractive in their own country that these foreigners care to risk losing it to hear an avalanche roar. So, not unlikely, thought the guides and porters who hung waiting, ready booted and furred, and carrying in their hands the ropes with which some have played the part of their own executioners. But they laughed and talked, and thought chiefly of the golden guineas which would jingle in their pockets when the toil was over.

In the doorway a man stood smoking. His dress and general air of aloofness proclaimed him to be a Briton. His age could not have been accurately determined, so much did he contradict himself. He seemed to be in his prime, but his prime had evidently come early. He was so well-proportioned that

he did not look his six feet of height. But for his head and face you would have taken him for a soldier, so erect was his carriage. But his broad white forehead and thoughtful cast of face spoke of the intellectual life. Hugh Rainer in his day had been a great athlete. But there is in these days a belief or a superstition—which you will—that brawn and brain do not go together, and that whoever holds by the latter must slight his biceps and calves. The minister's robe must hide thorax and thigh discreetly out of sight, lest religion be scandalised; and in later years he had demurely dropped his gown over his early ways. But a week ago he had kicked gown and bands into a dark cupboard, and had started for that happy corner of the North dropped by nature in the South as a playground and a refuge for the peoples that cluster about its knees. To him the Pic d'Aube was as familiar as Ben Lomond—or more so. Every year he struck a match on the loftiest rock in Europe, and every time he left on the summit of the Pic a handful of earth brought from his garden at Perth, that he might have something of his own there, and thus feel a sense of proprietorship in it.

Presently he looked round as a man lounged out to join him, cigar in mouth.

The new-comer was a man of fifty, clean-shaven, military-looking, heavily moustached, with the unmistakable look of a cavalry officer in undress. His was a suggestive figure, and fired the imagination. A man of many continents, as a British officer must be: Asia, Africa, and America

seemed to look at you out of his eyes. A great Indian *sabreur*, feared of fierce hillmen. As you looked at him, you seemed to see the paddy-fields stretch away into boundless space, and to hear the low hum of innumerable dialects out of the beehive of the East.

"Haven't the ladies come down yet?" he inquired, carelessly.

Just then they were joined by a third, a man of three- or four-and-thirty; unmistakably an Englishman; patriotically fresh-complexioned and bright-coloured; with an English face, English whiskers, and English clothes—one of that typical class whose nationality shouts at you half a mile off, and which may be said to carry its country about with it on its back; that class which, varying largely in type and style, yet stands as the ideal representative of the modern Englishman to every country under the sun.

"Aren't the ladies ready yet?" he inquired, almost in the words of the earlier comer.

"No, Wainford," returned Rainer; "but it's time we were off. The Pic is usually in a good humour in the morning, but its temper isn't to be depended on in the afternoon."

As he spoke two ladies came forward. The elder was a woman mature in mind and person, of dignified presence, keen-eyed, composed, with a strikingly resolute air about her, clearly the sort of woman to beard the Alps if any should—which is one of those points which, like some others, women cannot settle for themselves, and will not let men settle for them,—a woman who had a grudge against Nature for her sixty-three inches, and was determined to be tall in spite of her, yet who never felt her femininity to be a misfit or something come

to her by mistake. She had spent half her life almost solely in men's society, yet was keenly resentful of slights to her sex. This bright-eyed, observant, compressed little woman was known far and wide as an intrepid wanderer over three continents—one who had boiled her pannikin of tea on the outer slopes of the Himalayas, and washed her pocket-handkerchief in the source of the White Nile. She, too, had done the Pic d'Aube before, and now went chiefly in the capacity of chaperon to the niece whose curiosity and love of adventure were the immediate causes of the expedition.

The latter was of a different type and period. Aunt and niece were two milestones marking the distance their sex had travelled in a generation. They were like natives of two sundered continents who gaze at one another with an interest born half of the like and half of the unlike, possessing much in common, yet chiefly struck by the differences which separate them. They looked across the chasm which lay between them, and wondered how the same things could seem so different to them. The elder woman had seen her sex the wide globe over, and her niece seemed stranger to her than many wild women had done.

The time to start was come. The visitors crowded to the doorway to see them off. Hands were grasped, knapsacks strapped on, and alpenstocks caught up. The guides lifted their burdens, the procession formed, and soon a turn of the village street hid them from view.

By three in the afternoon they had accomplished half their journey, and had arrived at the widest and most dangerous covered ravine on the mountain, known as the

"great crevasse." The younger Miss Arbuthnot, with Rainer and Wainford, and the guides in attendance, were some distance ahead of the others; the second division, consisting of General Arbuthnot, his sister, and the other two guides, with the porters following close behind, being about thirty yards in their rear.

They had all crossed the *crevasse* without accident, and the last guide had just set his feet on solid ground, when suddenly a low warning roar shook the steadfast air.

The leading guide stopped and glanced upwards, and a cry of horror escaped him.

"*Nous sommes perdus!*" he exclaimed, hoarsely.

Rainer, Wainford, and Miss Arbuthnot, who were some yards ahead, heard the cry and looked upwards, and as they did so they stopped short, petrified with horror.

For the great white mountain above seemed to open, and out of its bosom a vast mass of surging frothing snow boiled over and rushed down the slope towards them with the swiftness of a swallow's flight, and with a noise that grew momentarily into louder thunder.

"Run!" Rainer was heard to shout above the tumult as the white cataract neared them. But it was too late—already it was upon them. Suddenly the world seemed to turn upside down, and to overwhelm them in a white bewilderment.

For one awful moment Rainer's heart stood still; then he found himself standing covered with snow-foam, but unhurt. The great white death had passed him by, merely flicking him with the tip of its pinion as it went.

As he gazed agonisedly around he saw something struggling to

emerge from the snow hard by. It was Wainford. He seized and dragged him out of the solid surf, breathless and panting. But where was Miss Arbuthnot?

Suddenly he caught sight of a bow of ribbon, and near it the figure of a woman outlined under the snow. He plunged his arms into the mass and drew her out. He looked into her face. It was almost as white as the place on which they stood. Her eyes were closed.

Wainford staggered towards them.

"My God, she's dead!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands.

"No," said Rainer, quickly, "she has only fainted."

As he spoke a sudden crash, like the rattle of artillery, tore the silent air.

"What was that?" asked Wainford.

Then a thought struck him. "Where are the others?" he said.

Rainer did not reply directly. He laid his hand on Wainford's arm. "Listen," he said, and filling his lungs he shouted—a long strong shout that echoed far above them, and was passed like a watchword from peak to peak till it died away in the distance. After a minute he repeated his cry even louder than before, putting his hands to his mouth to guide his voice, as if he were shouting against a north-west hurricane. A third time he called out to those who a moment before had stood by his side, but who could now hear no voice that fell short of Paradise.

"It's no use," he said. "We shall see them no more in this world." He heaved a deep sigh. "Let us carry her up to the hut. It's not more than three hundred yards farther; I know it well."

Without another word they raised her, and bore her silently along. On reaching the empty hut they carried her in and laid her on the floor. In a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked, looking around in a dazed way.

"In the hut," said Rainer, who was supporting her head on one of his knees. "You must not speak yet. You will be better soon."

He took out his flask, and pouring a little brandy into the cup, coaxed her to swallow it. She soon revived.

"I have had such a terrible dream," she said. "But was it a dream?" she added quickly, as the reality of her position broke upon her. "Where is my aunt—and the others?" she next asked.

Rainer hesitated. "They have not come up yet. We hurried on with you."

"Tell me what has happened," she said. "I seem to be in a sort of daze."

"Oh!" replied Rainer, carelessly, "a quantity of snow came down right between us and them and cut them off from us. They wouldn't be able to cross it any more than we could, so I expect they've gone back."

The explanation seemed to appease her for the moment, for she closed her eyes and relapsed into silence. But she was evidently not satisfied.

"Do you think they are all right?" she asked next.

Rainer's face stood by him.

"No doubt," he said, confidently.

"But why couldn't they climb over—some of the guides at least?"

He shook his head. "The snow was too deep and soft for that."

"I wish I knew they were safe," she remarked.

A little later she again spoke.

"Shall we have to spend the night here?"

"I fear so."

She thought a moment.

"Wouldn't there still be time for one of you to get down with daylight?"

"It would be useless to try. The snow would be far too soft for any one to climb over yet. By to-morrow morning it will probably give us a footing."

"How early can we start?" she asked.

"As soon as you are well enough to go."

"Oh! I shall soon be all right again. When is daylight?"

"About six."

"I shall be ready then."

"No doubt."

She looked inquiringly at him, but said nothing. After this she lay quiet for a while.

By-and-by Rainer remembered the knapsack. He had taken it from one of the porters who had had a nasty fall, and thus luckily happened to be carrying it at the time of the accident. He unstrapped it and turned out its contents on the floor. It contained half-a-dozen Swiss breakfast-rolls with slices of sausage, a small quantity of firewood, a couple of candles, and a box of matches. The others looked on with glistening eyes. All were precious, but they felt the firewood to be worth its weight in diamonds. Food they could do without for a time, but heat was life. But they did not light the tiny stove yet a while. The fuel must be husbanded till nature cried out for warmth. But each of the men had his flask, and the liquid fire would do its part and help to hold weak nature up.

In spite of her protests Rainer and Wainford took off their heavy

overcoats in turn and laid them over Miss Arbuthnot, keeping themselves warm meanwhile by dancing vigorously on the floor of the hut. They danced with the gravity of Indian braves, and she looked on with equal stolidity. The situation was grotesque, but no one smiled.

The evening passed slowly away. Seated on the floor, they talked at intervals. They wondered if the others were all safe; wondered if they had reached the village yet; wondered if a search-party would be sent out for them. The two men discussed the matter seriously with her, as if they did not know that their friends were lying under fifty feet of snow. Every hour or so Rainer went outside to reconnoitre, and every time Wainford thought his expression grew less and less cheerful.

About ten o'clock they lit the little stove and ate their scanty allowance of food, which yet was too abundant. Each seemed satisfied with a few mouthfuls. The men waited upon Miss Arbuthnot and encouraged her to eat, but she soon declared herself satisfied, and would not be prevailed upon to take more. Then the men ate a roll carelessly as if merely for the sake of company, each looking defiantly at the other as if daring him to say he wanted more, and they lingered over the morsel as if they could hardly overtake the tiny quantity that fell to their share. Then each swallowed a mouthful of brandy—Miss Arbuthnot after some persuasion—and the meal was ended.

That night they slept but little. Sleep was indeed hardly possible. Hunger and cold and their own thoughts kept them awake. Light-footed ghosts came out in the dreary watches, and walked about

in the corridors of their brains. At intervals they dozed, but ever and anon they awoke and talked together, for their thoughts seemed heavy company. From time to time Rainer fed the little stove. They watched the tiny fagots disappear with hungry eyes, for they felt as if they were burning their very lives away with them.

Next morning they were astir with daylight, chilled and hungry, but cheered—two of them at least—by the thought of release, as they made their scanty meal.

The morning broke calm and clear, and as the sun soared over the eastern peaks, making them glorious with rose-pink and amethyst, Wainford rose and went out into the fresh crisp air. He advanced to the edge of the abyss and looked down upon the world of ice beneath. Below in the valley he could see the brown village nestling on the slope, the huge hotel forming a conspicuous object in the centre. The place was already astir, and he could see tiny dark specks, which he knew to be human beings, creeping about like insects among the houses. In a minute or two Rainer came out.

"Look here, Wainford," he said, abruptly, "Miss Arbuthnot is not fit to think of attempting the descent yet. She recognises that fact herself. You had better make your way down and give the alarm. They mayn't know anything yet about our position in the village."

Wainford hesitated. "Will she be strong enough to be taken down to-day, do you suppose?"

"She might if four good guides were sent—not otherwise certainly."

"Then I don't see why I should go. Your life is as valuable as mine, I suppose."

"No, it's not. You have a wife and children waiting for you somewhere. It is your duty to go."

"You have two sisters dependent on you, have you not?"

"They are provided for, and will not miss me as your wife will you. Go at once before it is too late. A few hours hence it may not be possible."

Still Wainford did not seem to be convinced, but stood stolidly by.

Rainer studied him for a moment. "Come inside," he said, suddenly.

"Miss Arbuthnot," he said, when they were within, "one of us must go down to the village for assistance. Will you decide for us which is to go?"

She looked from one to the other, holding in her hand, it might be, the cast of life and death. Wainford's face was impassive as he looked away. But Rainer looked at her, and she saw that his eyes were pleading with her. Was he asking to go or to stay, she wondered.

"I cannot decide," she said; "you must settle it for yourselves." Then she changed her mind.

"No, listen!" she said, quickly. "An idea has struck me. You must toss up, and the one who wins will go. That is leaving it to God. Come, toss at once."

Rainer looked across at Wainford.

"There is good sense in what Miss Arbuthnot says. Will you toss?"

The other nodded and took a coin from his pocket. "Call," he said, spinning it in the air.

"Tails!" cried Rainer as the coin fell, and they both stooped to see.

"It is tails," cried Wainford;

"you've won," and he drew a long breath.

"Go at once," said the girl, looking wistfully towards him. "The sooner you go the better for us."

Rainer thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I'm not going," he said, doggedly.

"What!" she exclaimed in amazement, "not going? Why did you toss then?"

"Oh! to give Wainford a chance of winning."

"Will you go then, Mr Wainford?" she asked, turning to him. He shook his head.

"I've had my chance. If I had won I don't know that I should have gone either, but as it is I stay here."

"Look here!" said Rainer, turning to him, "it is your duty to go."

He took him by the arm. "Come," he said, "*you must*."

Wainford did not longer resist. "If I must, I must," he said.

He shook hands with Miss Arbuthnot and spoke a few words of encouragement to her, and then the two men set off together, Rainer intending to see him as far as the *crevasse*.

Five minutes' walking brought them to the scene of the disaster. The avalanche was now frozen crisp and firm, and by their mutual aid they climbed its snowy bulk. As they reached the top and looked over, Rainer uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Good God! the *crevasse* has fallen in!"

It was too true. Part of the avalanche had fallen across the chasm, and the crust of frozen snow had given way beneath its weight. Their bridge was gone. In its place was a yawning gulf that cut them off from help. They

looked at one another, and they both thought of the girl lying in the hut.

"What's to be done?" asked Wainford, turning to his companion and breathing hard.

Rainer looked up and down the *crevasse* for a gleam of hope. Above it terminated in icy rocks impassable to the feet of man, and below the cliffs fell sheer down for four hundred feet.

"Nothing," he remarked; "die like men."

Wainford turned away.

"Can this be the end?" he asked.

Rainer only shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"Are we in imminent danger? Can't they keep us supplied with food till they can rig up some sort of bridge?"

He spoke with the air of a man trying to impose upon himself. Rainer looked at him as if calculating his resisting power.

"Would you like to know the truth?" he asked.

"What truth?" inquired Wainford, quickly. Then he added in a sharp rasping tone, "What is it? Out with it."

For answer Rainer took him by the arm and pointed to the field of snow that, like the angel of destruction, hung with outspread wings above, as if gathering to spring.

"Do you see that mass of snow up there?" he asked, quietly.

The other started.

"You don't think, do you," he began, but he could not speak the words.

"Do I think it will fall?" remarked Rainer, calmly. "Well! it's moving towards us. How long it will hold up God only knows."

"Lend me your glass," said Wainford, and he looked long and anxiously. His mouth worked

nervously, and he moistened his lips with his tongue the while.

"Do you see those dark rocks to the left?" asked Rainer. "Its lower end is just on a level with them now. You'll be able to tell from that whether it moves any nearer or not."

"But it's not bound to fall, surely?"

"It may hang on long enough for us to get away. But"—he shrugged his shoulders suggestively—"the probability is all the other way."

"Good God! we're right in its track if it does."

As he spoke he looked up again at the white horror above, with an awestruck and unhappy look. He seemed to be tasting death with the tip of his tongue, and evidently found it bitter.

"What will Miss Arbuthnot say when she knows?" he said.

"Knows!" thundered Rainer, "she must not know—at least while any hope remains."

"I wish to God I didn't know either."

Rainer looked at him reproachfully.

"You are a man," he said. Wainford seemed rebuked.

"How long do you think it will take that thing to get down to us?" he asked.

"I don't know. It may take a couple of days—or it may fall at any moment."

"You talk very coolly about it," said Wainford, resentfully.

"Have you not all your life expected to die some time?"

"Yes, but not like this. It's frightful to have to sit and watch that great white terror sliding slowly down upon us."

"Don't look at it."

"I can't help seeing it. I see it even when I shut my eyes."

"So you would see death if you

were lying on a bed of sickness. The only difference is, that we are strong and should be able to meet it like men."

"I did not want to die yet."

"Nor did I. Look here! I don't pretend that death is pleasant to think of. It wasn't meant to be. But we've got to die some time or other, and this seems to me better than nineteen deaths out of twenty."

When they entered the hut Miss Arbuthnot looked at them anxiously. She could not help seeing that something was wrong. Disappointment hung about their necks like a millstone.

"Why have you both come back?" she asked in a low strained voice.

Each looked at the other, but it was Rainer who replied.

"The crust of the *crevasse* has fallen in," he said, slowly.

For a moment she did not seem to comprehend the position.

"Fallen in!" she repeated, blankly. Then the truth broke in upon her like dammed-up water, and she burst into tears.

Rainer waited till the paroxysm of sobs had worn itself out.

"Miss Arbuthnot," he said, kindly, "you must not give way. We must hope that our friends will devise means of rescuing us, and meanwhile they will no doubt be able to keep us supplied with what we need."

"But how long will that be for?" she asked, hopelessly.

"I don't think," he replied, "that it will be for very long. Not more than a day or two at most. Our great danger is not from hunger and cold, but rather from falling masses of snow. Another avalanche might come down upon us and put us out of pain, you know. Of course it is not

very likely, but you see one never knows."

The hours passed slowly away. Of the three the girl was perhaps the most cheerful. Only the vague dangers of the position drew a cloud across her hopes. She knew nothing of the white death whose ghastly shadow lay heavy on the two men's souls. They knew that the lives of all hung by an invisible thread which might snap at any moment. They thrilled at every sound. Every time a foot scraped on the floor it started an avalanche and sent death tingling down the marrow of their backs.

But they would not tell the poor girl yet awhile. She was still weak from the shock and want of food, and they would spare her if they could. There was yet hope for them, and they would not let it go. Life and death held them by the hands, standing at the parting of the ways.

Every half-hour or so Wainford went outside and gazed at the mass of snow above. It seemed to fascinate him, for he would stand and gaze for long at it, as if the contemplation afforded him a horrible satisfaction. He could not keep away. He must look whether he willed or not, and every time it seemed to him to be a little nearer. Sometimes he would fancy he saw it moving, and would shut his eyes for the coming crash. And still he watched, and still it did not fall.

"Look here, Rainer," he said, when they were outside soon afterwards, "I can't stand this much longer. I shall do something desperate before long."

"You wouldn't prove yourself a coward, surely," replied Rainer, sternly.

"You may call it what you like," he said, doggedly; "I don't call it cowardice to go to meet death.

"I'm not afraid to die, but I can't stand this dying by inches."

"Are you less brave than that delicately brought-up girl in there?" Rainer asked, reproachfully.

"Ours are different kinds of courage, that is all."

"No; yours is only cowardice turned inside out."

"I don't care, I can't stand this. I feel death trickling across my soul all day long."

"Our lives are not our own," said Rainer, sternly. "Would you take from God's hands the power of life and death?"

Wainford did not answer, but turned away, leaving the other standing looking doubtfully after him. For there was in his face the look of a desperate man.

About nine o'clock that morning a change came over the world's face. The bright sky turned slowly to a dull grey, and a heavy leaden horror crept over the scene. Then a fierce rustling wind rose like a ghostly thing out of the earth, and walked about like one distraught. The mountains hid themselves at its approach, and Nature seemed to shun its coming.

The two men looked at one another, and each read his own thoughts in the other's face. They knew it only too well. It was the dreaded *tourmente*, the bitter, clammy, deadly wind before which no living thing can exist. Blowing usually for days, it sweeps the mountains, withering up life like the air from the wings of the Angel of Death. They knew that no aid could come to them while it lasted. Its life was their death.

All through that day it blew, and in the darkness of the night they could hear it with stealthy footsteps wandering round the hut, now trying the rude door with its hand, and now calling to them through the crevices. All night

they listened to it wailing and crying about them like a banshee crooning over their undug graves. Lying silent there, the two men thought of the great white death that hung above them, and they felt that ere long they might be glad that dread friend stood waiting to open wide the gates of death to let them in.

In the morning they looked abroad with sinking hearts. The *tourmente* still swept across the mountains, and the world was blotted out. All day they remained indoors, not venturing to face the icy blast. Slowly they watched Death creep closer to them. They felt that they were left to meet it as best they might. Even Miss Arbuthnot comprehended vaguely that it was drawing near. She read the truth in her companions' faces—each saw his page in the Book of Life slowly folded down, and a hand writing across it, F-i-n-i-. Thus far the letters went, and the missing one would soon be there.

They waited with what heart they could. Their fuel was exhausted. They had watched it disappear with hungry eyes; they knew it was their life that was burning slowly away. The last fragment of their food lay untasted beside them. The men would not touch it, but left it for the girl, and she, poor thing! could not eat. Earthly bread no longer seemed to tempt her.

They sat and thought strange sad thoughts, and at times they wrote on odd scraps of paper hungry words that brought tears to their eyes.

Late that afternoon Wainford, who had for some time sat deep in a morose reverie, rose and went out, closing the door behind him. He did not speak, but his looks were eloquent, and his face told strange things.

Time passed, and he did not return. The man and the woman looked from time to time uneasily at one another, but they did not dare to translate their thoughts into speech.

Long they watched for him, but in vain. He came not back, and in time they grew accustomed to his absence, and only vaguely wondered at his fate. Where was he? Whither had he gone? They did not ask, but thought silently their own thoughts. Their hearts told them only too truly. Somewhere out in that bitter mist—that was all they knew. Somewhere out on those icy hills, wrapped in Death's winding sheet, he lay. Gone heavenward. Waiting somewhere out in the blue void to welcome them again. Somewhere—somewhere—that was all.

Towards evening a change came over the face of things. As if God's hand held it back, the fierce *tourmente* drooped, and faltered in the way. The angel of destruction folded his wings, and passed on. Again the mountains stood forth, like witnesses of Time against the Earth's despair—calm, silent, a visible rebuke to those who doubted of the end.

Again Hope knocked faintly at their door, but they would not open now. They had made a tryst with Death and were waiting to hear his steps.

That night, when darkness had fallen, Rainer rose, and went out to be alone with the stars. He advanced to the edge of the snowy precipice and looked around. He knew it might be for the last time. Death was nearing them now, and his awful shadow was upon them. All about him stood the sentinel peaks, silent watchers, calmly tenacious of their awful secret, draped in the ghostly moonlight

that lay upon them like a silver robe. Overhead the stars burned their blue lights like pilots of the awful void that crept closer to see them die. The gaunt vault stood like a dense wall of silence, hemming in the pinnacles of snow—a cold phalanx of air, like space gathered into a little room. Near and clear the planets flamed like watchfires burning at heaven's gates. Below, the village lights twinkled ineffectually through the dimmer air. He felt like one who looks down through a chink in heaven to the far earth beneath.

He peered over the precipice into the gulf below. How easy, he thought, would it be to leap suddenly down into that chasm, and, cheating Fate's slow doom, there grapple with the unknown. Death's mansion is a house whose doors stand always open. But it could not be. His life was never his own to cast away, and now his manhood belonged to another. He must bear her burden as well as his own. Death, he knew, was at hand. As he stood there his soul was listening for the sound that must soon come—the sound of a voice calling in trumpet-tones from the heights to prepare for his coming.

He turned and went into the hut. Miss Arbuthnot was reclining with her eyes closed in an apathetic reverie. He laid his hand softly on her shoulder.

"Would you not like to see the face of the world again?" he said, quietly. "Come out and see how beautiful it can be. It will strengthen you to see the glory of the earthly hills."

He raised her and supported her into the open air. At the sight she uttered a cry.

But the grandeur of the scene stifled speech. She stood for a full minute drinking in the glory

of the night. Then she turned away.

"Take me back," she said, "my soul feels giddy."

He led her in, and they sat down.

"It is hard to leave this beautiful world, is it not?" he said.

She smiled faintly, and her lips trembled. The thought was evidently still bitter to her.

He laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Death may be better than life," he said, with grave kindness.

Then he talked to her of life—of its shortness and uncertainty, and of the suddenness with which its brightest day is overcast. He called it a lottery where one drew a prize and a thousand a blank; spoke of the mirage that waters its desert and builds green glories on its arid sands—delights that recede as we advance towards them. He spoke of old age with its waning fires; of its dulled perceptions and vain regrets; of its little nook by the fireside often grudgingly given; of its prison-chair soft to the body but hard to the mind.

Then he talked of death—spoke of it as universal, and therefore not an evil; painted it as the great reconciler and sweetener of life—as a uniter rather than a divider.

"Do you fear death very much?" he asked, at the end.

She shuddered.

"It is not death I fear. It is the dying by inches that seems to me so dreadful. How terrible it is to think of lingering here while hunger like a ravenous wolf gnaws the life out of you while you slowly turn to ice—oh! I cannot bear to think of it."

He looked eagerly at her.

"Would you feel content if you could know that your death would not be lingering—that it would be

painless and might come at any moment?"

"Yes, I think I could feel almost happy if I could know that it would be so."

"Then be glad," he cried, and there was an exulting ring in his voice as he spoke. "Our death cannot be long delayed. We are standing very near to God. It may come at any moment, and when it comes it will be sure and sudden."

"How?" she asked, faintly.

"Part of the avalanche which broke down the *crevasse* is still hanging right above us. I have been watching it crawling slowly down towards us all yesterday and to-day. It will soon make its spring, and when it does it will be all over with us."

She drew in a long breath.

"How long do you expect it will be till it falls?"

"It may fall at any moment."

The suddenness of the call seemed to move her, and she paled a little. But she did not flinch.

"Thank God," she said, quietly. "At first I was rebellious, and my weak humanity reproached God, but now it comes as a deliverer."

"Yes, fate is often kinder to us than we are to ourselves. For me, I have always prayed that I might meet death with my manhood about me, so that I might stand up to it like a man. It seems to me that to be overwhelmed by a mountain of snow is a not unenviable death. This day week many may pity us, but the wise will envy us. Surely it is a beautiful death to die among these glorious mountains. We shall become a part of them. Our names will be for ever associated with them. We shall be remembered longer than kings, and kings will not have so kingly a sepulchre. God has led us up on

to a high mountain and has shown us the wonders of the earth. 'Come with me,' He now says, 'and I will show you the glories of the heavenly hills.' Would we, if we could, refuse this summons?"

And so he comforted her, and as the heavy-footed hours limped painfully by she grew slowly reconciled. His strong soul held her drooping spirit up, and would not let it go. Ever he pointed up the narrow path, and ever she strove with faltering steps to follow him.

Bit by bit they grew weaker in mind and body. Hunger and cold sapped their strength and deadened their perceptions. They sat and dreamed strange dreams, half of this world and half of the next. Their souls strayed out and wandered into far-off lands where Time stood still. Vague fancies floated and swayed across their glimmering ken. Life was a dim web through which they looked at a bright world beyond, where, in starry meadows gay with rainbow-coloured flowers, they saw themselves wander hand in hand with the friends of other days. Their dazed brains, like dumb brutes, walked loyally in the accustomed round. And still that which was deepest in their thoughts came uppermost, and still their lives ran in the remembered ways.

All night they heard the noise of snow and ice falling around them, with a dull thud like earth thrown heavily upon a coffin-lid. Towards morning a mass of snow—precursor of the patient avalanche—broke with a hoarse roar from its perch, and, just missing its prey, thundered by the frail hut that trembled as it passed.

At the sound Rainer's spirit, restored to life, awoke, and returning over who knows what countless leagues of time, came to the sur-

face with "Adsum" on its lips. In the grey dawn he sat up dazed and bewildered and looked around, and as he did so some dim thought out of the infinite appeared to work in his soul. His eyes seemed to look through the walls of the hut, and to see things unseen. As he sat there striving to grapple with his environment, and vainly trying to reconcile it with his loosening hold, a well-remembered sound struck dimly upon his wavering sense. Up from the valley below floated, low yet clear, the tinkle of the village bell calling the people to prayer in the little rustic church, and the sound recalled him to himself. As it ceased he struggled to his feet and stood erect. The girl meanwhile stirred not, but lay without sign of life. She still breathed, but her spirit took no note of what went on.

"Let us sing the first three verses of the fiftieth paraphrase to the glory of God," he said. He paused as if waiting for the choir to begin, then, with a look of surprise, he took up the air and sang them to the end. When he had finished he closed his eyes.

"Let us pray," he said.

"Lord God," he prayed in well-remembered words, "we desire anew upon this Thy Sabbath to thank Thee for all Thy loving kindness to us. We thank Thee for the precious gift of life, and for all that makes it beautiful—for the bright sunshine, for the flowers, the trees, and the song of birds. We thank Thee for the good things which Thou dost abundantly bestow upon us, and for the capacity to enjoy them. Lord, remember, we beseech Thee, those who are in sorrow or want. Feed all those who hunger for earthly food, and teach them to hunger rather after heavenly bread. Remember, O Lord, the dying and

those whose time upon the earth is short. We that are in health and strength do beseech Thee on their behalf."

He stopped, and for the space of half a minute he seemed to be trying to grasp something which slipped ever away from his crumbling brain. At last he looked up.

"My dear brethren," he said, raising his voice, "I am not well to-day, and cannot remember the subject upon which I had intended to speak to you. But no matter. God's world is a sermon on such a day as this. Go out into the sunny fields and worship Him there. Go and listen to the birds and the brooks and the bees. What are they trying to say? They are trying to speak the name of God with all their might. Go and do likewise, and let your hearts join in the universal praise."

Again he was silent for the space of a minute, during which a look of great seriousness overspread his features. Then he spoke again.

"It is borne in upon me that one of our number is at this moment in imminent peril in the mountainous places of the Alps. His name is not vouchsafed to me, nor may we know the day or hour

of his departure. Let us not refuse our prayers that he and those with him may be enabled to accept the summons of the Lord with cheerful hearts."

"Almighty God," he prayed once more, "who hast created the mountains and valleys of the earth, and hast spanned them with Thy rainbow in token of Thy loving care, we supplicate Thee earnestly on behalf of those whom Thou art about to call away. In the midst of life we are in death. We are as the grass of the field—to-day green, and to-morrow withering on the ground, cut down by the sickle of death. Strengthen them, we beseech Thee, to receive cheerfully Thy holy will. Lord, be with them in their time of trial, and bear them up in their hour of need. Take them by the hand and lead them to Thy mansion, that they may be with Thee for ever."

There was the silence of death in the hut, but outside a low roar shook the still air. He did not hear it, but raised his hand.

"May the blessing of God rest upon us now and for ever!"

As he spoke, like a deep "Amen" thundered from heaven's gates, the crash of the avalanche broke in upon him, and Chaos was come.

LORD LILFORD'S 'BIRDS OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.'

THE science of ornithology has been much advanced by histories of the avifauna of the different counties, written by those best acquainted with them, and many such have been published of late years. Francis Willoughby of Middleton, Warwickshire, was, we believe, the first who wrote a work of this kind. His '*Ornithologiae*' was published in 1676, four years after his death, by John Ray, himself a noted ornithologist, who studied the science in Staffordshire, and had been Willoughby's friend and tutor during the years 1668-69. Dr Plot of Oxford, who was induced to live in the county of Staffordshire by Walter Chetwynd of Ingestre in order that he might write its natural history, published his well-known work in Oxford in the year 1686. This was rather a compilation of facetious and amusing stories of birds which the author considered to be rare, than any systematic account of the avifauna of Staffordshire. He wrote, however, a famous description of the colony of black-headed gulls at Shebden Pool.

The latest of these works which deal with special local areas, and certainly the most interesting and beautiful, is the one now under notice. We have two handsome royal octavo volumes in which are twenty-four exquisite photogravures by Mr A. Thorburn, who now stands foremost in the art of drawing bird-life. There is something in the process of photograv-

ure that is in singular keeping with his atmospheric effects and poetic environments, both of which are perfect in detail, yet full of a certain mysterious attraction not to be exactly defined. No other bird-artist gets that peculiarly life-like expression of the eye of each different species. The "Bittern in a Reed-bed" standing by a frozen pool is marvellously good; the group of tufted pochards is inimitable; and what could be better than the "Wild-fowl dropping into the Decoy," drawn from Lord Lilford's own decoy, which he constructed on his estate? But where all seem to be perfect in their way it is difficult to select any for special notice. The "Woodcock at the Spring-head" and "An Autumnal Fall" are exquisite pictures. Then we have forty-three most accurate and interesting wood-engravings designed and engraved by Mr G. E. Lodge, a past-master in his art. "The Night Heron at Rest" is a wonderfully minute and beautiful presentment of bird-life. The plumage of the various species is given in every case with almost microscopic accuracy.

With the exception of Morton's '*Natural History of Northamptonshire*,' there has been, we believe, until the publication of these two volumes, no work on the avifauna of that county. The situation of the Lilford estate, through which the Nen runs on its way to the Wash, is a most favourable one for the purposes

[As these pages were going through the press, we received with regret the sad intelligence of the death of Lord Lilford, whose last contribution to the science in which he was so pre-eminent forms the subject of the following pages.—
ED. B.M.]

of observation. Vast numbers of birds pass over on their migratory flight. And then its owner, by his kindly and sympathetic nature, has the goodwill of all in the district, and events in bird-life have for years been recorded and communicated to him by his fellow-countymen. His own lifelong observations and notes are, however, specially valuable. Although many would have us believe that enough has been written on British ornithology, those who know most about the subject are aware that we have still much to learn, and that above all personal observations and experiences are of the highest value.

When Lord Lilford, now the President of the British Ornithologists' Union, was a child, he was asked by his grandfather, the third Lord Holland, what he would like best in the world? "To live in a den with a good-natured animal," was the ready reply, which was rewarded by the gift of a black Shetland pony. Many a day was spent by the boy nest-hunting in the ample demesne of Holland Park, then the centre of a rural district.

It was at Holland House that his grandmother, Lady Holland, first introduced the dahlia into England as a permanent species. Some roots had previously been imported by Lady Bute, but they had failed. The first seeds brought from Spain to Holland House failed also, but Lady Holland procured more from Holland, and these were a complete success. She reared them in her own flower-garden. This was in 1824. Her daughter, Lady Lilford, used to tell her son about a splendid blue bird which had been brought from Spain by her father, and lived for many years in a disused conservatory, but unfortunately it

had the ill fate to be shot at last in the shrubbery by an Italian servant, who, when blamed for it, declared that he thought it was a "black-cocka." The "blue bird" had long been forgotten when, some time after Lord Holland's death, Lady Lilford recognised in the collection at Lilford one of the purple gallinules (*Porphyrio coerules*) as identical with the famous and mysterious "blue bird" of her childhood. As a girl she had spent much time at Amptill, in Bedfordshire, the seat of her uncle, the last Lord Ossory, whose fine collection of stuffed birds was eventually left to her son, the present Lord Lilford.

From his grandfather our author inherited an absorbing passion for Spain and for its literature. In August 1856 his first visit to that country was made: he sailed from Falmouth in the Royal Yacht Squadron's schooner Claymore, touching at Corunna, and thence, avoiding Portugal on account of the cholera then raging at Lisbon, sailed on to Cadiz, and visited all the principal Spanish ports on the Mediterranean, including Palma and Port Mahon in the Balearic Isles. During this cruise there was not much opportunity for the observation of birds, but during 1864 and 1865 Lord Lilford spent a much longer time in Spain. He gave the result of his experiences in the pages of the 'Ibis' in 1865 and 1866. Ornithologists who may not have read them will be much interested if they look up these papers, as well as those notes on the birds of European Turkey and Greece which were made between January 1857 and the end of July 1858.

There is an interesting experience in the present work relating to the kite in Spain. This bird, which

is unfortunately extinct in England, except perhaps in one district, which for wise reasons is not divulged, is very common in the southern and central parts of Spain, and, to quote from the notes referred to, is "constantly to be seen circling alone or in pairs about the villages, on the look-out for chickens, refuse, or materials for its nest, which is often built of very curious substances. A Spaniard, who accompanied me in my bird-collecting rambles in central Spain in 1865, assured me that he had once taken a purse containing nine dollars from a kite's nest; and I first learned the news of President Abraham Lincoln's murder from a scrap of a Spanish newspaper found in a nest of this bird by my climber Agapo near Aranjuez." The record of these ornithological rambles in the company of his guide and assistant, Manuel, and the agile climber Agapo, makes highly entertaining reading.

They took a black or cinereous vulture's nestling in the same year from a nest near San Ildefonso, Old Castile. This bird is still alive at Lilford, and in perfect health, with a number of others of its family, in the large eagle-house. It is now thirty years old, and on the morning we first made its acquaintance it very obligingly laid an egg, as though for our personal gratification.

Under the beautiful sky of Spain delightful days were spent by the traveller, followed by pleasant evenings in the different *ventas*, where he would listen to the stories of the native *convives*, and gather all he could about the haunts and habits of local birds. There were also, as he writes, "delicious summer nights in southern Spain, when all the louder sounds of human life were

hushed, and nothing broke the silence but the monotonous notes of the scops owl, and the 'wet-my-lips' of innumerable quails." Of the little kestrels he says, "The cry of these pretty birds is as certain to strike the ear in the towns of Andalucia as the twang of the guitar and the click of the castanets." Then there were the more exciting delights of driving the great bustards in Andalucia, in the peculiarly balmy but exhilarating air which, come from whatever quarter of the compass it may, "has blown for miles over wastes of rosemary, gum cistus, and thyme, or through pine-woods and orange-groves. It possesses an indescribable charm, and renders existence in itself more enjoyable here than in any other part of the world with which I am acquainted." In speaking of the remarkable cries that may be heard sounding in the air at times after nightfall, Lord Lilford says he has sometimes wondered how these strike others? Guy de Maupassant, alluding to the same subject, says poetically that "*ce cri fuyant, emporté par les plumes d'une bête*," seems to him like "*un soupir de l'âme du monde*."

The peregrine is, next to the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk, the commonest diurnal bird of prey in Northamptonshire. From the many high old elms and ash-trees in the valley of the Nen between Thrapston and Oundle he has his look-out station, commanding fine stretches of meadow and arable land.

"I believe," says our author, "that the falcons follow the autumnal southward migrations of the duck tribe, as I have several times observed that their first appearance hereabouts occurs exactly at the same time as that of our first autumnal wild-fowl, teal or widgeon, for the former of

which species the peregrine has a very marked predilection. Besides the wild-fowl, a good many wood-pigeons, peewits, starlings, water-hens, and an occasional partridge, fall victims; but I do not look upon the peregrine in this country as such an enemy to game as the sparrow-hawk, which breeds with us, and has to supply the needs of four or five ravenous young just at the season when young partridges and pheasants offer an easy and tempting prey. But even allowing the game-destroying instincts of the present species, I would not on any account allow one of these really noble birds to be destroyed on my own property."

Of the numerous enemies to the young of partridges, the author asserts that a wet hatching-time is undoubtedly the worst.

The hobby, which is rarely seen in many of our southern counties, is not an uncommon bird in the well-timbered and meadow lands of Northamptonshire, and its nest is at times met with there. It has, we are told, become more common of late years. Its cry, which resembles that of the wry-neck but is louder, may be heard on a late summer's evening, when the birds are chasing the insects about the old oak-trees. Sixteen hobby nestlings have been taken in the Lilford district of late years, without, so far as the author knew, one of the parent birds having been destroyed.

The merlin, or stone falcon as some call it, prefers northern counties to the southern ones, and is a fairly regular autumn visitor to Northamptonshire. It breeds on the heaths and moorlands, and nested there more frequently before so many of the waste-lands were improved away; but the bird is often seen in October and November. Writing of this bold little bird, Lord Lilford says:—

"I have seen a pair of merlins fly

at an old blackcock which passed near their nest, and though they did not kill him, they knocked him into the heather, with the loss of many feathers, and so terrified him that, though not seriously wounded, he all but allowed us to catch him.'

The sparrow-hawk, in spite of the war carried on against it, is more common than ever in the county, and so bold, says our author, that "I have had my face brushed by the wing of one of these hawks intent upon some young partridges." We all know how much stronger and fiercer the females of this species are than the males, but Lord Lilford states what may be new to many—viz., that they will in captivity kill and devour the males if they are left together.

The honey-buzzard is supposed to have bred in the woods to the north of the county, but it has only rarely been seen of late years. Here is, however, an interesting record in reference to this bird, sent in reply to a letter from the author:—

"SALCEY FOREST, *March 25, 1891.*

"I beg to say, in answer to your letter, that the honey-buzzard was pulled out by me in the Crown Woods near Silverstone in this county in September 1861. On seeing the wasps unusually busy one morning about eight o'clock, I went near the nest to ascertain the cause. The whole of the combs were scratched out, and there was a hole nearly the size of a beehive. On seeing the tail of a bird, I put my hand in and drew out what proved to be a very fine specimen of the honey-buzzard."

Lord Lilford considers this bird to be a useful creature, and by no means shy or wild, and he thinks it might yet, with due protection, be a common summer visitor to our woods.

The amusing and interesting "little owl" has been established by the author in the county. For

many years he bought a number of these birds in the London market, to which they were brought from Holland. The young birds were placed together in large box-cages in quiet spots in the Lilford grounds with an ample supply of food, and the doors were left open. Since this was done a number of broods have been reared and reported in the neighbourhood. Mr A. Thorburn made a sketch of an amusing scene he saw near the aviaries—a little owl in the limb of an oak-tree mobbed by robins, a wren, great tits, blue tits, marsh tits, chaffinches, and a blackbird!

Many of us would like to see the beautiful golden oriole in our country, where from time to time it has been seen, and has even nested, but only to be ruthlessly destroyed. Lord Lilford considers that, if permitted, it might be as common with us as in many parts of the Continent. He thinks that some districts in Northamptonshire especially are well suited to the habits of this beautiful bird, and he urges any of his countrymen who may have the good fortune to see an oriole, to watch its habits closely, and to give it every possible protection with the view to its becoming a regular summer resident.

During the month of August our author spends most of his time on a river-barge, from which he has noted and recorded in these volumes much that is interesting. Sedge-warblers and reed-warblers abound on the banks of the stream, and their notes are heard throughout the summer night. The days spent thus are full of interest as he watches "the water-hens leading their downy young through the mazes of water-weeds, the young broods of wild ducks bustling out of some reedy nook at the approach of the boat, the

kingfisher watching his prey from an overhanging spray or darting past like a meteor, the heron standing motionless on a favourite shallow, the incessant song and rapid motions of the reed- and sedge-warblers, and the infinite variety of insects and of plants." All these, he writes, "constitute a charm that I have seldom experienced elsewhere."

The beautiful little golden-crested wren, now so uncommon in many of our counties, breeds freely in the neighbourhood.

"In very cold weather I have found a family of perhaps a dozen of these little birds clustered together for warmth beneath the snow-laden bough of an old yew-tree, to the under surface of which the uppermost birds were clinging by their feet, whilst, as far as I could see, the others clung to them and to one another so as to form a closely packed, feathery ball."

Birds undoubtedly know where the owners of houses are hospitably disposed towards them, and that they can congregate and build about these unmolested. During the winter months nuthatches were seen from daybreak to mid-day opening and feeding on beech-mast about an interstice in the porch over the front entrance to the hall.

The brambling is a bird that is becoming much rarer than it was in many districts, but upon the old beeches in Northamptonshire it may be seen abundantly. Its breeding-places are, of course, in more northern forests.

In reference to the supposed poisoning of the young of birds by their parents if the nest has been tampered with—which is an accepted fact, the "Son of the Marshes" tells us, with the Surrey and Sussex country-folk—Lord Lilford says that there is a current belief in

his county that if a brood of young bullfinches is taken and placed out of doors in a cage, the parent birds will poison all but one of their progeny. This, however, he thinks, "requires confirmation."

The crossbill has always been a favourite of ours. Its quaint attitude and humorous disposition make it a very interesting bird in captivity. In Thuringia each peasant household likes to have a pair of these birds. If the mandibles cross each other at the end of the bill from left to right, the presence of the bird is said to counteract the diseases of the males of the family; if from right to left, those of the females. Lord Lilford mentions one that he received out of a flock of about a hundred which had been haunting the neighbourhood of Harleston Firs for some weeks. In fir-woods, however, these birds never breed.

As to game birds, black grouse is not a resident species in the county. The Chinese ring-necked species of pheasant has been successfully introduced at Lilford—also the green pheasant of Japan (*Phasianus versicolor*); and both these species interbreed freely with the original stock as well as with each other, the hybrids being very beautiful birds, finer and heavier than their parents. The bar-tailed pheasant (*Phasianus reevesii*) Lord Lilford has also found a hardy bird, easily reared and good to eat; yet it is of a wild, wary nature, more given to roaming than the other species, and he is inclined to think that it would be better adapted to Scotland and Wales than to the Midlands—from a sporting point of view.

Of late years partridges have been more plentiful than ever. He has known them nest in a flower-bed near the house, and whilst the young were in process

of hatching the male bird was in a constant state of anxiety, running to and fro on the stone balustrade that surrounds the flower-garden, and calling loudly all through the day.

Quails are becoming every year more scarce in Northamptonshire, as in most parts of England and Ireland. The higher cultivation of our land is doing away with those rougher, broken portions in which the quail has its favourite habitat. The water-rail is scarce, but the land-rail or corncrake is a very common summer visitor to Northamptonshire. In Spain, Lord Lilford says, one or two of the latter species are supposed to accompany each great flight of quails on their vernal migration, acting as pilots to them, so that the landrail is there called the "guide of the quails," and in France "king of quails."

We specially commend to our readers all that the writer has to say about the great and the little bustard, as he knows more about these birds practically than does any other ornithologist in our country. That they have been "done to death" in Northamptonshire is a fact much to be deplored. A solitary bird is still recorded at long intervals, but it is no sooner seen than it is shot.

Coots are found in most of the larger ponds or lakes of the county. Being anxious to encourage them on the river in his estate, Lord Lilford procured fresh eggs from Norfolk and put them into the nest of water-hens; but he fears these were disturbed or depredated by the numerous pleasure-boats which now infest the district, to the destruction of many a wild creature that ought to be protected.

The second volume is devoted to the consideration of the wild-

fowl. The stone-curlew is a rare straggler to the county of Northamptonshire; indeed only two occurrences are noted of it. Its most usual haunts are commons, rabbit-warrens, and some of the larger heaths, the upland sheep-walks of the South Downs having always been a favourite resort of this bird. Quoting from the letter of a friend, dated July 1880, Lord Lilford gives the following record:—

"On Monday, May 10, I was attending at Arthingworth. Rokeby (the rector of that village) said, 'I have a rare bird to show you, wounded this morning by a shepherd and brought to me.' He then showed me a rather small specimen of the stone-curlew, which had been seen in company with six or seven more, but what became of it ultimately I cannot say. It is undoubtedly a rare bird in this midland and much-frequented neighbourhood, as I take it that few birds are disposed to be less philanthropic."

Several instances of the breeding of the woodcock within the limits of Northamptonshire have been reported. Most observers and writers have lately stated that very many more of these birds remain to breed in our British Islands than was the case half a century ago, but no large bag of woodcocks has been reported from Northamptonshire. An old gamekeeper at Lilford used to tell how he had once, in the days of flint and steel, with one companion who was a very bad shot, killed twenty-six in Bearshank Wood; but Lord Lilford does not think the score has ever exceeded fifteen in one day, even on the estate of Lord Lyveden in the neighbourhood of Lilford, where the favourite coverts for woodcocks are a fine range of woodlands there. Speaking of their passing from the woods down a

glade or ride to their feeding-grounds, a gamekeeper used to say, "They flies out like a snipe and comes in like a howl." An interesting passage may be quoted here in full:—

"I have often heard of, and twice witnessed, a curious habit of this bird that I do not remember to have seen in any way explained. I was sent forward to stand in a ride of an oak-copse in Ireland whilst the beaters and two shooters beat the covert towards me. I had hardly reached my post when a shot was fired and the cry of 'Cock forward!' reached my ears. The young oaks in front of me were pretty tall and very thick, and in a minute or two I heard something crash into them within a few yards of me. I could see for a certain distance in under the trees, and, looking for what I expected would be the dead woodcock, was astonished to see the bird crouching close, and busily employed in covering itself with dead leaves, which it deliberately drew over its back by two and three at a time, scuffling meanwhile slightly with its feet to make a depression. In a very few minutes I could see nothing of the bird but one eye, and though I fired several shots at other birds from my post, this bird remained in its *cache* till poked up by a spaniel, when it rose and flew back over the heads of the advancing beaters without giving a shot to the shooters who accompanied them. On another occasion in Epirus, I saw a woodcock go through a precisely similar performance, but in this case the cock was pursued by a sparrow-hawk, who would have caught him if it had not been for the sight of me. I need not say that I left this woodcock in peace in his leafy couch."

Strange cases occur of stragglers driven presumably out of their course by stress of weather. Lord Lilford gives some interesting instances of such:—

"A curious occurrence of a puffin far from its usual haunts took place on May 16, 1887, when one of these birds flew into a bedroom of No. 45 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,

and was picked up alive, but with a broken leg. I mention this, as I had occupied this house for several months in the previous year, and because the owner, aware of my ornithological tastes, was good enough to send me the skin of this erratic puffin, which is now stuffed at Lilford."

Or again :—

"A fork-tailed petrel was picked up three days ago about three miles from this and sent to me yesterday. It is remarkable that this species (*Procellaria leucorrhoa*), which is a much scarcer bird in British waters than its close ally, the storm petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, should occur so much more frequently inland than the latter (*Procellaria pelagica*)."

We would fain quote much more from these interesting volumes, would space permit it. Few, however, who are students of bird-life are likely to lose the opportunity of reading them in their entirety. In all Lord Lilford's writings there is, apart from the charm that an agreeable personality

creeping in here and there exercises on his readers, an evident truthfulness and straightforwardness which impresses and convinces. He describes just what he has himself seen, having always verified all he discourses on. These are the writings we want, rather than the compilations that have been, of late especially, only too common.

Although Lord Lilford has been of late years, as he tells us, debarred by infirmity from physical exertions in his quiet retreat near Oundle, he takes an active part in the world's progress. Being desirous of learning more about the avifauna of some portions of Arctic Europe, he chartered and fitted out the steam-yacht Saxon of Birkenhead,—his nephew, Mr Mervyn Powys, and Mr Aubyn Trevor Battye, taking charge of the expedition. One result of this has been that interesting work by the latter, 'Ice-bound on Kolguev.'

IN ARCADY.

I.

GIVE me the pleasure of a book,
An ample shade, a running brook,
A piping bird, and splashing trout,
And wild-flowers shining all about;
Then even kings would envy me,
So full of joy my life would be.

II.

With cheerful heart and cloudless brain,
No breath of care, no touch of pain,
Arcadian summer soft and light,
A cooling breeze, and skies most bright;
Then little birds would envy me,
So full of joy my life would be.

III.

In careless ease there let me lie,
The happiest man beneath the sky,
There idly scan some book of old,
Filled with a poet's thoughts of gold;
Then blushing brides would envy me,
So full of joy my life would be.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.

THE CLOSURE AND COMMON-SENSE.

OBSTRUCTION has triumphed: the Education Bill is withdrawn: and the Opposition are now in the seventh heaven of joy and exultation. It is idle to minimise the fact. But if the party in power rightly appreciate its character, they may gain more by the lesson which it teaches than they can lose by the blow which it inflicts. That the most powerful Ministry of modern times should be compelled to abandon the most important measure of the session, after the second reading had been carried by a majority of nearly three hundred, is so utterly inconsistent with both the theory and the practice of parliamentary government as to point to the existence of some latent disorder in the system, which if not promptly removed may lead to its rapid dissolution. We spoke in our last number of obstruction as a serious danger. But it is rather the disease of which obstruction is the symptom that we have to dread, the parliamentary decay so eloquently referred to by Mr Balfour in the concluding words of his speech last Monday week,—words which abundantly justify all that we have been saying in these columns for many months past with regard to the inevitable consequences of conducting the Opposition in the House of Commons on the principle now sanctioned by its leaders. “I deeply regret the evidence of parliamentary decay which last week especially, but in some respects all the events of this session, have begun to show. To those who love our traditions, to those who are careful of our fame, these incidents portend great

mischief in the future. They are ominous, I fear, of inevitable change. This is not the time at which the nature of these changes could be discussed, even if they could now be adumbrated.” That we are probably on the eve of some great change, some “bloodless revolution,” in our parliamentary system, has long been our opinion, and every session of Parliament seems to bring it nearer and nearer. But at present we are concerned only with the immediate evil now before us, the rise and progress of obstruction, and the remedies for which it calls. We do not acquit the Government of all blame for the fate of the Education Bill. Mr Balfour went at length into the nature of the “miscalculation” to which he pleads guilty; but he showed to the satisfaction of all reasonable men that it was due only to a misconception of the character of his opponents. He did not anticipate from them a method and degree of opposition setting at defiance all the comity of party warfare, and, as Mr Chamberlain says, “absolutely unparalleled in history”; and seems to have expected them to act as if they were gentlemen first and members of Opposition afterwards. Experience should have taught him better, and let us hope that the error will not be repeated. There may have been some little contributory negligence on the part of the Government. But it is but a feather in the scale compared with the real cause of the disaster. We are sorry to see the repetition of such scandalous misstatements on this subject as have appeared in organs of the press which we

had hoped were superior to all personal motives. The failure of the bill is hardly due at all to causes over which Mr Balfour had any control, unless he had chosen to adopt the plan of closure by compartments. It is futile to deny so palpable a fact as that the present state of business is due to the persistent obstruction of the Radical party, who themselves admit that as they have begun so they intend to go on. They make open boast of the obstructive debates which it will be in their power to raise on a multiplicity of questions at every stage of the Ministerial business, and they are now, unfortunately, in a position to take advantage of their own wrong, and to attribute to the incompetence of Ministers what is exclusively due to their own deliberate violation of the spirit of parliamentary government.

The scruples of the Government on the subject of the closure are to be respected, but we think they are misplaced. And, indeed, it is high time that the whole question was set in its proper light before the people, and that the country at large began to realise the conditions under which, in the absence of any such changes as Mr Balfour contemplates, parliamentary government seems likely to be conducted. Attempts are still made to represent the closure as a measure of exceptional stringency, to be kept in reserve for occasions of extraordinary urgency,—“a last resort in extreme case,” to borrow the words of Sir William Harcourt: and it is of course very natural that such should be the theory of the Opposition. But as we hope presently to show, it does not correspond with facts. The closure has now advanced far beyond that very

elementary stage, and one of the chief promoters of its growth has been Sir W. Harcourt himself. He points to his own use of it in 1894 as furnishing an example for all future Governments. It is very likely that it may do so, but not in the sense intended by Sir W. Harcourt. His employment of it at all events was such as to drive the Opposition out of the House, and to produce what had not been known for near a century, “a secession”; nor should we be at all surprised if the session of 1894 came hereafter to be regarded as an epoch in the history of the closure, from which dates its practical recognition as part of the ordinary machinery of parliamentary procedure. Sir William Harcourt is horrified at the idea of it becoming “an ordinary diet.” But we rather think that when the Muse of history comes to deal with this topic, she will name Sir William as the *chef* who first surfeited Parliament with this dainty dish.

But though both sides may try to shut their eyes to the real state of the case, and though the party in Opposition have been delivered of a good deal of virtuous indignation at the tyrannical conduct of the Government, that is no reason why the public should either delude themselves or help others to keep up the delusion. A new agent has been introduced into our system of parliamentary debate, from which it is highly improbable that it will ever be expelled, or even kept within such limits as the immediate sufferers from it naturally wish to see observed.

These just now happen to be the very men to whom we are indebted for the necessity of this innovation. It has its origin in the theory of divine right adopted by the Liberal party within the

last thirty years. The term has been used of late by both Mr Balfour and Lord Salisbury; but we ourselves called attention to this curious revival of an ultra-Tory doctrine by the extreme Liberal party at a much earlier period. The doctrine first began to sprout after the Reform Bill of 1832. The Conservative reaction of 1841 nipped it for a time; but it was not killed, and after 1846 began to grow again more steadily than ever. Successive Conservative failures—in 1852, in 1857, in 1865, and in 1868—to obtain a majority at the polling-booths naturally confirmed it, till on Mr Gladstone's accession to office in the last-mentioned year it had come to be generally believed that the Liberals were in the right, and that a strong Conservative Government in the House of Commons would never again be seen. The doctrine of divine right was now therefore fully developed. The people, we were told, had declared over and over again that they would have nothing to say to the Conservatives. The Liberals, of course, were only too ready to believe the flattering tale. The Conservatives had reduced the Franchise, and, if that move didn't answer, was it likely that anything else would ever have the desired effect? No! the people saw through them. The Liberals clearly had Providence on their side, and an indefeasible title to the government of the country, with all the good things appertaining to it.

Mr Gladstone fell—we need not repeat a thrice-told tale—and only five years after the political extinction of his rivals had been confidently predicted, they were seated in power with a compact majority of fifty, and the reproach of twenty-

eight years was completely effaced. But the Gladstonian party then, as afterwards, would not accept the verdict of the country. They declared that the majority was not a genuine majority: that they themselves had been cheated out of office, with much more to the same effect; and on the strength of this assumption conceived themselves at liberty to treat the Conservatives as usurpers, or rather as filibusters, outside the pale of legitimate party warfare. The temper thus generated has never cooled. Obstruction was its natural offspring; and though in the scenes which now daily pass before us we are apt to forget the extreme violence of the opposition offered to Lord Beaconsfield, the seeds were then sown of all that has happened since: a new system of tactics was inaugurated, to which even Fox and Bolingbroke in their most malignant and intemperate moments would have scorned to stoop.

Obstruction, then, was the inevitable result of the conviction thus deeply implanted in the Liberal mind that they were the natural inheritors of political power in this country, and that no quarter was to be shown to those who endeavoured to rob them of it. From men who go into Opposition with these feelings strong upon them what else is to be expected? "No faith is to be kept with heretics"—a doctrine wrongly ascribed to the Roman Church—may rightly be imputed to the modern Radical. There was a lull in the system no doubt during the earlier part of Lord Salisbury's former Administration. The dismemberment of the Liberal party by Mr Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule was too complete to admit of any energy being displayed by

the section of it which remained in Opposition, during the first dark days of its humiliation and despair. The shock was too great. Both leaders and followers were stunned by it. They lay like the fallen angels: and even when they began to bestir themselves, their hopes lay rather in sowing dissension between the Liberal Unionists and Conservatives than in discomfiting the Government. When, however, they found that the union was invulnerable, they returned to their old tactics; and we must all remember the pertinacious obstruction which prevented Lord Salisbury's Administration from completing their scheme of local government. Obstruction had now taken its place among the regular recognised methods of party warfare.

On what might have happened if the Separatists had returned to power in 1892 with a majority of eighty or a hundred it is useless to speculate. What did happen was that they came back with so small a majority, and introduced measures of such profound constitutional importance, that they were driven to the use of the closure as "an article of ordinary diet." They fought with Home Rule or Disestablishment in one hand and the closure in the other. And though the Education Bill is not naturally so contentious a measure as either Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment, the Opposition themselves have made it so, as they have done also the Agricultural Rating Bill, describing it as a "fiscal revolution." Sir William Harcourt, whatever he may say, cannot shuffle off the responsibility for having riveted the closure upon Parliament. When, being in office, he used it to carry measures which a majority

of the British people condemned; and when, being in Opposition, he lent himself to a species of obstruction of which the sole object was to prevent measures from being carried of which a still larger majority approved,—he was doing more than any one statesman of the day to saddle the House of Commons with an institution which would have shocked Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, but which now seems to have become necessary to the transaction of ordinary business. It being the avowed aim of the Opposition to bar all legislation whatsoever, for fear it should redound to the credit of their rivals, new methods must be admitted for coping with this new development of the party system. And as the Radical Opposition, true to their theory of divine right, seem likely to continue these tactics whenever they are not in office, the only way which has yet been devised of carrying on the work of the Government in the teeth of such a determination must be accepted not only as permanent but as normal. At all events, the remedy must be kept in use as long as the disease lasts, and this is likely to be long enough.

This is the situation which we have to face; and the solemn warnings which have been addressed to the present Government on the subject by some who profess to be their friends only show a total want of power to appreciate it. It is useless to mince matters. The war between the Government and the Opposition is war to the knife, and if the one party chooses to push matters to extremity, so must the other. Ministers are told that they must be careful how they use closure by compartments now,

because they protested against it when they were in Opposition. Of course they did. The beaten party always does. It is too late to talk in that way now. The closure, we maintain, whatever form it takes, is now an established system: the necessity for it as one of the regular instruments of parliamentary procedure has been amply demonstrated: both sides are committed to it, and both sides must be allowed to use it at their own discretion. When Ministers protested against it, moreover, it was in very different circumstances from those of the present day. They protested against its being used to override the will of the people. They might have hoped that it would never be necessary to use it to enforce the will of the people. That illusion being dispelled, there remains nothing but the naked truth that obstruction will henceforth be practised for purely party purposes, to embarrass or discredit an obnoxious Administration, without any regard to the public interest whatever, and that consequently it must be put down, as such a cynical prostitution of freedom of debate deserves to be, by summary intervention.

Ministers have not only their own credit and dignity to consider. They are intrusted with the promotion of important measures of relief—one demanded by the greatest of our national industries, and one by the almost unanimous voice of our national religion—and are they to allow such measures as these to be frittered away or entirely defeated, rather than make use of the weapons which Parliament has placed in their hands, because at some former time they have resented a particular employment of them? It is by listening

to such counsels as these that many disasters have occurred, which courage and firmness at the outset would easily have prevented. Ministers have now to finish the present session as best they may, and to look forward to the next, and to the conduct of their new Education Bill in the face of the open avowal, which cannot be again ignored, that Opposition with the Radical party means obstruction. The whole of Sir W. Harcourt's speech on the 22d of June, in reply to Mr Balfour, comes to this. He has a right to employ this method of resistance against any measure of which he chooses to disapprove. He proclaims this. The Opposition are determined to use "every means at their disposal" to defeat such bills. That is a phrase which occurs over and over again in Sir William's speeches. The Opposition, in short, are in open revolt against the legitimate authority of the Government and the declared wishes of the people. They announce their intention of resisting both "to the last cartridge." For Ministers to stand overmuch upon ceremony with such opponents as these, so as to endanger or postpone measures which are urgently required, is a breach of their duty to the public. Magnanimity in the abstract may be treason in the concrete: and can the Government believe for one moment that the disuse of the closure will disarm the hostility of the Radicals; or that when they return to power they will use it one whit more sparingly against the Conservatives because they have been spared themselves? Not they. Who cannot hear Sir William Harcourt's horse-laugh, if such a suggestion were made to him? Mr Balfour must harden his

heart, as they say in the hunting-field, and face without flinching the obstacles which lie before him, and he will easily redeem the mistake into which he has been betrayed by over-confidence in the waning traditions of the House of Commons. From the determined attitude which he exhibited on the 21st of May, when he refused to give way to suggestions for adjournment, and carried the Rating Bill triumphantly through Committee after a sitting of twenty-three hours, we have good grounds to hope that he will not be found wanting hereafter, when perhaps the Opposition and their friends in Printing House Square may be found lamenting his firmness instead of mocking at his weakness. Those laugh longest who laugh last.

Protests against the closure, the discussion of coercive regulations in general, the questions as to the wisdom of interfering with debate in any way, were all very well when the great change was in its infancy, and when the necessity for some remedial measure to check the licence of Opposition was first under consideration. But the system now in force is, we repeat, firmly established. It has been accepted by both parties. The right of the Government to terminate discussion when it is either superfluous or obstructive, or both, has been fully acknowledged, and how the system is to be applied, how the right is to be exercised, are clearly for the Government to decide, who are the best judges of what the public interest requires.

It signifies not one sixpence to the main question now before us either who were the original offenders, or whether the position of the present Government justifies seve-

rity or not. We have a strong opinion on both questions ourselves, as we have already made plain. But what the public should understand is this, that constant obstruction having wrought the closure into an implement for constant use, it is doubtful how far Government is justified in allowing its measures to be defeated while it has this instrument in its hands to ensure their being carried. The Home Rule Bill was forced through the House of Commons by the aid of the closure. The Welsh Disestablishment Bill would have been pushed through in the same way if the career of the Government had not been cut short. Is it to be supposed that the Conservatives are going to allow their opponents a monopoly of what is facetiously termed the guillotine? Such a suggestion is puerile. Sir William Harcourt appeals to his own forbearance in the use of it when he was in power. We have referred to this boast, and to the curious notions of forbearance which Sir William must entertain. But does he not see that even if it were so, he used it as often as he wanted it; and that if he did not want it oftener, it was owing to the forbearance of the Opposition and not to his own? It is a law of dynamics to apply only as much force as is wanted to overcome the resistance offered. Thus the application of the closure depends on the force of the obstruction: and will anybody pretend to say that the obstruction experienced in the House of Commons by Lord Rosebery's Government can be compared for a moment with the obstruction offered to the present Administration by the members and supporters of that Government? If Sir William Harcourt were to be

treated by the Conservatives as the Conservatives are being treated by himself, would *he* put his precepts into practice, and refrain from closing the Opposition? Give him the chance!

We were lately staying at the house of a friend blessed with some grown-up sons, whose natural taste for disputation has been sharpened by the practice of the law. Not the simplest proposition can be advanced at either breakfast, lunch, or dinner but what it is immediately controverted, and made the subject of a lively altercation, which continues to the end of the repast. "You see," said our host one day, turning to a lady on his right, "we carry everything in this house at the point of the bayonet." This is the state of the House of Commons. The younger members of the Opposition below the gangway consider it fine fun, and a cheap and easy way of making a reputation. The elder ones encourage it, just as Pulteney used to encourage "the boys" in their fiery declamation against Sir Robert Walpole. The Government cannot allow important measures, which they believe to be for the public benefit, to be arrested by such a system as this. If they can only carry them at the point of the bayonet, that gentle persuasion must be used. They are clearly in the right in resolving to carry their measures; and if the Opposition use "every means at their disposal" for defeating them, Government must use every means at their disposal for enforcing them. It was sanctioned by Parliament for this express purpose: and if it was not anticipated at the time that it would become "the ordinary diet" of the House, neither was it anticipated that obstruction would

become its daily food. Seeing that both seem now to have effected a permanent lodgment in our parliamentary system, it is useless to complain of either. We must take them as we find them. If we too might "give advice to Sulla," we should recommend the Government to give up complaining of the conduct of the Opposition, and accept it as part of the new conditions to which we have already referred, and which Mr Chamberlain recognised in his speech at the Westminster Palace Hotel. We must, he said, accommodate ourselves to the "new conditions which have obtained in the House of Commons." Let it be understood once for all that for Opposition we are now to read Obstruction: that the latter is the new way of doing business, which has superseded the old parliamentary methods. Call it Opposition at high pressure if you like, commercial men know what that means. But obstruction is shorter and simpler. This truth, for such it is, being once frankly recognised, the closure loses all its odium, and takes its place at once as the natural antidote to the newly imported virus.

The Opposition will do well to remember Mr Chamberlain's words: "They have not yet given up their desire to succeed by constitutional means rather than by the more arbitrary methods of their opponents." But they may be forced to give it up. They may yet be made to feel that the conduct of their opponents is such as to absolve them from all obligation to their former protests, uttered as they were under totally different conditions. Sir W. Harcourt may yet live to rue the day when he destroyed the first Education Bill—

"Turno tempus erit, multo quum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et quum spolia ista diemque
Oderit."

They are not bound to abstain from closing by compartments unless they are met in a conciliatory spirit, and with reciprocal concessions by the Opposition. But these gentlemen are already reckoning up in gleeful anticipation the chances they will have of heaping obstruction on obstruction between the present time and next March. Egypt will furnish so much matter, South Africa so much more. The Finance Bill will contribute its quota, and so on. Is this the attitude, is this the language, of gentlemen prepared to recognise in the Government's forbearance an act of generosity, to be received in a corresponding spirit, or of political sharpers, who see in it only a silly sentiment which they do not understand, and of which they will take prompt advantage? What terms is it possible to keep with such opponents as these, and how can we look forward to any return of better times when the guillotine may be turned into a pruning-knife, while the regular Opposition in the House of Commons continue to be animated by such a spirit?

Even if the two parties could be brought to such a sense of the danger and mischief of the present system as to agree to abandon obstruction as at present practised, how could they trust each other, or how could the leaders restrain their followers? If we look back only across the current session, we see that the use of the closure has been of constant occurrence. So it was in 1893 and 1894. So it would be again if Sir William Har-

court or Mr Asquith, or any other member of the Radical party, became leader of the House. It seems to us, we must own, very far from improbable that even more stringent measures of repression may some day be adopted, if the doctrine of divine right still continues to flourish. Such seems to be Mr Balfour's own opinion. But whether or no, it will, we think, be found impossible to put any substantial check on the use of the closure as long as it exists at all. If you put power in men's hands they will use it. Closure by compartments is only one form of it: the principle is exactly the same; the one may be made just as coercive as the other. Is it not better to face facts at once—to accept obstruction and the closure as the twin conditions of future parliamentary debate? The only alternative that we see is to abolish the closure altogether, and restore the House of Commons to its original freedom. There would be plenty of noble savages to run wild in it. But even without the closure Supply could be got through in six months; or if it were finished in less, some legislation might be attempted. One good bill a session would be quite enough; and perhaps that much might be managed. If this is a Utopian vision, the end, however, is one to which we seem likely to be brought by another road. Obstruction, unless suppressed by methods which the present Government are apparently unwilling to adopt, must bring us to one-bill Sessions ere long: and we may ask in all sober seriousness whether it would not be better to put an end to the closure at once than to leave it in existence only for the benefit of our adver-

saries. Of one thing we may be tolerably certain, that the application of the closure, if it remains as it is, is likely rather to increase than to diminish in frequency and severity. The spirit of obstruction is not allayed by it, though its action may be crippled. The more the conduct of the Opposition compels the Government to have recourse to it, the greater the exasperation of its opponents, and the less likely are they when they regain power to use it with moderation. Thus it seems probable that on every change of Government the new one will come into office with a fresh stock of hoarded irritation to work off, and that thus obstruction and suppression will grow hand in hand at compound interest, till some organic change in the constitution

of Parliament becomes absolutely indispensable.

We have tried to take a broad view of the question, and to look at the closure as it affects both parties and is practised by both without distinction. We would be understood to mean that Conservatives as well as Liberals may be reluctantly compelled to become the instrument of carrying out a change which circumstances have rendered inevitable, though both may consider it undesirable. But we must repeat, in conclusion, that if either party, for any reason whatever, decline to avail themselves of the assistance afforded by the closure in passing their measures through Parliament, the sooner they put it out of their opponents' power to make use of it themselves the better.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF RUSSIA.

IT needed the horrible disaster of the Khodinsky Plain to remind Nicholas II. that he is but a man. Such would have been the ancient envisagement of the calamity, and we are still so far in bondage to the theory of Nemesis that, though we may not put it so bluntly, the explanation corresponds to a lurking sentiment in most minds. For even to those who go no further for their political conceptions than the illustrated newspapers, there was something almost awfully solemn and impressive in the pictures of this small, slight young man as the centre of such dazzling glory. The remotest ends of the earth sent their greatest and most imposing figures to do him homage. There were his own subjects of every race and creed—Russians from all the Russias, Finns and Lapps, Courlanders and Poles from the fringes of his European dominions, Cossacks and Tartars, Kalmucks and Mongolians, Emirs from Samarcand and Bokhara with centuries of mysterious romance in their train, and half-starved savages from the remotest north-east—Greeks and Catholics and Protestants, Mussulmans and Buddhists and Pagans. The absolute power exercised by the young man over all these has passed into a commonplace of rhetoric. But there was also a second group which, to many minds, bore even more significance than the crowd of recognised tributaries. There were the unofficial vassals, the representatives of thrones and principalities and powers nominally free, but, in plain truth, almost as subservient to the lightest whisper of their master as the meanest *moujik* struggling for his life and a tin mug with *bon-*

bons on the Khodinsky Plain. From Count de Montebello downwards, Prince Ferdinand and Zia Pasha, Li Hung Chang, Count Yamagata, and Abbas Mirza, uncle of the new Shah—they were all *moujiks* in their degree, and they were all struggling for a tin mug with *bonbons*. In this assembly, as among the recognised subjects, there was more than a parade of empty vaingloriousness. Each envoy stood for a very real factor of the Emperor's power—the outer circle, as it were, of his liegemen, not less abjectly obedient than their acknowledged fellows.

The coronation came aptly as the visible embodiment of a complete and almost world-wide authority, such as no Emperor of Russia has ever wielded before. It happened to coincide with a series of brilliant diplomatic triumphs following so hard on one another's heels, that what would have supplied foreign politics for a year's meditation has become merely one point in a sequence—the successor of the last and the usher of the next. During the months that Nicholas II. has been on the throne and Prince Lobanoff has been at the Chancellery, they have made huge strides towards empire such as might have sufficed for half a century. Or perhaps it would be more true to say that with the advent of the new Emperor came the harvest of what had been sown long before, and all the crops began to be garnered together. Peace or war, Russian aggression never stands still, and it is most characteristic of her patient and far-sighted diplomacy that she reaps more in peace than at the close of her most successful wars. To explain

this ceaseless and pauseless advance upon all her neighbours, they tell us that she wants an open port on an open ocean—that it is absurd to ask an empire like Russia to put up with an outlet to the sea that is blocked by ice four months in every year. But that is no answer to the accusation, if accusation it be, of universal aggression. The possession of such a port is not the end but the means. There is no end to Russian ambition; each point won is a stepping-stone to the next. Eastern Siberia has no glut of merchandise struggling for a vent at Vladivostock, nor would Constantinople be any better fitted for the export grain trade than Odessa. The port may foster a trade as yet in its infancy, but this is just another reason for saying that it is not the goal of Russian aspiration, but only a milestone on the road. If not for empire and for competitive trade, why seek an open port at all? Still less can the constant absorption of new territory be explained by any superfluity of population in the old. It is nothing, after all, but the genuine earth-hunger, the lust of unlimited dominion. England is accused of it—probably without truth, since, if England could win markets without possession, she would be too grateful for the opportunity. Conquerors like Alexander and Napoleon have been inspired by it. In our own days whole nations have been bitten by it, as in Africa, because they have realised that even the world's surface is limited, and that they must peg out their claims now or never. But Russia has been hungering and thirsting for the whole earth ever since Russia was. She pursues her unchanging aim by peace or war—most surely, as has been said, by peace. The reign

of Alexander III. the Pacificator, and the activity of M. de Giers, were a perpetual struggle for empire. And if Nicholas II. and Prince Lobanoff appear more enterprising, it is only that now is the time to garner, when before it was the time to sow. And all the sheaves are coming home together. If it is a port that is wanted, Russia has now the choice of half-a-dozen. If it is territory, there are several desirable empires waiting to be carved up. If it is universal hegemony, it is hers. Russia is the arbiter of the world. The Powers that are collectively in league against her are individually as desperately anxious for their tin mug as are her direct dependants and allies. Such as have most reason to dread her, and as command the force which might throw her back, are silent and bewildered. From one end of the world to the other she has established a kind of divine right. There is even a new language fitted to the new cult. "A service to the peace of the world" is the new name for an act of complaisance to the Tsar, as "treachery to the common interests of civilisation" is the brand of such as seek to thwart him.

This language sounds extravagantly, but it is hardly a word more than the truth. And it is well worth the while of Britons to consider in a little detail the factors which have combined into what may be very literally called this commanding position. It is Britain that this position threatens, beyond any doubt—not perhaps by the choice of either Russia or of ourselves, but certainly by the imperative necessities of our relative positions in the world. In the Eastern hemisphere Great Britain and Russia are the only two expansive Powers in any real sense. There are others, such as France

and Germany, which resist absorption, and even seek out barren spheres for the expansion that never comes. But the fact that such Powers resist absorption is only the more reason for certainty that the time will come when there will be no room left for the simultaneous enlargement of both. The moment may come in the twentieth century or in the twenty-first, but come it must and will. And however the advocates of an Anglo-Russian understanding may delude themselves or others in London, there is no delusion in Petersburg. "Hostility to England is the alphabet of Russian policy," says the forward school; "an understanding if you will," say even the most moderate, "but it must be an understanding, not of common interest, but of rivalry." That such an understanding must be either impossible or useless will be argued later; at present we may endeavour to see what the dangers are against which, whether by understanding or by opposition, we have to guard ourselves.

The beginning of the Russian "boom" was, of course, the French connection, growing almost imperceptibly, from ordinary courtesy on the one side and slavering sentiment on the other, through the nebulous limbo of *rapprochement* and *entente*, into full-grown, full-armed alliance. To what extent and in what conditions this alliance is valid it is at this moment neither possible nor important to determine. What is important is, that French people and French deputies believe that Russia and France are one, and that Prince Lobanoff is quite content to suffer them to think so. To see how far the alliance goes we must see it in operation, and that we shall hardly see without a European war. It is true that

the diplomacy of the two countries plays together, as in Constantinople or Cairo; but on the other side, French and German diplomacy have played together for two years in Africa against Great Britain, and between France and Germany there is certainly no alliance. Nevertheless it is in such diplomatic concert as is to be found between Messieurs de Nelidoff and Cambon at Constantinople, between the French and Russian representatives on the Caisse de la Dette at Cairo, that the practical working of the alliance has hitherto been best seen. It has brought Russia no very palpable advantage in Europe, but it has secured her flank there and given her a very useful leverage for work elsewhere. International rivalries during the last few years have shifted almost entirely from Europe to Asia and Africa. This is due partly to the completion of European military systems and the mutual fear springing from them, which results in an equilibrium neither stable nor unstable, but rather what the statist calls neutral equilibrium—where a body is impelled by any force, there it remains so soon as the force is exhausted—and partly to the conviction, already noticed, that those who wish to take up unoccupied patches of the earth must do so in this generation or never. The French alliance freed Russia to enter into the scramble with both hands.

A few weeks ago it looked as if by this alliance Russia had not only defended her European flank, but had actually broken up any possibility of danger from that quarter. The Triple Alliance appeared to be on the point of falling to pieces. Germany had plunged into the torrent of colonial rivalry, and it washed her up alongside of

France and Russia. It may be that she was impelled to improve her relations across the Rhine and the Vistula by a wholesome respect for the increasing solidarity of the Franco-Russian combination. But in the main the Kaiser's policy appears to have been determined by rivalry with this country in Africa. This rivalry dated from the days of Angra Pequena and Walvisch Bay and Dr Peters's futile raid on Uganda. It had been embittered when Mr Rhodes forestalled German concession-hunters at Buluwayo. It was stirred into new life by the unlucky agreement which Lord Rosebery or Lord Kimberley concluded with the Congo State in the early months of 1893. This wild and blundering arrangement brought France and Germany together: they protested simultaneously against various parts of it, and they protested successfully. Association with France led up naturally to an introduction to Russia, and as naturally we found the three Powers taking common action in the Far East. Meanwhile bad blood grew worse between this country and Germany, until it issued in the outbreak of January last, as everybody knows.

This breach affected the Triple Alliance, and therefore Russia's European position, in two senses. First, there was the new friendliness of Germany—or rather the revival of the old Bismarckian friendliness; and secondly, there was an unequalled opportunity of turning the screw on Italy. Italy was never a very whole-hearted member of the Alliance, nor could be unless it were quadrupled by the accession of England. Ten years ago her navy, especially if reinforced by such a fleet as Austria commands, might conceivably have sufficed to keep France from

invading her at any point she pleased. To-day it is quite inadequate for that purpose, and each year sees it fall farther behind. If Germany and England were to fall out, what was the use of Germany to Italy, seeing that the Kaiser was far more able to involve her in hostility with France than to defend her if she were attacked? The conclusion was obvious. If Germany joined the Dual Alliance, Italy must join too; even if Germany were refused by the allies, Italy would still—failing any hope of the British fleet—do better to agree with her adversary quickly. We have been told again and again by our special correspondents that the counsel of prudence had become an actuality; that Italy had come in and made her submission to Russia with the rest. And after the disaster of Adowa such a result might have been reasonably expected at any moment. The chronic necessities of the situation were rendered acute by the Russian relations with Abyssinia.

Into the history of this queer connection it is not necessary to enter minutely, although the whole affair is an admirable lesson in Russian diplomacy. Russian traders and Russian travellers had quietly percolated through Abyssinia for years; some of the bashful traffickers even went by way of Persia to escape observation. It has been notorious for years that Menelik has been armed from Obok by Russia's good friends the French; and doubtless here again the allies worked in concert. Out of these underground workings there suddenly cropped up a certain Prince Damto, personally conducted by M. Leontieff, on a mission to gladden the Emperor with the gift of Menelik's Order of Solomon's Seal—as it were a prize

at a flower show. The authorities at Moscow were vastly interested to discover that the Abyssinian Church was a long-lost sister of their own (which it is not in the least), and much ecclesiastical unction was outpoured upon the fortunate Damto. The deputation returned with the politest of messages for Menelik. Then came Adowa and the Red Cross mission to the wounded Abyssinians. The Abyssinian methods of ambulance are hardly more orthodox than the Abyssinian Church, and the Russian army surgeons were certain to find their patients either fully recovered or eaten by sorrowing relations. But no matter; the expedition sailed. It is true that the nurses all turned back, but the soldiers went on. All this was but the thinnest veil over the menace to Italy. Russia had got a footing in the country from which Italy had just been thrown out neck and crop. If Italy wished to get back, she could either do it by purchasing the favour of Russia with her adherence, or attempt to do it at the cost of her enmity. Or else she could resign her African ambitions altogether and make her peace with Russia or not as she chose. The one spirited and dignified course, which was to smash Menelik at Axum, was not taken. For the rest, Italy could either keep her sphere of influence with Russia's leave, or stand the chance of being ousted when Russia saw a favourable moment. Russia is not as yet an African Power, but be sure she would have no objection to becoming one — especially when thereby she could command the Indian route through the Red Sea, while France dominated the Cape line at Madagascar.

But here, it may possibly be guessed, Russia, for a wonder,

sustained a check. It is difficult to explain exactly what happened between Italy and the other members of the Triple Alliance, and between Italy and England. But, judging from the evidence of the Italian Green-book, perhaps it was this. The Kaiser was unwilling to go the whole way towards cordiality with the Dual Alliance, or else his overtures were not favourably received. Thereon he would have pressed King Humbert, when he met him recently at Venice, to maintain the Triple Alliance — in opposition to the tendency of Rudini, his new Premier — and therewith to persevere in the African policy also as far as might be. Italy asked England to help her with a demonstration against the Khalifa, which would, and did, relieve the pressure on Kassala. Lord Salisbury agreed, by way of keeping up a counterpoise to France and Russia: this would explain the unexpected cordiality of Germany with regard to the Soudan advance. The Triple Alliance, in short, was set on its legs again by Lord Salisbury, and Russia was disappointed. Such, at least, is a possible reading of the events of the past few weeks. Yet, even if it be correct, Italy is badly weakened, and with her the anti-Russian combination in Europe. Moreover, the very discourteous publication of the recent Green-book, and the studious omission therefrom of all that might offend France or Russia, shows that Rudini, at least, is all for the Russian connection. And in Abyssinia Russia has fitted a thumb-screw which she may twist upon Italy whenever she will, and also — should Menelik be willing to lend his formidable power to the Khalifa — upon British supremacy in Egypt.

It is not in Europe, however,

but Eastward, that the recent triumphs of Russia have been won; and these triumphs were duly summarised in the presence of many illustrious envoys at the coronation. For the first there was the half-sinister, half-bject figure of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. A triumph over so pitiful a creature was not, perhaps, worthy of the full magnificence of the occasion. Since he nerved himself, first to get rid of Stambuloff, who had made and mastered him, and next to stand aside while the maker and master was murdered by semi-official agents of his Government, it was quite plain that all the Prince needed was permission to abase himself. Yet the victory cost nothing, and, poor as it is, is not without a definite promise of advantage for the future. The enmity of Alexander III. towards Prince Ferdinand was rather personal than political: it is said that Ferdinand promised the late Emperor that he would in no case accept the throne of Bulgaria, and accepted it three days later. But once the Prince had proved his fidelity after the manner of Judas, and it was plain that all he asked was permission to grovel, there was no political reason why that grace should not be accorded him. When Alexander III. died personal hostility ceased, and Prince Ferdinand was allowed access to the door-mat. Arrangements are accordingly being made to reinstate Russian trade in Bulgaria at the expense of Austria. There is likewise a plot to heal the schism in the Orthodox Church by handing over the Bulgars of Macedonia to the spiritual care of the Greek Patriarch, thereby destroying all hope that this province will ever pass to Bulgaria. We have not heard much lately of this project, which aroused the most

furious opposition in Bulgaria; but because it is in abeyance it by no means follows, where Russia is concerned, that it is given up. It is true that Bulgaria is no longer of prime importance as regards Constantinople, since Prince Lobanoff and M. de Nelidoff have flown at the taller game, and secured the Sultan himself. Yet it must always be of value as an outpost close to the objective: the sea-route to Constantinople might be cut, in conceivable eventualities, by a superior British fleet, and with Bulgaria friendly Roumania might be attacked in front and rear. In any case the submission of Prince Ferdinand means one thing: it puts an end to the scandal of the smallest of European Powers openly defying the greatest. Stambuloff snapped his fingers and bade Russia come on, while Britain and the Triple Alliance stood by and applauded the performance. That is over now. Bulgaria has repented in sackcloth and ashes, and the Emperor of All the Russias is exalted.

Possibly the most sensational of Russia's bloodless victories was personified in the presence of Zia Pasha, envoy from the Sultan of Turkey. That Abdul Hamid should have thrown himself bodily into the arms of his ancient enemy and the avenger of his persecuted Christian subjects, came to the general public as a most bewildering reversal of all their ideas. Turkey combining with Russia against England! It was the first step towards the restoration of the Empire of Chaos. But to any one who had penetrated even a little way behind the scenes at Constantinople, the revelation was no way surprising, and was indeed but the accomplishment of the inevitable. They had seen it coming for years, long

before this country finally threw away any shred of influence she still had at Constantinople by her mad campaign for the Armenians. The truth is, that Lord Beaconsfield's Berlin Treaty and Cyprus Convention, instead of being the dawn of a new Anglo-Turkish policy, were the last flicker of the old. The policy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and of the Crimean war was dead—killed by the religious intolerance of Great Britain. The fanatic Turk, except in times of especial excitement, tolerates the Armenian, and allows him to wax rich before his eyes. The fanatic Briton found himself unequal to the tolerance of the Turk at the opposite corner of Europe. As soon as Mr Gladstone came into office in 1880, the British Government set itself sedulously to work to destroy British influence in Turkey. The Turk is like all other Orientals: you can let him alone, you can bribe him, or you can beat him; but you must do one of the three. Our Government preferred a system of perpetual nagging with a view to reform, backed neither by secret-service money nor by gunpowder. Years before the Sassun massacres the consistent refusal of commercial concessions to Englishmen showed that our influence was dead: it was this attack on our pockets—so Murad Bey, the young Turkish leader, has told us—which convinced him that soon or late Great Britain would be avenged on Turkey. Of course that is not the true reason of our intervention after Sassun; but the instructiveness of the explanation lies in the fact that it is the honest belief even of an enlightened Turk. Russia's policy, on the other hand, was clear-sighted and resolute, as always. She began with the advantage of having put pres-

sure upon Turkey in the only way Turkey can understand—at the cannon's mouth and at the point of the bayonet. Turkey was therefore naturally disposed to turn to her rather than to Britain. She followed up her advantage by buying up any man who was likely to be of use. One of her very first purchases, if we may believe the unanimous report of Constantinople, was Ghazi Osman, the hero of Plevna, to whom in war it would fall to lead the Turkish armies against her.

Thus she was well prepared when the crisis came in the spring of last year. It is perhaps excusable that Sir Philip Currie, new to his place and conditions, should have underrated, as he did, the astuteness of M. de Nelidoff, but it was not the less unfortunate. "I can do what I like with that man," he is reported to have said of the prince of diplomatists; after which the man naturally did what he liked with Sir Philip. How completely Great Britain was befooled we did not know till the Blue-books made a clean breast of the dismal mud-dle. M. de Nelidoff divided his time between the Yildiz and the consultation-chamber of the three protesting Ambassadors: he urged reform with one breath, and advised the Sultan not to grant it with the other. Every step taken by the British Cabinet drove Abdul Hamid further back upon the support of Russia. To what extent the Armenian agitation was semi-officially fostered at Tiflis and in Russian Armenia it is not easy to say. It is possible enough that Russia opened the campaign, but that the general appeal emanating from the Gregorian monastery of Etchmiadzin changed the direction of her policy. In any case, it was heads she won, tails we lost: either the Armenians would appeal to her

alone, so that she had a pretext for coercing Turkey, or they would appeal to Great Britain, in which case Russia was fully prepared to take her place as the Sultan's defender. It came down tails, which perhaps was the alternative Prince Lobanoff preferred. Then came the exposure. Whether there is a secret treaty or not matters very little; no treaty is needed. Turkey is to all intents and purposes the vassal of Russia, and the only obstacle to an occupation of the so-called Armenian vilayets, or even to a descent upon Constantinople, is now to be found in the somewhat decayed patriotism of the Turkish populace. But for that, the centuries of Russo-Turkish struggle are over, and Constantinople wants only the reconsecration of St Sophia to be Russian in name as well as in fact.

Abbas Mirza, the deputy of Persia, arrived with a numerous suite the day after the ceremony. Persia is habitually a day late, and Russia has not been unobservant of the fact. Persia lies to-day absolutely at her mercy. She dominates the rich province of Azerbaijan on the north-west from Trans-Caucasia; she threatens Teheran from Ashurada at the southern extremity of the Caspian; her Transcaspian railway gives her indisputable command of Khorasan on the north-east. More than that, her agents are creeping into Seistan, on the British Beluchistan border, and she has more than once attempted to extort a port on the Persian Gulf or the Arabian Sea. The only efficient troops in Teheran are called Cossacks, and are duly officered by Russians. Russian Ministers dictate at Teheran without the barest decencies of diplomatic circumlocution; Russian newspapers openly state that all of Northern Persia is to

be Russian when Russia wills. Years ago a secret treaty is said to have set down the inevitable in black and white. Last autumn one sheaf in the diplomatic harvest came from Persia. A road is to be constructed from Resht on the Caspian to Kasvin: it is to be built by Russian engineers, and the interest on it is guaranteed by Russia. And already the surveys are being made for a Russian railway from Baku (probably) to the great trading city of Tabriz, and thence by Kasvin to the capital. This was more than a set-off to the British tobacco monopoly of 1890, which had to be cancelled owing to the one successful popular agitation of Persian history. We heard of no popular agitation when Russia decided thus finally to shackle the captive. And if one rivet more was wanted, it came when Shah Nasir-ed-Din was shot down before the mosque of Abdul Azim. The late Shah had yielded much to Russia; yet he was a strong man and kept all he could. His successor is a young man of whom very little is known; but that little is very much to Russia's purpose. He has had no experience of government. He is of a mild and retiring disposition. He has always been counted the friend of Russia as against his elder illegitimate brother, late Governor of Isfahan, who was supposed to favour Britain. It is the disastrous custom of Persia that the Crown Prince is titular Viceroy of Azerbaijan, the one province most completely overshadowed by Russian power: he resides at Tabriz. Shah Muzaffar-ed-Din has seen the mob of Tabriz, after the bread riots of last year, carry the bodies of the slain in protest, not to him, the Viceroy and heir to his father's throne, but to the Russian consul. Has he learnt

his lesson? It would be wonderful if he had not, and in him Russia is like to have the most submissive of all her vassals.

No statelier envoy brought sincere and humble congratulations to the new Emperor than Li Hung Chang. For thirty-five years he has stood for his country in every emergency of peace or war; at the end of a long life he is coming for the first time to visit the barbarians of the West. He has brought his coffin with him, but that he has consigned to London, feeling the impoliteness involved in dying at a coronation. Is not this also an omen, even as the belated advent of Abbas Mirza? And does Li Hung Chang also conceal a secret treaty in his yellow riding-jacket? It has been confidently so asserted by those who should know; but here again there is no need to insist on the superfluous. Treaty or no treaty, China also has found her asylum in Russia's hospitable bosom. When once the Siberian railway began to wind round her northern frontier, the fate of China was sealed. It was absurd to ask Russia to tolerate any but a weak and subservient Power on the flank of this railway, said the journalists of Petersburg, and Russophiles in London repeated the cry—as if the Canadian Pacific railway were to justify a British protectorate over the United States. Soon, as the railway crawled from post to post, it became obvious that much expense and trouble would be saved by running the line through a huge corner of Manchuria direct to Vladivostock. Better still were second thoughts: run the line through Manchuria to a Chinese port that is open all the year round. It is true that American ice-crushers have now opened

Vladivostock in the hardest winter, but Port Arthur and Port Lazareff were not the less attractive for that. The Chino-Japanese war gave Russia the needed opportunity, and France and Germany supplied the needed pretext of action in the interests of civilised Europe. Neither of them gained anything they could not have got without irritating Japan—but that is their affair. Russia, on the other hand, was enabled to play with the Sick Man of Asia exactly the same game as she had played with Turkey. It was our traditional policy to support China as a barricade against her. But we neither knew the feebleness of China nor, when the Japanese war revealed it, were we prepared to reinforce it. Again, therefore, we left the way open. We were so apprehensive of the hostility of Russia to our client that we forgot that her friendship was even more to be feared. Thus we gave China into the arms of Russia. The service done to the Son of Heaven by keeping the Japanese off the mainland was clinched by the Franco-Russian loan. Here again we let winning cards slip through our fingers. It is said that the loan had been promised to an English house, but our Government did not insist on the bargain. It is also said that the loan was offered to the Rothschilds, and that Lord Rosebery dissuaded them from floating it. The result was that the money was found in France, and interest guaranteed by Russia on the security of the maritime customs. The result today is, that Russia has an official right to interfere with the maritime customs, which is the creation of Sir Robert Hart, and over which British subjects have exercised from the first a predominant influence. At the same time the

chronic impecuniosity of China affords unlimited opportunities of screwing out of her any concession that may from time to time be desired. The corrupt administration of Peking offers as fatal a field for secret-service money as Turkey itself, and no doubt many eligible mandarins have been bought up already. In a word, Russia holds every card at Peking, and has only to play them out at her leisure.

How many of her trumps she has already played, it is not so easy to say. Great Britain appears to have scored a point or two in the game, but hardly as against Russia. We have secured half a loan of a hundred millions of taels, the issue of which is to be divided between the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank and the Deutsch-Ostasiatische Bank. This is a disappointment to the French house which tendered for the loan; but there is nothing official about it, and the security ranks after that of the transaction with Russia. We have secured the opening of the West River, which would counterbalance the concessions granted to France on her Tongking frontier, and help to bring the trade of Yun-nan down to Hong-Kong; but the West River, open in theory, is in fact still closed. Sir Robert Hart has been intrusted with the postal service as well as the maritime customs, but before this is greeted as a victory for British influence it might be wise to wait a while and see how the new arrangement works out. It may be such a victory; it may be the prelude to Sir Robert's supersession in the customs by a Russian, as Russian organs have long recommended. We may be sure that Russia on her side has not been idle. The recent assaults upon German

officers are said to have been instigated by her agents, and there is nothing improbable in the story: without doubt we shall soon see Cossack regiments and Russian officers in Peking as in Teheran. The hardly less recent trespass on the rights of British subjects at Chifu is a small thing, but it is Russia's own. The fact that the Russian Pacific squadron wintered in the bay of Kiao-Chau is interesting as showing the direction of Russian policy and the complaisance of China: the annexation of the position itself is improbable, since it has no inland connection with any Russian base, and is thus defenceless against a superior fleet. Most significant is the admitted fact that the Siberian railway is to be run by Tsitsihar through Manchuria to Port Arthur, or any other more convenient port. This means handing over the vast potential wealth of that country to Russian exploitation, and, once a position is occupied on the Gulf of Pecheli, handing over the keys of the whole stable to the horse-thief. Men of great knowledge and tried honesty have declared positively that this arrangement is down in black and white. This was denied, but Li Hung Chang has more than half confessed it. Secret treaties are made to be denied, though it may be that they are also made to be broken. But the point is, that Russia has it in her power to take what China is said to have given her, and when she wants it she is not likely to hold her hand.

Japan was represented at the Emperor's coronation by Marshal Yamagata, the oriental Moltke who organised the conquest of Korea and the southern regions of Manchuria. But is Japan also among the vassals? Hardly in the same sense as Turkey and Persia

and China; yet is it not probable enough that Japan also has recognised the hopelessness of a struggle with superior force, and has been glad to make decent terms with her antagonist? All we can say for certain is, that Japan has pocketed a defeat in Korea with a humility hardly to be expected otherwise from her by no means humble temperament. The treaty of Shimonoseki, as first negotiated, endowed Japan with a protectorate over Korea. As modified by European intervention, it left the country nominally under its own king, but really under the control of Count Inouye, the representative of the Mikado. He had the tact to leave Korean palace intrigues pretty well alone, but when he was succeeded by Viscount Miura the old struggle broke out between the Queen's family, representing Russia and the old corruption, and the Taiwen-Kun, the King's father, representing Japan and, more or less perfunctorily, reform. In October last the palace was stormed by an armed mob, and the Queen was murdered. It is certain that the assassins were Japanese bravos, and Viscount Miura was brought to trial for complicity in the act. He was acquitted, however, for want of evidence, nor does it appear that the judgment was a partial one. The result was that the unstable king was left to the care of a ministry of Japanese tendencies, while the Japanese troops proceeded to evacuate the peninsula. But on the night of the 10th of February this year happened a revolution at Seoul which has not received in this country one tithe of the attention that it deserves. That night a force of marines and blue-jackets with artillery started inland from Russian warships which happened

to be lying at Chemulpo. On reaching Seoul they occupied the Russian Legation, whither the King of Korea immediately repaired. Under the protection of this Russian force he issued a proclamation condemning his whole Cabinet to instant death. Some of the right honourable gentlemen escaped; the majority were despatched in the street. A Russo-philic Ministry was appointed in their stead, and to this day the King governs Korea from the Russian Legation. Russian schools have been duly instituted, and the familiar expedient of a Russian loan is in progress. In plain language, Russia exercises a protectorate over Korea, and can bring down the railway terminus to any of its harbours she will. Against this cool aggression Japan, so far as has been heard, has not uttered one word of protest; certainly none has been listened to. Russian newspapers—speaking, it must be remembered, only with the approval of their Government—declare freely that Japan has given in and has made her submission. To judge by the signs vouchsafed us, it is certainly very far from impossible.

So vast is the inheritance into which Nicholas II. has entered. If his direct and recognised power is tremendous almost beyond human comprehension, how much more tremendous is his unacknowledged supremacy over all the peoples that encircle his frontiers! It needs only a word from him to call up convulsions that may change the face of the earth. In what direction this change is likely to be set in motion it is difficult to say certainly, but it is easy to guess. Prince Lobanoff has so far unveiled the intentions of his department as to acknowledge that it holds all its spheres of activity of

no account beside China and the Far East. What is known of the Emperor himself makes it very probable that he is in the fullest sympathy with his Chancellor. He is the first Russian Emperor who has himself travelled in the East and allowed his imagination to be played upon directly by its allurements. He has manifested the most constant and lively interest in the great Siberian Railway, which is the outward symbol of the new trend in Russian policy. It may be concluded with some confidence that master and servants alike recognise the boundless possibilities of this policy. China is a hundred times richer than Turkey and Persia together, and in the prospect of its easy spoil even India may well be set aside for the moment. The fruit of India is set about with thorns; China is waiting only to drop into the open mouth. The whole Pacific, moreover, will shortly witness a shifting of the world's equilibrium. As the centre of civilisation and trade moved from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, so even in our day it will begin to swing towards the Pacific. The growth of Australia and New Zealand, the development of the western coast of North America consequent on the trans-continental railways, the rise of Japan, and the completer exploitation of China and the East Indies, all are throwing an increasing proportion of the world's weight into the Pacific. The completion of the Siberian Railway and the construction of the Central American Canal will spin round the wheels of progress more swiftly still. Nicholas II. may well resolve that he too shall be well posted to take a strong part in this huge operation.

It can hardly be any other inspiration that has dictated the ex-

traordinary development of the Russian navy in recent years—a development which has not been regarded by us with the keenness that it surely merits. Ten years ago the Russian naval estimates were well under five millions; to-day they are about six and a half. The rapidity of the increase will be best appreciated by the proportion of ships building to ships completed. Russia at this moment has under construction exactly the same number of battleships—eight—as either Great Britain or France. But whereas, taking first- and second-class battleships, the British increase is roughly one ship building to every four built, and the French two building to five built, Russia is constructing four new vessels for every five she possesses already. That is to say, that at the present rate the Imperial navy doubles itself in five or six years. Now it is tolerably plain that this rate of armament is not warranted by considerations of defence alone. If Russia is cramped in her access to the sea, there is the correlative advantage that she is singularly invulnerable to naval attack. Her fleet in the Baltic is sufficient for the strategic necessities of a war with Germany, while it is ridiculous to suppose that she needs seven of the most powerful battleships afloat to hold the Black Sea against the rusty ironclads of Turkey. So that the naval policy also squares with the supposition that ambitious schemes of foreign aggrandisement are in contemplation at Petersburg. If the new fleet is not to be used against this country, and with an eye to the command of the Pacific, where is the use of it at all?

In one word, it is idle to blink the fact that the Power most threatened by the colossal strides

which Russia has been taking in every direction is the British Empire. To go no further than the barest material considerations, is it likely that with Russia supreme at Peking we shall be allowed to go on doing more than half of the enormous and enormously increasing business of China? Or, to take one strategical aspect out of many, when Russia could not permit a small, if enterprising, Power like Japan to post herself on the flank of the Siberian Railway, with what comfort can we see Russia established on the Yellow Sea or in Korea on the flank of our connections between Hong-Kong, Sydney, and Vancouver? It is true that there is a considerable body of not unpatriotic opinion which advocates agreement rather than antagonism. It is said that before Lord Rosebery left office such an understanding had been concluded, and that it was only shattered by the unexpected advent of Lord Salisbury. But if Lord Rosebery really had made such a deal on behalf of this country, it is pertinent to ask what this country got by it. Russia got China, as it appears, but what did we get? Lord Rosebery made one or two bargains of this one-sided kind while he was in office, and Lord Salisbury appears not indisposed to follow up the precedent; but in this case it is satisfactory to know that the Premier's advent was enough to close the negotiations. It may further be asked on what lines any such agreement could be drawn. Some have made the urbane suggestion that in return for an undertaking to abstain from India, to cease co-operation with France against us, and to respect our trade, we should permit Russia to occupy Constantinople and absorb a slice of Northern China—including, it is to be presumed,

Peking. Perhaps this idea was fostered by the belief that M. de Nelidoff was pulling squarely together with Sir Philip Currie in the Armenian business. But in case the theory still survives that disillusion, it must be inquired what, in the first place, should we gain by such an arrangement, and how far, in the second, is Russia likely to accede to it? We should be relieved of a certain embarrassment to our diplomacy; in return for which (since the agreement must always issue in rivalry, not in alliance) we should have to increase our naval expenditure in the Mediterranean and the Pacific. And what would Russia gain? Absolutely nothing that she could not get without us. The very hypothesis of the suggestion is that we should in no case oppose an advance to Constantinople, while Lord Rosebery certainly did nothing to oppose the advance upon Peking. And if Russia is likely to leave us our China trade, when she can take it for herself, it can only be said that Russia must be strangely changed.

The truth is that Great Britain and Russia are too big ever to agree for any time. We believe that to our race will fall the ultimate supremacy of the world; Russia believes exactly the same of herself. Sooner or later the two ambitions must collide, and we had better be making ready for that great day at once. To allow Russia to absorb all possible strength before the conflict is to put a premium on defeat and ruin.

What, then, do we want? We want above all a new Eastern policy and a definite one—such a policy as is pigeon-holed in the bureaux of Petersburg. We have cast China overboard; we might ballast the ship with Japan. We talk of Japan as a friendly Power,

and even as an ally, but with what warrant? Inasmuch as we put no pressure on her to abandon her Chinese conquests, and were the first Western Power to recognise her adolescence by compromising the privileges of extra-territoriality, it is probable that she harbours less resentment towards us than towards Russia. But we have done nothing for her; on the contrary, we have made a singular exhibition of impotence at the recent crisis of her national life, and such an exhibition is apt to depreciate the value of the exhibitor's friendship. If we are to ally with Japan, we must be prepared to fight for her if it is necessary. In some years she will command a navy which, with our own China squadron, could easily sweep the Pacific, while on land she will dispose of half a million trained men. Only, if we want the aid of this force, we must not repeat the pitiful abandonment of the Chinese policy. In one word, alliance or no alliance, we ought to be clear what we will fight for and what we will permit without fighting. It was this clarity of purpose that gave Russia each one of her recent triumphs, and it was just on this

account that she never needed to fire a shot. There is an idea growing up that this country will never declare war. Yet there is such a thing as offensive defence in international politics as in strategy, and if we wait till war is declared upon us when an aggressor knows he can have his will without it, we shall wait till we have no interests left to defend. We have to guard the treasure of India and take our share in the spoil of China. And as our worst enemy is and must be Russia—which is rather a tribute to her than an accusation, for it means that she is the one Power in this hemisphere which can still beformidable to us after the lapse of a couple of generations—we should make it the single-minded aim of our policy to strip the young Emperor of his gorgeous vassals and add them to the retinue of the Queen. Which cannot be done except by plain dealing and plain speaking, and the manifest resolution to follow words with blows. Otherwise there may be those alive to-day who will see the grandson of Nicholas II. saluted in the Kremlin by the Emperor of China and the tributary Princes of Rajputana and the Deccan.

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A STRANGE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES BROWNE, K.C.S.I., C.B., R.E.,
AGENT TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND CHIEF COMMISSIONER
IN BALUCHISTAN.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS SERVICES BY MAJOR W. BROADFOOT, R.E.

THE friends of Sir James Browne—and he had many—were startled by reading in the 'Times' of June 13, 1896, that his illness had assumed a very critical aspect, and this was followed by a telegram of the same date from Simla announcing his death at Quetta, and expressing the deep sorrow with which the news would be received throughout Baluchistan and the Afghan frontier, where his strong personality had gained the respect and admiration of a wild and rough people. The event was unexpected; no one had heard that he was ill, whilst robust health and moderation in living furnished grounds for believing that his useful life might long be spared.

James Browne, son of Robert

Browne of Falkirk, who, after an adventurous youth, practised as a doctor in Calcutta, was born in 1839. He was educated abroad and at Addiscombe, and was appointed to the Bengal Engineers in December 1857. His elder brother Robert had been posted to the Bengal Infantry in the previous year, but died of cholera at Cawnpore, after escaping from the massacre and returning with Havelock's column, to which he acted as guide. When James joined the Military College he spoke English like a foreigner, with a burr which would do credit to a Northumbrian, and indeed to the last there were peculiarities of pronunciation which no doubt resulted from his early education. Without being a

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great linguist, he had the power of rapidly acquiring a good colloquial knowledge of the language of the country in which he happened to live; and this talent, specially in the case of Pushtu, the dialect which is commonly used by most Afghan tribes, gave him much influence with these people—a fact which should be remembered when reading the account of the strange events hereafter described.

In person Browne was rather over than under middle height, powerfully built, hairy as an Ainu, beard and all reddish brown, eyes blue, of a type not unknown amongst Afghans; and he was endowed with great powers of mimicry. These, indeed, at a very early stage of his career, induced the natives to think that he was a Mohammedan—a belief never wholly eradicated; for, impressed by the sonorous majesty of the *azân*, or summons to prayer, from the minaret of a neighbouring mosque, Browne used to rise at dawn, mount on the flat roof of his hut, and imitate with faithful accuracy the voice of the *Mu'azzin*. The people listened respectfully, for the mere enunciation of the words signified that the chanter was at heart a Mussulman; and when it became known that he drank nothing but water, they fully believed he was in reality a devout follower of the Prophet. His first service amongst the wild frontier folk was in 1860 with the Engineers, under Major (now Major-General) C. Pollard, of Sir Neville Chamberlain's force, sent against the Mahsud Waziris; and when that expedition was over, he was engaged in the construction of public works between Attock and Peshawur. Living alone amongst Afghan villagers, he acquired an intimate knowledge of their character, customs, and language.

In 1863, along with Lieutenant Henry Blair, R.E., whose services on this expedition, though at least as distinguished, did not bring the rewards afterwards given to his more fortunate junior, Browne was sent to Yusafzai as Assistant Field Engineer under Colonel (now Sir) Alexander Taylor, the much respected President of Cooper's Hill College. He joined the force at Umbeyla, and served throughout the campaign, in which he was wounded. He was the life and soul of the Engineers' camp, at whose watch-fire his powerful voice was constantly heard in songs of many sorts, till Chamberlain, who commanded the force, was disturbed, and stopped the performance. When promoted to be Captain in 1870, he was at once made Brevet-Major, in recognition of previous good service.

Rough work on the frontier was followed by appointments in the most attractive districts of the Punjab—Kangra, where Browne built some remarkable bridges, and Dalhousie, where he successfully completed the works for water supply. Two years' leave enabled him to study railways and iron bridges in Europe and America, the results being afterwards utilised in India. The visit to America had special attractions for him: as an engineer, because of the great scale on which works were constructed; and personally, as having strong Radical proclivities, he hoped to find that policy carried to perfection under the most favourable circumstances by incorruptible patriots, the elect of the most enlightened people on earth. He has not, so far as we know, recorded the steps whereby illusion was dispelled, but he returned from the great Republic a confirmed Conservative.

Then in 1867 he was sent to examine the country between

Sukkur and Quetta in view of making a railway; and next year Lord Lytton consulted him about impending complications with Afghanistan, and sent him to Quetta to use his personal influence with the Kakars and prevent them from taking part against us in the coming war. He had to travel alone, carrying his life in his hand, and submitting to much privation and exposure, but his mission was successful; and it was whilst thus employed that the first act of what he justly terms a strange episode was played.

When war broke out in 1878, Browne was appointed political officer to Sir Donald Stewart, and was occasionally employed in reconnaissances and work in front of the army which ordinarily would have involved great danger. Yet he was allowed by the turbulent Ghilzis to move about as he pleased unmolested, and even to occupy, with an escort of but eight troopers, their fort of Khelat-i-Ghilzi; whilst, as regarded supplies of food and forage, he was kept in plenty when others were suffering from scarcity.

When the Egyptian war was declared (1882), Browne was selected as Commanding Engineer to the Indian Contingent, and for his services he was made C.B. After this, till 1887, he was Chief En-

gineer of the Sind-Peshin Railway. In 1889 he was appointed Quartermaster-General of the Army in India, and then, as he mentions, had to sacrifice his beard on the altar of military etiquette. Lastly, in 1892, in obedience to the Viceroy's desire, though against his own wish, he succeeded Sir Robert Sandeman as Chief Commissioner and Agent to the Governor-General in Baluchistan. The post, needless to say, is a difficult one to fill, and Sandeman was in some respects a difficult man to follow. But Browne brought at least equal resolution and more varied attainments to the task, with the result that as soon as some local obstruction was removed his success as a "Warden of the Marches" became certain. During his tenure of office the State passed through a violent crisis, and its ruler, the Khan, after a long reign, had to be removed; yet not a shot was fired by British troops, and not a rupee of British money was spent on special military operations. It is sad to think that his services as a soldier, as an engineer, and in the political department, acknowledged in each capacity as they have been by her Majesty, are now lost to his country at a moment when a competent successor may be difficult to find.

W. B.

SIR JAMES BROWNE'S NARRATIVE.

As far as I can remember, it was in the spring of 1878 that the first event in this strange affair took place. I was then in political employ at Quetta, whither I had been sent under the direct orders of Lord Lytton, with instructions to enter into negotiations with the Kakur tribes—or, as Lord Lytton put it, "to keep the door of the Kakur country open"—with a view to ensuring our being on good terms

with them when war should break out with the Ameer Sher Ali Khan, as was then every day anticipated. I had for over two years been wandering over the country on this roving commission. I was very weather-beaten and sun-burnt, and the thick brown beard I then wore was bleached and ragged from long exposure for many weeks together without even the shelter of a tent day or

night. It is not uncommon for Affghans to have brown hair and blue eyes; and when a pure European has been much exposed and sunburnt, even if he be a fair man, he becomes, as far as colouring is concerned, very like a certain type of Affghan. I then spoke Pushtoo very well, but naturally not as an Affghan would speak his mother tongue—the very rough mother tongue of a very rough set of children.

I went out walking one afternoon with the late Colonel Fellowes of the 32d Pioneers. Just outside the Quetta Fort we saw a man in Affghan costume, and sitting on the ground, who at once attracted our attention. He wore a white sleeveless Bedford cord waistcoat and a very worn pair of Affghan-made shoes, and a big Persian greyhound was lying by him. Round his neck, and in a curiously stamped red-leather case, was hung a large book, presumably the Koran; but his brown beard and blue eyes, and the indescribable difference of bearing which distinguishes a European from an Asiatic, at once made me say to Colonel Fellowes, "That man looks uncommonly like a European, and he does not sit on his heels as a native would." Colonel Fellowes replied, "Not only does he look like a European, but he is the very image of you—so much so, that if you were dressed like him it would be impossible to distinguish you." I saw at once that the man was exactly like me—the same height, figure, and powerful build. I thought, from the chocolate-reddish turban he wore, that he might be a man from Khost or Bunnoo; but as his features were more like those of a man from Central Asia, I asked him in Persian who he was. He got up, and answered in Persian, but with

considerable hesitation; so I asked him again in Pushtoo, to which he replied more easily, but much as I would myself have done,—fluently, but with a foreign accent. He said he was a Kirghiz, and was going to Mecca on pilgrimage, having just come from Kandahar. He then asked me whether I spoke Turkish, and on my telling him I could not do so, he ceased speaking Pushtoo, and only answered my questions very reluctantly, in Turkish, with the obvious object of putting an end to the conversation. He was evidently very ill at ease, and reluctant to be questioned. He did not seem to me to speak Turkish anything like as fluently as he spoke Pushtoo. We then left him, and spoke about him most of the way home. At mess that evening, the extraordinary likeness the man bore to me was freely discussed. Before going to bed, and thinking the man might be a Russian agent, I ordered the police to arrest him next morning. But he was not to be found. He had evidently bolted after I had questioned him. Every endeavour was made to find him, but he had disappeared, and although mounted police were sent after him, nothing more has ever since been heard or seen of my mysterious double; and here ends Act No. 1 of this play, and, as far as I am concerned, my personal connection with him.

Some three months afterwards a number of Ghilzaie headmen began to drop into Quetta, chiefly asking for assistance against the Ameer Sher Ali, and promising us help in case of war. Exclusive of their followers, there were altogether about ten of these headmen. They were chiefly residents of Mukkur, and of Uchtar Kheyl, and of the districts adjoining Lake Abistada. Although Sir Robert

Sandeman was then at Quetta, and had far more influence in the country than myself, none of these Ghilzaies ever went to him; but I was considerably surprised to find that they all claimed to know me, and to have been previously in correspondence with me. They treated me as an old acquaintance, and most of them claimed to have met me at Mukkur, a little north-west of Lake Abistada, a place I have never seen in my life, and where, certainly, no European's life would have been then safe, or would be so now. They all treated me very much as they would a fellow-Mussulman. I never thought of my double, but naturally took advantage of this strange delusion. I spoke very freely with them, and, under orders on which I was then acting, said I would gladly, in case of war, avail myself of their services. I treated them hospitably, gave them little presents, and used to let them go in and out of my tent in the manner usual with frontier politicals dealing with these tribesmen. I had got a bad habit of biting my moustache when annoyed, which made it look as if I clipped it in the orthodox Mahomedan fashion. On their noticing this, and when I denied being a Mussulman, it was always looked upon by them as a great joke. I was told that of course I could not at Quetta completely keep up the same priestly character as I had assumed at Mukkur, but that I still behaved as a Mohamedan. As General Sir Andrew Clarke, who was then Public Works member of Council, will remember, there was much talk at the time of sending me into the country about Abistada and Ghuznee to raise a Ghilzaie Contingent. Whilst I never for a moment professed to be a Mohamedan, and

laughed at any such idea, I did not, on this account, lay myself out to specially combat the happy but exceedingly mistaken ideas which these deluded Ghilzaies had evoked, as I thought, out of their moral consciousness, and which were useful to me as increasing my influence over them.

Amongst the Ghilzaie headmen who came to Quetta at that time, the most important was one Sirdar Adam Khan, chief of a powerful section of the Turukki clan inhabiting the shores of Lake Abistada. He was an old man, and died very suddenly of fever in the little tent I had pitched for him close to mine. I was very sorry for this, as we were on very friendly terms; but I was exceedingly astonished at being privately interviewed the same day, and asked by his followers to commit his body to the earth, pending its being removed to his ancient family graveyard, some 250 miles from Quetta. They told me that when I was at Mukkur I used to perform sundry religious ceremonies, such as solemnizing marriages, preaching sermons, reading the mosque services, &c.; and that, amongst such rites, I used to commit bodies to the earth in such a manner as to prevent their decaying, and to admit of their being subsequently removed to their permanent graves. This rite is known and frequently practised as the "Namaz Jenaza" amongst Affghans, and especially amongst Ghilzaies. The holier the priest, the more efficaciously is he supposed to commit the body to the antiseptic treatment of mother earth!

I could not, on this occasion, do otherwise than entirely repudiate such saintly hygienic attributes, and decline the proposal. But my objections were simply put down to my unwillingness to resume any

priestly functions whilst acting as a British officer. About eight months after the old man's death, and when advancing with the outposts of the army upon Khelat-i-Ghilzi, I caught up a camel carrying Adam Khan's corpse, and in charge of three of his followers on their way to the family graveyard. I was told that the priest at Quetta, whose services had been secured on my refusal to officiate, had not been over-successful, and that it was a pity I had declined. I thought the whole thing rather peculiar, but, strangely enough, never dreamt of connecting it with my mysterious double.

When war broke out with Affghanistan in November 1878, I went on as a political officer with Sir Donald Stewart's and Sir Michael Biddulph's forces from Quetta, towards Peshin and Candahar. Wherever I went—and these distinguished officers will remember the fact—numbers of Ghilzaies used to claim my acquaintance, whom I had most certainly never before met. I had had close relations, as a Public Works officer for many years back on the frontier, with the Ghilzaies who come down in great numbers to work as navvies; but no one was more astonished than myself at the vast number of Ghilzaie friends who claimed my intimate acquaintance. They eagerly carried out anything I ordered them to do—much more willingly indeed than I could ever have expected merely from the relations existing between an engineer and his workmen. My fictitious clerical exploits at Mukkur were so constantly being reverently mentioned, that at last I never troubled my head to deny them, and took them all as matters of course. These men worked hard for me, raised the Ghilzaie Coolie

corps which made the first gun-road over the Khojak pass, collected food from the villages, and gave me all manner of political and military information; and Sir Donald Stewart will no doubt remember that, at a time when forage and supplies were the burning questions of the day, I often succeeded in getting both, in places where the commissariat, as a rule, could find nothing but stocks and stones. No doubt the fact of my paying very liberally indeed may have had much to do with my success; but the real difficulty lay in ascertaining where grain, sheep, forage, &c., were hidden away, as the people did their best to conceal them from us. In finding all this out, these Ghilzaies were invaluable.

After Sir Donald Stewart had taken Kandahar, he sent me on as a political officer to Khelat-i-Ghilzi—owing, as he himself informed me, to my special influence with the Ghilzaies. That I had such influence was certainly true, but, as undoubtedly, the basis of my influence was the fact of my being mistaken for my mysterious *alter ego*, although I did not know it at the time.

When the force advanced to Khelat-i-Ghilzi, I was in the forefront of the army when approaching that imposing fort. I was some nine miles ahead of the advanced cavalry outposts with a small escort of eight troopers of the 19th Bengal Lancers, under the command of Lieutenant (now Major) H. S. Massy. The Ghilzaies who accompanied me had gone forward, and had sent me back word that no one would touch me if I occupied the Fort; that the garrison knew all about me, and had told the Governor that he had better not attempt resistance, as

they would not fight against me. On arriving close to the Fort with my small escort, I found the garrison (some 300 men or so) occupying the walls and gates with their matchlocks in their hands, whilst many other tribesmen sulkily squatted on the spurs of the great mound on which the Fort stands. I trusted, however, to the information I had received, and went right into the Fort, examined everything in it, took note of the food stores it contained, got the few guns spiked, and after a stay of some five hours, returned unmolested to the British camp, very much to my own, and I also think to Lieutenant Massy's, relief and astonishment. I did not then ascribe our impunity to anything but sheer power of impudence; but from knowledge since acquired, I think it was greatly due to my being believed to be a saintly Mussulman, and presumably that very holy and reverend presentment of myself whom I had seen at Quetta! But, strange to say, this idea never struck me.

Some Hindoos in the Fort told me at the time—and the Ghilzaies who had preceded me, and who advised me to enter the Fort, subsequently confirmed the fact—that a strong resistance was at first intended. Matters went so far that the enormous brass gun—apparently a 32-pounder and cast at Herat—which was at the top of the Fort, and was much revered by the people, was actually loaded and fired a few hours before our arrival to ascertain its range. The firing of the first shot smashed the trail of the gun and made it useless. This misfortune was apparently very skilfully taken advantage of by my deluded disciples to work on Afghan superstition,

to the effect that the stars in their courses—alias my Doppelganger's influence—were not to be lightly fought against! The somewhat ignominious surrender of the Fort was, to us, the satisfactory result.

All through the time that I stayed at Khelat-i-Ghilzi, although in the depth of a terribly severe winter, our garrison fared sumptuously. The Ghilzaies, and especially the friends of the old gentleman whom my prayers might (or might not) have figuratively embalmed, not only betrayed to me every hidden *cache* of supplies buried in the ground and under the snow within a radius of twenty miles, but carried a daily post from Kandahar to Khelat-i-Ghilzi (for which, however, they were liberally paid) without the assistance of a single British soldier for a distance of about eighty-eight miles. This they did for about two months, although within a few days of the post being started four of them were murdered by the Durani villagers on the road. This service was rendered at a time when the post between Chaman and Kandahar (say about eighty-four miles), in far less dangerous country, had daily to be conveyed by escorts of native irregular cavalry. On our leaving Khelat-i-Ghilzi, the strong brigade which had occupied it returned to Kandahar on donkeys, ponies, camels, and bullocks, all of which were brought by my deluded disciples from their homes about Abistada. Not a single beast was available at the time from the Kandahar Army Transport, whence, as Sir Donald Stewart will remember, not one animal had to be sent to withdraw the Khelat-i-Ghilzi garrison.

A rude shock apparently was given to my saintly character, or rather to the belief therein of my

Ghilzaie friends, when I had to accompany Sir Michael Biddulph to Dehra Ghazi Khan along the Thul Chotiali road as a political officer. Some six or eight of them came with me; the others said plainly enough that they were useless to me outside their own country, and forthwith, on my leaving Kandahar, bolted with sundry Government postal horses. This proceeding, not to put too fine a point upon it, was theft; but that is a mere matter of detail according to Affghan methods of religious thought, where the property of the *murshid* (or religious teacher) is not much thought of, if not capable of indefinite powers of subdivision, *à la* loaves and fishes, amongst such of his *shagirds* (or religious pupils) as may happen to covet it.

On this occasion an old Khotuck Ghilzaie chief called Sado Khan, whose shrewd speeches Sir Donald Stewart doubtless remembers, and who was a great character in his way, put himself to considerable trouble to warn me against the Kakars, who then, and I now think very undeservedly, had a most unenviable reputation for treachery and fanaticism. Taking me aside with great precautions on the day of my departure from Khelat-i-Ghilzi, and putting his arms most affectionately round my neck, he whispered into my ear that as I was a Mussulman *peer murshid* (saintly teacher) I should not wear *Feringi* (European) clothes amongst the Kakars. He added that, if I did so, I should never let any of them come near me, and I should not mingle amongst them, without either first repeating the Kalima (Mahomedan creed), or at least holding up one finger and saying, "Allah yao dai" (God is one)! I did not then

understand that this old gentleman, who might have been my father, believed me to be that other reverend person, and that he (deluded elderly gentleman!) supposed he had previously met me at Mukkur in a clerical capacity. Sado Khan finished up by asking for the blessing of my *nufs* or "holy breath," and for the placing of my hands on his head, which I gave him with my best regards, and much to my own astonishment as to what he wanted it for. As will subsequently appear, Sado Khan had previously been a firm believer in my *alter ego* at Mukkur, as being a *pir murshid* or "saintly teacher"; and hence his unaccountable anxiety for my welfare, and his desire for my valuable benediction. He also put the same construction as my Ghilzaie friends upon the breaking of the trail of the big gun when fired.

With my return to Dehra Ghazi Khan in May 1879 ends the second act of my connection with my mysterious Doppelgänger. I got some credit from the Government of India for my dealings with the people as a political officer in this phase of the Afghan war, and was in consequence rewarded with a Companionship of the Star of India. I certainly did my best; but by rights the chief credit should have gone to my Doppelgänger, the rightful C.S.I., and not to me. Here ends Act No. 2 of this play.

Between 1883 and 1887, when a Brigadier-General commanding the troops on the Sind Peshin Railway, and also Chief Engineer of the line, the shadow of my double again fell on me at most unexpected times and places; and here beginneth Act No. 3. There were, according to the seasons,

from 12,000 to 18,000 Ghilzaie workmen on the railway, who came chiefly from the districts round Lake Abistada and Ghuznee. For about three and a half years it was the commonest thing for some of them to greet me on the works as the quondam popular preacher of these very fanatical and militant Mahomedan parishes. Major Scott, R.E., C.I.E., now Mint-master at Bombay; Mr Rose, C.I.E., the eminent engineer of the Khojak tunnel; Mr Savory, C.E.; Mr Woods, C.E.; and many other officers then serving on the railway, were told by their workmen, as undoubted facts, of my clerical goings on in the Mukkur pulpits, &c. Not only amongst the railway workmen was this so universally believed as to constitute a joke against me amongst my officers, but it was as firmly believed by numbers of native officials in the Baluchistan Agency. Dr Sutton of the Church Missionary Hospital at Quetta has lately told me that throughout that period his Affghan patients constantly spoke of me as the Mukkur priest who had become a Sahib. How these highly imaginative persons could reconcile the identity of a British general officer, and of a railway chief engineer, with that of the fashionable curate of the Mukkur mosque, I cannot attempt to explain. I can only record their undoubted belief in such an identity.

And here beginneth the fourth and last act of this queer drama! The ending is not over-satisfactory, as it does not conclude, like a three-volume novel, with a complete clearing up of all mystery, with the return of my virtuous Doppelganger, and the confusion of that fraudulent priest — myself. In March 1892 I was appointed

Chief Commissioner in Baluchistan, having previously had, in deference to military etiquette when Quartermaster-General in India, to shave off my beard, and thereby to do away with the special feature which, by making me look like an Affghan priest, has been responsible for a comedy of errors from which I certainly have got something more than my fair share of advantages.

In May 1892, when travelling by rail in the Quetta district, I stopped at the Bostan Junction. I got out and walked about the platform. I noticed three Affghans looking eagerly into the carriages, as if looking for some one; and, as is my frequent custom, I asked them who they were and what they wanted. They said they had heard that "Browne Sahib," the new Agent to the Governor-General, was in the train, and that they wanted to see him, as they were old friends of his. One was an elderly man over forty; the two others seemed about thirty. On my telling them who I was, the older man at once recognised me, but said I had cut off my beard, which had quite altered me, as it certainly had. He said his name was Syud Allum, and that he was the son of Mulla (Priest) Jungoo, the man I had lived with for two years when I was a *mulla* at Mukkur; that Mulla Jungoo himself was dead, but that his wife, who was apparently my ardent disciple, had heard that I was now in authority at Quetta, and had sent her three sons to renew our old acquaintance and to express her good wishes to me.

I mildly, but vainly, protested that I did not know this lady (Gula by name), but I was laughingly told that of course now I

did not care to admit knowing her, as I had become Lord of Baluchistan. Did I not remember, too, another lady called Zulika, who knew me just as well as Gula, and who also wished to be kindly remembered to me? This was said in evident good faith, and my best protests, in my best Pushtoo, only made matters worse, as the elder man remarked that it was really no use denying it; for did I not now make exactly the same mistakes as I used formerly to commit in grammar, and in pronouncing Pushtoo, when I lived with Mulla Jungoo and his wife? He at the same time proceeded to mimic my unsuccessful attempts at pronouncing sundry shibboleths peculiar to Pushtoo, and which, I suppose, must have been as great stumbling-blocks to my false presentment, Mulla Jungoo's guest, as they now are to me. The two younger men also knew all about me; but as they must have been boys when I was presumed to have been at Mukkur, they did not appear to remember so many embarrassing details.

After about half an hour's talk the train went on to Quetta; but I told Syud Allum, when he got there, to come and give me a complete account of the circumstances under which I had lived in his father's house. A few days afterwards I took down from him and from his brothers the detailed account attached to this narrative, which represents the story they told me, and in which they generally agreed. The statements are apparently quite genuine, and, for the first time, they brought to my recollection the man I had seen at Quetta in April 1878, by their reference to the white rough (Bedford cord?) sleeveless waistcoat, the chocolate-

red turban peculiar to Bunnoo men, the worn-out Caubuli shoes, the big greyhound, and the stamped red-leather case or bag containing the Kalam Ullah (the Koran), presented as a gift. I now think it is more than possible that I am indebted to my extraordinary likeness to a man whom I have neither seen nor heard of since 1878 for an amount of influence in the country, and for a prestige as a holy priest, which are certainly not originally due to anything I ever did to acquire them. There seems little doubt that I have, for sixteen years past, been believed to be that particular other man, by numbers of people, and over a large tract of country. Although I have certainly taken no special trouble to combat this widespread belief, the survival of such a story over so many years can only be accounted for by the fact that when a story has once been implanted in a thick Affghan skull a crowbar is wanted to uproot it.

Syad Allum, after staying some weeks at Quetta, returned to Mukkur. He had told me that perhaps his mother might be induced to come to Quetta to see me—a proposal which caused me some considerable embarrassment, and one that I did not warmly encourage. In September 1892 he returned, bringing me a somewhat dilapidated horse and two very handsome carpets as a present from his mother. He said she was now pretty well to do,—the Ameer, on her husband Mulla Jungoo's death, having apparently forgiven her reputed friendship with me, and restored her lands. Syud Allum further said, much to my relief, that under these circumstances this presumably elderly lady had thought it best not to

leave Afghanistan, as she might incur the Ameer's displeasure, but had sent me these presents with her best wishes. He himself thought the Ameer might not again be disposed to overlook any revival of our relations, as the latter had already come into possession of a number of my letters (?) when searching Mulla Jungoo's house during the Ghilzaie rebellion of 1886.

The sending of these presents seems to indicate that no interested motives have specially influenced the donors. They have never asked me for money, and appear content with maintaining the friendship formerly existing with the mysterious priest. The woman and her family are apparently the owners of lands, houses, &c. Every now and then some of the men turn up at Quetta, come and see me in a friendly manner, and talk over my (fictitious) sayings and doings as the fashionable Mukkur curate.

There can be no doubt that my double maintained a busy correspondence from Quetta, at some time between 1876 and 1878, with a number of influential Ghilzaie chiefs, and with the object of securing their co-operation in case of war in Afghanistan, and that I entered into his labours, very much to my own profit and astonishment. The relations apparently existing between him and his Mukkur friends will be appreciated from Syad Allum's statement, &c. They seem to have been based upon a strong friendship, which, on one side at least, appears still to exist.

On the first breaking out of the war in November 1878, the Ghilzaies who joined me helped me to make a decidedly adventurous reconnaissance over the Khojak

Pass down to old Chaman Fort, and thence over the Rogani Pass back to the British force then encamped at Hykulzaie. This reconnaissance took me fully forty-five miles beyond what were then our extreme outposts. I owe it entirely to the Ghilzaies that I got back in safety, and I quite agree with what Sir Michael Bid-dulph says regarding it: "How it was you and your party were not cut off and barbarously murdered by the Achakzaies, I to this day cannot understand." It is certainly strange that I was not attacked, and although I no more appreciated it on that occasion than when I entered the fort of Khelat-i-Ghilzi, it is quite possible that I owed my safety to the saintly character given me, but very falsely, I fear, by my Ghilzaie disciples!

My relations with the Intelligence branch of the Quartermaster-General's department allowed me to make most careful inquiries in November 1892—*i.e.*, subsequently to my seeing Syad Allum—as to whether there were any European or native explorers in or about the neighbourhood of Lake Abistada in 1876, 1877, and 1878. I ascertained that the only explorer who had ever been able to visit, much less to stay in, this hot-bed of fanaticism, was the well-known Bozdar explorer and surveyor, Khan Bahadur Imam Buksh, who, although himself a frontier man, barely succeeded in getting back with his life. Imam Buksh, having been employed under me in the Umbeyla campaign of 1863 on survey work, knew me perfectly well. He also states that when he visited Mukkur in 1876-78 he had constantly heard of my being there disguised as an Affghan, and of my exercis-

ing priestly functions exactly as described by Syad Allum. He says that from the descriptions then given him he quite concluded that I was there in disguise, but thought it wiser not to try and meet me, as it might have been dangerous for us both, although the people knew and believed that I was a Mahomedan European! He shortly afterwards had to run for his own life, losing everything he possessed except the clothes he wore. He too, I find, is quite satisfied of my real identity with my Doppelganger, but is too polite to contradict me.

Here ends my story; but a few concluding remarks may not be amiss. By this time the knowledge has spread far and wide over the country of what must seem, to a large number of Affghans, to be a most glaring case of relapse from a high standard of Mahomedan saintship—clericalism would perhaps be a better word. Yet it is strange that not the least irritation or ill-will has ever been shown against me. On the contrary, as far as I know, and certainly as far as can be judged from the bearing of the people towards me, no grudge whatever is felt for that which must seem to them to be rank apostasy—for they still believe me to be the totally different man whose existence in 1878 is unquestionable. There are few Englishmen who, during the last sixteen years (I might perhaps more truly say during the last thirty-four years), have been more exposed, unarmed and alone, to attack from the lowest and most fanatical class of Affghans. Yet I have never been molested. I cannot, however, conceal from myself that, theoretically, in my capacity of being that other man, ill-will towards me, and a desire to pay me out, should be the most

natural feeling these Affghans could entertain. That the feeling is exactly the opposite is, I consider, a very remarkable fact.

Again, it is evident that not only must I have been, as I know for myself, physically the image of my Quetta friend, but in temper, in power of language, in character, in manner, in my voice, in my habits, in my ways of thought, and in my dealings with the people, I must unconsciously have been so exactly like him as practically to make it impossible to distinguish between us. The people firmly believe my double to have been a European, and not one of themselves. He evidently had the greatest influence amongst them, and had fully prepared them for a coming war. The country in 1878 was not so safe as it is now. My Doppelganger has for sixteen years completely and absolutely disappeared, and has left no trace behind him—except myself! He may well have been murdered, or swallowed up somewhere in the great outside Mahomedan world. I unwittingly entered upon his labours, and, without a shadow of legitimate claim, inherited his influence.

That he was not an Englishman, or even an Oriental acting as an English agent, is, I think, quite certain. He may have been a Russian; or more probably one of those Circassians who are half-way between East and West, and equally at home in both. Strangely enough, I have never been able to ascertain the Mahomedan proper name by which he was known at Mukkur; and it is possible that he was never known by any other name than the Mulla (priest) Sahib. When I inquire about this, I am told, "Why, he was called the Mulla Sahib; was not your name Browne Sahib then, just as it is now?" and I never get any further.

Whoever he may have been, the manner in which I involuntarily stepped into his shoes, the solid advantages to the British Government, and I may add to myself, which resulted from our accidental similarity, the number of years during which I have been blissfully unconscious of parading in a lion's skin, all form a most curious story which is almost stranger than fiction, and which seems worthy of being recorded.

The statement as made by Syad Allum and others is taken from their own mouths, and put into some sort of order. As it is translated directly from the Pushtoo, the English style is somewhat peculiar.

JAMES BROWNE, Major-General,
Chief Commissioner and Agent to the
Governor-General in Baluchistan.

QUETTA, 20th May 1894.

Statement of Syud Allum, Tajik of Uchterkheyl, a village of Nourozi-Vihul, district Mukkur, province of Ghuznee; and of his two brothers.

QUETTA, dated 20th May 1892.

I am a Syud, and a Tajik *mulla* (priest) of Uchterkheyl; and my father, Mulla Jungoo, who was even then [*i.e.*, about sixteen or eighteen years ago] very old, was a man of much learning and piety, and had much influence in Mukkur. At that time Browne Sahib came to my father's house, and they made a great friendship. My father at first thought he was a Syud and a fakeer (religious mendicant), and was much pleased at his great Koran knowledge, which he said he had learned as a Talib-i-Ilm (pupil) in the Bokhara Mad-risa (College). Browne Sahib was then a fakeer, and my father met him in the *hujra* (guest-house), and they used to read prayers in turn together in the mosque, and do all the work [connected with] praying. After a short time Browne Sahib, having made my father swear on the Koran, told him that he was a *Feringee* (European), and had come from Peshawur through Cabul, but was becoming a Mussulman; that he would be returning to, and then be coming back from, Bokhara, after seeing the country, and

would bring soldiers with him, and would establish a good government for Mahomedans. Was it not therefore advantageous to my father [to befriend him]? To my father this seemed befitting, and for two years Browne Sahib lived always in our house. Many friends and disciples came to him, and to his words; and it was arranged that many *maliks* (chiefs) of the Ghilzaies and Tajiks, Tarukkis, Andars, Tokhis, Khotuks, Suleyman Kheyl, &c., would help when the time of fighting came.

On many occasions my father used to be troubled because Browne Sahib played with dogs, and teased them as sahibs do, which is not befitting a *mulla*, as dogs are unclean; and a *tazi* (greyhound) was always with him, even at times of prayer. We used to eat bread (*dine*) in our house together for many days, and my mother used to kiss the coat of Browne Sahib, and touch his beard for the giving of the *nufs* (holy breath) and prayers. One day a woman called Zulika, who was a friend of my mother Gula, and often was remaining in our house, laughed because the touching of a dog was

not becoming to a priest; and then Zulika questioned my mother, and her own husband Agha, as to why this was. My father, having consulted with Browne Sahib, told Agha that in truth the *mulla* (priest) was a *Feringee* (European) to whom dogs are as friends, but was with his heart a Mussulman. Agha and Zulika were thereafter very friendly to my father and Browne Sahib, who showed them many *karamat* (miracles), and told them their thoughts when he breathed on them, and the odour of musk resulted from his prayers.

Many other persons who are still alive, though many others are dead—Heera, Zahid, Mulla Mahomed Raza, Mulla Khan Suleymankheyl, Syud Ahmad of Mukkur, &c.—looked upon the Sahib as a *peer murshid* (spiritual teacher). Mahommed Aslum Tokhi, whom the Ameer Sher Ali had banished, and who came afterwards to Browne Sahib at Khelat-i-Ghilzi with many of his tribe from the Suleymankheyl country, as also Sado Khan, the old chief of the Khotuks, who was a world-seeing (*jehan dida*) man, and was also at Khelat when the Sahib came there afterwards, used to consult together. Much arrangement was made with them, and with other chiefs, and with Adam Khan, chief of the Tarukkis at Mukkur, for letting them know how to help Browne Sahib at time of need when there should be fighting, and when he should come back; and Sado Khan counted the Mulla Sahib to be a saint (*peer*), and so did many others. In those days there was enmity with the Ameer Sher Ali on the part of the Mukkur people, even as there is now with Ameer Abdul Rahman.

After two years, owing to what the woman Zulika had said to

her husband Agha about Browne Sahib playing with the dog, which is unbecoming, before praying, some of the *mullas* (priests) having heard of this through the talking of women, made an excuse for enmity, and quarrelled with the Sahib, and told some of the Ameer's officials. This was not through enmity of the woman Zulika, or of Agha, but because of the talking of the women about dogs becoming known, and also because of almsgiving (*zakat*), which did not please the *mullas*, as Browne Sahib got much for prayers, but, being a fakeer, gave it all away, and did many incantations for sickness, and rites, for no reward. When the Ameer's *hakim* (governor) of Ghuznee began to make inquiries, my father told Browne Sahib that there would be safety in not going to Bokhara through Cabul, but by way of the *haj* (pilgrimage) to Mecca, through the road of Kandahar and Quetta. He used also to breathe the *nufs* and put his hands on sick persons for nothing, and work talismans and charms, both to drink and to carry on the arm (*bazuband*), and to tie on turbans. So the Sahib left my father's house by night and went to Quetta. When he left he wore a turban like what the Khost and Bunnoo *mullas* wear, which a *mulla* from Khost had given him. [N.B.—These men wear peculiar reddish chocolate turbans.] He used in these days, and when he left us, to wear a white, rough, sleeveless waistcoat with ribs [meaning evidently a sort of Bedford cord texture], and Caubuli shoes worn down at the heels and twisted. So my father gave him three rupees for shoes, and also the Kalam Ulla (Koran) from the mosque in a stitched and boiled [probably meaning the process of softening leather by boiling for

stamping and embossing] leather case, for the hanging of the Koran round the neck.

Afterwards my father got two Persian letters from the Sahib at Quetta, asking him to let him know in time of need. My father also heard by letters from Adam Khan Tarukki, and other Ghilzaies who went to Quetta, that the Sahib was at Quetta, and that he said the time was coming when they would need to help him. My father kept all these letters inside the stitched cover of a Koran during his lifetime. About six years ago (1886), however, and after his death, the Governor of Ghuznee, Khoja Mahommed Khan, attacked the men of Nawa and Mukkur, who were rebels. Our house was plundered, and the Koran fell into the Governor's hands along with the letters, which he sent to the Ameer (Abdulrahman), who thereupon for a time confiscated my mother's property, but has since returned it to her, so that she is now well to do, and is not poor, and has some land.

When Browne Sahib came back to Khelat-i-Ghilzi with an army after a year, he was dressed like a Sahib, and he had many dealings with the Ghilzaies. My father and I used to hear much of his [probable] coming to Mukkur; but because of the Sahib's going back

to Kandahar, my father, being an old man and being weak, was not able to travel so far, although many persons told him that, owing to hospitality, the Sahib would have received him as he did the others with friendship, and because he had been my father's guest. Then for some years after the war, many men who had known Browne Sahib at our house at Mukkur informed us of it, that he was making a railway; and that he used often to speak to them, although he was no more a *mulla* (priest), but was still acquainted with the Mussulman religion, and cut his moustache for fear of defilement, as ordered to Mussulmans.

When, later on, my mother heard from travellers that Browne Sahib was becoming Lord of Baluchistan, she sent me and my two brothers for friendship—when we met you at Bostan, and did not recognise you, as your beard was not; but we know you now, as your *shukkul-o-jubba* (appearance and language) are not changed since you were in our father's home. Our mother Gula is much pleased, and has sent many respects, and [inquires] if you can accept any articles of that country as a present. The woman Zulika is still alive, although her husband Agha is dead, and she also is sending respects.

Note by Sir James Browne.

The above represents in substance the account given by the sons of my reputed host at Mukkur. Most of the Sirdars of Baluchistan and the present Khan were more or less acquainted with this story long before I heard of it in detail. I was surprised, when at Jacobabad in January

1893, to hear substantially the same thing about myself from Sardar Harshim Khan, the cousin of the Ameer Abdulrahman, and a guest of Mr James the Commissioner in Sindh. Apparently he fully believed it.

As regards the *nufs*, or holy breathing, the laying on of hands,

and the saintly odours, &c., with which I am so satisfactorily credited, much inquiry has convinced me that hypnotism, or mesmerism *cum* trickery, is largely practised amongst the Affghans, and is a great source of power amongst the priesthood. The people, being entirely ignorant and very superstitious, lend themselves very readily to suggestion, and have unbounded powers of faith. In connection with this, a certain very cynical and sceptical Persian *mirza* (scribe), who was at one time employed by the Indian Foreign Office to obtain information about the famous Akhoond of Swat, Abdul Gaffoor, and lived for a considerable time at his shrine, tells me a curious story. He says the Akhoond was a past-master in hypnotism and mesmerism, which were the backbone of his power, and that there were no limits to the delusions with which he would impress the ignorant tribesmen who visited him.

The *mirza* informs me that the Akhoond used to rub the wooden walls of his house in places with camphor, musk, and suchlike spices, before an interview with a religious inquirer; and then by putting a closed cashmeeree brazier of hot coals within a hidden recess under the wall, he used to claim the odour gradually worked out of the wall by the heat as a manifestation of the *Ruh-ul-Khuddas* (the Holy Ghost)—the odour of sanctity due to his very potent prayer! The way for hypnotism, suggestion, &c., being thus generally paved, faith did the rest. Doppelganger may very well have indulged in similar pastimes. But, whoever he may have been, and whatever his motives, he certainly never bargained for a total stranger, and much less for an unbelieving Englishman, being so like unto himself, physically and mentally, as to unwittingly, and without an effort, reap the fruit of his pious deceptions.

THE CEMETERY OF THE LILIES.

IN a little village near Le Puy (department of the Haute-Loire) there stands a house of considerable size, with large adjoining grounds, inhabited by Jesuit students of philosophy and scholastic theology. The house itself and the adjacent chapel are on a level with the highroad, which they face; but immediately behind the house and chapel the grounds rise, terrace above terrace, with a very steep acclivity, to more than twice the height of the two-storeyed building. Each terrace is a place of study, both healthful and pleasant; for they are all planted with large trees, and the students walk about under the shade, looking over their philosophical and theological notes, taken in class. Especially do they frequent the terraces in summer, when preparing for the grand examinations, either separately, or (when permission to speak has been obtained) by groups of two or three together. These walks also run to a certain distance to the left of the house, parallel with the highway. Just beneath the nearest of them is to be seen a large cistern, filled by a stream that comes running down the hill and overflows into the meadow below: in summer it is used as a swimming-bath. And at the end of this nearest and lowest of the terraces is a door in a stone wall; if you open it, you can go into the Cemetery of the Lilies.

The ground slopes upwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, if not more. From the top downwards, ever since the Jesuits came to live here, it has been gradually peopled, and the few graves of the first years have now become a

multitude. Very simple graves, with only a cross, the name, and the date; laid out as flower-beds in almost all seasons of the year. In May especially the cemetery presents a unique appearance, on account of the great number of tall white lilies that bloom together there in pure rich loveliness, more than twenty on each grave. Possibly this blaze of white, this superabundance of one colour, even though the most beautiful of all, may not quite satisfy a fastidious taste; but it has a symbolic meaning besides. There they stand, those lilies, in all their sublime purity and stateliness, undulating to and fro in the sweet-scented wind; bees go into their calices and come out, covered all over with golden pollen.

Forty years ago, only a low fence separated this cemetery from the neighbouring lane that ran up the hill, narrow, deep-sunk, strewn with fragments of red volcanic tufa, as is the custom in this part of the country, where the abundance of cinders and scoræ from the eruptions of extinct volcanoes renders muddy roads comparatively rare. But now a high stone wall has been built, and the passer-by can no longer see the radiant blaze of the cemetery. Our tale—a true one in its main features—takes us back to the time when the low fence was the only barrier between the burial-ground and the outer world.

It was a quarter-past seven in the morning; but the community had been up ever since four. Frère Gonthier, a young "Brother," belonging to the second class of the three-year course of philosophy—that most interesting year of all,

when the vexed question of *atoms v. matter and form* puzzles the mind, and all the demonstrations of the soul's immortality are criticised in turn, — Frère Gonthier, having just finished breakfast, was watering some flowers in the cemetery, of which he had asked and obtained leave to become gardener. As yet there were only about forty graves, perhaps not so many. The space where the next Brother (or Father¹—who could tell?) would lie was vacant; but the students often came to look at it, saying to themselves, "Perhaps my place will be there"; all thinking that to die in the Society and be buried in its consecrated ground was "a consummation devoutly to be wished." By some mistake a lily had been either planted or suffered to grow up on that spot. Frère Gonthier, seeing how well it grew even on soil not laid out, had watered it carefully; and now it bloomed with the others. As he watered it this day, he looked at the ground, saying half-audibly to himself, "Something tells me that my turn will be next. I hope I am not wrong; the sooner the better." This was not necessarily a wicked outburst of despair. The young Jesuit is trained to meditate upon death so often that he is no longer afraid of it. He frequently during those meditations desires "to be dissolved," or at least thinks he does; for when the hour comes, though all are resigned, all are not desirous. In the abstract, at least, he considers death as a gain; after scorn and revilings and contumely for the name he bears, he hopes for a crown of life and ineffable glory. So it was not necessarily despair that made Frère Gonthier speak as he did; but was there not, in

fact, something like despair in his wish? We shall see later. At all events, Rodriguez, the oracle of asceticism, says that it is lawful piously to wish for death, even were it only on account of the miseries of life; and if our Brother has felt these miseries very keenly, can we blame him for desiring them to come to an end?

Half-past seven struck. At eight o'clock the lesson is to begin. Frère Gonthier, who is very methodical, intends spending from 7.30 to 7.45, as he always does, in reading his Journal of the Novitiate, a diary in which he has noted down all his experiences concerning his progress in the "ways of the Spirit" during the two years of his probation; he will afterwards, from 7.45 to 8, read over his philosophical notes, in order to prepare himself for class. But it is his established custom to examine his conscience every quarter of an hour. What has he done amiss whilst watering the plants? Has his mind strayed from thoughts of piety, of study, or of his actual occupation? Once, a flower has made him think of the home of his childhood. It was an idle thought, bringing no spiritual fruit; as such it should be avoided; and his subject of examination is *Self-Concentration* this week. So he pulls at his *chapelet de conscience*, a contrivance for noting down by means of beads the number of faults committed; for he will have to note down at noon in his book the sum-total of faults, comparing it for progress with the sum-total of last night's examination before bedtime. All this he does on his way to his room, which he shares with a couple of other students, absent for the time. Its

¹ The title *Father* is reserved to priests.

furniture is no richer than that of the ordinary rooms for students: whitewashed walls with a few pious engravings, three beds on iron bedsteads, three stands, three tables with a few books and a lamp, three chairs, three stools, a large stove, a *bénitier*—and nothing else. He kneels down, says a short prayer after having crossed himself with holy water, and takes his seat; we will look over his shoulder.

"June the 15th.—I went to see the master of the novices to-day. He questioned me very much about the Rules. I was happy to be able to say that, intentionally at least, I had broken none; no, nor have ever done since my entrance here. He then questioned me about my temptations. I had to tell the truth; as usual, I had none. This seemed to perplex him. I write down exactly (so far as I can recollect) what he said to me. 'Frère, I must tell you that your case is peculiar; I may say that in all my experience I have never met with one like yours before. You observe the strictest watch over your eyes; you keep all the Rules; your fraternal charity is a model to all your Brothers; much more, you have so little vanity that I can say all this to you without fear of doing you harm; and lastly, you have no temptations. I have tried you in every way, you have always stood the test well, and always said that you found no difficulty in standing it. Now, Frère, you are leaving the novitiate, but mark my words. Either you are a saint—a perfect man from the first day of your entrance, after that blow which rendered life in the world impossible to you—which is improbable to the last degree; or some day you will be assailed by some terrible temptation, all the more terrible because deferred. Therefore, be always on the look-out for it; never relax your vigilance. It may come upon you when you think yourself securest.'"

"That was about three years ago," said Frère Gonthier, *sotto voce*; "two years here, or not

much less, and one year in a college. Well, it has waited a long time, and does not seem to be in a hurry to come now." He remained for a time plunged in thought; then, hearing the clock strike the three-quarters, he made a short "examination of conscience," as was his wont, and went out with his book of philosophical notes to look over some quotations in the library, and overhaul Aquinas, Goudin, Silvester Maurus, and Suarez. We shall not follow him there, but remain in his room, and commit the indiscretion of looking through his "Journal Spirituel," making such extracts therefrom as may be most interesting:—

"July 27, 1841.—It appears that I am expected to write a diary: I am obedient. I saw Father Sabaudier, the master of the novices, to-day, and told him how, in the state of misery to which I am now reduced, I am determined either to go to Africa as a soldier and get killed by the Arabs or the climate, or else to become a Jesuit, and living, be like a dead man,—*sicut cadaver*. He answered that he understood my position well, and felt for me; but that the feeling of misery was not, taken by itself, a sufficient motive for entering the Society. I must see clearly that it is the best thing I can do, and offer myself, the Society reserving the right to accept or refuse me. So this evening I begin a Retreat, during which I am to see which of the two conditions—that of a soldier or that of a Jesuit—it is better for me to choose."

"July 28.—The Father, besides the particular examination on the Rules of the Retreat, indispensable for success, has directed me not to think of Her. Well, I will not: for what use is my thinking? That is, I will try my best; but can I help thinking of a wound that rankles so fearfully? O Hélène! lost to me! lost to all! lost for ever in this world! I will not think of you; and yet you will be present in every one of my

thoughts, and words, and deeds, until my dying day; the mainspring of all my actions, and even the source of my vocation to a religious life!"

Let us pass over a few pages, containing the abstract of his meditations, until we find him making his irrevocable choice.

"August 2.—Yes, I am quite calm. That is the proper state, Ignatius says, for making my 'election'; and I have elected poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus. I already feel as if I were dead to the world. Well, instead of killing men for the greater glory of France, I shall preach, give lessons, and hear confessions for the greater glory of God. That is better, much better—for my fellow-creatures; it is my duty to think of them. And as for dying soon, Father Sabaudier says that some missions are very unhealthy, and others perilous: I may ask to be sent there. It is no sin, he says. Men have the right to risk death in battle, or in seeking a fortune, or even in trying to get a living: how much more in spreading the truth amongst the heathen!"

Then follow the ordinary entries of the novitiate, monotonous by their sameness, and still more so by a certain lack of fervour or of that strife with difficulties that are overcome only by fervour. In Frère Gonthier's case there were no difficulties to overcome. He was never tempted to say a sharp word to any Brother; why should he be unkind? nor to laugh at trifles, as most novices do; where was the use of it? nor to eat more than was necessary; he was told not to think of what he ate, and he obeyed. One entry alone is worth transcribing; it comes much later, towards the end of the novitiate, and may give us a clue to his state of mind:—

"I saw the master to-day, and told him of a thought that struck me during the meditation this morning. I

believe that only one thing could possibly be a danger for my vocation, and that thing is impossible unless a miracle takes place. If Hélène, my betrothed one, were to rise again from the dead! It was a wild thought; but I felt—and I told the Father so—that if it took place, I should not remain in the novitiate one day. He gently scolded me for making suppositions as to what I should do in the event of a practically impossible condition of things. 'If that should ever happen,' said he, 'God would give you His grace; at present, not having that grace, you do not feel equal to bearing such a temptation against your vows. I knew,' said he, 'a Brother who was tortured for months, notwithstanding all I could say, at the thought of what he should do if commanded by holy obedience to eat a spider!'"

So Frère Gonthier, after the death of his intended wife, had entered the Society of Jesus. After the novitiate he was sent for one year to the colleges, as a *surveillant*—a severe test of virtue, imposed as seldom as possible, on account of the great strain which the sudden and complete change from contemplative to most busy life produces: but here too he was faultless. Neither the hard toil of correcting the pupils' tasks, nor the worrying liveliness of the boys, nor the impatient vivacity of the other masters, ever wrought any alteration in his demeanour. His temper was not cheerful and not sad; it was serenely passionless. His patience was admirable; so were his activity and industry; so was his observation of the rule of silence, and the ease with which he spent the recreations without either lapsing into drollery, or falling into disputes, or affecting exaggerated piety. And yet when, on his coming to the scholasticate to begin his philosophical studies, he saw his former master of the novices, now a *Père de Résidence*,

one of the first things that the latter said to him was: "I fear, *mon frère*, that you have not the spirit of the Society yet. This absence of all defects is ominous. I never heard of sanctity acquired without a struggle. Such a thing is inconceivable. You know the saying, 'Novices seem holy and are not; scholars neither seem nor are so; young Fathers are, but do not seem; Profess Fathers both seem and are.' I cannot place you in the last category so soon: you are yet on the threshold of the novitiate in my eyes."

Frère Gonthier listened to all this very quietly. Too quietly perhaps. And yet, why so? for holy indifference is the right thing after all. Only the question is whether this indifference was holy. During class, in the last quarter of an hour reserved for inquiries and objections, Frère Gonthier urged, in the most technical scholastic Latin, and with very cogent logic, the problem as to whether the system of atoms without size—mere mathematical points—could be upheld, seeing that all action at a distance is inadmissible, and that such atoms, if they touched each other, would coincide. Even the professor was embarrassed, and in the class public opinion henceforth swayed strongly towards other theories. But Frère Gonthier cared for none of those things after all.

After class, he recollected that he had not watered all the flowers yet, and that the watering-can still stood in the cemetery half-full. When he had ended his self-imposed task, he found himself again standing near what was to be his future grave. What a beautiful lily that was growing out of it! so stately, so tall, so dazzlingly white in the splendour of the May sunbeams! The

Brother felt something akin to interest, and passed his hand over the flower with a caressing touch, until he lightly grasped the stem. Just then a step was heard in the lane; he instinctively turned his head and looked that way. Now, those who are acquainted with the rules of the Jesuits will perhaps here find means to criticise my narrative. A model Brother, as I call him, and so unmindful of the Rules of modesty as to look curiously at a person walking up the lane? Highly improbable! It would indeed seem so at first sight. But we must not forget that Frère Gonthier had passed through the ordeal of college life, and that, for the fulfilment of the duties of a *surveillant* there, a quick eye that sees many things is required. The "modesty" of the novice—eyes cast down, fixed on the ground at two or three paces before you—can hardly continue to be practical at other times and in other situations. Still Frère Gonthier would, I admit, have done better if he had not given way to this first movement of curiosity. One glance. One only, and the passer-by was no longer to be seen. But the Brother's face had suddenly turned pale as death; he felt a great pain in his wildly palpitating heart, towards which all his blood had flowed; and, not knowing what he was doing, he clenched his hand and broke the stem of the beautiful lily that was in its grasp. For he had just seen passing before him, dressed like a peasant girl, coarsely and poorly, the very image of the dead *Hélène*! as like to her as the reflection in a mirror is to that which is reflected. His first feeling of strong emotion, however, soon passed away; and then he heaved a deep sigh: "Nevermore, nevermore! What a strange

likeness! Were she still alive, I myself should have been mistaken. . . . Ah, what have I done? Poor broken lily!" Poor indeed; for it looked a most piteous thing, hanging down wretchedly from its straight stalk. Frère Gonthier thought it would be best to open the ground and bury it out of sight, in that grave which he hoped soon to occupy.

If we looked into his account-book of the particular examination of conscience, we should have found these words, written at noon: "Many faults to-day. Peculiar circumstances have awakened old memories, to which my mind cannot help going back." In the refectory, at dinner-time, he was, contrary to his custom, very absent. A Brother opposite him had not been provided with a spoon when the table was laid, and sat with his plate full of soup before him, stiff and stern and hungry, the odour of the savoury dish ascending in vain to his nostrils; for it was recommended, as a rule calculated to foster brotherly attention and thoughtfulness, never to order anything oneself until it was clear that no neighbour had noticed the deficiency. This time even Frère Gonthier, though very seldom inattentive, did not notice him. At length his patience was exhausted, and he struck three sharp blows upon his glass with his knife, bringing the refectory servant up at once to see what was wanting, and awakening Frère Gonthier from his reverie, rather ashamed of himself that such a thing could have happened. What numerous trains of old associations and honey-sweet memories had the sight of that face conjured up within his mind?

After dinner Frère Gonthier felt no great wish to spend the recreation with his Brothers. He

was allowed to pass as much of his time as he liked in the garden; so, leaving the rest of the community to laugh and broach philosophical discussions, and relate anecdotes about college life,—how one old *surveillant* found means to bring an unruly division under control, or how a most eloquent preacher had, when a teacher, totally failed in the management of his class,—he said his *Ave Maria*, went into the cemetery, and dug hard, keeping company with his own thoughts. It was his duty; and why should he not do his duty? A Brother came and offered to help him; the offer, I need not say, was declined with thanks. He had not much to do, and would probably very soon have finished. And they all said in recreation, "*Ce bon frère!*" how zealously he labours, and what pains he takes with our beautiful little cemetery!" But the *bon frère* was so busy in his work that he totally forgot his customary examinations of conscience, and only remembered them with dismay at the end of the recreation, when the big bell rang. On leaving the place he felt, and he knew not why, depressed and miserable. He prepared himself for the class of physics in an absent way, took few notes, and asked no questions. A strange torpor had seized upon him all at once. Was it really torpor, though? See how fast he walks to the cemetery as soon as class is over, without stopping to go down to the refectory and take some of the bread and wine that is served at *gouter!* Now he is busily at work, laying out a small garden somewhat below the burial-ground, but very near that part of the fence which commands a view of the lane. He has worked for a long time, but does not put his spade away yet. Now he hears

steps approaching; some one is coming down the hill. And again he looks; this time not by a mere mechanical impulse, but with intense curiosity.

It is she! Those white and ruddy cheeks, that pure alabaster forehead, the bold pencilling of those arched eyebrows, those brown laughing eyes, and full red pouting lips—a luxuriance of beauty run wild, strong, healthy, splendid, like the sunbeams on the waters—they are the same, and yet not the same, as what he saw, with dry eyes and heart turned to stone, laid low in the grave, four years ago. She chanced to look up, and their eyes met; and he almost thought it extraordinary that the glance from those eyes showed no recognition: in that, and in that alone, was she unlike his lost *Hélène*. It was a hot day, but he still continued to work: a fit of feverish energy had seized him; as he went to and from the cistern, from and to the burial-ground, filling and emptying the watering-can, the perspiration ran in streams down his cheeks. He wanted to subdue one sort of excitement by another, but it was in vain: his blood seemed all on fire. What he still took for harmless curiosity—a mere reminiscence of his dead *fiancée*—was so no longer. He knew that he ought not to have looked at the girl so attentively, and that he should have kept steadily to his examination subject—Self-Concentration; but he quieted his conscience by remembering that St Ignatius would not have his Rules oblige under pain of sin, but of imperfection only. Imperfection only! And is that nothing, O Brother, and what powerful charm makes you hold it of so little account? You were not taught so.

He remembers, just in time,

that he has to defend a philosophical thesis at a *circulus* (or sort of debating meeting) that very evening, and is not yet prepared. He will have to deal with a subtle opponent, well read in Aquinas, and clever in propounding unforeseen difficulties not to be found in any book. So he goes to the library and sets to work; but how differently from the quiet methodical work of the morning! The result may be guessed beforehand. His “thesis” is expounded and proved so feebly as to astonish both the students and the professor. Then, when the adversary, after his preliminary challenge “*Contra tuam thesim . . . argumentor*,” begins to argue, Frère Gonthier gives a wrong distinction at the first syllogism, and gets woefully stuck in the mud, after two or three. “Our Frère is surely ill,” think, at the close of the debate, all those intellectual epicures who expected to enjoy a “feast of reason” and have to go down disappointed to supper; “he never was in such bad form before.” At the evening recreation some of the most pious tried to improve the occasion by observing how well and with what saintly indifference he received the humiliation—the greatest of all, in a scholastic’s eyes—of being reduced to absolute and utter self-contradiction. And some even went so far as to suspect him of having answered badly on purpose, by a refinement of humility; for Frère Gonthier was known by what was supposed to be his quiet virtue, and nothing in that way would have astonished them from him.

The next morning, after an hour’s meditation, during which he saw nothing but the face of the girl in the lane, he stood outside the Père Spirituel’s door. He felt that he wanted help and guidance,

for something was surely going wrong. Never before, not even in the first times of his novitiate, had he felt as he felt then. It seemed to him as if drops of quicksilver moved about in his arms, in the palms of his hands, even in his fingers' ends; some unknown power urged him forwards, and hastened his walk almost to a run; more than one Father, grave and earnest, had gazed upon him with astonishment. Was he going mad? . . . Unfortunately the Père Spirituel was absent for the day, and he was therefore obliged to put off consulting him. A twinge of conscience smote him as he walked to the cemetery after breakfast. Ought he to go? Perhaps he might see her again; and though it was only the remembrance of Hélène—nothing more—that he would seek to revive by looking at her (of course; how could anything else be possible?), that very remembrance might unsettle him. Well, he must at all events do his duty in the cemetery. He would go therefore, but not look at her. But how little Frère Gonthier knew about temptations! how clear it was that the rawest novice was not more raw than he! and what was the use of all his former machine-like regularity?

A step is heard outside the enclosure in the lane. With lightning-like rapidity this reasoning flashes upon him in full scholastic and syllogistic form: "*To remember the dead whom I ought to love is not wrong; but to look upon this girl is to remember the dead whom I ought to love: therefore, to look upon this girl is not wrong.*" And he can find, in the long list of distinctions with which his mind is so abundantly furnished, not a single one to break the force of the argument. He was mistaken; no one passes that way yet; it was

perhaps the branch of a tree cracking in the breeze, or his own excited imagination. But again he hears a step, and this time it brings to his mind the following dilemma: "*Either I still care for Hélène, or not: if I care for her, what harm can her image do to me? and if I do not, this girl is no more to me than the picture of a beauty to which I am indifferent.*" A feeble dilemma, a very feeble one indeed! Can you find no answer to it, Frère Gonthier? Have you studied dialectics for a whole year, and read Aristotle's "*De Sophisticis Elenchis*" through and through, to be so easily nonplussed by so poor a fallacy?—No; not yet. It is only a peasant passing by, who, seeing the Brother at work, takes off his hat respectfully; the Brother does the same, and continues working. And now the volcanic gravel of the little lane crunches beneath another and a lighter step. No argument comes to his mind this time; an irresistible desire to look—felt to be guilty and yet resistless, because the *will* to resist is wanting—takes possession of his whole soul.

"I will, I must!"

Her upward glance caught his; and this time he saw in it that expression of pleased recognition which alone was wanting before to identify her face with that of his lost one. Both smiled at the same time: it came so naturally to Frère Gonthier, and he could not help it.

"What are you laughing at?" said she, beginning the conversation, after the frank and easy manner of her class.

"I? Oh, because you remind me of some one whom I knew once, years ago."

"Do I? Very much?"

"Yes. Your face, your glance, your voice is the very same. If I had not seen her laid in the grave,

I could have sworn that you were she."

"That's curious, at least! And what are you doing there?"

"What you see—watering the flowers. And you, where are you going?"

"Up the mountain, to tend the sheep. Morning and evening my brother keeps them, and I take his place during the middle of the day. By that means, do you see? they can remain up there much longer."

"And at what o'clock do you come down?"

"Oh, at about four or five in the afternoon."

"Why, I never saw you pass this way before yesterday!"

"Oh, you see, this is a short cut down to the village, but I did not know of it before."

"Do you live in the village?"

"Yes. Good day."

She disappeared. The quick delicious feeling of intoxication that her presence had brought disappeared with her. Frère Gonthier felt himself, almost without transition, plunged in the depths of such remorse as few know; not unlike, as we may imagine, the feeling of a woman, hitherto honest, after she has fatally compromised herself by a first false step, and the excitement is past and gone. But why such remorse? Was it not absurd? Could any conversation be more innocent than theirs? It was not that. It was the fact of having spoken to a stranger—and that stranger a young girl—without leave and without the plea of necessity. It was against the Rules. True, they did not oblige under penalty of sin; but theologians held them to be so holy, so just, so necessary to perfection, that a man obliged to strive towards perfection could hardly violate them deliberately without

sinning. And what was this feeling of utter desolation that came over him, this sense of being cast off by the God whom he had forsaken, this experience of absolute darkness, degradation, and misery which possessed his whole being? Were they not the wages of sin? Besides, he began to realise, dimly, reluctantly, and too late, the fact that he loved her. Too late; for he should have realised it the day before, when the sharp pain struck to his heart at the first sight of her; he had deluded himself then, and he continued to delude himself now. He thought indeed that there was danger now, and said to himself that he had been wrong, imprudent, and might perhaps, if he did not take heed, fall into a snare. But he did not, he would not, see that he was already caught in the snare, and would have to make his utmost endeavours to get free *then*: it would be impossible afterwards. As he walked back to the house he began to moralise very piously, not without a feeling that, since he could do so, things were better than they seemed. His "desolation" was a just punishment for having done wrong. When he saw the Père Spirituel next morning, he would not fail to take his advice: the best thing to be done now was to go to the domestic chapel, make a hearty act of contrition before the Holy Sacrament, and think no more of what he had done. He stepped in and knelt down in a dark corner by the door. The place was full of a deep solemn stillness. A few Brothers were praying there, with head bent forward and downcast eyes; their beads passed slowly through their clasped hands. The sacristan had already swept the floor, waxed and carpeted the sanctuary, and trimmed the little lamp that hung before the altar,

burning with a deep-red light; all the Masses had been said by this time. The painted wooden statue of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, the patron of Jesuit students, stood in the sunlight near the window, with a crucifix and a lily in one hand, a skull and a ducal coronet in the other. Frère Gonthier thought how Brothers had often, playfully and yet not quite in jest, compared him with that youthful marvel of innocence and austerity; and he recollected that St Aloysius, being a page at the Court of Spain, had not looked upon a woman's face for two whole years! . . . Something suddenly braced his knees; he must go out, he would be stifled if he remained; the atmosphere was unendurable. He went, he almost rushed, outside. Catholic divines say that after death, when the ineffable light of God's day dawns upon the soul, it flies headlong to its place in purgatory or hell, thus doing justice to God upon itself. And surely the raging tempest that was in Frère Gonthier's mind made the quiet tranquillity of the chapel so intolerable to him because of his unfitness to be there; and he likewise judged himself, and fled.

On going out sinister thoughts surged within him, excited and aroused by the slightest associations. In the long corridor through which he passed to prepare for school in his room there were five or six pictures belonging to the French school of the seventeenth century. He saw a naval painting, with indistinctly looming ships, heaving waters in the foreground, and in the background a dirty yellow yet luminous haze, suggestive of sunrise behind the

fog; and he thought of the wide world, of roaming far, far! oh God! ever so far—and then suddenly checked himself. Holy Mary! what was he thinking about? Passing on, he looked at another landscape, with spreading trees and classic ruins, and shepherds and shepherdesses scattered about; and one line after another of Virgil's 'Bucolics' flashed into his mind, especially that line, so strong and to a heathen mind so true: "Love conquers all; let us too yield to Love"—

"Omnia vincit Amor; et nos cedamus Amori."

He could not work in his room, and went down into the library; he took a book at random; it was the 'Theological Sum' of Aquinas, an enormous old volume. He opened it at random, and read the question, "*Whether he that vows to enter into Religion is bound to remain there perpetually,*" and the words on the next column, "*Secondly, we say that if he who enters into Religion should go out thereof, especially for any reasonable cause, he begets no scandal, nor does he give an evil example, . . . because he would do what was licit.*"¹ He closed the book with a bang; two or three Brothers poring over their notes started at the sound. "Why think of these things?" he muttered to himself. "God knows I would rather die than abandon my vocation!" Just then the bell rang, the other pupils crowded in, and the class began. It was again all about "*matter and form,*" the determinable and the determining element in all things. Notes were taken by everybody in great quantities, for the subject was

¹ Here, however, it is right to point out that St Thomas's opinion, as given in the article in question, is that all depends on the intention *at the time* when the vow was taken.

most abtruse: by everybody I mean, except young Brother Berthaut, who felt quite out of his depth and unable even to seize the professor's meaning; for, as a witty Brother, an ardent opponent of Aristotle's theory, had written under a caricature in which he represented the Stagyrte whipping his pupil, the youthful Alexander, "*That is a system that can't get in by the head!*" Brother Berthaut had seen the caricature, and thought it most prudent not to write down absurdities, but copy the notes of Frère Gonthier afterwards. He did so; but as the latter, when he took them, did not understand a word of what he was writing, he was but a doubtful medium of knowledge.

The forenoon was long and dreary, very dreary and very long; somewhat like a sultry morning that portends a storm in the afternoon. Why did it seem so long? Our Brother had no reason to desire that time might fly quickly by, for he had taken a resolution (which he believed to be firm) not to see the girl any more. But whilst repeating this resolution to himself over and over again, he felt a vague doubt—so vague that it only amounted to a feeling of uneasiness—mingling with and mar- rying the strength of his belief. Would he be able to keep it? Of course he would: had he not kept more difficult resolutions before that? Had he not gone, as a pilgrim, through the most beautiful valleys of the Pyrenees, looking all the time only on the dusty road, and never even casting a glance at the beauty that surrounded him?

The hour of recreation came; groups of students were walking backwards and forwards, four or five together, in the long alleys

set aside for the use of the students of Philosophy; the theological students were on the upper terraces, where the "philosophers" were not allowed to go. Frère Gonthier, absent-minded at first, roused himself suddenly; the conversation had taken a turn that interested him. All who die in the Society of Jesus, it is piously believed, are saved: so it was revealed to St Teresa, a great saint. But what of the converse proposition? Are all those who leave the Society . . . everlastingly lost? A hard question to answer. For God's mercy is infinite, but so is His justice; and if they are to be saved, *why do they leave?* There were thirty doors to leave the Society, one Brother said, and but one that was safe—so the master of novices had told him. Another pointed out the dangers of the world: if a man cannot remain in the Society with so much grace, how can he be saved in the world when that superabundance is taken away from him? A third said—

"Well, only God knows what becomes of them at last; but some certainly lead a Christian life. I remember, when I was out for the pilgrimage with my companion, we found the *cure* absent when we got to the village that we were directed to reach that day. We were much embarrassed, for we had no introduction anywhere else, and had no idea where to go, when a little boy came running from a small ivy-grown cottage opposite, saying that his father begged us to step in and rest ourselves. We complied very gladly: it was dinner-time, and we were soon seated at table. There were several pictures and small statuettes in the room, but all of them represented Christ, the Blessed Mother, or a saint. That struck us; we were still more surprised when we saw

with what reverence the whole family, comprising (besides the father and mother) three boys and two girls, made the sign of the cross at grace; but fancy our astonishment when both our host and his wife began to talk with us on matters of spirituality in a way that showed them to be well acquainted with Rodriguez, St Francis Salesius, and St Ignatius's Exercises; and when we saw that even the children listened attentively, with much interest! The host, seeing us look surprised, said he had been several years among the Jesuits, but had left them before taking sacred orders. 'I have brought up my family,' said he, 'to live like disciples of St Ignatius. We have meditations, private examinations, Litanies in the evening, exercises of charity—in short, I have tried to make of my family a little Jesuit novitiate: that is, a heaven below.' And in fact, on watching the children, we saw that they kept guard over their senses as well as the best novice could have done; and they looked very happy and radiant for all that, just as I could fancy the child Jesus looked in Nazareth. 'I,' said he, 'am their spiritual guide; and my wife helps me, especially as regards the girls.' Now, tell me, Brothers, does that man seem to be on his way to hell?"

"I think decidedly not," said Frère Gonthier. The Brothers looked at him; these were the first words he had spoken since the recreation had begun, and he spoke with unusual emphasis. "I think that if the Society has decided that it is lawful to loosen the tie which has bound us to it, we ought not to judge those whose fate it has been to leave us. And let us not say that we only make a general assertion

that most of them are lost; for we cannot help applying it to particular cases. Here is a case. A poor Jesuit student left our Order, for good reasons known to his Superiors and himself. He possessed literary talent of very high quality. When he returned to Italy, his native land, he went to the Fathers there, thinking that they would help him to make use of his talent out of the Society, in the same way as he would have done, had he remained—for God's glory. As he was no longer one of us, nobody would have anything to do with him, and he was on the verge of starvation when a free-thinking Roman periodical offered to take up an article of his. Little by little he became indifferent to religion; he is now more than indifferent, and ranks with the bitterest and most hostile of Italian and anti-Catholic journalists. Let us suppose that he is lost. Did not the coldness of those who might have helped him do something that way? and did not the general assertion that *most of them are lost* produce that coldness?"

This opened out a field for discussion. Whether it was not advisable to hold aloof from the best of the ex-members, for one's own individual benefit; whether it was allowable to act on a general proposition, even when such action will unavoidably cause mistakes in the case of exceptions, but fewer mistakes than if such action were not taken; whether moral certainty was or was not a sufficient motive, when absolute certitude was unattainable; and what was the real nature of certitude,—such were the problems that rose, one after another, in the debate that followed, and in which Frère Gonthier took no part: he was thinking of something else, and

thought of something else long after the close of the recreation and all through the afternoon class

Four o'clock. Shall he go and water the flowers? or shall he not go? He generally watered them later, when evening had set in: that is a far better time than when the sun is still hot. But an awful longing had taken hold of him: it was a craving, a yearning, an imperious want. Yes, they must be watered immediately—he was resolved upon that; and great was the joy he felt upon thus resolving. Several times, whilst thus engaged in his duty, he said to himself—faintly, very faintly!—that it would not do to see her again; but still he came by degrees nearer and nearer to the place from which it was possible to see her, and as he came nearer his heart beat more quickly. When he heard her light step—need I say it?—his resolution was quite forgotten in the overwhelming joy of her presence; his countenance was lighted up with a beaming smile, as she stopped by the fence, looked up at him, and said, “Ah! there you are! I always see you now.”

This time they talked together for a long while. She was curious about his way of spending his time “between four walls, with a lot of musty books,” and could not understand how a stalwart young man like him could bear to live so; while he was no less inquisitive to know all about her occupations during the day, and whether she had any companions of her own sex—or of the other. And we can easily guess why her answer, that she neither knew nor cared to know any young man of the village, was so pleasing to him.

The gate of the cemetery opened; Frère Gonthier turned suddenly

round to his watering-can, and the peasant girl passed on down the lane. It was only a lay brother coming in to pray at the grave of a student who, some years before, had expired “in odour of sanctity”: he had seen nothing. Frère Gonthier went out, and threw himself upon a wooden bench before the large cistern, whose surface was ruffled by the breeze into semicircular waves. He began to think. He again felt some of the remorse that had come over him in the morning—much less, however. What should he say that evening to the Père Spirituel, who would certainly be back? He must speak to him and tell him all. But . . . how could he say it? How could he?—never mind how: it must be done. The duty of every Jesuit is to be a spy, not upon others, but upon himself; he is bound in honour to let the Superiors know, not only his faults and frailties, but his temptations and his desires. Want of openness is the worst defect in a character, and the most insurmountable obstacle to a man's stay in the Society. Frère Gonthier knew it well.

Father Bernard, the Père Spirituel, was sitting quietly in his room, very fragrant (if that be the word) with the odour of strong snuff, having a big book of St Bonaventura on his desk, and trying to find in the ‘*Meditationes de Vita Christi*’ some interesting hints that he might work into his next conference for the students, when a sharp tap at his door announced to him that his ministry was wanted. “*Entrez*,” said he, and looked up over his spectacles. Frère Gonthier staggered in, pale, gasping, haggard.

“Sit down, dear Brother,” said Father Bernard, astonished at this sudden change in one so quietly precise, so primly methodical as

he was—one with whom he never had the slightest difficulty.

"Father," said Frère Gonthier, in a husky voice, "I am lost—lost! Better to tell you all at once."

"Lost! Why, what have you done, dear Brother?" asked the old Father, terrified.

"I have"—these words were said mechanically, as though forced one by one out of the speaker's throat—"I have spoken to a girl over the fence in the park; and I have done so with pleasure."

Now Father Bernard, notwithstanding a character that was very simple and confiding, was unusually given to attacks of fear and mistrust, on account of a strange instance of the frailty, or rather of the falsity, of human nature which he had experienced in his younger days. He was then one of the *directeurs* in a *grand séminaire* where young ecclesiastics study and prepare for the priesthood. One of those whose confessions he heard, a very quiet and seemingly good young *séminariste*, was about to receive communion from his hands at Mass one morning. He suddenly sprang from his knees, and shouted out in the middle of the chapel, with flushed face and wildly glaring eyes, "Oh! I am tired of this; I have tricked you long enough;" and with a powerful blow of his fist knocked the silver pyx, with its contents, out of Father Bernard's trembling hands: he then strode down the nave, tossing up his arms, with the white wings of his muslin surplice fluttering behind him. The Father, looking down, saw all the Hosts lying scattered on the ground, and became insensible. He had never, since that day, been able to say Mass without a chair to hold by, in case a feeling of dizziness should come over him at the thought of that sacrilege; and this recollec-

tion always made him extremely frightened and fearful of the worst whenever he saw a Brother much agitated by any temptation.

"Dear Brother, dear Brother," said he, looking sideways at him, "what is this? You have spoken to a girl—and with pleasure? O take care, dear Brother! your vocation is in peril! Tell me, did you look at her?"

"I did."

"With pleasure again?"

"With pleasure."

"O, it is worse and worse! Dear Brother—you who have always been so edifying until now, you who never gave way to temptation"—Father Bernard quite forgot he had never had any—"how could you do such a thing?"

"I don't know; I was urged to it."

"The Fiend urged you, dear Brother! I tell you again: your vocation—that is, your everlasting happiness—is in the greatest danger. On no account speak with her, on no account look at her again—on no account! And I advise you—but I do not order you, mind—to take the discipline this night, during the time you would say the Psalm *Miserere*. O, I fear much for you, dear Brother; I fear for your salvation!"

Unhappily this sentence, "I fear for your salvation," had passed into a standing joke amongst the students, who used to say that they were often warned thus, even for a breach of silence or a quarrelsome debate. These words had rather the effect of irritating than of terrifying; they were felt to be true, and could yet be set down to exaggeration on account of Father Bernard's character. Frère Gonthier retired, took the discipline at the appointed time, astonishing his companions and the inhabitants of the neighbouring rooms

by its length, and jumped into bed; but he did not sleep for a long time. He began to pile sophisms on sophisms, against the Père Spirituel's warning. Why was he in danger? what harm had he done? had he said anything that was wrong? Every scholastic in the house must come in for one of these warnings sooner or later, and it was his turn now. Why should he be uneasy, then, any more than the others were?

The next morning at five o'clock he entered the room of the Reverend Father Rector, who was kneeling at his *prie-dieu*, in meditation. "Father," said he, "I am much perplexed. The Père Spirituel thinks that my vocation is in danger."

"In danger, Brother? That is serious. And why?"

The Rector knew all about Father Bernard's very pessimistic views, and was convinced that he had dealt too harshly by Frère Gonthier.

"Because I spoke yesterday to a girl over the fence in the cemetery."

"Indeed? Well, that is not usual; I may say it is irregular in itself; still I don't see much in that. Did she speak first to you?"

"Yes, she did."

"Ah, well, I see; you must not give way to mere scruples, Brother. You know that, if she says a few words to you, you can answer, according to the Rule, "*obiter et perpaucis*"; it is but Christian courtesy. And to remove all your doubts on the matter, I give you my authorisation."

"And if the conversation——"

"Oh! mind, I don't allow a conversation, by any means. That might perhaps be dangerous; at all events I don't allow it. You will easily know yourself when

the few words allowed by the Rules have been said. And try to say something pious, something to bring God to her mind, or the aim of St Ignatius—God's greater glory—would not be attained, even by those few words he allows."

When the eight o'clock bell rang for class, Brother Gonthier hurried out of the cemetery. The "few words" had lasted more than half an hour. None had been such as the Rector had asked for; and though none were in themselves wrong, they had been, both on his and on her side, "underlined" and emphasised by looks that meant much. He no longer knew what to do. As for remorse, he felt none at all; but a natural spirit of candour and openness obliged him to report his conduct to somebody. But to whom? Not to Father Bernard, whom he would certainly frighten out of his wits. Not to the Rector, whose tenaciously good opinion of him he could not find it in his heart to destroy: it is too bitter a task to undeceive a man, when you see that he clings with all his might to his good opinion of you! In the midst of a long dry argument upon the essential definition of Life, he suddenly remembered that his former master of novices was now living in the house as a *Père de Résidence*, and had the right to hear the students' confessions. It was a pressing case, as he felt; so the class was hardly over when he entered his room. Father Sabaudier listened to his tale, and after a few quiet questions succeeded in getting at the root of the matter, the cause of the evil—the girl's wonderful resemblance in face, shape, and voice with his lost Hélène. He then raised his eyes, mildly compassionate, to his visitor's face, and said—

"My dear Brother, I feel for you as I have seldom felt for any one. I was always astonished that, having come amongst us as you came, with so weak a motive and so little real ardour, you did all things with such perfection. Now I see that God, in His wisdom, sheltered you then, but allows the temptation to come now. Will you resist it?"

"Really, Father, I cannot tell," said Frère Gonthier, gloomily. This first attack had failed, it was but too plainly visible: Father Sabaudier had to change his tactics and appeal to less elevated motives.

"You are too modest, Brother. Take courage; I am confident that you will resist in this important crisis. The Père Spirituel was not wrong; your salvation may depend on this moment. But I know you; and I hope and trust that with the grace of God you will weather the storm."

The Brother smiled sadly. "I only wish that you may not be mistaken in me. After what has taken place, I feel no hope whatever, and should be surprised at nothing."

Still no success! A third trial must be made.

"But, Brother, I do not understand what your feelings for your lost bride may be. Why, you seem to fear that another can get possession of your heart! Another! And you were so faithful; have you forgotten her?"

"Father!"

"Would you be false to her memory? At her death, you entered religion: was it—could it have been—only until your eyes might be struck with, and your fancy smitten by, some one else whom you liked better? That would be shameful, degrading!"

"Father! never, never will I

see that girl again! I shall ask another Brother to do the watering for me: as for me, I shall not even enter the cemetery."

"This time we succeed!" said Father Sabaudier to himself; but he added doubtfully, "Mere human motives; nothing supernatural; a mere bruised reed to trust to. Yet Christ would not break even the bruised reed." And then he said aloud, "No, Brother, do not take that resolution. Say, 'I will not see her for a week from now'; take this resolution every day afresh; come to me in a week's time, and we shall see the state of your mind then."

At the appointed time Frère Gonthier returned. A great change had taken place in him. Having prayed much and fasted severely, scourged himself and worn iron chains with spikes pointing inwards to the flesh, in order to keep himself faithful, not to his vocation, but to the memory of his Hélène, he had become very lean; and a strange fire, not unlike the look of a madman with its ominous glare, burned in his eyes. When Father Sabaudier looked at him, he at once saw that all was lost, and that the Brother's mind was quite made up.

"Father," said he, "I come to you because I promised; but from your room I go straight to that of the Father Rector."

There was a short pause. Father Sabaudier was silently praying.

"He will have to give me other clothes, for which I shall repay him as soon as I have the money. The little competence which I intended for the poor if I was to stay here still belongs to me; I shall have enough to live upon, with her who will be my . . . my wife." However resolute Frère Gonthier was, he could not help shrinking from uttering this word;

but he controlled himself, for he was determined to do as he said. "The Father Rector, when he gets my letters of dismissal from Rome, will kindly send them to me, in town, *poste restante*. I honour, esteem, and love the Jesuits; but I cannot stay with them."

"And so," said Father Sabaudier, making a last effort with a bitter smile upon his face, "that is all your love for the dead *Hélène*? But I expected this all along. Well, go your way, and may God forgive you! You have had your temptation, and have yielded to it. The Fiend will laugh at you some day for this!"

"Yes, Father, I go; but one more word yet. What is that memory of *Hélène*? Do I know where she is or where I shall be in the next world? You say she is dead: I answer, She lives! Yes, she lives in her likeness, even though that likeness should bear the garb of a peasant girl. Had I seen that girl before I entered the novitiate, I would never have crossed its threshold. My vows are null; for I took them in ignorance of the possibility that so perfect a similitude could exist."

"All this is mere sophistry, and you know it," retorted the Father, in stern sorrow. "The truth is, that wanting to give way to your passions, you can easily find a reason to do so."

"A reason?" exclaimed *Frère Gonthier*, now excited to an alarming pitch: "do I need reasons? This night, this very night, I saw her in my dreams. I spoke to her, but she answered me nothing and began to weep. I know, I know she loved me; her looks told me as much; and it is my absence—caused by you!—that has grieved her so. Oh! the sound of that weeping will not leave my

ears! I hear it now, I hear it constantly; but I must and will stop it if I can, and I hasten to her at once." With these words he rushed out of the room.

"And Christ goeth to be crucified again," said the Father, falling on his knees at his *prie-dieu* before the image of Jesus, pointing sorrowfully to His heart, wounded, bleeding, crowned with thorns and surrounded with flames.

The scene with the Father Rector was long and stormy. The latter was of course thunderstruck, and attributed this failure to want of tact on the part of Father Sabaudier, though he could not see where his tact had been deficient. It was a terrible scandal. *Frère Gonthier* insisted upon having clothes given him there and then, or on leaving the house dressed as he was; and as soon as he had changed his clothes (which he did after two hours' prayers, entreaties, and spiritual menaces had been spent upon him in vain, and it was evident that no human power could divert him from his purpose) he went out, passing by several Brothers who were waiting outside to ask for different permissions. He was perfectly recognised by them, to their astonishment and horror. The whole community was soon in a state of consternation. All were convened in the lecture-room, and asked to pray for his soul—"for," the Rector observed, "the temptation was very violent, and almost irresistible." He concluded by saying that he had given orders for the masons to build a stone wall along the lane that skirted the cemetery; until it was built, no student was allowed to enter the cemetery for any reason whatever. The *Père Spirituel* confirmed himself in the thought of the perversity of human nature; and many a Brother took that

evening, as his spiritual reading, the 14th chapter of the third book of the 'Imitation'—

"If in Thine angels Thou didst find depravity, and didst not spare them, how will it be with me?"

"Stars have fallen from heaven; and I, dust that I am! why should I presume?"

"Men whose works seemed laudable have fallen into the lowest depths; men who ate the Bread of angels, I have seen them delighting in the husks of swine!"

The next morning, after a meditation on the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, all the Brothers went to hear Mass and receive Communion for the poor erring one; but the priests were not allowed to say Mass for him, on account of his being excommunicated for leaving the Society without permission. Many wept over him, over their vanished ideal. It was a day of mourning and a day of fervour: all were afraid lest they should lose their vocation too.

Six months afterwards, Father Sabaudier received a letter in the well-known hand of Frère Gonthier,—the first news of him since he had left. It contained only the following words:—

"I am dying; the physician has told me so quite plainly. If you think that there is any hope of salvation for me, come to the hospital of Le Puy and give me the last sacraments. I have but a very few days to spend on earth. —GONTHIER."

Was that spectre, with glassy eyes and hollow voice and hectic flush, lying at full length upon the bed, too thin and too weak even to sit up—was that our dear Brother? Alas! and his soul also was no doubt as changed as his body! It

was most woful. Father Sabaudier, as he met his despairing look, could not help bursting into tears. When he was able to speak, he said: "O my Brother—for I will call you so to the end,—my poor Brother, how grieved I am for your sake! To have bartered your holy vocation—that crown of glory and of happiness everlasting,—to have bartered it away for so very little! A lifetime of earthly joy would be nothing; but what a poor mess of pottage you have received in exchange for your place in the Society of Jesus! Six months—only six months of pleasure; and now you are about to stand before God——"

"Six months?" bitterly exclaimed the poor sufferer, with feverish excitement; "no, Father, not one minute! Since I left the Society, *I have never seen her once*; no, nor found anywhere the slightest trace of her! I have lavished my money, wasted my time: all in vain. I have visited and revisited all the houses round about, until they thought me mad. I have employed the most skilful detectives, and told them to spare no expense. No one in the village ever saw any girl that in the least resembles her; and yet Monsieur Touzet assured me that with the clues I had given him it was impossible not to find her, if she was anywhere. I have hardly enough to pay my last expenses; I have sold my birthright for nothing; and I am dying—O God, I am dying!"

There was a pause. Father Sabaudier said at last—

"Brother, this is a strange thing. I told you that it was a temptation of the devil; but what if it were so in a preternatural manner? Do you remember what we read in the 'Lives of the Desert Fathers'? how a monk, holy and austere, lived in a cell far from the

others; he heard one evening a woman cry to him to let her in, for she had lost her way. He let her in, though it was against the rule, and talked with her. Now, she was beautiful. Evil thoughts arose in his heart, and he yielded to temptation. But, just when he came near to her to press her lips with an unhallowed kiss, she suddenly uttered a loud cry and vanished in his arms like a shadow. And there was heard a sound as of the laughter of many demons, who exulted over his awful fall into sin. You understand me?"

Frère Gonthier did understand, and shuddered; then he begged to be reconciled with God by confession, as the time was short. The next day the Rector came, glad and yet sorrowful, bringing the Holy Viaticum. After thanksgiving, Frère Gonthier said, "Father, I would like to ask a favour of you. Just by the last grave, in our beautiful cemetery, there is a spot of ground where I once hoped to lie——"

"Brother, you know that is impossible now."

"Yes, I know; I am not

worthy. But that is not what I would ask for. When I first saw the Being—whether girl or phantom—that has thus broken my heart and cut short my life, my hand closed on a lily that grew there, and the lily was broken. I then buried it where it had grown, in that vacant spot that I hoped to possess one day. Father, will you, in memory of me, leave that place empty? will you see that no one shall lie there? that it be only the grave of the Broken Lily?"

What the Rector answered is not known, if indeed he was not too much moved to answer at all; but to this very day there is a vacant space among the graves that bloom white and radiant, when May comes round. It is covered only with grass; and though all weeds are carefully rooted out, it is not planted with flowers, like the other graves, but barren. And to those Brothers who come sometimes to meditate in the perfumed cemetery, the high stone wall on one side and the flowerless void in the midst teach a lesson and tell a tale.

M. H. DZIEWICKI.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN Burns was dying in neglect he consoled himself and others by the thought that he would be more respected in a hundred years than he was by his contemporaries. His anticipation has been justified. It is now a hundred years since the death of Burns, and the interest evoked by the centenary has shown that he is regarded by many as among the greatest of our poets. They are few, moreover, who still refuse to the man the admiration they bestow upon the author. By the verdict of more than a hundred years Burns has been ranked among the great. It is not inappropriate, therefore, at the end of a period fixed by himself, to consider once more the nature of his greatness.

Perhaps there never was a man who owed more to himself and less to education. His schooling was miserably inadequate. It is true, indeed, that the peasant-aristocrats of Scotland owed to mere schooling the least of their learning. Books were borrowed and read, questions of religion and politics were discussed, ballads were sung on the harvest-rig or by the ingle of an evening. Now, some of these advantages were enjoyed by Burns in a remarkable degree. We get a sudden and kindly glimpse of the kitchen at Mount Oliphant (as if by the glinting of the fire) when he tells of the shift he made to study by his father's hearth in the winter evenings of the first season that he ploughed. In a sense, then, Burns could have no better preparation for his poetry than the ballads of his mother and of old Betty Davidson. But we should

remember, on the other hand, that he was forced, by the want of better books, to read mildewed fustian like 'Tull and Dickson on Agriculture,' 'Salmon's Geographical Grammar,' and 'The British Gardener's Directory'! This is scarcely the training for a writer of passionate lyrics and an intensely graphic and humorous observer of the world; and if our taste is sometimes offended by crassness and bombast, we should remember how scanty, in a way, was the literary equipment of the poet. The manner in which Burns overcame his untoward surroundings is, in itself, a testimony to his genius. Others have their literary weapons prepared for them; Burns had to make his own. The fact is forgotten by the superfine critic, who, as he passes languid white fingers over a weary brow, utters the plaintive remark that, whatever the rustic poet may possess, he has nothing of "the great style." We shall endeavour to show that in lyric poetry, at least, Burns had a great style distinctively his own. And even against his narrative verse the charge is not always sustained by pertinent example, although it is brought with greater justice. In this respect the late Mr Arnold made a lamentable blunder. He quotes:—

"Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
 Than either School or College:
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't whisky-gill, or penny-wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin' deep,
 To kittle up our notion,
 By nicht or day."

That this is right good verse who

will deny? According to Mr Arnold, the Scot cries that here we have Burns indeed,—that in this stanza we meet the true poet of the bowl; and, as the stanza has nothing of the great style, Burns is said to be without it. It is readily conceded that not style, but sympathy and sense, rapidity and wit, mark Burns's narrative; that in verse other than lyric he never tried to whittle the rough vigour into smoothness. But there was never a more inapposite quotation. No Scot ever cited the stanza in order to show either the true Burns or Burns the bacchanalian. As a matter of fact, the verse is not serious at all, but "panged" with a rollicking irony, written in a burst of riotous laughter at the "yill-cawp commentätors" who are mentioned immediately before.

Burns is unique in the *matter* of his work. He was born and lived and died among the people. Others have described peasant life from above, Burns knew it from the inner and the under side. It is said that the gloomy anger which he showed after the Edinburgh visit was due to the fact that he failed to obtain a post which would save him from the drudgery of farming. We may be thankful that such was the case: what Burns lost, literature has gained. Because he never left the country and the country life, he sang of them always from actual observation, never from jaded reminiscence. He lived what he wrote, more, perhaps, than any other author, and hence his matter is unique, being new and fresh, and racy of the soil. To the matter his manner corresponds when he narrates with sagacious and humorous common-sense—and a kind of sublimated sense is the mark of Burns's best narrative—or, again,

in those lyrics where the feeling is so intense that the thought and the style cannot but be pure.

But the Scottish peasant has a clumsy hankering after sublimity of diction, and is often imposed upon by fustian. Perhaps the old style of pulpit oratory is accountable for this. He admires the swelling phrases of 'The Course of Time,' till the poem runs to its twentieth edition; he thinks that the speeches of Mr Gladstone are miracles of English prose! Burns did not escape this influence: when he tries to be fine he generally fails, as in the letters to Clarinda and in many of his English verses; there are traces of it even in "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and in "Scots wha hae." It is true, indeed, that even more than other writers he should have the benefit of the rule that no man is to be judged by his worst. He was continually tempted to write down to the level of his audience. Any doggerel might do for the local squib, the local epigram. Hence the injustice done to the fame of Burns by the foolish admirers who parade every ugly lampoon that he scrawled on the windows of taverns. But, after making every allowance for external causes of the turgid, we must still admit that in the poet himself, as apart from his surroundings, there was a coarseness that sometimes betrayed him into woodenness of expression. Nor is the reason difficult to find. The want of sweet clarity in Burns, of mild radiance equally diffused, is the correlate of his glittering incision, the defect of his coruscating quality. The mildly radiant never coruscates,—it beams, steady, all-enveloping. But the fiery, intuitive genius who writes, like Burns, by flashes of inspiration, cannot pursue the middle course that is

open to the calmer, the more reflective mind. If the flash is a failure, there is nothing but utter darkness, and the poet goes astray. So when the rough vigour of Burns is not sublimated by the glow of genius it is apt to be coarse and dull. We find him talking, for example, of "Victory that shines on life's last ebbing sands," and singing of Caledonia under the figure of a "hypotenuse"! He writes—

"Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na ;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips o' Anna.

The kirk and state may join and tell
To do such things I mauna ;
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna !"

He imagined that this stuff, with its vulgar and maddening iteration of "Anna" and "Diana," was the best song he had ever written, and he was angry with Thomson for objecting to it! Strength, rapidity, and fire are the chief characteristics of his mind; he lacked the delicacy of imagination which finds expression in an exquisite and suggestive style. You never think of Burns as critically fastidious. A rough and homely manliness is at the foundation of his genius. It is true indeed, as we shall see, that the very intensity of his feeling refines him into poetic purity of expression in his love-songs. But in general Burns always thought of the object first, and of the way to describe it afterwards. He has no literature for the sake of literature. His words always mean things. It is for this reason that there is so much in him, that he

is so rich in substance, so vivid, graphic, and direct in language. It was this, too, that won him his immediate popularity. A poet so true to nature and so forcible was understood from the first. You have never to turn aside to examine his language as apart from his thought. As you read, the image present to Burns's mind flashes on your own, and you thrill at once with his emotions. He never dallies with his subject; he never luxuriates in poetic diction on the one hand, or in far-fetched imagery on the other. He is not calm and patient enough, not reflective and impersonal enough, to attain to the grand style in his ordinary verse. In lines like—

"Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows,
close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal !"

—in lines like these our pleasure is in the imaginative cadence of the style, in the suggestiveness, the idealism, not in mere recognition *ὅτι οὗτος ἐκεῖνος*, or, as Kipling puts it, that "this is that." It is because "more is meant than meets the eye," because our imagination is invited, as it were, to co-operate with that of the author in discovering the image, that we experience pleasure in such lines—perhaps the highest pleasure that poetry can give. We are not merely passive recipients of images, but, in a way, creators in our own right. The pleasure is born of a sense of personal discovery, of personal achievement. Now, in Burns there are few traces of this high poetic suggestiveness: his style in lyrics, indeed, is nobly great, but it is born of passionate feeling rather than of imagination. He has

not the idealism of thought that finds expression in the grand style. He has too hard and fierce a grip on reality for that: it is the life he sees and knows that interests him. If Burns had been a surgeon's apprentice he would not have composed hymns of classical beauty to *Æsculapius*; he would have sung lyrics to the wench who swept out the consulting-room, and would have satirised the pompous quack who presided there. Indeed it is just because he is deficient in this idealism that he possesses a force, a directness, an energy unparalleled in the history of literature.

It is this reality of Burns, common to all his work, that makes his lyrics the most impassioned expressions of love in our language; they seem to throb with emotion. Shakespeare wrote:—

“Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.”

Burns writes:—

“Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!”

The former is more graceful and imaginative; the latter is more passionate and direct, and is, therefore, a better love-song. As to style, again, it would be difficult to find a more perfect lyric expression than that of Burns; in his best songs he achieves a great

style that is all his own—a style, as we have said, idealised by passion rather than by imagination. It is the distinguishing mark of all high poetry, but especially of lyric poetry, that the matter and the style—the thing said and the way in which it is said—should be of simultaneous and spontaneous growth. The perfect thought finds immediate expression in the perfect style; it is not the one apart from the other, but their fusion, that makes the perfect lyric. When they are blended exquisitely, the result is an artistic whole which is greater than the sum of its elements. Now of this immediate and unlaboured fitting of the language to the thought we should naturally expect Burns, the most rapid and intuitive of poets, to be a master, and we find that in lyric expression he is, indeed, supreme, because of the intensity and directness that are the distinctive qualities of his genius. Not thought, not imagination, but the fire of his mind, fuses together the two elements of matter and of style. His songs are simple, passionate, and suggestive of what love- and war-songs ought to suggest—intense emotion. It is in lyrics least of all that you need the building of the lofty rhyme, dear to the heart of Mr Matthew Arnold; for that tends to elaborate the medium of interpretation, and it is the essence of lyric poetry to be simple and direct. Burns's power is the power of vehemence and impetuosity: he has not the more widely diffused strength of greater men. He is intuitive, not reflective; therefore not classical; therefore, perhaps, a greater lyric poet than if he had been. It is in his songs, too, that his supposed lack of culture tells least against him, or rather is directly in his favour. Learning and elaboration could

never produce, and might easily spoil, a lyric like—

“When o’er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow’d field
Return sae dowf and wearie O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi’ dew are hanging clear, my jo;
I’ll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.”

Could culture, could the classical touch, could the grand style, add anything to the regretful pathos of—

“When I think on the happy days
I spent wi’ thee, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?”

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It wasna sae ye glinted by
When I was wi’ my dearie?”

Was the *κενὴ μακαρία*, that “cheerful, happy vacancy of thought,” that Burns himself admired, ever better suggested than by the perfect pastoral quatrain—

“Blithe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thocht and free,
As the breeze flew o’er me?”

In these, and in many another lyric where the language is ennobled by the passion, Burns attains the high poetical suggestiveness which Mr Arnold has denied him.

We are told, however, now-a-days, that Burns was not a great writer of lyrics after all. Mr R. L. Stevenson has lamented that he abandoned the rough vigour of his earlier work and betook himself to the whittling of cherry-stones,—that he ceased addressing “Lines to a Louse” in order to hymn the praises of Mary and Chloris and Clarinda. Two other critics of late have denied passion

to his love-songs: one of them ranks Herrick his superior. But if Mr Stevenson imagines that Burns was unjust to his own genius in forsaking narrative for lyric, it is he himself who is unjust to the scope and greatness of his author. Burns was too big a man to confine himself to a single phase of rustic life: to him its loves were, at least, as important as its lampoons; and the loves, like every other feature of the life, are mirrored in his work, which, however small in bulk, is amazing in variety. The variety, it seems, has escaped the notice of the critic, and to that variety how much is contributed by the lyrics! Again, does not this verdict of Mr Stevenson reveal the limitations of the judge rather than the mistake of the author whom he judges? Looking to Mr Stevenson’s temperament and literary achievement, we may question whether he was able by nature to understand Burns’s intensity of passion. It may be granted, indeed, to these assailants of Burns, that the lyrics, when read continuously, are apt to weary us, partly by their very fervour—partly, also, owing to the paucity and sameness of the natural images; and after all, the flowers to which woman may be likened are limited in number. At times, cooler, and less fervid, and more varied reading is agreeable. We should remember, however, that lyrics are not to be fed on by the dozen; we are cloyed with the sweetness, else. It may be granted, further, that there is an objection (if such, indeed, it be) which applies not merely, and not chiefly, to the lyrics, but to all of Burns’s work. If we take up the reflective, suggestive author, we enjoy a perennial pleasure, because under the magic of his style the

thought, the image, the landscape opens once more upon the view, so that, even at the tenth reading, we have all the old familiar delight in the gradual rediscovery. Not so with the intuitive writer like Burns, who by graphic phrase or strenuous metaphor flashes a vivid picture on the startled brain. The second time we read we are not startled. It was the suddenness of the flash that impressed us the first time, and, as a flash loses effect by repetition, so does such an author the oftener he is read. Hence we find Stevenson remarking, with some justice, that Burns is not a poet to whom we go back very often after the first delightful perusal. This applies rather, however, to his narrative verse, for, as we have seen, his lyric style has a high suggestiveness, and his lyric metaphors are not hysterically strenuous, but full, very often, of grace and charm. There are few images in English so simply exquisite as

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O :
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

Or—

"As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonie Jean."

These minor points, then, may be conceded to those who would depreciate the lyrics of Burns ; but the man who denies that he is supreme in the poetry of love

has never kissed a woman, and never deserves to !¹ Catullus and Sappho are his only compeers. He played infinite variations on the simple melody of "Amo te," ranging from the passion of "O, my Luve's like a red, red Rose," and "Bonnie Wee Thing," and "Mary Morison," and "Ae fond Kiss," and "Wilt Thou be my Dearie?" to the sly, loving roguishness of "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen," and the robust moonlight beauty of "Barley-rigs," and the comic humour of "Duncan Gray," and the yearning pathos of "Pale, pale, now those rosy lips"—which is a far nobler lyric than "Mary in Heaven," so often and so vulgarly belauded. At least thirty love-songs could be chosen, some of the highest, many of a very high, order ; and thirty great lyrics are what no other poet has given to the literature of Britain. In war-song, too, his gift is of the rarest, even though we admit, with Wordsworth, that "Scots wha hae" is but poor stuff, owing its popularity to the strong battling swing of its music. But was there ever a martial strain like that cry of the truest democracy—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that"?

And what of this?—

"O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie !
O Kenmure's on and awa !
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest
lord
That ever Galloway saw.

¹ To show what Burns has had to suffer from the critics, it may be sufficient to mention that in that admirable verse—

"Maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!"—

Robert Chambers hints, or asserts (we forget which), that Burns has been guilty of doggerel !

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
 Success to Kenmure's band ;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
 Willie !

Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Ken-
 mure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line."

Is not that worthy to rank with—

" The Gordons rade, the Gordons ran,
 And they were stark and steady,
 And aye the owreward o' the thrang
 Was—Gordons, haud you ready" ?

What, too, of the soldier's song
 in "The Jolly Beggars," of "Ban-
 nocks o' Bear-meal," of "I hae a
 Wife o' my ain" ? Is there noth-
 ing of the spirit of battle in "The
 Five Carlins," ending, as it does,
 with the great lines that are
 worthy to rank for ever as a per-
 sonification of Scotland's pride ?—

" Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her broo ;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots bluid was true.

' There's some great folk set licht by
 me,
 I set as licht by thaim ;
 But I will send to Lon'on town,
 Wha I lo'e best at hame.' "

Apart from his lyrics, ease and power are the characteristics of Burns's style. Its vigour and directness are the outcome of corresponding qualities in his own mind. He is never borne down by his subject or his language: he seems to sway them from above. His faults, both of thought and style, are the faults of misdirected strength, of violence, never of weakness. His prose letters may be as turgid as the critic cares to call them, though some of them, by the way, such as those addressed to Ellison Begbie, are admirably worded; but in his poetical epistles, where he is natural as well as strong, his style is mas-

terly. His "Epistle to Willie Simpson" affords the happiest example both of noble poetry and of humorous fooling with his subject. Was there ever better moralising or more sagacious "criticism of life" than in the "Epistle to a Young Friend" ? Again, no poet is more picturesque in language. Like Browning, he can flash the very physical image of a thing on to your brain by the use of a single word. Every touch tells in lines like—

" Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'n-
 ing green."

The words "thick'ning green" give you exactly the dim, delicious greenness that comes down through the spring foliage on the banks of the Ayr. So in

" Mark Scotland's fond returning eye,
 It dwells upon Glencairn."

The maternal pride that ever comes back to dote upon its own was never shown better than by "fond returning." Repeatedly you get the whole picture in a single phrase, a single epithet. No poet is quicker to see the analogies that go to make metaphors; and that, Aristotle says, is the root-quality of genius. What more descriptive than "spewing reek," or than

" Here, farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cottars" ?

The word "hoddin" gives you, in a perfect physical image, the consequential horseback jog of a fat, well-to-do farmer. This quality of his style is but another expression of the same vehement, penetrating, forthright intuition that marks all his work—narrative, descriptive, and lyrical. It is the unequal genius, not the nobly equable, which blazes forth in the strenuous metaphor that stabs home to the mind and sticks there for

ever. Burns revels in the life around him, and gives it in graphic flashes of insight. He has not the calm patience of a man who broods over his thoughts; he sees and thinks by flashes of intuition. And when you say this, you explain at once his success in lyrical and descriptive poetry, and his failure to obtain a "high nobility" of thought and style; for that needs quiet reflection, and Burns is a man of passionate insight.

Gilbert Burns tells us that his brother had a particular jealousy of "people who were richer than himself or of more consequence in life." Personal passion—for people or against them—is always strong in Burns. His acquaintances are either "mean wretches," "the sordid, worldly crew," or "men of the sublimest and warmest emotions." The combative spirit which this shows is characteristic of many Scotsmen and of much Scottish literature,—of Burns and the Balladists, of Sir Walter Scott, and of Carlyle. Scotland, indeed, is, and has been, the most individualistic of nations, every man being forced to fight for his own hand in the constant press forward of the people. For this individualism various reasons might be adduced,—among them, no doubt, the long struggle for national independence, the constant fight with an unfriendly climate and a barren soil, the grimly personal Calvinistic faith. However that may be, the poetry of Burns, at least, is never impersonal and dispassionate, always the direct and fiery outcome of his life. But it is important to notice that what he gives us is never merely morbid egotisms from his own sensations. The width of his sympathy, his fresh unforced interest in everything around, saved him from that. His feeling is always keenly personal, but it is never for himself

alone, as Byron's was (and hence his range is far wider than Byron's); it is always *with* something—in fact, with everything that comes beneath his observation, for beyond his own observation he never goes. He feels with everything and everybody,—with the mouse, the Jolly Beggars, the natural pleasure of the farmer in his crops and his kindness to the old mare. Examples come readily to the mind to show how wide his feeling was in range, how deep it was in insight. Was there ever a picture of contented industry more happy and sympathetic than that of "Bessie at her Spinning-wheel"?—a picture of the blithe well-doing of Scotland no less adequate and intimate than "Marjorie o' the Lochs" is of Scottish pride and noble self-sufficiency. And was the pathos of labour ever expressed with keener insight than in the simple refrain—

"Still shearin' and clearin'
The tither stookit raw,
Wi' claivers and haivers
Wearin' the day awa."

Only those who know the hairst-rig can remember how glad they have been of any "haivers" to make them forget the agony in the shoulders and the pain of the aching fingers, of any "claivers" that would help to "wear awa'" the long monotonous hours, on days when the sun was merciless, and "raw" was added to "raw" with a slowness and sureness that was maddening.

"Still shearin' and clearin'
The tither stookit raw,
Wi' claivers and haivers
Wearin' the day awa."

When you croon the words over after many years, you feel once more in memory the relief that the gossip on the head-rig used to bring. Small wonder that on every hillside they are proud of the man

who has felt and expressed their every mood, their every experience. So accurate and true, then, so subtle and tender, was the sympathy of Burns. Hence, if he is narrow in one sense, in another he is as wide as the life he knew. He is narrow because he knows things only as they appeal to *himself*; he is wide because *everything* appeals to him. If the most personal of poets, he is also the least egotistic. It is his extraordinary range of sympathy—joined to his keenness of insight—that makes his work so rich and varied and full of life. His range is limited, because he knows only peasant Scotland; but within that range he is illimitable, because not a feature of it has escaped his observation. It is this sympathy, then, that keeps the personal element in his work so healthy, so free from morbidity, so free from affectation. His hypochondria never infects his general verse. An essay has been written to prove the “meliorism” of Matthew Arnold: nobody will ever need to prove the “meliorism” of Burns. In the matter of sympathy, again, Burns is a strange contrast to Byron, who, just because he had little or nothing of this generous feeling, has been called the man of greatest force, of greatest intensity, since Shakespeare. No claim like that is made here for Burns, but it might be indicated how it is that Byron seems the most potent force in our later English literature. He was in opposition, and, what is more, in opposition with nobody on his side. He thinks all the world against him. His combative power is thus intensified, focussed as it were; his passion is never spent in sympathy, never goes out to those who are his allies against the Philistine, for ally he has none—he regards himself as a be-

ing lonely and apart. Much of Byron's apparent intensity is owing to this thoroughly morbid attitude of antagonism. It is true, indeed, that Burns, with his fiery practicality, was less often troubled by the so-called “problem of existence,” a keen sense of which is at the root of Byron's misery; and from this the noble lord derives a greatness of suffering, a nobility perhaps, which is wanting to the peasant aristocrat. Thus it is that Byron appears the more potent force, though he has no more natural fire than Burns, and infinitely less variety.

The personal feeling of Burns is shown very clearly in his attitude to Nature. He has an interest in natural beauty, as he has in all his surroundings, but he never dwells on it to the exclusion of other interests. In the beginning of “The Holy Fair” we have an admirable picture of early morning—

“Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walk'd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The risin' sun owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious licht was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.”

That is, surely, a most adequate description, as adequate as the external picture of nature can possibly be; but external it is, and utterly objective. In the next stanza he passes on to the personal and narrative interest of the poem. Even in his most imaginative mood, the human, the personal element is present to his mind, as in

“The wan moon is setting behind the
white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!”

Nature is not to Burns the shim-

mering garment which to some imaginations half hides, half reveals the divine. He is too real and genuine and fiery, not dreamy enough, for that way of thinking. He knows nothing of "the mysteries of landscape," of "the thoughts that lie too deep for tears." He rather paints nature as she is than suggests the feeling which nature gives us. His intense joy in the world, animate and inanimate, around him, kept him from yearning for "the light that never was on sea or land." We should not expect the imaginative feeling of a Wordsworth, "breathless with adoration," from an intensely vivid and direct poet like Burns. From one point of view it is a defect, from another an excellence; for here, as elsewhere, he makes up in reality for what he loses in idealism.

The limitations of Burns have been suggested in speaking of his merits. He is too vividly and fierily poetical to be much of a philosopher. Neither by acquisition nor by nature has he the intellectual equipment of the highest poets; he has neither the highest imagination nor the highest reflection. He is a volcanic man. He has passionate outbursts, splendid energy, moments of intense poetic feeling; but he is an observer rather than a thinker. He had no underlying, informing plan for his life or his literature; repeatedly, often bitterly, he complains of his aimless existence: he has "nae thocht, nae view, nae scheme o' leevin'"; he belongs, he says, to the "ram-stam squad." The restless want of aim in Burns is, like his riotous wit, a direct outcome of his hypochondria: his constitutional melancholy, he said, made him fly solitude; and the man who cannot quietly make a companion of his own thought may have a

keen—nay, a fierce—enjoyment of company and social life, but is not likely to be marked by calm and equable reflection. So, too, with his rollicking humour; the wit of the hypochondriac is too often the letting-off of fireworks to relieve his own darkness: as Johnson said, when questioned about the apparent anomaly in his own case, "Alas! it is all outside; I may be cracking my joke, and cursing the sun." But whatever be the cause, whether it was due to hypochondria or no, we find everywhere in Burns a restlessness, a want of continuity. He never flows on with "pomp of genius unwithstood"; his strength is the strength of rapid and repeated blows. Even his longest efforts, like "Tam o' Shanter," are flung out with fiery impetuosity. He has matter enough, plenty of humour and of satire, vivid observation, sagacious criticism of the life before him. But his criticism is always that of a man who sees suddenly rather than of a man who thinks carefully and long; and that because he had a temperament essentially passionate and variable. Not that there is any weakness in his variableness: his manly strength never leaves him; he can write an ode to "Mary in Heaven" one day, a bacchanalian ditty the next, and be the burly exciseman all the while. Indeed it is just because he had a nature at once so strong and so keenly susceptible of varying emotions that his poetry is so intense and so rich in diversity of feeling. Here, again, he had a quality born of his defect; without his mobility he might have had one intense note, with it he had many. Burns, then, has written the most passionate lyrics in our language, and is one of our greatest descriptive and narrative poets—vivid, graphic, and direct. But his work ap-

pears broken-backed: he has no continuity, no calm luminous reflection. His lack of thoughtful steadiness is seen in his love affairs. Goethe, who had as many Dulcineas as ever Burns had, escaped the flabby emotionalism to which this is apt to lead, by his contemplation of life and art. Burns's sphere was too narrow to admit of such an application. Even if he had possessed the temperament, he had neither learning enough, nor life around him rich enough in intellectual interest, to admit of such a discipline. In short, it is this want of continuity that is the key to what Burns did not do, as his intensity and directness is the key to what he did. But it is absurd to say that he failed because (to use the cant phrase) he did not "grapple with his doubts." Burns's misery, when he is miserable, is that of a fiery and sensitive nature coming into painful contact with this world, rather than of a spiritual nature speculating on the world to come. He had little of "the yearning that cannot be altered," and no "hunger for eternity"; he cared nothing for the infinitudes, and seldom gave a thought to teleology. On the contrary, it was the closeness of his grasp on actual life,

the relations of things as they are, that gave him his marvellous force and power.

Note.—It is to be hoped that the recent editors of Burns have done something for the text of their author. In every edition we read—

"Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins ;

"Twill please me mair to *hear an' see't*
Than stockit mailins."

Obviously, we should read, "'Twill please me mair to *see an' hear it*," thus restoring both the rhythm and the rhyme. Burns, as is well known, was often guilty of verbal errors in writing down his own work, and evidently he has been so in this case. So in

"Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cottar,
Played me sic a trick
And me the eller's dochter?"

"I" in the second line should be "he," in order to make sense: it is printed thus in the old rhyme which Burns has here adapted. The "bauldness" of Robin consisted in the fact that, though only a cottar, he was "setting his bonnet" at the daughter of an elder.

AN EXCURSION IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

To state that the usual delays occurred in making a start is unnecessary. Those who know Morocco only from report are probably aware that everything is "to-morrow," and that as often as not "to-morrow" extends itself over an unlimited period of time. So none of our party of three Englishmen, much less the natives who were to accompany us on our short expedition, evinced the least surprise when "to-morrow" extended itself over a couple of days. Rather, our surprise was that the written permission and firman of the Moorish Sultan ever came at all.

We had wearied of Moorish dinner-parties, of hot rides in uniform, and all the paraphernalia attending a special mission of a Minister Plenipotentiary to the Moorish Court. Even the delightful orange-garden, with its trees full of bloom and fruit, had begun to pall upon us, and the three of us who could find leisure to quit Marakesh, as the southern capital of the empire of Morocco is called, made up our minds for a jaunt to the cool snow-peaks that showed up clearly enough through the heat haze of the plain. But at length the necessary letter arrived from the Sultan, addressed to the Kaid Sid Madani el Glawi, to visit whose castle and territory we had, through her Majesty's Minister, entreated permission. The Kaid of Glawa, as he is usually called, holds jurisdiction over a large portion of the Atlas Mountains to the east and south-east of Marakesh, and it was in this direction that we had decided to go. Our reasons were several; we had only a short time at our disposal, and rather than

try any previously untrodden route and fail, we determined if possible to travel over the pass which the late Joseph Thomson had crossed, and which I myself, in going to and returning from Tafilet, had been over twice. With the letter a verbal message arrived stating that the colonel of a regiment and a considerable bodyguard would be told off to accompany us. Of all the incapable and retrograde creatures in the world commend me to the colonel of a Moorish regiment: for pure incompetency to do anything in the plains, much less cross the Atlas Mountains, he is surpassed by none, save the mounted men he holds under his command, and in this bodyguard we saw our only obstacle and likelihood of failure; so we did the best thing under the circumstances and forgot all about them.

The Kaid of Glawa being at this time in Marakesh, undergoing the yearly—often monthly—process of being squeezed by his superiors, I delivered the letter in person, asked for a couple of guides to go with us, and a letter to the acting governor, and settled the whole business in ten minutes. One curious but common example of things Moorish, however, was brought to my notice—this, that the guides could not travel over the first portion of the road with us, which led through the tribelands of Misfiwa, on account of the ever-existing warfare between the natives of the two tribes in question; so I was obliged to name a meeting-place where we could pick them up on our second day's march—on the borders, in fact, of their own frontier. Otherwise their lives, even in the com-

pany of Europeans travelling with the credentials we had, would have been in great danger.

So one Friday morning in April of this year we sent our caravan out by one gate of the city, while we with a couple of mounted soldiers left by another,—a manœuvre decided upon in order to avoid calling attention to the fact that by a slip of memory we had forgotten our bodyguard. The two mounted soldiers we took with us were carefully chosen from the Minister's permanent bodyguard,—two harmless docile creatures who we knew would obey us, and who hadn't the spirit to object to any rash proceeding on our part, had we desired to carry out such. Ten mules with three servants and four mulemen completed our caravan, while two mounted tent-pitchers crawled along on what might once have been horses.

Of the first day's march little need be said. The plain on which Marakesh lies extends as far as the foothills of the Atlas, and over this level ground our march lay. There is little worthy of notice on the plain itself, though before one rises the majestic range, peak above peak, until the summits of glistening snow stand out in clear outline against the blue sky, or are hidden in fleecy white clouds. Looking back toward the city, one's eye is caught by the stately minaret of the Kutubíá mosque, the sister tower to the Ghiralda at Seville. It was still early when our first camping-ground was reached at Iminzat, where the Wad Misfiwa emerges from the foothills to flow into the plain; and here, on the east bank, in the shade of a luxuriant grove of olive-trees, we had the satisfaction of seeing our tents pitched and our horses and mules turned loose to graze. We were

not the sole occupants of this charming grove, for the newly appointed governor of the tribe was paying a circular visit to his subjects, and collecting from them taxes and anything else he could lay his hands upon. No doubt the worthy official had paid a heavy price for his post, and was occupied in recouping his disbursements. Toward ourselves, however, his hospitality was extreme, and he littered our camp with presents of live provisions, candles, tea and sugar for ourselves and our men.

The following day we experienced a common occurrence in Morocco, the fact that our carefully chosen guide didn't know the way! In this case, after having led us many miles astray, the individual in question confessed that he was a stranger in the land, and had never been there before. Several hours were lost in wandering vainly about undulating hill country, and it was with no little pleasure that eventually we discovered a native of the soil, who escorted us as far as the spot where the Kaid of Glawa's guides were to meet us; and there, sure enough, they were, perched on the summit of one of the red earth conical hills of which the valley of the Ghadat boasts so many. We had up to this point been travelling nearly south-east; but from here our road lay almost due south, up the stream of the Ghadat. It was not only our route that varied at this point, for the scenery took a decided change for the better, and in place of the corn-fields we had been passing through we entered a wild romantic valley. From the boulder-strewn river-bed the mountains rise precipitously on either hand, for the most part thickly overgrown with a jungle

of pines, cedars, evergreen oaks, lentiscus, and palmeto, to mention only a few of the trees and shrubs—none of which escape the rapacious hands of the charcoal-burner and woodcutter, to reach any great size. But in a country as denuded of forest as is Morocco, the scene was a refreshing as well as a most charming one. Above these wooded mountains appeared the crags and peaks of the higher altitudes, many deep in snow. Forging the Wad Ghadat near the ruins of a bridge, we ascended by an execrable path the steep slope on the east side, along which the track led at varying heights above the river-bed. Riding was at almost all places out of the question, so boulder-strewn and so steep the way; so giving our horses to our men to lead, we pushed along on foot, our caravan animals staggering behind us. To increase our discomfort, rain fell heavily, and the soil turned to sticky clay, into which one sank ankle-deep between the stones and boulders of the path. But in spite of these inconveniences and the cold, one could not fail to admire the scenery by which we were surrounded. Heavy banks of dark clouds hid the summits of the mountains above us, but below in deep shadow lay the gorge with its noisy turgid stream, growing every moment more and more swollen, rushing along over its stony bed. Here its white course opened out to the hill slopes, and here again it was hid to sight by steep precipices of rock.

All hopes of reaching Zarkten, our intended halting-place, by nightfall, were dashed to the ground, and shortly before sunset we called a halt at the Berber village of Aït Ghrobellu, a collection of flat-roofed mud houses

clinging to the steep mountain-side, and boasting not even enough level ground for the pitching of our tents. But the good willing inhabitants soon found quarters for us, our men and our animals; and while we took up our residence in an upper room over a rough half-excavated stable, our men found quarters in a house near by. The roof of our chamber leaked, it is true, but on the whole it was warm and dry, and certainly welcome enough.

It was here that we heard the first and only note of discontent from our men, who, tired, hungry, cold, and wet, didn't see the fun of an expedition of this sort. The well-fed well-clothed plainsmen were horribly dissatisfied with the Atlas, and talking in superlatives, as the Arabs are so fond of doing, implored to be allowed to die there rather than be frozen to death in the snows higher up. This prayer having been treated with the laughter it deserved, they soon recovered their spirits, and the sound of merriment and tea-drinking bespoke a change of opinion.

We were delayed till noon the following day by the continual downpour, but at that hour the sky cleared, and in bright sunlight we set out for Zarkten. A crowd of village youths accompanied us, on the pretence of helping our animals over the ford we would have to cross, but really, as they confessed to me *en route*, to see us make fools of ourselves over their rock-strewn mountain-tracks. Their disappointment was very keen when they discovered that we Englishmen managed to skip about their rocks almost as nimbly as they did themselves; and they generously confessed it. We found the river at Zarkten flooded, but managed with some risk to push

our animals over, lightened as they were by the absence of almost our entire camp equipment, for the tents, soaked by the rain of the previous day, had become too weighty for transport. Nor was there any further necessity for them, for from here there were houses in which shelter could be found for the night. Although we had succeeded in crossing the main ford, we found it impossible to proceed to the fortified castle of the Sheikh of Zarkten, where we had hoped and intended to stay the night, for between us and it flowed a deep narrow stream, flooded with the storm of the previous night. The Sheikh's son had, however, been warned of our approach, and beckoning us not to attempt the ford, told us that we should find quarters in the village half a mile or so farther on, where he would join us. So we pushed on between the wooded hills that surround this charming spot, to emerge upon a level piece of ground on which the main portion of the village stands, small flat-roofed houses built of *tabia*, the native concrete. Here a clean upper room was soon prepared for us, while accommodation was found for our men and beasts.

The valley at Zarkten is altogether as charming a spot as could be desired. It is here that the pines and cedars reach their greatest size, though that is not much to boast of, for few escape the woodcutter, who naturally selects the largest. How finely they would grow were they untouched can be judged from the few specimens which stand near a local saint's tomb on the conical hill above the Sheikh's house, which being holy soil has preserved them from the axe. Along the river's edge are narrow terraced fields, dotted with olive and walnut trees, from which the steep slopes of the

mountains, with their thick covering of jungle, rise to a great altitude. Here and there through an opening views of the higher peaks can be obtained, glistening in their caps of snow. It was not long before the Sheikh's son was with us, wishing us welcome and bringing provisions for the night. As fine a specimen of Berber as one could wish to see is this youth, with all the manner of a man able to give commands and see that he is obeyed, and the walk of a leopard. To merely sit and watch the quick turn of his head and the flash of his eye, to hear his distinct orders, short and to the point, was sufficient to recognise the spirit he possessed. Although as yet no hair is visible on his face, he has earned a reputation for prowess in their mountain warfare, which a single look at his movement and a single word from his lips are sufficient to assure one is well deserved. In peace he is as charming as he is said to be valiant in warfare, quick and intelligent, ready to listen and to talk—in fact, as handsome and charming a host as one could wish to see anywhere. He spent the evening with us in conversation and drinking tea, and we shared together the excellent supper that was brought us from his house. A rough trunk of a tree stretched across the river some little way higher up formed the sole means of communication between his strange fortress home and the main part of the village.

The Sheikh's house cannot be passed over without some mention, for although the style of architecture in which it is built is common enough on the southern side of the Atlas, it is extremely rare on the northern slopes. The main portion of the building, which is constructed entirely of *tabia*, is a

high square fortress, with tapering towers at each corner reaching a greater elevation than the principal part. The colour of the whole is deep yellow, but the summits of the four towers are whitewashed. Surrounding this building is a thick wall, serving for rooms and stables, which open on to the courtyard within. One gate alone gives entrance and exit to the castle. Although utterly incapable of withstanding artillery, the place is sufficiently strong to resist all attacks of the poorly armed natives ; and only last year, during a local rebellion, it was invested for seven days by a horde of the Misfiwa tribe, who eventually retired on the eighth night, finding all their attempts at taking it frustrated by the pluck and skilful shooting of the little band of defenders. With its background of fir-clad hills and high mountains, and its foreground of river and olive-trees, the spot is one of the most picturesque it has been my lot to see in my various travels in the Atlas Mountains.

On leaving Zarkten the road ascends abruptly until, two hours on, one finds oneself at an altitude of some 6000 feet above the sea-level, gazing far down into the valley beneath, while opposite and above one, some ten miles distant, rises the sublime peak of Jibel Tidili. For a while the road continues at about this level, only descending once to any extent, when the upper reaches of the Wad Ghadat, called here the Wad Tetsula, are crossed at "Sôk el Gurgur" ("Walnut-market"), a picturesque Berber village with a few narrow-terraced fields and some fine specimens of the trees from which the place takes its name. Charming as the spot looked in this spring weather, one could not help realising the sorry

plight of its inhabitants in winter, when all the few cattle they possess, as well as mankind, have to seek the shelter of their poorly built hovels for protection from the intense cold and deep snow. Often for three months of the year their few cows and oxen never leave their stables, being fed upon the scanty supply of hay the barren surroundings yield in spring and early summer. Yet the people seem healthy enough, though living in extreme poverty, and a finer set of men than the mountaineers could not be imagined. Sparely built, with the pleasant open features and light complexion of the Berber race, they move with the agility of the mufion, with which they share these barren heights. A friendly *salaama* greets one as one passes along the road, together with a nod and smile, such as an Arab seldom bestows upon the "infidel."

Considerable surprise was evinced everywhere at our appearance, for the Europeans who have penetrated thus far into the Atlas can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the natives themselves seldom go to Marakesh, the nearest spot where Christians are to be seen. Even greater was the look of pleasant astonishment that shone in the face of the wild caravan-men of the southern side of the Atlas, on their way to the city with caravan mules loaded with dates from Tafilet and the oases of the Wad Draa. But with them, too, it was almost always a nod and a smile and a word of welcome, many even bursting into *Bon jour*, the only European expression that has crept into Southern Morocco, no doubt from the fact that many of the youths of the oases go for the harvest season into Algeria.

From Sôk el Gurgur one commences again to ascend, and in

pouring rain we reached the foot of the last climb of the pass. Then 700 feet of toiling up through deep snow, freshly fallen, and in dense cloud, until at last the summit was reached, and a rift in the clouds to the south gave us a peep of our destination—the Teluet plain and valley—lying 2000 feet below us, dotted with patches of green barley and fortified stone villages. We hurried down the steep decline until the snow was left behind and we emerged into the sunlit level. An hour of stony track, now over barren soil, now between fields green with young crops, and now again past stone villages full of children and dogs, and the great turrets and towers of the strangest building in Morocco appeared, and the castle of the Kaid of Glawa lay before us. The governorship of this distant portion of Morocco has been in the hands of the present family for several generations. It is, no doubt, the largest of all the many divisions of Morocco, but the warlike nature of the tribes inhabiting it, and the physical aspect of the country, render it a particularly difficult and dangerous one to rule, and the present governor, Sid Madani, himself informed the writer that he had never known a month during the ten years he has been governor that there has not been war within the boundaries of his jurisdiction. What with tribes refusing to be governed and to pay taxes on the one hand, and a Government that is perpetually extorting money from him on the other, his position is no enviable one, nor can the inhospitable and barren region in which he lives afford him much comfort, for he is snowed up for the greater part of the winter.

One enters the castle enclosure—for a double circle of high *tabia* walls, defended by towers, sur-

rounds it—by a rather dilapidated gateway, to find oneself in a large open square. A second gateway in turn gives entrance to a second enclosure, surrounded by buildings, for the most part rough stables and rooms for the accommodation of servants, and tribesmen visiting their governor. Above the whole frown the two centre structures, blocks of well-built masonry much resembling in form the old feudal castles of Europe. These are composed entirely of stone, and flanked by towers of considerably higher elevation than the main portion of the building. The walls are fretted with loopholes, and windows are to be seen only in the upper storeys. Every precaution against attack has been taken, even to overhanging parapets, from trap-doors in the floors of which missiles can be hurled on the heads of the assailants. The summit of the whole being castellated, gives a most romantic finish to an imposing and strange castle. The great scale and size on which everything is carried out must be seen to be realised. One's thoughts on entering turn naturally upon dungeons and robber chiefs, and there flit across one's memory many a half-forgotten fairy tale of giants' and ogres' castles.

Even more wild than the castle itself are the bands of men to be seen about its precincts, for, travel all the world over, it would be difficult to meet a race of finer and more warlike appearance than the Berbers of the higher Atlas. Their costume too, of soft woollen *haik*, so like the Roman toga in style and the manner of wearing, covered with the black cloak or *khenif*, peculiar to those regions, adds not a little to the general effect. These *khenifs* are manufactured in the district, from the wool of black sheep, though as a

rule a dye is employed as well in obtaining the dark hue. They are water and cold proof, and when the betasselled hood is pulled over the head no better protection for day or night could be found. As a rule the Berbers of the Atlas leave their heads bare, or twist a fine skein of coloured silk once or twice round the shaven crown, dark purple being apparently the favourite hue. True, a small white linen turban is found now and again, but usually only in the case of such of the people as have visited the towns, or hold influential positions in their tribe. Sandals take the place of the yellow shoes so general all over Morocco, and I noticed that even the Kaid's family discarded their slippers for the sandal when they accompanied us upon our walks. A flat sole of leather, held in place by two soft strings passed between the toes and over the ankle respectively, suffices, and a much greater speed and surety of foothold can be obtained than with the loose flapping slipper of the country.

Our advent at the "Kasbah" was the occasion of a great deal of surprise. Probably half at least of the large crowd of Berbers collected there had never before seen a European, yet their manner and behaviour throughout were dignified and polite. Still it was easy to see how general the desire became to obtain a glimpse at the new arrivals. News had been sent on by the Kaid himself from Marakesh that we intended visiting his domain, but no preparations had been made for us, as it seemed most improbable to the people in charge that we should attempt the pass after the recent heavy fall of snow and the drenching rain of the last few days. That we had done so in spite of meteorolog-

ical difficulties greatly impressed the natives, whose opinion of us was thereby much raised, for an idea seems to be general in these parts that Europeans are unable to withstand the hardships and exertion of mountain life. It was not long, however, before preparations were in full swing. Black slaves, male and female, could be seen hurrying to and fro, carrying carpets and dishes of food, and after a quarter of an hour's wait in the inner gateway we were led to the apartments which were to be at our disposal during our stay.

If the rest of the imposing building breathed warfare in its every corner, our abode spoke of peace; for passing in through three separate heavy gateways, we found ourselves in one of those small walled gardens which are the delight of Moor and Berber alike. True, the flowers and shrubs were but little to boast of, for the intense cold of winter allows of but little flourishing there; yet the place was by no means to be despised, and what nature had refused to do in beautifying, the hand of man had accomplished. Raised paths bisected the garden in each direction, a fountain bubbling clear water into a tank at the spot where we met. At either end of the garden were two large rooms, or summer-houses, while smaller examples of the same style of architecture lined the walls on either side. Arcades supported on horse-shoe arches gave entrance to these larger apartments, one of which had been specially carpeted and prepared for our reception. This room was some 50 feet in length by 15 wide. The walls, which were of plain cream stucco, boasted little decoration beyond a few recesses; but the ceiling above was as fine a modern specimen of Moorish decoration as could be seen. In

the centre an oblong dome, boasting all the intricacies of the favourite geometric designs richly coloured in yellows, gold, reds, blues, and greens, rose to an altitude of some 25 feet. For the rest the ceiling consisted of highly decorated beams intersected by gorgeously painted panels, the whole springing from a painted frieze bearing inscriptions in Arabic, the upper portion of which was in wood, the lower in delicate stucco-work. Round the doorway the same beautiful work in plaster was continued, while the lintels were inlaid in mosaic of tiles. For furniture there were carpets, while a long row of clean mattresses formed a divan along the walls. Here half an hour later, having washed and changed, a repast of many cooked dishes was brought us, followed by all the paraphernalia for the drinking of green tea; and with the tray and its many appliances arrived the brothers of our absent host, to whose care and good-fellowship we owe the great pleasure of our stay at Glawa.

The present Kaid, who is the eldest of a large family of brothers, succeeded his father on the death of the latter. At this time he was only a youth, and to-day still looks remarkably young to hold so important a position as governor of the largest and most turbulent district in Morocco. His brothers, of whom I know personally four, are the sons of various mothers, and while one or two show the light colour of pure Berber extraction, others are evidently the children of slave-women. Only one of them, I believe, can lay claim to being the actual brother of the Kaid, and he is much darker in hue than the governor himself. But whatever their extraction on the mother's side may be, they have fully inherited the Berber char-

acteristics of good manners, no shyness, and skill in athletics and warfare. It was upon this last subject, the all-engrossing one in the Atlas, that our conversation naturally fell; and from the young Berber chieftains a considerable amount of information was gained as to the manner in which war is conducted in these regions. A few general statements must be made in order to render clear the manœuvring of their guerilla warfare. Firstly, all the villages of these districts, known as *ksor* (castle), are fortified, every village, as a rule, consisting of a collection of castles, each defended by high loop-holed towers; secondly, every man and boy owns a gun, and, in a country where it is veritably a life for a life, is a ready shot, while their upbringing is one of fearless courage. A certain tribe or portion of a tribe in the jurisdiction of the Kaid of Glawa revolts—an event of very common occurrence. After messengers have been sent to demand its surrender, and have returned the richer for a bullet or two as often as not, the Kaid collects his own retainers, as many as can be spared from his castle garrison, and together with a number of the local tribespeople, who are kept faithful by light taxation and often-recurring opportunities for loot, he sets out for the scene of action, not seldom leading the force himself. With very few exceptions these rough troops are all on foot, but long and quick marches are accomplished by men who since their birth have been accustomed to mountain work. The revolutionary tribe is reached, and a *ksar* marked out for attack.

The material of which these fortified villages are composed is easily disintegrated by the action of water, so that where possible some

stream or irrigation canal is turned on, and the walls destroyed. But, as a rule, the situation does not allow of this practice, and in these cases a siege is commenced, unless the number of the garrison within renders a sudden attack with scaling-ladders possible. In this case it is a rush to lead the way up the ladders, for the loot belongs to him who first lays his hand upon it. As often as not, especially in important cases, the Kaid himself sets the example, one that is seldom followed by the greedy and well-fed governors of the other districts of Morocco. Nor is it the small loot to be found within that tempts the governor, for of that he has no need; on the contrary, it seems to be his inherent love of warfare and enjoyment of adventure. Once the *ksar* is entered the slaughter commences, and all men and boys are immediately put to death—a barbaric practice, but a necessary one in a country where a life is worth a life. One man spared might eventually mean the death of many of their own relations, for he would never rest until he had wreaked his vengeance upon one or more of his enemies. The women and young children are allowed to go free, except that now and again a young girl is taken as booty; but in this case so strict are the unwritten laws of honour amongst the Berbers that her captor must marry her, and any children she may bear him have equal rights with those of his other wife or wives. The Jewesses captured in this manner are untouched, and are returned to their fellow-religionists for a ransom, as is the case also of the Jews. This ransom seems always to be forthcoming, as no Jewish community will allow its co-religionists to be in captivity in Moslem hands. There are large villages of these

mountain Jews, a warlike people themselves, and often known to aid in the defence of the village of their Berber friends, sometimes themselves firing upon the attacking force, but more often engaged in loading the guns. Such briefly is the manner of warfare in the *ksar* of the Atlas. In the open ground other tactics are practised, which were illustrated for us by the Kaid's brother and their retinue. Great skill was shown in the manner in which they run from stone to stone for cover to fire from, or, when pursued, throw themselves full length upon the ground and aim. In the case of warfare in the open the black cloaks (*khenif*) are abandoned, and a material matching very nearly the colour of the soil worn in its place. One particular woollen stuff of fine grey-white and black stripes is said to almost render invisible the wearer on moonlight nights, and such is in reality the case.

As can only be expected in a district where fighting is the order of the day, scarcely a man reaches middle-age without half-a-dozen bullet wounds in his body; and as a specimen, one of the guides who had been sent with us by the Kaid from Marakesh was possessed of no less than five severe scars—the latest inflicted of which had rendered him no longer the fleetest man on foot in the district, a position he was universally acknowledged to have held theretofore.

The first day after our arrival, escorted by one of the Kaid's brothers, we visited the large weekly market held a mile or so away from the castle in the Teluet valley. There was nothing of very great interest to see, for the district is a poor one, and boasts no manufacture of carpets or decora-

tive work of any sort; but the mass of fierce-looking people, who eagerly crowded round us in their excitement to see Europeans, amply repaid us for the absence of any curiosities to purchase. A wild horde they were indeed, but good-natured to a degree, and in spite of the repeated efforts of the Kaid's retainers to urge them to attend to their business and leave us breathing-room, they were not to be deterred from the unexpected excitement of gazing upon the "infidels." Amusing, cheery fellows one and all, asking a thousand questions about our saddles, our clothes, and ourselves, but never a word of impertinence or abuse. So great a curiosity were we considered, and so entirely was business neglected, that we heard in the evening that after we had left the market the place quickly emptied, and the local merchants had returned with all their goods unsold. After such an uncommon sight — unique, I believe — as a Christian at the Teluet Sôk, it was found impossible to return to prosaic bargaining over grain and wool and dates, and so all the world dispersed to narrate in their various homes the phenomena which they had seen.

On the second day of our stay at Glawa we were taken for a long walk by the Kaid's brothers, three of whom, with a large retinue, accompanied us. Our objective was the cave spoken of and visited by the late Joseph Thomson, who reached the Kaid of Glawa's residence during his series of explorations in the Atlas Mountains in 1891. With the exception of two missionaries from Marakesh, the occasion of our visit was the first time since then that Europeans had visited this distant spot. In fact, as far as is known, only five Englishmen had ever been

here before, one of them myself. Our walk was varied now and again by the setting up of a target to fire at, by various athletic performances, and by the Kaid's brothers dancing the native war-dance in front of us as we proceeded. This performance consists in the divesting of all superfluous clothing, the waving about of a gun, and the pacing of circles by the dancers, who kept well ahead as we proceeded. Music enters largely into the performance, the dancers singing the solos and the chorus being chanted by the remainder. Though possessing no particular charm, the dance was all-sufficient to show off to its full advantage the lithe movements of the young mountaineers. A scramble up a steep incline brought us at last to the entrance of the cave, which is cut in the face of the rock at some height above the now dry course of a mountain torrent. There is little to be seen within. The small hole used as a door gives entrance to a chamber, from one end of which a passage runs for 20 yards or so into the heart of the mountain. Leading off this passage are rooms, to which doors have lately been affixed, for the place is in use to-day as a grain-store, and a very secure one too in troublous times.

I cannot pass over without noting the hospitality of our hosts, which showed itself particularly in the manner in which they fed us. From early morning until late at night successions of heavy meals followed one another with surprising regularity. So many they were that it was impossible to distinguish breakfasts from luncheons and luncheons from dinners. When I mention that the least of these meals consisted of perhaps seven or eight large earthenware dishes of food, some idea of the stupendous

amount put at our disposal can be imagined. The least heavy of the dishes would contain perhaps half-a-dozen fowls cooked with olives and eggs, or roasted with lemon peel. Very excellent the cooking was too, for the Moorish *chefs* are by no means to be despised. The gaps between these many meals were filled in with libations of green tea and mint, the favourite beverage of the rich and poor alike in Morocco.

But the time at our disposal was drawing to a close, and our presences were required at Marakesh to take our share of the farewell banquets to be given to her Majesty's Minister before leaving the capital. So one morning we bade adieu to our kindest of hosts, not without many regrets, and set out on our homeward journey.

There is but little to tell of our return to Marakesh. We followed the same route through Zarkten to the ruined bridge where we had met the Kaid of Glawa's men, and thence continued by the Ghadat valley to Sidi Rehal, the little capital of the tribe of Zem-ran, situated on the plain at the very foothills of the Atlas. No adventures befell us on the road, and we had the advantage too of experiencing glorious weather, without a cloud to hide the great snow-peaks that we were now leaving behind us. From Sidi Rehal a fast trot of five hours brought us to the gate of Marakesh, and a few hours later we had settled down to the routine of the life we had been leading previous to our excursion to the Atlas Mountains.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

AN UNCROWNED KING.¹

A ROMANCE OF HIGH POLITICS.

CHAPTER XXI.—A REVOLT OR A REVOLUTION?

WHEN Prince Otto Georg was aroused from sleep by a sudden incursion of armed men into his room, he sat up and blinked curiously at them as their leader turned on the electric light and came to his bedside.

"It is my duty to inform your Highness that you are my prisoner," he said.

"I do not think," said the Prince, with extreme mildness, fumbling the while mechanically but unsuccessfully for his eyeglass, "that I have the pleasure of recognising your face, sir. When were you presented to me?"

"My name is O'Malachy," returned the intruder, "and I am in the service of King Peter II. of Thracia. It is unfortunate that your Highness's visit to Bellaviste should have coincided with a slight readjustment of affairs here—the restoration of the rightful sovereign, and the destruction of the tyranny under which the country has groaned for so long."

"I assure you that I fully perceive my presence to be *de trop* under the circumstances," said the Prince.

"Pray do not imagine that your Highness will be put to any inconvenience. You are the guest of King Peter instead of the usurper, that is all. I regret that I am obliged, merely as a matter of form, to post a sentry in the corridor outside your door, by General Sertchaieff's directions, with orders to fire if you attempt to leave your room."

"In that case, you may be sure

I will not trouble the sentry," said Prince Otto Georg, blandly. "Before I wish you good-night, Herr O'Malachy, perhaps you will kindly enlighten me on one point. What of King Carlino? Did I understand you to say that he had abdicated the throne?"

"He has not yet done so, but he soon will," returned Louis. "A pistol at the head, Highness, is occasionally a powerful persuasive."

"Thanks; I will not detain you longer," and the Prince waved his hand politely, and laid his head on the pillow again. "If I know anything of my young friend Carlino, he will choose the pistol," he mused, as Louis and his men left the room, and the former locked the door on the outside. For a moment the prisoner lay listening, as the sentry began his measured tramp up and down the corridor, then he sat up suddenly.

"Let me think," he said to himself. "There may yet be a chance of doing something. For these plotters, there are two points of attack, Carlino and Drakovics. Both men must be in their hands to give them any hope of success. Now it is scarcely likely that their numbers are sufficient to allow them to seize both at once—that is, to obtain the mastery of the palace and town at one blow. Which will they attempt first? Drakovics is the more important—Carlino is a figurehead, comparatively speaking—but still, I think this is one of the cases in which the invincible

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folly of mankind may safely be reckoned upon. The capture of Carlino would appear a greater success at first—and it would give them the command of the palace, which they could defend against the town, while the town could not hold out against a foe in possession of the palace. They have, then, concentrated their strength on the palace in order to seize the King, and while they are trying to induce him to abdicate, it may yet be possible to warn Drakovics.”

Prince Otto Georg was out of bed now, and dressing in the dark with the speed and silence of an old campaigner. Hurrying into his boots and a fur-lined coat, he went to the window, drew up the blind noiselessly, and looked out.

“Snow!” he said. “So far, so good.”

He returned and took one of the sheets from the bed, then opened the window, which was fortunately a casement and moved easily. As has been mentioned, the room was in the front of the palace, and the window opened directly two or three feet above the great porch. Here Prince Otto had noticed a hinged iron ladder, folded up and concealed by the coping, but ready in case of fire. He climbed out upon the leaden roof of the porch and looked round. No light shone from any of the windows on this side, and the great door was fast shut. The conspirators had made their entrance through the courtyard from the back, and the sentries who kept guard in front of the palace on ordinary occasions had forsaken their posts like the rest, while Louis had not thought of placing any others. There was not a soul to be seen. Prince Otto Georg drew out the ladder, unfolded it, and let it down over the side of the porch, fastening it firmly at the top by the hooks attached to it, and descended

it safely. It was impossible to remove it when he had reached the ground, and he could only hope that, as it was quite in the shadow, it might escape the notice of any one who might chance to come out at the front-door.

“And now,” he said to himself, wrapping the sheet round him, “one may as well do the thing thoroughly at once, painful as it would be to be discovered in this costume. To think of my taking all this trouble for the sake of a man I saw for the first time the day before yesterday!”

Gathering up the ends of the sheet, he made his way across the garden, indistinguishable among the whitened shrubs to any one looking from the windows of the palace. But on arriving at the wall he found himself checked, for there was a sentry at the gate, and another at the corner overlooking the town. Prince Otto groaned, but there was no help for it. Choosing a spot as far as possible from both sentries, he climbed the wall by the aid of a tree which grew beside it, and threw his fur-lined coat over into the road. This done, he let himself drop, with considerably less agility and confidence in himself than he had felt at the time of his former exploit of the kind, but with happier results, for the coat broke his fall, and he rose unhurt, and after creeping a short distance in the shadow of the wall, turned down a side-street, and made the best of his way to M. Drakovics’s house. In spite of the reasoning with which he had started on his journey, he felt a good deal of misgiving as to whether he had been justified in calculating so confidently on human folly; and it was with unfeigned joy that on coming round the corner of the house he saw the Premier standing at a window with a light behind him, and looking out at the

river. To attract his attention was the work of a moment, and in obedience to the signal M. Drakovics hastened in extreme astonishment to admit his visitor by a side-door. There was no time for lengthy explanations.

"There is a plot to depose the King and restore the house of Franza, headed by General Sertchaieff and Lieutenant O'Malachy. They have seized the palace, and the King is in their hands. By the uniforms of the men I saw, I believe that both the palace and the city guard are implicated."

After the first exclamation of astonishment, M. Drakovics remained silent, passing his hand thoughtfully over his chin.

"When your Highness arrived, I was watching the Scythian steamer in the river," he said. "Boats have been going to and from her all evening, and it struck me that something was wrong. No doubt they were bringing arms on shore."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Prince Otto Georg, interrupting his meditation impatiently. "Have you enough men you can trust to defend this house, or the Hôtel de Ville?"

"The police are staunch," returned M. Drakovics; "but to oppose them to the city guard would be simply massacre. There are not enough of them. No! Is your Highness prepared for flight? To reach the Carlino barracks is our only hope."

"If you think we can do more good there, I am ready to go," said the Prince. "But what about the city, and your adherents?"

"The conspirators will not injure the city, since they must count upon the townspeople for their chief support," said M. Drakovics; "and if your Highness will wait for one instant, I will do what I can to warn the most prominent among the Carlinists."

He turned aside to a speaking-tube, and after the preliminary whistle, began to converse with some person apparently at the other end of the house.

"A band of traitors have formed a plot to restore the Franza dynasty. They are in possession of the palace and of the King's person, and will be here in a few minutes. Listen carefully to what I say. You will offer no resistance. No, I do not want your comments; listen. You will say that I am spending the night out of town. If you are further questioned, I trust to your ingenuity to account for my absence. Telephone now to the bureaus of all the other Ministers, except the Ministry of War, that the situation is to be accepted until I send word to the contrary. If the Sertchaieffs turn you out of your offices, submit; if not, go on as usual. Of course you will take no oath to Peter Franza, on pain of being dealt with as traitors when I return. Send word to me at the Carlino barracks of anything you may discover with regard to the conspiracy. You understand?"

The invisible auditor apparently replied that he did, for M. Drakovics replaced the plug in the mouth of the tube, and turned to Prince Otto Georg.

"I am sorry to have kept your Highness waiting so long. If you will come this way, we shall find my boat in its shed."

They hurried down the garden to the river, and got out the boat. M. Drakovics was well accustomed to the water, and took both oars, remarking drily that there was no time to waste in giving rowing lessons just then. Prince Otto Georg pushed the boat off, and they began to drop down with the current, keeping in the shade of the bank. Presently M. Drakovics uttered an exclamation, and the Prince, look-

ing round, saw that the Scythian steamer had left her moorings, and was also dropping down the stream. Presently she passed them, the wash from her paddles making the boat rock.

"If only we could intercept her under the barracks!" sighed the Premier. "But she is much more likely to intercept us. If they discover that I have escaped by water they will signal to her from the palace, and she will pick us up. We will row only as far as the outskirts of the city, and then walk to the barracks."

This programme was carried out, rather to the relief of Prince Otto Georg, who was more at home on land than in a boat. A brisk walk of two miles, uninterrupted by any exciting incidents, brought them to the barracks, where they were duly stopped by a sentry, rescued by the guard, and conducted into the presence of the hastily aroused and arrayed commandant. M. Drakovics detailed what had happened, and the acting colonel, in response to his suggestion, immediately alarmed his force, and gave orders to prepare the place for defence in case of an attack. This done, an informal council of war was called, composed of the chief officers of the regiment, Prince Otto, and the Premier.

"First of all, Colonel, are your men to be trusted?" asked M. Drakovics.

"They are devoted heart and soul to King Carlino," was the reply. "The news you bring has put them into a perfect frenzy."

"Good," said M. Drakovics. "I wonder whether the same can be said of the garrisons in the provinces? Perhaps you will have the goodness to telegraph inquiries to the fortresses with which you are in communication, Colonel?"

A young officer left the room to carry out the order, but returned

with the news that no communication could be established with any other station.

"I thought so," said M. Drakovics. "They have cut the telegraph wires. This plot is a larger thing than we anticipated, gentlemen. Be so good as to have a horse and a mounted escort prepared for me, Colonel. I must start before morning to rouse the country."

"Pardon me," interrupted Prince Otto Georg. "May I inquire whether you have any guns here, Colonel, that will carry as far as the town?"

"Alas, no!" replied the Colonel. "Our guns are very old-fashioned, and useful only for firing salutes. His Excellency the Premier will remember that there was some question lately of fortifying this place properly, and quartering a battery of garrison artillery here, but that the Minister for War opposed it on the ground of the shock such a proceeding would give to the susceptibilities of the people of Bellaviste."

"I remember," said M. Drakovics. "But what was your Highness's idea?"

"It struck me that the threat of shelling the town might enable us to secure that the King should be given up to us unhurt," said the Prince.

"Ah, General Sertchaieff knows our resources too well for that. But I very much fear that we may even now be too late to save the King."

"What!" was the general cry. "You cannot imagine——"

"I do not think he will consent to abdicate, and I fear they will not keep him a prisoner, lest the Thracians should rally to release him."

"But as a hostage for themselves in case of defeat?"

"They do not mean to be defeated. They are fighting with ropes round their necks, and to kill

the King would be a plain declaration that they had left themselves no way of escape. They are well supported, but they know that there is no help for them if they fail."

"Then you think that this conspiracy is incited by Scythia?"

"Not openly, of course. Scythia's opportunity will come later, when she can throw troops into the country on the pretext of curing disorder. No; she has merely allowed fugitives from us to take refuge and plot upon her soil, and there may possibly be a few retired Scythian officers who have returned with them. But Scythia has not authorised them to come, nor supplied them with money. If they succeed, she will reap the advantage of their labours; if they fail, she will disown them."

"There may be retired officers of other armies who will take the opposite side," said Prince Otto Georg. "Allow me, M. Drakovics, to offer myself as a volunteer."

"Your Highness is most welcome," said the Premier. "You will not, I trust, involve yourself in any difficulty with Germany on this account?"

"If the telegraph wires are cut, no remonstrance can reach me," said the Prince, drily.

"In that case," said M. Drakovics, "I may give utterance to my most earnest wish. You will agree with me, gentlemen, that we cannot do better than invite his Royal Highness to direct the military operations for the recovery of the capital. Our own Commander-in-Chief has betrayed his trust, and the officer next in seniority is a *protégé* of his, the commandant of Tatarjé. Prince Otto Georg is the pupil of Moltke, and has had more experience of war than any of us can boast. If you concur in my suggestion, I will draw up a formal invitation to him to take the com-

mand of the army before I start on my journey."

The officers made no objection to the appointment, and indeed, in the condition to which they were reduced by the cutting of the telegraph wires, and their ignorance of the state of feeling in the other garrisons, to say nothing of the treachery of their natural leader, they were only too glad to feel a strong hand at the helm. Moreover, they had feared that M. Drakovics might be about to install himself as Commander-in-Chief, and it was a relief to obtain a soldier instead. Prince Otto Georg's appointment was therefore welcomed with acclamation, and when M. Drakovics departed on his journey, he left him firmly established in his post.

To describe in detail the doings of the next three days would be both long and dreary. As soon as it was light on the first morning, an officer was sent to the city with a flag of truce to make inquiries as to the King's safety, but he was fired upon from the gate, and obliged to return without gaining any information. News of other kinds was, however, obtained in various ways. Although the telegraph wires were cut, Prince Otto Georg received constant intelligence through messengers. From M. Drakovics's confidential clerk in Bellaviste he learned, by means of a cipher letter carried by a fisherman, that nothing had been seen or heard of the King, but that King Peter Franza was not among the returned exiles, having preferred to remain at Nice in safety while his faithful subjects regained his throne for him. General Sertchaieff's brother, the late Premier, had, however, returned, and was at the head of affairs. He had taken possession of the Ministerial offices, and had levied a certain sum of

money from the town, much to the disgust of the people, although the city guard enforced its payment. News came also from M. Drakovics. The garrison of Feodoratz remained staunchly Carlinist; that of Tatarjé was divided, and the portion which sympathised with the house of Franza was setting out for Bellaviste with its commandant to join the insurgents. This was Prince Otto Georg's opportunity. Posting his men in a wood on the road by which the mutineers were expected to arrive, he attacked them unawares, captured the field-artillery they brought with them, and left only a few scattered survivors to carry the news to Bellaviste.

This victory had a double value for the Carlinists. Not only did it deprive the rebels of the reinforcements they had been anxiously expecting, but the news, spreading rapidly through the country, came in the nick of time to secure the allegiance of the people, who were bewildered by the sudden rush of events. The country gentlemen and their mountain clans were resolutely faithful; but the bulk of the dwellers in the more settled districts were accustomed by long tradition to side with the party in power, and it is undoubtedly startling to retire to rest one night with an idolised King on the throne, and a determined Minister exercising all the functions of government, and to find on awaking in the morning that your King has absolutely disappeared, and has certainly been dethroned, while your Premier is stumping the country for support. In such a case it was difficult for the partisans of "Government" to know exactly who formed the Government, and Prince Otto Georg's victory came just in time to quiet their minds. He took his prizes back to the barracks, and spent all the next day in maturing and pre-

paring his plan of attack on the city. At night M. Drakovics returned, bringing with him a military contingent from the faithful portion of the Tatarjé garrison, and an irregular force of mountain chiefs and their retainers.

"I half hoped your Highness might have retaken the city by this time," he said to Prince Otto Georg.

"I never strike until I am ready," replied the Prince, and M. Drakovics deferred to his wider experience, and when the plan of attack had been explained to him, was glad he had done so.

The next morning—the third after the seizure of the palace—was dull and hazy, a fact which Prince Otto Georg hailed with delight. During the two days he had held office he had stopped all the vessels which came up the river, so that he had now under the guns of the barracks a miniature fleet of small steamers and cargo-boats, a certain number of which he selected to carry the artillery he had captured from the Tatarjé rebels. Each vessel mounted one gun, and carried a sufficient number of soldiers to work it and to defend the ship. These ships were now, before it was light, towed up the river in perfect silence by boats with muffled oars, and anchored close under the batteries, so that the fire from them would pass harmlessly overhead. The batteries had been constructed to command the deep channel in which alone warships could anchor, and they were hopelessly unable to reach the small river-steamers with their light draught of water. Secured in this way against interference from above, the vessels opened fire on the town, and maintained their position with ease, even beating off successfully a boat-expedition led against them by Louis O'Malachy.

The rebels evidently regarded the situation as serious, for they left the batteries they had been busy constructing in other parts of the town, and began to throw one up at the end of M. Drakovics's garden, with the object of rendering the position of the vessels untenable. This gave Prince Otto Georg the opportunity for which he had been waiting. He had early grasped the fact that when the rebels had effected their great *coup*, and had telegraphed to the various European capitals the news of the revolution and then cut the wires, they had done themselves at least as much harm as their opponents. If they had managed to capture M. Drakovics as they had intended, all would have been well ; but they had been balked in this, and he, once outside the zone in which the wires were cut, had used the telegraph to call together his adherents from all parts of the country, while they had no means either of gaining information or of sending orders to their more distant supporters. Disappointed of the help they had expected from Tatarjé, their action would necessarily be fitful and undecided, since they had no idea of the extent to which their views found support in the country, which had evidently not risen in their favour as they had anticipated. True, they had made an attempt at a cavalry reconnaissance the day before ; but the troopers had been driven back into the town in disorder by the help of the guns taken from the Tatarjé contingent, and now every one was far too busy with the attack on the river-face to think about obtaining information on the land side.

Once assured that his naval demonstration was a success, Prince Otto Georg led two guns and the main body of his little army round

to the other side of the city, remote alike from the river and the Carlino barracks. By taking advantage of every bit of cover afforded by the woods and rising ground, he succeeded in performing this manœuvre without its being perceived by the townspeople, whose leaders had their attention completely engrossed by the attack on the river-face. Bringing his guns into position on the edge of a wood, he placed his men in readiness to advance, and opened fire on the gate nearest him, following up the cannonade by an immediate rush forward. The small guns mounted on the wall, and served by half-hearted townsmen, who did not care to defy an artillery fire which if persisted in would bring their houses about their ears, had little effect in checking the advance of the besiegers, and before the rebel leaders could be recalled from their futile labours on the other side of the town, the gate was down and the Carlinists were pouring in.

Prince Otto Georg smiled grimly as he watched the operations from a point of vantage. "Never trust citizens to defend their town," he said. "They surrendered Strassburg."

Now came the worst of the fighting. From house to house and from street to street Prince Otto Georg's soldiers fought their way, now helped by a band of welcoming sympathisers, again checked for a time by some public building turned into a fortress, and fiercely held by desperate men, who had rushed from the river-face to make a last effort. While one party of the assailants was making for the palace, two others were gaining possession of the walls, and turning the guns there upon the quarters where most resistance was experienced, and the Prince himself seemed to be ubiquitous, keeping up communications with the strong

force he had left to hold the gate, guarding against a flank attack by the enemy, and moderating the fierceness of the strife by proclaiming, whenever he could get a hearing, quarter to all but those actually found with arms in their hands. After all, the bulk of the townspeople were very glad to submit to the besiegers. The exactions of the rebels had not endeared them to any one within the walls, and there had been rumours of what was to happen on King Peter's return which caused most people to tremble for their property, if not for their lives. Only the men of the city guard, knowing, as M. Drakovics had said, that they fought with ropes round their necks, maintained the fight, making a stand here and there, and at last crowding with their leaders into the palace for a final effort.

Even now, if it had been possible to move the great guns from the river batteries, and turn them against the town, the result of the day's fighting might have been reversed; but time and appliances were alike wanting for this, and after a short resistance the wall was scaled, and the rebels made their last stand in the palace itself.

"Take them alive! Take them alive!" had been the reiterated order of Prince Otto Georg and M. Drakovics. "*They know what has become of the King,*" and the Carlinists, mad with rage and fight though they were, did their best to obey. When the stubborn resistance ended at last, Ivan Sertchaieff, the Premier, lay dead on the grand staircase where Caerleon had been taken prisoner; his brother, less fortunate, was in the hands of the victors, and with him were Louis O'Malachy and about a score of others. The civilians among them were committed to the custody of the police, who had been imprisoned

in their barracks, and had done good service during the street-fighting by breaking out and joining the Carlinists, while a summary court-martial sat immediately, under the presidency of Prince Otto Georg, to try those of them who had belonged to the army, and M. Drakovics searched the palace and interrogated the other prisoners as to the King's whereabouts.

What the Prince was chiefly anxious to discover was the extent to which the opinions that led to the rebellion had spread in the army and in the country, and also whether Scythia had committed herself to any definite encouragement of the scheme; but from General Sertchaieff he could get nothing but a denial of the competency of the tribunal to try him, from Louis a declaration that he was a Scythian subject, and from the rest more or less vehement protestations of devotion to the house of Franza. The competence of a court presided over by the Commander-in-Chief to try officers undoubtedly belonging to the army could not be seriously questioned, and the trial proceeded, until it was interrupted by a tremendous tumult outside the hall. Prince Otto Georg ordered the sentries to clear the approaches to the court; but the moment the door was opened a motley throng of Carlinists streamed in, with M. Drakovics, pale and agitated, at their head.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Prince Otto Georg. "I am surprised that you should so far forget the gravity of the occasion as to interrupt the trial."

He was addressing himself to M. Drakovics; but his words were drowned by the excited crowd, who pressed about the prisoners with shouts and gestures of rage, and were only prevented from rushing upon them by the exertions of the guards.

"Where is the King?" they cried.
 "Give us back our Carlino!"

"Gentlemen," said M. Drakovics, addressing the officers who formed the court, "I am deeply grieved to tell you that we have searched the palace and a great part of the city, but we can find no trace of our beloved sovereign."

General Sertchaieff smiled sardonically. "It is scarcely likely that you will," he said.

"Great heaven!" cried Prince Otto Georg; "they have murdered him, then!"

"You will not find it easy to bring him back," went on General Sertchaieff. "Ask Lieutenant O'Malachy." It was evident from his tone that he anticipated a surprise for his hearers; but when Louis spoke he received one himself. While the rapid dialogue took place, Louis had been weighing the situation in his mind. Would truth or falsehood serve best at this juncture? The fate of his comrades and himself was already sealed, and nothing that he could say or refrain from saying would avail to save them. But what of that? It was still possible to produce an impression which might go far to effect the object aimed at in the revolt. Were Caerleon alive, the Drakovics party would rally round his name in irresistible strength; if he were dead, the weary, disuniting search for a King must begin again, with all the jealousies and personal strifes it involved, and the opportunity it offered to Scythia for armed intervention. He hesitated no longer.

"You will certainly come to the best authority," he said. "I was present during his Majesty's last moments."

A howl of rage went up from the crowd of Carlinists, and the prisoners repressed a start of astonishment.

"You killed him?" was the cry. Louis bowed calmly.

"I had that honour," he said.

"But how? where?" asked many voices.

"I took him on board the steamer," returned Louis, "with his brother and his English servant. They were all bound. I stabbed them one after the other, and threw their bodies into the river."

"But why on board the steamer?" asked Prince Otto Georg.

"Because it was feared that some of our less ardent supporters might object to Carlino's death," said Louis.

"You wish to give us to understand that you murdered three unarmed men in cold blood?" said Prince Otto Georg. "This is inconceivable. Human nature is not capable of such an atrocity, though why you should wish to deceive us on such a subject I cannot imagine. You are not in earnest?"

"Am I likely to tell you anything but the truth at such a moment, and on such a subject?" retorted Louis. "Your Carlino is dead, and I killed him. I have not heard any of my comrades," he glanced round at his fellow-prisoners, "deliver the dying message with which he charged them. I am the only honest one among them, after all. He wished it to be known that he chose death rather than abdication. Well, he had it."

"You—a soldier," said the Prince to General Sertchaieff, "and connive at the commission of this dastardly murder?"

"We did not hope to make our revolution with rose-water," returned the ex-Minister. "Our desire was to surprise Carlino, and force him to abdicate by means of threats, if possible; but Lieutenant O'Malachy had strict orders to kill him if any resistance or rescue were attempted, and he did so."

"I should wish to adjourn the trial," said Prince Otto Georg. "I

cannot conduct business properly after receiving this terrible news."

"Then the soldiers will break in and tear the prisoners to pieces," said M. Drakovics, in a low voice, glancing at the crowd of excited men who stood with weapons in their hands, muttering imprecations and glaring at the self-accused murderers. "I entreat your Highness to terminate the business, that it may be evident that the murderers will meet the due punishment for their crimes, and then to come with me to break the news to the people."

Prince Otto Georg turned with a sigh to the papers on the table before him, and M. Drakovics succeeded in inducing his followers to leave the hall by assurances that summary justice would be done by the court-martial. Indeed, the evidence was so clear that there could be no doubt of the result. Even without the added atrocity of the murder of the King, the prisoners had committed crimes enough against both military and civil law to make them incur the death-penalty several times over. There was not a dissentient voice among the members of the court, and the President pronounced the sentence with a feeling almost of loathing.

"I never saw any man so blood-thirsty as that O'Malachy," he said to himself as he left the chair. "I believe the murder was his doing altogether, for Sertchaieff seemed at first as much surprised as I was. I wonder whether there could have been any truth in that story about a sister of his that got into the Seythian papers?"

It would have afforded Louis an additional gratification had he known that the apparent purposelessness of his conduct had cast a shadow on Caerleon's name, but he was very well content as it was.

His was not the part of the informer, who is said to be present, by some strange fatality, wherever two Irishmen are plotting together; on the contrary, he had carried out his share of the conspiracy with triumphant success, and even at the bitter end had turned defeat into victory. Of this character were his musings as he was led away with his companions, but he was reckoning without his host. M. Drakovics's resourcefulness had not forsaken him now, and from the moment he heard the fatal news of Caerleon's death he had been preparing a *coup d'état*. When Prince Otto left the hall in which the court-martial had been held, he found him awaiting him, and the two men rode down with their escort to the Hôtel de Ville, in front of which were assembled the townspeople and the irregular troops. A momentary cheer saluted the Premier and his companion as they appeared on the balcony; but the news of the King's murder had spread among the people, and the mourning was universal. Only the soldiers greeted Prince Otto Georg when M. Drakovics presented him to the crowd as the saviour of Thracia, and he retired into the background while his companion came forward to speak. The crowning triumph of the great orator's eloquence was to be obtained to-day, and the lack of response among his audience only served to stimulate him to surpass himself.

In the first place he paid a well-deserved tribute to the troops, both regular and irregular, who had fought so bravely in crushing the revolt. Their courage and endurance had been beyond all praise; but they had been sustained by the hope of rescuing their beloved King from the enemies who sought to deprive him of his throne. The

struggle was successful, the victory was won, but, alas ! success had come too late. Their young sovereign, who had given up the splendid prospects which were his in his own country in order to lead the forlorn hope in Thracia, had chosen to die rather than relinquish the trust he had received from the people. He was the last martyr on the glorious roll of Thracian independence. Let them look around them. There was the sacred shrine at which, that very day, Carlino was to have received the crown of Thracia, and there also was the palace in which he should have lived for many happy years, beloved and honoured. But beside them there flowed the river whose waters had rolled over his blood-stained corpse, and there still remained in the land of the living the miscreants who had not scrupled to murder in cold blood a bound and defenceless man.

The yell of mingled rage and grief which arose from the people at these words rendered it impossible for the speaker to proceed for some minutes ; but at last he succeeded in restoring comparative silence, broken only by the sobs of the women. What now remained for Thracia ? he demanded. She had lost her place among the nations—she could not protect the stranger who had come at her call to help her. But at least she could avenge his death, both on the traitors among her own sons, and on the perfidious nation which had stooped to use such instruments to further its ends. With this object in view let her proceed at once to the election of another king, and who could be better fitted for the post than the illustrious Prince who had been raised up by Providence to help her in her utmost need, and had striven side by side with her own sons for the rescue of Carlino ? That Prince, he went on, checking

by an imperative gesture the protest which Prince Otto Georg had sprung up to make, had shrunk once before from accepting the throne, owing to a sensitive modesty which did him all honour, but this was no time for holding back. Thracia appealed to him to take the place left vacant by the man who had been moved by its very difficulties to accept it,—would the German hang behind where the Englishman had pressed forward ? Let the Prince decide, knowing, as he did, that his election would be hailed with delight by the country, and welcomed by all Europe with the exception of Scythia, and let him devote his life to the avenging of Caerleon's murder.

Prince Otto Georg yielded. In after days he complained that he had been carried away by the fervid rhetoric of M. Drakovics and the frenzied enthusiasm of the people ; but he accepted the throne, although with a slight mental reservation respecting the last sentence of the Premier's speech, and the proviso that his election should be approved by the Powers. About this there proved to be little difficulty. The Roumi envoy, who had been on his way to attend Caerleon's coronation when the rebellion broke out, had discreetly remained on the frontier to see to which side victory would ultimately incline, and the Premier hastened to obtain his good offices as an intermediary with Czarigrad. M. Drakovics had already seized the post-offices throughout the country in the name of the public safety, and forbidden the issue of passports to foreign newspaper correspondents, so that Thracian affairs were enveloped in the most profound mystery, while secret messages flashed about between the Powers. Prince Otto Georg's election seemed to commend itself to every one as an excellent solution of the Thracian difficulty.

Pannonia and the house of Schwarzwald-Molzau welcomed it as a set-off to the rebuff sustained by their joint diplomacy in Princess Ottilie's marriage, while the authorities of Prince Otto's own country were not sorry to find in it a way of escape from the intricate international questions involved in his unauthorised connection with the putting down of the revolt. Even Scythia, whether because she judged it well to lie low after the failure of the conspiracy, or because, having given in her approval to Prince Otto Georg's candidature two years ago, she thought it would appear inconsistent to draw back now, offered no objection to his accepting the throne. M. Drakovics hurried

back to Bellaviste triumphant, and the new King was crowned the very next day, with the regalia prepared for his murdered predecessor. The palace was still full of the traces of the devastating fight which had been waged within its walls, and the chapel of St Peter itself had not escaped scathless, while the people who looked on at the ceremony had scarcely a cheer for their new sovereign, since their thoughts were all with Carlino. But as if to give point to the words with which M. Drakovics had ushered in the new reign, the guns which announced the accession of King Otto Georg thundered forth also the knell of those who had conspired against Caerleon.

CHAPTER XXII.—A KING WITHOUT A CROWN.

Banished from Scythia, Princess Soudaroff and Nadia turned their faces southwards, and after a hurried winter journey across Central Europe and a more leisurely one through Spain, found themselves at Cadiz and on board the yacht *Anne Karénine*. The Princess had acted with her usual impulsiveness in deciding on the way in which she intended to spend her winter, and she was a little startled when she found herself in command of a ship, the crew of which, with one exception, was entirely English. She had never been on board a yacht before, and her ignorance made her fall an easy prey to the captain, an ancient mariner dowered with as many wiles as those popularly credited to the heathen Chinese. Like his late Majesty King George III., however, this gentleman "gloried in the name of Briton," considering all foreigners to be constitutionally afflicted with a more or less mild form of insanity. It was both right and advisable to humour their fancies, especially when they were

wealthy enough to hire a large yacht for the winter; but it was also necessary to guide them gently in the direction in which they ought to go, and to restrain their eccentricities by the moral influence of a stronger mind.

The very day that the Princess first came on board, the captain asserted his independence by refusing to receive his orders through the courier, a useful and important individual who Prince Soudaroff had insisted should accompany the ladies on their travels, and protect them from extortion by the way, since if he did cheat them right and left himself, he would take good care that no one else should. The Princess, in her kindness of heart, felt at once that it was only natural that the captain should dislike to take orders from Alessandro, and accorded him the privilege of seeing her whenever he found it necessary, thus yielding herself as the helpless slave of a most unbending autocrat. Not that Captain Binks was rude or overbearing—far from it. The

commander of a Cunarder could not have been more accommodating and urbane ; but it was evident that he must know more about the winds and currents and shoals of the Mediterranean than his employer, and when some conjunction of these natural objects interfered to prevent anything that the Princess was anxious to do, surely it was not to be considered the fault of Captain Binks ? This being the case, it was a just punishment which overtook the old sailor when, after a short cruise in which he had regulated the ladies' trips on shore in regular man-of-war fashion, the yacht was run into by a lumbering collier as she lay at anchor outside the Grand Harbour of Valetta on the night of her arriving in sight of Malta. It had been Captain Binks's intention to take the Anne Karénine into the harbour by daylight, thereby exhibiting to all and sundry both her beauties and his own seamanship, and then to grant the Princess the day in which to make her pilgrimage to St Paul's Bay and back while he took stores on board ; but now the spars and bulwarks were so much damaged as to render necessary a stay of a week or more in the island.

It must be confessed that this accident gave keen pleasure to Nadia, who was not a favourite with Captain Binks ; but the Princess never perceived either his uplifting or his fall, for she was absorbed, as usual, in schemes of kindness for the benefit of those about her. She knew the histories of all the crew by this time—knew how many children each man had, and who had aged parents to support—and it was her delight to write letters home for them in her formal foreign hand, with its queer twirls and flourishes ; while Nadia, longing to be of some use or help to some one, stood shyly aloof, and wondered how her godmother could

take so much interest in the affairs of all these strangers. In one of the Princess's interests, however, Nadia shared fully, for the person involved had been connected with herself at one of the crises of her life. It was on the day that they sailed from Cadiz, before they had been on board more than a few hours, that the Princess came into Nadia's cabin with a face radiant with delight.

"Who do you think is the carpenter on this ship, my child ?" she asked.

"I don't know, Marraine," said Nadia, looking up puzzled. "Some relation of the English coachman you had once ?"

"No ; it is not an Englishman—a Scythian."

"One of our own people ? or a Bibelist ? An Oudenist, perhaps ?"

"Dear child, no. But a person of whom you have heard. It is Yegor Popoff, my poor Katinka's husband."

"Oh, Marraine ! How did he get here ?"

"When he left Katinka, he went to Pavelsburg to look for work, and made a voyage to Sweden as ship's carpenter. At Bergen he heard that my friend Feodor Petrovitch, to whom this yacht belongs, was in the harbour looking out for a carpenter, as the one he had brought from England had died, and he obtained the post. And now, without our knowing it, he was waiting at Cadiz, and we were bringing Katinka to him. Do you see now why we were driven out of Scythia, my child ?"

"I see," said Nadia ; "but what are you going to do ? Have you said anything ?"

"Said anything ?" cried the Princess. "My dear child, I have said everything ! I have had Yegor in the saloon, and I have spoken to him very seriously. I told him how wrong and foolish he had been

in doubting Katinka and in listening to Anna at all, and much more so in running away as he did. He saw it himself—in fact, nothing but pride had kept him from coming back and telling her so. He was waiting for her to write first, when she did not know where he was! I think I made him thoroughly ashamed of himself. When I saw that he was really sorry, I slipped out and fetched Katinka. *She* was ready enough to forgive, poor child! and I left them together. What a happy beginning for our voyage, is it not?"

Nadia acquiesced, with a sudden rising of hope in her heart. Was this voyage destined to bring her and Caerleon together, as it had already united Yegor and Katinka? The same thought had occurred to the maid, who came shyly to tell her that she and Yegor were praying that she might be as happy as they were. They did not know her story; but Katinka guessed at it, and found it easy to imagine what she had not heard. Her sympathy contributed still further to raise Nadia's spirits, and perhaps to bring her into the somewhat uncharitable frame of mind in which she welcomed the discomfiture of Captain Binks. In any case, she submitted cheerfully to the necessary detention at Valetta, in spite of the desolate aspect of the dried-up town, with its great fortifications and flat-roofed white houses, and did her best to help the Princess in rendering habitable the enormous rooms, stone-floored and scantily furnished, in which they took up their abode while the repairs to the yacht were pending.

Here it was that two days later they heard the news of the outbreak in Thracia—news which sent all the special correspondents who keep portmanteaus ready packed in case of a sudden summons, to the Balkans at racing speed. Car-

lino was dethroned, Peter was restored, Bellaviste was in the hands of the Franzist party,—this was what the telegram, signed by M. Sertchaieff and his brother the General, told the world, and after its receipt there was silence for several days. What those days were to Nadia it is impossible to describe. As is always the case when no authoritative news can be obtained, the most sensational rumours were rife, all, of course, founded on "private messages of undoubted trustworthiness," or on the utterances of "a person who was better acquainted with the east of Europe than any other man living." The purveyors of news of this description dealt much with the fate of Caerleon, and his supposed adventures were a common subject of conversation in Valetta society. There was not an Englishman who did not admire the way in which he had stuck to his kingdom, although some objected to his having gone to Thracia at all; and many were the conjectures, each backed by the authority of some newspaper statement, as to what had become of him. He had yielded to the rebels without striking a blow; he had refused to abdicate until a pistol was held to his head; he had offered such a strenuous resistance that he had surrendered only when severely wounded; he was imprisoned in one of the underground galleries of the Bellaviste fortifications; he had entered the service of King Peter; he had disappeared altogether; he had blown out his brains, he had been murdered,—the variety of the rumours bore reliable testimony to one point only, the impenetrable mystery that shrouded his fate. It seemed certain that he was not at large, or why was he making no effort to regain his throne? but it seemed also certain that the victory of the insurgents had not been so complete

as was at first reported, or why did they not send for King Peter?

That easy-going gentleman was still at Nice, apparently caring very little whether he was restored to his kingdom or not, and professing to know no more than any one else whether Thracia was in a state of civil war or had submitted calmly to the new order of things. Meanwhile the Thracian border was beset by throngs of eager journalists, each anxious to obtain for his own paper the first authentic news, and all refused admittance into the kingdom. One or two, more enterprising than their fellows, succeeded in crossing the frontier at some unguarded point; but they were detected and seized before they had got a mile nearer the capital, and after a few hours' detention in a police-station to cool their ardour, were escorted over the border again without gaining any more information beyond a further stock of rumours.

At last a definite piece of news made its way to the frontier, and remained uncontradicted. M. Drakovics, still in the possession of power, was at Tatarjé, and was engaged in conference with the envoy from Roum, while negotiations were being carried on with the Powers. The next day the embargo on special correspondents was removed, and the long-tried newspaper men rushed across the frontier, and raced one another to Bellaviste. The 'Fifth Avenue Crier' only missed gaining the first details through an unfortunate accident which befell the cart in which its representative was being conveyed at a break-neck speed across country; but as it was, the correspondent of the 'Fleet Street' took the first place, with the indefatigable Mr Hicks as a good second. After them came the representatives of various other journals, and Europe was speedily deluged with full, true, and particular accounts of the ori-

gin, progress, and extinction of the revolt.

The news reached Malta in time for publication in the morning papers. Ever since the first tidings of the outbreak had arrived, the Princess and Nadia had heard nothing discussed, whether in public or in private, but the Thracian question, with all the gruesome details which the hopes or fears or imaginations of different people had grafted on to the truth. The long uncertainty had made the girl sick with fear. She almost felt that it would have been less painful to hear once for all that Caerleon was dead than to have absolutely no idea as to what had become of him. On this particular morning she was crouching in one of the windows of the great bare drawing-room, afraid to go out lest she should hear the question of Caerleon's fate once more discussed, but knowing that she could not refrain from listening to the conjectures which tormented her, when the Princess was summoned to an interview with Captain Binks. Breakfast was only just over; but the autocrat of the Anne Karénine resembled time and tide in that he waited for no man, and he wanted the Princess's authorisation for some item of the repairs to the yacht. The formality, which was naturally of a purely ceremonial character, having been gone through, Captain Binks was about to depart, when the Princess caught sight of a newspaper sticking out of his pocket.

"Is that to-day's paper?" she asked, moved by a sudden impulse for which she could not account.

"Yes, your Highness. Sad business this about Thracia. I wish I had the men that murdered that poor fellow aboard of my ship. There would be no yard-arms to let when I'd done with 'em."

"Murdered?" said the Princess, with sinking heart. "Please let me see."

Captain Binks smoothed out the crumpled sheet and handed it to her, and she read the account, telegraphed in the first instance from Bellaviste, over a hastily repaired wire, by the correspondent of the 'Fleet Street,' of the recapture of the city, of Louis O'Malachy's confession, and of Prince Otto Georg's election to the vacant throne. As she read it a strong resolution formed itself in her mind that Nadia should hear nothing of this until the news was confirmed.

"Thank you," she said, handing the paper back to its owner. "It is indeed terrible! Will you have the goodness to send Alessandro to me as you go out?"

Captain Binks departed, a little disappointed by the coolness with which the Princess had received the news, and which he put down to the fact of her being a foreigner, and while she waited for the courier to appear, she hastily laid her plans. The newspaper account had mentioned Mr Hicks's presence in Bellaviste, apropos of the accident which had delayed his arrival there, and the Princess had some acquaintance with Mr Hicks. He had been sent on a journalistic mission to Scythia some time ago, charged to inquire into the real facts as to the persecution of the Evangelicals, rumours of which had reached America, and he had gone to the fountainhead, and had interviewed Count Wratisloff and herself. When Alessandro entered the room she directed him to order a carriage for the day, and intrusted him also with a telegram to be despatched, addressed to Mr Hicks at Bellaviste, and inquiring whether the reports which had reached Malta of recent events in Thracia were well authenticated. Alessandro was released from his usual duty of accompanying the carriage, and ordered to bring the return telegram to his mistress immediately on its arrival.

Having made these arrangements, the Princess went in search of Nadia, whom she found still curled up on the stone window-seat.

"I have ordered the carriage to take us to Il Boschetto this morning, my child," she said, briskly. "We will spend the day there, and come back in the evening. It will be a pleasant change, and you will like to see the orange-groves."

"Yes, Marraine," assented Nadia, without showing much interest in the scheme. "I suppose there is not likely to be any news before we get back—genuine news, I mean?"

"If there is, it shall be brought out to us," said the Princess. "You may be sure of that, dear child."

Somewhat comforted, Nadia went away to prepare for the drive; but her godmother did not breathe freely until they were safely outside the gates of the city and fairly on their way. At any moment, while they were at home, some acquaintance might come in, and enter upon the one absorbing topic of conversation. But it was too early for most of the Valetta ladies to be out, and the gentlemen were still busy in office or orderly-room, and all was safe when once the white city on its steep hill was left behind, and the long country drive begun. Bare little fields with stone walls surrounding them, interspersed with little houses like square stone boxes, windowless and chimneyless, without a tree or a bush to break the monotony, lay on either side of the road. After a time, Città Vecchia came in sight. Here there is a grotto, said to have been the abode of St Paul; but the Princess did not think it likely to be sufficiently genuine to call for a visit, and the city was left on one side, in spite of the remonstrances of the driver of the carriage.

Il Boschetto was reached after a further drive—a pleasant spot of gardens and orange-groves in the

midst of the desolation, and the northern eyes of the Princess and Nadia rejoiced in the luxuriant greenness. The place was a favourite one for picnics ; but it so happened that there was not one that day, and they had the gardens to themselves. After lunch the Princess suggested a rest in the shade ; but Nadia could not sit still, and preferred to go on by herself and get a look at the sea from a hill near at hand. She had been gone some time, and the Princess was becoming a little drowsy, when the sound of footsteps aroused her, and she saw Alessandro coming towards her with a telegram in his hand. Taking it from him, she turned back among the trees and tore it open:—

“Too true that King Carlino was murdered at outbreak of revolt. Prince Otto Georg of Schwarzwald-Molzau is to be crowned King to-day,”

“This poor Carlino!” broke from the Princess. “And my poor child! how shall I tell her?”

“Marraine,” said the panting voice of Nadia behind her, “wasn’t that Alessandro I saw from the hill-top just now? It looked like him, and he seemed to be coming here. Did he bring any news?”

The Princess turned quickly, pale and tongue-tied, crumpling the telegram in her hand. Nadia saw it, and guessed what it was.

“Marraine, you have had news of Carlino!” she cried, snatching the paper from her godmother’s reluctant hand and reading it. The moment the words had met her eyes she dropped it with a groan.

“He is dead, and I have killed him!” she cried.

“Killed him? Not you, my child,” said the Princess.

“Yes ; I urged him to accept the crown, I wouldn’t let him abdicate

when he wished to do it. I made him stay, and I have killed him. It is my doing.”

“It is God’s will, dear child. You may have been the instrument——”

“I was,” said Nadia, in the same hard voice. “You told me that I had been doing wrong the night I came to Pavelsburg, and now this has happened to make me sure of it. It is all my fault. Don’t speak to me, Marraine. No doubt it is as well that I should see what harm my wanting my own way can do. But why should he be punished for me?”

She stood looking stonily away through the trees, and the Princess put her hand on her arm and guided her gently back to the carriage. Alessandro came bustling up to express a hope that the telegram had not contained any bad news, but Nadia neither saw nor heard him. As they left the gardens behind them, she sat looking away over the arid landscape, refusing to listen to the Princess’s attempts to comfort her.

“Please don’t speak to me now, Marraine. Let me get used to the thought,” she said, and her godmother desisted with a sigh. They had passed Città Vecchia before the Princess spoke again ; and this time, seeing two weary-looking men toiling along the road at some distance in front, she called to Alessandro, who was riding beside the carriage—

“Tell the driver to stop when we come up with those men, Alessandro. They look tired, and we might drive them into Valetta.”

Alessandro obeyed in silence, for he was becoming accustomed to his mistress’s eccentricities, but with a slight grimace.

“Vill your ’ighness zat I speak to zem?” he asked, as the carriage stopped.

“No,” said the Princess, “I will. This one does not look like

a Maltese. I will try him in English. My poor man, I fear you are in some distress. Can we help you in any way?"

The other wayfarer, a Maltese peasant in the ordinary dusty cotton clothes and Phrygian cap, stared in surprise and utter lack of comprehension at the lady; but the one whom the Princess had addressed came forward respectfully, touching the place where the brim of his hat would naturally have been, if he had worn one. He was an undersized, light-haired man, haggard and unshaven, and clad in what looked like the tattered remains of a suit of livery of some kind.

"I'm sure you're very good, ma'am," he said. "If you would be so kind as tell me the word for 'doctor' in this chap's lingo, and 'ow to find one in the town yonder when we gets to it, me and my master would be no end obliged to you."

"Your master is ill—hurt?" asked the Princess. "You have been shipwrecked with him, perhaps?"

"No, ma'am; we ain't been shipwrecked," returned the man, politely but repressively. "I 'ope as you'll excuse me sayin' any more, for my master is a very well-known gentleman; but bein' in difficulties just now, so to speak, 'e tell me not to mention 'is name. But we want a doctor badly, and as we couldn't make out these fellers, nor them us, 'is Maj—I mean my master, said as me and this chap 'ad better go to the town there, and see where we was. We've tried 'em in English and in French and in Thracian——" he broke off suddenly, and stared at Nadia, whose attention had been caught by the last word, and who had turned and was regarding him fixedly.

"It is you, is it, Wright?" she said, listlessly. "Then you forsook him too?"

"Me forsook 'is Majesty, miss?" cried Wright, much injured. "Not until 'e tell me to go. Would you 'ave me say, 'Go yourself,' when 'e sent me for the doctor?"

"*He sent you?*" Nadia almost screamed. "When? Where?"

"About 'alf a hour ago, miss; from this chap's farm'ouse over there."

"Then he is alive? They didn't kill him? Tell me quick, or I shall go mad. He is there, you say?"

"Why, yes, miss," said Wright, stolidly, trying to disentangle the cluster of questions which Nadia poured upon him in her agitation. "'E's there, of course—leastways, I left 'im there, and it stands to reason as 'e ain't dead."

"Oh, Marraine!" sobbed Nadia, burying her face on the Princess's shoulder, "do you hear? He's alive, he's alive!"

"Compose yourself, my child," said the Princess, although Wright's wooden face showed no sign of his having observed the girl's excitement. "Who is this good man? Tell me."

"He is the King's groom, the man who brought me to meet Marie Karlovna. Oh, Marraine, he isn't dead!"

"My good man," said the Princess, abandoning the attempt to reduce Nadia to reason, and addressing Wright, "get into the carriage, and we will seek your master, and drive him to Valetta."

"Not with you, ma'am," said Wright, in horror. "It ain't my place at no time, and now——" he looked at his disreputable clothes with disgust. "If I might ride on the box this little way, and get down before comin' into the town, so as not to disgrace you——"

"Your companion will sit on the box, and show the driver the way to his farm," said the Princess. "Tell him so, Alessandro. Now, my good man, if you wish to help

your master, you will do as I tell you."

Thus adjured, Wright obeyed, and seated himself opposite the Princess, making himself as small as possible, and with great delicacy keeping his face turned from Nadia, who was leaning back in her place, holding her parasol so as to shield herself from observation, and crying quietly for joy.

"Now tell me," said the Princess, when the carriage had turned and they were driving in the direction of the farm, "is it the King who is ill?"

"No, ma'am; it's 'is brother, Prince Cyril. 'E's always been sickly, and me and 'is Majesty think as the cold 'as seized 'is chest. 'E was moanin' awful when I come away."

"Poor boy!" said the Princess. "And what did the King propose to do?"

"I don't rightly know, ma'am, seein' as 'e's precious 'ard up. We didn't 'ave no money with us when we was took, except a copper or two as I 'ad in my pockets, and 'is Majesty ain't sure what 'e can do 'ere. You see, the British Government, they didn't like 'is takin' the kingdom on, and 'e don't know that 'e mightn't be took up if 'e showed 'imself. That's why I didn't tell you 'is name until I see Miss O'Malachy."

"I see," said the Princess, beckoning to Alessandro, who rode up, and received his mistress's orders to return to Valetta and prepare some of the unused rooms at the lodgings, and to secure the services of a doctor, all without making any fuss, or saying who the visitors were. He rode off at once, and the Princess began to inquire into Cyril's symptoms, a subject which lasted Wright until the carriage arrived at the farm. The peasant descended from the box and led the way into the little courtyard with its

high stone walls and one tree, and two or three women and a number of children peered shyly at the ladies from the shelter of the out-buildings. Wright went straight into the house, and with an innate dramatic instinct, hitherto unsuspected in him, announced merely—

"There's two ladies 'ere, your Majesty, with a carriage, as will be pleased to give you and 'is 'ighness a lift into the city."

"Ladies!" Nadia heard Caerleon remark, in tones of dismay; but catching sight of their shadows behind Wright, he conquered his scruples and came towards them. I am aware that there is a popular superstition that a gentleman looks a gentleman under any circumstances. Perhaps Caerleon was the exception which is said to prove the rule—at any rate, wearing neither coat nor waistcoat, and not having had the opportunity of washing or shaving for several days, he presented the appearance of an unusually powerful ruffian, whose trade had not prospered with him.

"I am most grateful for your kindness," he said, coming to the door and bowing to the Princess; "but I could not think of trespassing upon it by accepting your offer. The fact is, we are not exactly in trim for ladies'—— Nadia!" he seized her hand in both his, and stood gazing at her, forgetful alike of the Princess and of what he had been saying, until Nadia, feeling herself growing crimson under the look in his eyes, drew her hand away and withdrew behind the Princess.

"My child, you know this gentleman, I think?" murmured her god-mother reprovingly, and Nadia came out of her shelter and said in confusion—

"The King of Thracia—Princess Soudaroff," and retired in greater confusion still, feeling that it was

indeed the most unkindest cut of all that she should be the first to remind him of his altered estate, by presenting him to the Princess instead of the Princess to him. But her godmother was already on her way to see Cyril, who was lying moaning and only half-conscious on a bed of maize-leaves in a corner.

"I am afraid he is very ill," said the Princess aside to Caerleon, "and he certainly cannot be nursed here. We must take him to Valetta in my carriage immediately, and there is a room in my lodgings where he can be well looked after, and you can be safe at the same time."

"Oh, really," began Caerleon, "I don't know how to thank you enough; but I can't saddle you with all the bother of an invalid in this way."

"Of course not," said the Princess; "I saddle myself with him. I have the room, and he needs it. Besides, you are friends of my dear child's, so I cannot count you as strangers, though I hope I should do the same if you were."

"I have seen my godmother bring home a dying beggar from the roadside, in a most dreadful state, and have him nursed and taken care of," said Nadia, reassuringly. The comparison suggested was not a particularly happy one; but her intention was so kind that Caerleon felt ashamed of the twinkle in his eye as he looked at her, and hoped she had not seen it.

"See," said the Princess, "we will get into the carriage, and you and your servant shall carry your brother to it. Then we will make room for you too, and the man shall go on the box. Stay," and she drew him aside and put her purse into his hand, "you will wish to reward these honest people who have given you shelter, and you can repay me afterwards, you know."

"You are too good, Princess," said Caerleon, gratefully; and he remunerated the farmer and his family for their kindness in a way that left them calling down blessings on his head. Then he and Wright carried Cyril to the carriage, where the Princess and Nadia had been arranging the cushions for him as comfortably as they could, and at last they were able to prop him up safely and to leave the farm on the way back to Valetta. There was little opportunity for conversation during the drive, for Cyril was restless and uneasy, and turned from Nadia to his brother in weary bewilderment, relapsing now and then into moaning unconsciousness, so that every one was glad when the gate was at last reached. It was now dusk, and the Princess's strange companions were therefore not noticed in their passage through the streets, and the house was safely gained. Alessandro had done his work well, the doctor was in attendance, and Cyril found himself speedily in a comfortable bed, under the charge of an elderly woman, the widow of a persecuted Bibelist, whom the Princess had brought with her on her travels as Nadia's maid. The doctor said that cold and exposure had brought on an attack of pleurisy, but he hoped it might not prove very serious; and Caerleon, much relieved by the verdict, gave himself up to the tender mercies of Alessandro, who provided suitable clothes in a marvellous manner, and sent him down in proper trim, an hour later, to dine with the ladies. He was warmly welcomed by the Princess, who had found all her kindness of heart necessary hitherto to help her to conceal the dismay she had felt at his appearance, and who positively beamed upon the transformation effected by Alessandro.

SOME GERMAN NOVELS.

WHOEVER has taken the trouble critically to analyse the spirit of modern German literature must have been struck by the singular lack of unity existing among brothers of the pen, as compared to what we find in France and England; or, to put it more plainly, the obvious want of that connecting link which, by putting all writers of one nation in touch with one another, makes of their separate works as many mosaic stones, each differing in hue and lustre, size and shape, yet all together combining to produce a pattern of harmonious colour and uniform design. We do not necessarily mean to imply any censure by this statement of the bare fact, that whereas in other countries writers are apt to be swept along unanimously by some of those irresistible thought-currents which from time to time threaten to upset our whole social order, the German novelist remains cool and self-composed, comparatively untouched by those torturing problems and questions that are exercising the minds of so many fellow-creatures. He may be, and often is, every whit as good and thorough in his profession as his French or English colleague, yet with this essential difference, that he is always purely local, never cosmopolitan, in his views of life; and, saving those rare and isolated cases where faintly and fitfully the spirit of an Ibsen or a Tolstoi has inspired such writers as Sudermann or Gerhardt Hauptmann, the worthy Teuton prefers to worship on the altar of those old familiar household gods in whose shadow he was born and bred. Thus, though both ostensibly be-

longing to the same nation, a Suabian will always write differently from a Bavarian; while a Tyrolese novelist, whose whole little world, as far as he is personally concerned, is bounded by the snow-tipped mountains of his native province, cannot be more narrowly circumscribed in his views and interests than is the Berlin Cockney who fondly imagines his capital to be the axle upon which the social world revolves.

This one-sidedness and want of breadth in German fiction may be accounted for in different ways. It is no doubt partly to be explained by the fact of united Germany being too novel an institution to have succeeded as yet in producing complete fusion of thought and interest among the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed, but perhaps also in equal measure by the German's innate tendency to self-concentration, which causes him to see very clearly and to minutely analyse all objects standing within a certain limited focus, while rendering him blind as an owl in daylight to all that does not directly come within the radius of his own personal observation. Thus many excellently constructed and written German novels are severely handicapped by the disadvantage of appealing to an extremely limited audience, and therefore being far less eagerly sought and bought over their native frontiers than are myriads of vastly inferior French novels that have forced their way into every European library and boudoir.

One of the German novelists who, if judged by merit alone, would seem entitled to far more

extensive literary fame than the purely respectable position he now enjoys in the estimation of his own countrymen, is Herr Ludwig Ganghofer, although he, perhaps more than any other contemporary writer, is entirely dependent for inspiration upon the alpine scenery with which he is so familiar, and which he has so often and so lovingly depicted. It is again into these same regions—the Bavarian Alps grouped around the beautiful Königssee—that he takes us in his latest novel, ‘*Schloss Hubertus*,’¹ a work of such strongly marked individuality, such overpowering force and brilliancy, as but seldom is to be met with in the ranks of recent German fiction. It is a book which can, or rather must, be read from cover to cover without drawing breath, and for many days after the reader’s mind will be haunted by the weird personality of the grand old hunter who stands as centrepiece in the story. In Count Egge Sennefeld, Ganghofer has drawn a figure of which even our beloved Sir Walter might have been proud; and it is scarcely treason to say that in his whole long portrait-gallery of eccentric and whimsical characters, our Northern bard has produced nothing surpassing this one. Count Egge, a Bavarian nobleman of ancient lineage and large fortune, is a fanatical sportsman: for him no other pleasure in life exists but tracking chamois or stalking red deer; and these animals absorb a far larger proportion of his thoughts and attention than do his four children, three sons and a daughter—all that are now left to remind him of the faithless woman who, having made the discovery that to be the wife of a celebrated

Nimrod is scarcely a cheerful lot, had long since sought consolation by eloping with a companion of her own choice. Count Egge goes about habitually attired in short leather breeches, an old discoloured shooting-coat, hobnailed boots, and weather-beaten felt hat, just like any common Bavarian peasant; and when nominally living at Schloss Hubertus, his family summer residence, he spends by far the greater part of his time up in a miserable wooden shooting-hut, whose doorway is so low that almost regularly every day, when sallying forth in quest of game, the Count’s forehead comes violently in contact with the upper beam, so that in course of time a long dark red streak has come to be permanently visible across his brow. Count Egge never even thought of sending for the village carpenter to remedy the defect of the doorway, which might easily have been done at the cost of a few hours’ labour. How should he have found time to think of such petty details when his thoughts were permanently occupied by the prime roe-deer he had shot yesterday, or some abnormally large chamois he hoped to bag to-day? The description of Count Egge at the beginning of the first volume, when he is waiting for the coming of a particular chamois buck, strikes the key-note of his character, and places him distinctly before the reader’s eye:—

“His hands grasped the rifle yet more tightly, and with burning intensity his eye hung upon the rocky cliff over which the buck must appear. From minute to minute the tension of his features became more sharply accentuated, the last drop of blood receded from the galvanised face, the

¹ *Schloss Hubertus*. Roman in zwei Bände. Von Ludwig Ganghofer. Stuttgart: Bonz und Co., 1896.

tightly closed lips assumed a bluish tint, and ever more fiercely burned the fire of his eyes. What was stamped on this face was not the clear wholesome love of the chase, not the proud virile satisfaction which the pursuit of a noble sport can produce; it was a wild consuming passion, one of those passions which know neither measure nor bounds either in desire or enjoyment, which seize upon a man body and soul, as the flame takes hold of rotten wood, stifling in him all appreciation for whatever else life holds of value, letting him always see and long for but this one thing—a passion which intoxicated without ever producing satisfaction, which was destroying him and others as well! And like unto the sign of a marked man, there burnt upon Count Egge's brow the red tumour inflicted by the beam above the door of his shooting-hut."

Soon after the opening of the tale Count Egge is rejoined by his three sons,—the grave and ideally minded Tassilo, Robert the gambler and hypocrite, and the light-hearted scapegrace Willy. After having within twenty-four hours of their first meeting quarrelled with Tassilo, because of an intended marriage, and fumed and foamed at Robert, who has been forced again to own to heavy gambling debts, the old Count, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, turns to his youngest and favourite son Willy, and bids him ask for some gift or favour. He is ready to grant any wish of Willy's to-day, on condition that the lad will smile and show a happy face again. When, however, Willy ventures to say a word on behalf of his elder brother Tassilo, to whom he is deeply attached, his first conciliatory attempt is cut short by his father's furious command never again to broach that topic, under pain of likewise falling into disgrace. Count Egge had left the hut, angrily banging the door behind

him; but when, a few hours later, he returned to find Willy sitting moody and sad behind the hut, the father's heart had melted again, and taking out of his purse two little objects wrapped in paper, he pressed them into Willy's hand by way of atonement. These are a couple of buckteeth of specially rare and beautiful colouring, which Count Egge prized above all other hunting trophies, and was in the habit of constantly carrying about with him in his purse, in order occasionally to refresh his eyes with a look at their charms. Seeing his father in such a favourable state of mind, Willy now timidly gives expression to another request which has been weighing on his heart. Will not Count Egge consent to interrupt his hunts for a few days and accompany him down to Schloss Hubertus, where his sister Kitty, who has not seen her father for nearly half a year, is impatiently expecting him from hour to hour. Touched and softened, the old man consents. Yes, he too is anxious to embrace his daughter—his little "Gais" (Doe), as he fondly calls her. Besides, the shooting has been bad during the last few days, and it will be better to break through the spell of bad luck. Let them start at once, as soon as they have had time to change their boots; and Willy is to take his gun with him, while he, the father, will purposely leave his own rifle behind in order to eschew the temptation of firing a shot. Perhaps they may come across a fine stag, and he is determined to let Willy have the pleasure of shooting him.

"As they wandered downward through the stunted dwarf pines and over the high mountain-pastures, Count Egge was in excellent spirits. He related many droll hunting anec-

dotes, turned Robert into ridicule, and with amusing irony described the dumfounded face which Schipper the gamekeeper would make when, on returning to the hut, he would find it empty. But with the first step into the dark forest his jovial talkative mood changed abruptly to grave silence, and he himself loaded Willy's rifle, after having previously submitted the two cartridges to a minute examination.

"So! And now take care of your blunderbuss, and keep your goggles open!"

"Noiselessly they stalked over the soft mossy carpet, Count Egge, who seemed well acquainted with every tree in the pathless forest, leading the way. As they passed through a clay-bottomed gully, he pointed to the ground and whispered, 'These are quite fresh tracks of a good one! Keep your gun ready. . . . I know a spot hard by where they are fond of lying!' His voice sank ever lower as he gave Willy at least a dozen instructions as to his behaviour for the contingency of falling in with a stag, 'And above all, do not shoot too hotly; give yourself time: raise up the barrel slowly from below, and as soon as you see red, then quietly pull the trigger.'

"They stalked on cautiously, and climbed up a mossy ridge. Hardly had they reached its summit when Count Egge crouched down and whispered, 'There he lies! Do you see him?'

"Willy cocked his gun and began to raise it. But the stag had already lifted its head, and sprang up from the lair. Willy did not lose his composure, but took aim, with observance of all the good counsels he had just been receiving. Already he 'saw red,' and would have pulled the trigger, but at that same moment his gun was suddenly laid hold of by two other hands.

"'Hand it over. You will miss him at any rate.' With these words the father had wrenched the gun from him, and before Willy could recover from his astonished consternation, the shot had already gone off.

"The stag fell. With a wild huzza Count Egge lowered the smoking rifle, waved his weather-beaten stalking-

cap aloft, and exclaimed, 'Yes, lad, you were quite right! Up yonder I was obliged to run away from my bad fortune in order to find luck again down here!'

"'So?' said Willy, sulkily. 'Why, I fancied, papa, that you wanted to give me a pleasure!'

"'To be sure!' Count Egge laughed. 'My hands ran away with me, I hardly know how. But don't be angry, it shall be for another time! Come now, at least I shall teach you the correct orthodox fashion of disembowelling a stag.'

"Willy seemed to find but a doubtful satisfaction in this bloody lesson; but not wishing to spoil his father's pleasure, so as to bring him home to Hubertus in good humour, he patiently submitted."

Suddenly, however, they hear the sound of rolling stones and of an alpenstock striking against the ground. It is the gamekeeper Schipper, who, pale and breathless, has pursued his master in order to inform him that he has just with his telescope descried a prime roebuck with quite abnormally gigantic horns, larger than any of those which adorn the Count's collection.

"'By Jove!' stammered Count Egge, as a dark red flush overspread his face.

"'And you will bag the buck, Herr Graf—my word upon it!'

"Tremulous excitement now seized on the master. 'Thank you, Schipper. See that you get some one to carry down the stag, . . . and I shall meanwhile return to the hut.'

"'But, papa,' now protested Willy with deeply wounded expression, 'the stag which you had promised me, you shoot away before my eyes, . . . not that I grudge it—you are heartily welcome, . . . but at least keep the other promise you made me. The buck will not run away from you, but——'

"'You do not understand that——'

"'I beg you, papa, leave the buck and come down with me to Hubertus. Do it for my sake, I beg you!'

"'Yes, lad, anything else, but——'

"Papa, I beg you!"

"Count Egge began to grow impatient. 'I cannot run the risk of losing such a buck. You might surely be sportsman enough to understand that! Now my luck has turned again. In two stalks I am sure of him. And then I shall come, my word upon it! Therefore be satisfied; go home quietly, and give my love to the little Gais! To-morrow evening I shall rejoin you. Good-bye!' and without awaiting Willy's answer, he grasped the alpenstock along with his son's rifle, and commenced his ascent through the forest."

But Count Egge is destined never again to see the son he had thus curtly dismissed. A piece of youthful imprudence, which would have been prevented by the restraining presence of a father or elder brother, costs Willy his life; and the father, who has meanwhile succeeded in bagging the abnormally large buck, is thunderstruck next day by the news of his son's death. Filled with bitter self-reproach, he hurries down to Hubertus, there to weep over the corpse of his child, whom, as he feels, he has sacrificed for a pair of roebuck horns. His grief is true and genuine; but scarcely has poor Willy been laid in the earth than the huntsman's old passion seizes upon him with tenfold violence, and, oblivious of everything else, supremely indifferent to the sensation he is causing among the scandalised funeral guests, he insists straightway on donning his old hunting-equipment, and is off to the mountains.

From this point forward all events and incidents are made to lead up to the final catastrophe, which is the climax of the story; and so deftly and artistically is this brought about, that everything seems to be natural and inevitable. One day while out chamois-stalking, Count Egge sees

two eagles soaring above a high overhanging cliff. Their sight brings his thoughts into another groove by suggesting a fresh species of excitement. It is long since he has shot an eagle, and longer still since he has enjoyed the perilous pleasure of taking young eaglets from the nest. If food be put in a likely place throughout the winter, perhaps the eagles may be induced to make their nest here in spring. This plan is at once acted upon, and presently the Count has the satisfaction of hearing that the birds have noticed the bait, and are swooping down daily upon it. The stags' rutting season having now come to an end, Count Egge goes down at last to Castle Hubertus, and sends for the local doctor, for he is now conscious of feeling seriously unwell. The doctor recommends change to a milder climate for the winter, which advice Count Egge interprets and follows according to his own fashion, by starting next day for elk-shooting in Sweden.

The gamekeeper, on whom has devolved the duty of watching over the eagles' proceedings during the winter, receives at intervals telegrams from his master, dated now from Sweden, now from some wild place in Hungary or Croatia, but all asking the same question, "*Are they still there?*" and when in the spring of the following year Count Egge arrives at Schloss Hubertus for the capercaillie-shooting, looking almost like the shadow of his former self, his very first question on stepping out of the carriage is, "*What are the eagles doing?*" The answer—namely, that the eagles are nesting in a fissure of the high overhanging cliff, and that in all probability the young eaglets must be already hatched, since the female

bird, invisible during some weeks, had now again reappeared—seems to act like a reviving elixir on the old man's jaded frame. All his thoughts are now concentrated on this one object—the pleasure in store for him of robbing the eagles' nest; and when on entering the castle he finds there a letter informing him that his daughter's health is impaired, and that the doctor recommends a trip to the south, he declares that it is impossible for him to absent himself from the neighbourhood for two or three days in order to satisfy himself of the truth of these reports.

"'Poor little Gais' (he murmured to himself). 'If only it were possible, I should be with her to-morrow. But——' with a deep sigh he ran his fingers through his beard and turned to the gamekeeper. 'Since when did you say that both eagles have been seen again soaring?'

"'For three days, Herr Graf.'

"'Then there must be young ones in the nest! They may be flown out before I could get back home again,' reflected Count Egge, as he stared up through the window at the mountain, and shook his head. 'I cannot! With the best will in the world it is impossible!'

The matter is finally compromised by despatching a telegram to the young lady's aunt giving her *carte blanche* to do as she thinks best, and unlimited credit for the accomplishment of her projects; and with the pleasant consciousness of having discharged his parental duties to the full, Count Egge dismisses the matter from his mind, and proceeds up to the scene of action. But when he comes to examine the spot where the entrance to the eagles' nest can barely be descried as a dull grey streak on the face of the cliff, he discovers that the projected exploit presents almost in-

surmountable difficulties. He cannot climb up the face of a sheer precipice; while to have himself let down by ropes from above is equally unfeasible, since the nest is hidden beneath the overhanging portion of the cliff. There remains, therefore, nothing for it but a ladder, and although every one tells the Count that it were folly to risk his life on a ladder of such preposterous length, he persists in his insane resolve. Accordingly, eight ladders, each measuring twenty metres, are constructed, and fastened together by iron rivets; then, having with great difficulty consented to let himself be attached to a rope, which is secured from above, he begins the perilous ascent. The ladder sways to and fro in ominous fashion under the old man's weight, but he reaches the top in safety, and the keepers and peasants assembled below begin again to breathe freely.

"But loud shouting was now heard from the top of the cliff, a shadow flitted over the dwarf pines, and, like a bolt shot from the sky, the eagle swooped down upon Count Egge. Schipper and the wood-cutters raised a wild incoherent clamour; they saw how the Count put up his arm in defence, and caught the gleam of his upraised knife. But the stroke missed its aim. With a fragment of white linen rag grasped between its claws the eagle made a slight circuit in order to repeat the assault. Then above the shrieking chorus of voices there cracked a shot; and as amidst the sound of rolling echoes the eagle fell down a lifeless mass, Franz, whose face had blanched to an ashy pallor, lowered his smoking gun."

Believing all danger now to be over, the lads below gave vent to their feelings in wild triumphant shouts and ejaculations, all talking together; only Franz stands aside, grave and silent. When Count

EGGE stretches out both his arms to grasp the overhanging nest, wherein the eaglets are shrieking as though they were being roasted on the spit, a dense cloud of whitish-grey dust is seen to come raining down upon him. Instantaneously the Count draws back his arms, and covering his eyes with one hand, like a man groping in the dark, he begins slowly and unsteadily to descend the rungs of the ladder. He reaches the bottom in safety, thanks to the rope, which proved more trustworthy than the flimsy ladder, and then it is discovered that he has lost his sight. The combination of excrements and rotting particles of carrion lining the bottom of the nest has produced a powerful corrosive acid, which, entering both eyes, has caused instantaneous inflammation. Count Egge is conveyed back to Castle Hubertus, and the best medical assistance called in, but without result. The case is hopeless from the first, and the celebrated oculist summoned from Munich can only confirm the local doctor's verdict—to wit, total and irremediable blindness of both eyes. The old Count hears this cruel sentence pronounced, with calmness and dignity; but when he finds himself alone with his faithful servant his self-control abandons him, and he gives vent to his feelings in the following outburst:—

“What shall I now do? Wherefore do I go on living? Shall I never see a mountain again? Neither forest nor tree! I shall see no more stag in the height of the season! No chamois buck on the cliff! I shall never again behold the capercaillie at pairing time saluting the smiling morn and calling to his mate from off the branch! Nothing more! Nothing! Moses! that will kill me! Not a week could I endure it! Not a day! Rather at once a bullet through the

head!’ Count Egge sprang up, staggered panting towards the wall, and groped about there with his hands.”

In the park outside, a large cage, built expressly for the purpose, is inhabited by some of the eagles which in former luckier days the Count had taken out of the nest; and as the window is now opened by his command, in order to let in the fresh spring air, the peculiar weird sharp cry of one of these birds strikes in upon the blind man's ear.

“Count Egge raised his face; a wild smile flitted across his withered lips, and the torpid features began to light up with animation. Clapping his hands against the arms of the chair, he rose up from his seat with a sudden jerk, exclaiming, ‘Moses! We are going out shooting! Bring me the rifle!’”

“The old servant clasped his hands above his head in sudden alarm. ‘For heaven's sake, Herr Graf, of what can you be thinking?’”

“‘Bring me the rifle! Before the long night sets in I will go shooting for the last time! Eagle-shooting!’ In gasping excitement he had almost screamed out this last word. ‘I owe my misfortune to this cursed brood! I do not choose that they should go on daily mocking my ears with their cries, while I sit here blindfolded. They shall not live in my vicinity. . . . They shall not outlive this day! My eyesight is gone, but one does not shoot with the eyes alone, and my hand still remains. Bring me the rifle! The rifle!’”

Refusing to listen to reason, Count Egge forces his unwilling and terrified servant to lead him down to the park and there place him in the proper position at three hundred paces from the cage containing the four eagles, while the old hunter, standing behind his master's shoulder, assists in directing the aim.

“The second shot went over the birds' heads, but the third one struck

home. One eagle fell down from the perch and with flapping wings writhed about the floor of the cage. Count Egge gave a hoarse laugh at the sound of the fluttering,—‘Has one already fallen?’

“Moses was silent.

“In ever quicker succession the shots now fell, and ever more hotly burnt the flush on Count Egge’s features, while the dull white of his lifeless eyeballs assumed a bloodshot tint. His breath came and went with a rustling sound, and ever unsteadier grew his grip of the rifle. Twenty-one shots were fired through the bars before there was silence within the cage.”

The Count then directs his servant to bring him the dead birds, in order that he may feel them with his hands and guess their several weights. But in one of the eagles life is not yet wholly extinct, and as the old man takes it up for inspection it still contrives with a last dying spasm to dig its long sharp claws into its executioner’s wrist.

“With a slight exclamation of pain Count Egge shook his hand and let the bird drop. ‘What! have you still got fight left in you?’ He smiled wearily.

“Moses, occupied in picking up the empty cartridge-cases from the ground, had not noticed this incident. When he looked up again he saw his master sitting motionless in the armchair, clasping his gun with trembling hands.

“The sightless orbs were fixed in the direction of the mountains, while the withered lips muttered, ‘My last hunt!’ Count Egge rose unsteadily to his feet. ‘Moses, lead me back into the house.’”

But it has been decreed by fate that Count Egge is to perish through these very eagles which he sought to destroy. The wound inflicted by the dying bird’s claws proves fatal, blood-poisoning ensues, and within a week of the accident the old huntsman ex-

pires, his last hours filled up with wild delirious ravings about hunting scenes. Willy’s name is also constantly on his lips, and at the very end he seems to be living over again in thought that last walk through the forest with his dead son.

“‘Come. I know where there is a fine stag, . . . my very best one! Come. I will lead you, . . . and I shall leave my own gun at home. I know myself too well! You shall have him. You—show me the cartridges. Good—all in order. . . . Softly! Take care of your boots.’ Count Egge’s features seemed to sharpen, his nose grew more pointed and changed colour; the upper part of the figure contracted, and the rigid orbs bulged out from their sockets.

“‘Do you see him there—there in his lair? Quick—he already scents us.’ The dying man’s breath was now coming in short gasps. ‘Give me the gun—you would only miss him!’ A convulsive movement of the arm, a sort of hoarse hurrah that died away as an inarticulate groan, and Count Egge fell back heavily. ‘The ball has struck home—there he lies.’ . . . His limbs stretched out.”

We have been tempted to devote so much space to the figure of the eccentric old hunter, in whom every one familiar with those parts will recognise the portrait of a well-known Bavarian nobleman whose many feats of wild daring are still in the mouths of the Berchtesgaden peasants, that we are prevented from dwelling, as we should gladly do, on some of the well-drawn minor characters in the book—none better than the gamekeeper Franz and his sweetheart Mali, whose love-tale is prettily interwoven with the leading narrative. Few scenes in recent fiction are as profoundly pathetic and true to nature as the description of the peasant girl running, panting and dishevelled, up the mountain to

seek her lover, whom she believes to have been shot in an encounter with poachers.

But having, we trust, now given Herr Ganghofer his full and well-deserved quota of admiration, strict impartiality compels us to look at the reverse side of the medal, and to indicate some of the blemishes which occasionally mar the enjoyment of what otherwise would deserve to be called a masterpiece of German fiction. So long as the writer keeps to his lakes and mountains, his deer and chamois, eagles and capercaillie, peasants and gamekeepers, his pictures are of photographic fidelity and brilliancy; but as soon as he imprudently abandons these familiar objects for town-bred ladies and gentlemen, social intrigues and fashionable drawing-rooms, "he is not in it" as we would say, and becomes cramped, stilted, and unnatural, conveying much the same impression as the sight of a person wearing a pair of overtight boots. Thus Kitty, Count Egge's daughter, is a mere lay figure without any convincing sense of life or reality about her, despite the trouble the author is at to describe her white muslin gowns and long Swedish gloves. Peculiarly irritating, too, according to English ideas, is the young lady's habit of "stormily" embracing her brother Tassilo upon every possible occasion,—although, to be sure, as the poor girl only gets hold of her lover in the last chapter of the book, we suppose that the German osculatory instinct has got to be satisfied somehow, and so, *faute de mieux*, brothers must be pressed into service. Tante Gundi, Kitty's aunt and chaperone, intended to be humorous, is a mere outrageous caricature; while neither the young painter who loves the niece, nor the old one who once upon a

time has loved the aunt, strikes us as a particularly happy conception. The same may be said of Tassilo, Count Egge's eldest son, who has broken with the traditions of his family by becoming a lawyer, and who never opens his lips without treating us to page-long tirades upon justice, morality, and other like exhilarating topics. Utterly superfluous and unnecessarily unpleasant is the whole story of Aunt Gundi's *faux pas* in her youth; and the old painter Werner, who has been the hero of this rather shady romance, hardly seems to deserve the extravagant admiration with which the author somewhat naïvely expects us to regard him.

If, however, we readily pardon the genial writer for his unfamiliarity with ladies' and gentlemen's habits as compared to the manners of chamois and roe-deer, we find it considerably harder to forgive a grave anachronism regarding English fox-hunting, when he informs us that Count Egge on his honeymoon journey had taken his young wife *first* to England for fox-hunting, *then* to Sweden in quest of elks, and *lastly* to the Bukowina for the stags' rutting season. As, however, this last period scarcely ever extends beyond the first week in October, we feel puzzled to know where Reynard is to come in? Is it really possible that such an adept in sporting matters as Herr Ganghofer has often proved himself to be, can actually labour under the strange delusion that the Britisher hunts his foxes in July or August?

The author of 'Schloss Hubertus' has found a formidable rival in a lady, bearer of one of the oldest aristocratic German names. Countess Bertha Kuenburg, *née* Countess Stolberg, is well known

to her friends as an intrepid mountaineer and a keen-eyed enthusiast for the beauties of nature, but it is only comparatively lately that she has begun to fix in writing part of the rich store of impressions gleaned on snow-clad mountain-tops and in remote-lying valleys, in the rough-hewn block-huts inhabited by alpine milkmaids during the short summer season, and on giddy breakneck paths known only to wary chamois or daredevil poachers. We should hardly have believed it possible that a lady accustomed to move in the highest society should have succeeded not only in mastering to perfection the dialect spoken by the peasants of the Austrian Alps, but likewise in assimilating herself to peasant feeling and modes of thought, and of accurately gauging all the various phases of these primitive passions and prejudices, which, restrained by no conventional influences, are wont to be so much deeper and more direct than the corresponding emotions in the higher walks of life. If considerably less dramatic and exciting than 'Schloss Hubertus,' Countess Kuenburg's latest story, 'Moni und Mirzl,'¹ yields nothing to Herr Ganghofer in so far as fidelity of portraiture, knowledge of peasant superstition and folk-lore, as well as delicate comprehension for the beauties of nature, are concerned. With regard to this latter point, moreover, one should be inclined to give Countess Kuenburg the palm over her rival, for her descriptions of nature strike a deeper and more intense note, and are more artistically framed — a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact that this gifted lady is likewise an artist of no small

ability, who has many a time reproduced upon canvas the identical scenes which she now so vividly describes in pen and ink.

The outline of the story is a very simple one. Moni and Mirzl are two Sennerins (alpine milkmaids and cowherds) who, according to the custom of those parts, have been sent up, in charge of a herd, to one of the high mountain pasturages. Here, established in a rough-hewn block-hut containing but a couple of rooms, the two girls are as virtually isolated as though stranded upon a desert island, save when at rare intervals they are visited by some huntsman, woodcutter, or poacher, whose pursuit chances to lead him in that direction. This calm contemplative mode of life suits the gentle Moni well enough, and, save to visit her aged grandmother from time to time, she never thinks of leaving her solitude; but Mirzl is of other metal, and can never hear of any amusement in the village or elsewhere without being wild to join it. Klaus, the son of a miller down in the valley, is in love with Mirzl; but although she secretly returns his affection, her innate spirit of coquetry will not permit her frankly to avow this, and she wellnigh wrecks her happiness and his before circumstances compel her to do so. Mirzl has a rival in a neighbouring Sennerin, the fair Therese; and whenever Klaus finds himself badly treated by his sweetheart, he seeks to arouse her jealousy by paying court to the opposition beauty. On one of these occasions when Klaus's attentions to her rival have been more than usually ostentatious, Mirzl's self-control gives way, and she resolves

¹ Moni und Mirzl: eine Geschichte vom Hoch König. Von Bertha Gräfin von Kuenburg Stolberg. Innsbruck: Edlinger, 1896.

to give her enemy a salutary lesson, which in this case means nothing less than a good drubbing,—for Sennerins are not troubled by much scrupulous delicacy, and in cases where a town-bred damsel would resort to sarcasm or calumny, the alpine milkmaid finds two strong arms and a stout cudgel infinitely more satisfactory. Accordingly Mirzl, having disguised herself in male attire and painted a moustache above her rosy lips with a bit of charcoal, repairs at night to the door of Therese's hut, and there, concealed in the deep shadow of the overhanging roof, proceeds upon a little mouth harmonica to imitate all the favourite airs and catches which Klaus was wont to play when he went a-courting by moonlight. This stratagem succeeds, for soon Mirzl has the satisfaction of hearing steps moving inside.

“‘Ha!’ she whispered, ‘slipped out of bed already, has she? I can hear her groping around.’”

“Breathless she bent down her head to the door handle, trembling in feverish anticipation. In one hand she held a piece of firewood concealed behind her back. The sound of bare footsteps came nearer and nearer to the door, now the heavy wooden bolt was lumberingly pushed aside, and hardly had this taken place than Mirzl wedged herself into the doorway and penetrated into the interior of the hut.

“But everything was dark in the first moment, and her outstretched arms groped vainly around.

“‘Here,’ now sounded a whisper in close vicinity from the direction where a gleam of white shirt-sleeve could be descried through the shadows. Like a hawk swooping down upon its prey, Mirzl sprang forward and seized her with one hand, while distinctly audible were the heavy blows that rained thickly upon the victim.

“Loud screams of pain and cries for help arose simultaneously, and

Therese, although the weaker of the two, defended herself bravely.

“‘I shall scratch your eyes out, whoever you may be! Such a scurvy trick to play!’ she shrieked, beside herself with fear and rage. But answer there came none, save a fresh harvest of blows which Mirzl dealt out with profound satisfaction.

“Struggling and wrestling, the combat continued, till both girls, stumbling over the threshold of the hut, fell partly outside into the open air. This movement caused Mirzl's hat to fall off, and her plaits becoming visible in the uncertain light, she was instantaneously recognised by her opponent, who, however, with habitual cunning and presence of mind, took care not to betray her discovery, while the other was hastily replacing the hat. Both girls sprang up to their feet, and Mirzl, in the intoxication of victory, broke the long-kept silence by hissing out, ‘There now, I have given you a fine thrashing!’”

“Therese did not venture upon any further movement, but resorting to cunning in place of other weapons, she now wailed out, ‘Why are you so harsh with me, Klaus? I have done you no harm. Has some one perhaps been speaking ill of me? Have you not always come here willingly because you couldn't get on with that vixen up there, says you, while here you could forget all about Mirzl, that stinging wasp? and how tenderly you kissed and hugged me as you said it.’”

“But just as Mirzl would have thrown herself upon her with redoubled fury, the figure of a man came round the corner of the hut and asked, ‘Saperlot! what is up here? Has there been a window fight?’”

The true history of this moonlight skirmish between the two maidens remains a secret, for each of them has her own reasons for keeping silence. Mirzl, although outwardly victorious, has left the battlefield with a galling sense of defeat, convinced, as she now is, of her lover's faithlessness. She is

determined to be revenged upon him, and sooner than go on witnessing his attentions to her hated rival, she prefers to bring trouble upon his head. The means to do so are all ready to her hand, for Klaus is secretly addicted to poaching, and it only requires a hint to the game-keeper of the district to put him on the right track. Accordingly, one dark night Klaus, along with his companion and evil genius, Kasper, is followed by the keepers, and in endeavouring to escape from their pursuit, Klaus falls down a steep wall of rock and seriously injures himself. Here he lies for hours, helpless and forsaken, and would have perished wretchedly, a prey to hawks and eagles, had not his plight been discovered by Moni, who, summoning to her assistance the now repentant and heart-broken Mirzl, succeeds in extricating him from his perilous position. The wounded man is conveyed on a litter down to the village hospital, and is there tenderly nursed back to life and health by his good angel, Moni, while, unknown to him, Mirzl is lying in another ward of the same building, stricken down by nervous fever produced by grief and remorse. Restored to health, Klaus offers hand and heart to his faithful nurse, but is refused by Moni, who, after having brought the former lovers once more together, retires from the world in order to take the veil of the Sisters of Charity.

This bare outline of the story conveys but small idea of its graceful and spirited style, and of the marvellous fidelity to nature pervading all descriptions. The account of the dance on the alpine pasture, of the village wrestling-match, the poachers' flight from the game-keepers, and the discovery of the frozen corpse within the avalanche, are as many photographic studies

of alpine life whose absolute fidelity to nature must be acknowledged by all who are familiar with these regions. As, however, the great and characteristic charm of the book consists in the faithful rendering of peasant dialect and turns of phrase, it is wellnigh impossible to give English extracts, for which reason we are forced to content ourselves with the following little piece of description, relating how Moni's old grandmother but a few days previous to her death is seized by an unaccountable longing to revisit a certain spot in the forest, where just half a century ago she had sat as a newly wedded bride by the side of her handsome young husband.

"The bright greensward lay outstretched beneath the blue sunny sky. The tree-branches swayed gently to and fro in the mild summer air, disclosing glimpses of the bare stony cliffs beyond.

"A large moss-grown boulder-stone lay in the centre of this peaceful retreat, half sunk in a dark water-pool, whose edge was partly framed in by a border of shining green reeds with their little brown seed-vessels. Tiny pink water-flowerets floated on the surface, whose tranquil mirror was occasionally broken into faint circles by the quivering motion of water-spiders. Blue dragon-flies shooting to and fro paid flying visits to the pool, while a swarm of little brown butterflies fluttered up and down over each other, always alighting again in clusters on the self-same spot at the water's edge.

"Two lizards basking in the sunshine on the boulder-stone were put to flight by the old woman's arrival, as she came here to a standstill, and thoughtfully touched the stone with her walking-stick.

"'Fifty years ago to-day,' she murmured, looking up towards the sky, as though seeking for something in the clear azure blue.

"As she leant back against the rock she went over in thought the

dreary winter days, and as though in a dream she seemed to hear the crossbill singing.

"Her head sank ever lower on her breast, and the eyelids closed softly. But the singing continued, always louder, always gayer, as it seemed to her; the sound of violins now struck in, and she could hear the deep droning voice of the violoncello. It was all again just the same as it used to be—long, long ago; her heart was throbbing joyfully, and life and energy pervaded every limb.

"She felt young and happy again as she flew over the dancing-floor. And the arm that held her, was it not that of the big Christl? He wore a large nosegay of flowers in his hat with long floating ribbons that fluttered round her myrtle wreath, for she was the bride.

"Then the revolving couples broke up, and two and two they began to walk towards the church.

"The bridesmaids were there too, —Gertrude, Vroni, and Franzl. Gay and blooming, they escorted Christl; and she also was being led, but she did not know by whom, for she had only eyes for her Christl.

"Now the altar is shining with flowers and lights, but there is no priest, and of a sudden she feels a sense of choking anxiety.

"She looks round her and sees that the bridesmaids have grown old—as old as she had lately seen them—and their faces are worn and sad. Only Christl is young, as he lives still in her memory."

The foregoing passages require but little comment, for they could only have been penned by an artist of singular delicacy and refinement, whose powers of observation are matched by the capacity to feel and understand the inmost workings of the human heart. Countess Kuenburg is, indeed, warmly to be congratulated on having had the courage boldly to range herself among the Brotherhood of the Pen, in a country

where as a rule the upper ten thousand do not largely contribute to intellectual life and progress.

Another lady deserving more than a passing word of notice is Madame de Berlepsch, being of the restricted number of German novelists who have learnt the great art of telling a simple story in a simple manner. Exquisitely minute in the painting of those small details which bestow upon a narrative the stamp of actuality, she never falls into the common mistake of overloading her canvas by accumulation of superfluous and irrelevant matter; and if innocent of deep philosophical reflection, strong dramatic situations, and original flashes of genius, we have every reason to be profoundly grateful to a writer who, from accurately gauging the nature and extent of her talent, does not irritate us by futile attempts to swim in water beyond her depth. 'Mutter,'¹ the name of her latest story, is as simple as its title, and as pathetic as it is simple. It is a tale which has often been told before, and will often be told again, so long as selfish ambitious men and noble self-sacrificing women are to be found in the world. Julius Bremer, the handsome and talented only son of an old widowed mother living in a small German country town, has been sent to the capital to complete his studies; and in order to procure for him all those advantages which are to pave the way to a brilliant career, his mother and only sister Gertrude have voluntarily condemned themselves to a life of scrimping and sacrifice. Gertrude has even gone the length of immolating her own prospects and happiness to this

¹ Mutter: eine Erzählung. Von G. von Berlepsch. Leipzig: Belhaven und Klasing, 1896.

end, for her marriage-portion has been swallowed up by the expenses of her brother's education. She has made the sacrifice willingly and almost gladly, regarding it as a matter of course that everything must give way to the one supreme object of her brother's success. No thought of rebellious discontent has hitherto suggested itself to her mind, and for years the two women have gone on contentedly scrimping and saving in their old-fashioned narrow-minded way, feeling amply rewarded whenever Julius deigns to favour them with a flying visit, or a somewhat less laconic letter than usual. This blind and blissful state of self-abnegation continues until Julius (who has lately been elected to the post of university professor) conveys the intelligence that he is engaged to be married. Hedwig Weggers, his affianced bride, rich, distinguished, and independent, has been powerfully attracted towards the handsome young professor by similarity of tastes in art and literature, no less than by the charmingly devoted filial manner in which he has occasionally spoken of his old mother. Such an excellent son, argues Hedwig, cannot possibly be other than a good husband. Accordingly, when soon after their engagement she proposes to her bridegroom that they two, along with an old cousin of Hedwig's to act as chaperon, should go down together to his birthplace and spend Christmas with his mother, she imagines that this scheme can only be agreeable to him. Julius, however, is on thorns at the idea, and vainly endeavours to dissuade Hedwig from her project. What will his refined and elegant bride think of the mean little country town, and of the narrow arrangements of his mother's house? It

was graceful and becoming to act the part of devoted son from a distance, but he knows very well that when brought face to face with his mother he will have to blush a hundred times daily for little social mistakes and shortcomings which Hedwig cannot but perceive. However, Hedwig has her way, and the projected trip takes place. The meeting and first impressions on both sides are admirably described.

"At one of the windows looking into the quiet little street the old woman had been standing for over half an hour peering out, with her warm breath continually thawing the surface of the ice-encrusted panes, in order to be sure not to miss the travellers. Now at last she could discern three figures. There they were!

"*Liese—Liese—lights—they are coming!*" she called out in great excitement.

"A little lamp had already been placed on the staircase in their honour. 'What need then of another light?' thought *Liese*, but she went out in order to be at hand for helping with the luggage.

"With outstretched arms *Frau Bremer* received her daughter-in-law elect, pressed her to her breast, sobbed, and was unable to pronounce a word. She welcomed her as some one after many years of privation receives long-expected happiness, dumbly and with tremulous tears.

"*'What are you crying about, mammy?'* laughed Julius. *'You and Gertrude, you are both so solemn.'*

"*'God bless you, children—God bless you!'* were the first words she managed to bring out.

"*Liese* stood there in the background, adorned with a white apron and an expression of face befitting one of the three Fates. *Liese* glanced sharply at the bride. *'She is not moved at all, but grand and distinguished-looking, upon my word, and with plenty of character in her face.'*

"*'Good day, Liese,'* called out Julius.

"'Good evening, Herr Jul—Herr Professor, I mean. My best wishes to your betrothal.'

"She spoke without any change of expression.

"'Thank you, Liese. See, Hedwig, this is a specimen of old-fashioned times, a faithful soul who has accompanied our family nearly through life.'

"'And who will go on to the end, if the Almighty be pleased to grant me health,' added Liese, resolutely.

"Hedwig nodded kindly. The old woman kissed her hand awkwardly, with an undefined notion that something special was expected of her. A bluish-red hand, hard-worked and bony, took hold of the delicate white fingers. Hedwig's attention was attracted to these shapless hands, which somehow seemed to be in keeping with the narrow staircase she had just ascended, and with everything else.

"When the guests had entered the apartment Liese removed the little oil-lamp from the staircase. 'Why should the oil be burned to no purpose?'

Presently a noise is heard outside on the staircase. It is Hedwig's old cousin, who, coming from the hotel to rejoin the party, had stumbled and fallen down on the pitch-dark stairs.

"'Is there no light outside?' asked Julius.

"Mother and daughter exchanged distressed glances.

"'Liese must have taken in the lamp.'

"'She is so very thrifty, our Liese,' said the mother, confidentially.

"Bertha laughed politely in answer to this explanation, but the Professor's face grew scarlet.

"Now came the steaming dishes, and they sat down to supper. On no account would mother seat herself at the head of the table; no, no, the place of honour belonged by right to the bride! But Hedwig insisted on declining it, and so the old woman was obliged to submit, although she did not feel at her ease there, as she frankly acknowledged: a housewife must frequently rise from table, and

besides, she had never in her life aspired to places of honour.

"Julius lapsed into a sort of nervous hilarity, and appeared to be vastly enjoying the good cheer. He talked incessantly in order to choke down many of mother's remarks, which, now that she was rapidly thawing into familiarity, were continually being addressed to Hedwig. Gertrude was constantly on her feet. 'Do sit down,' begged Julius. 'Why fatigue yourself in this fashion?'

"Gertrude laughed constrainedly, with an almost humble glance at her brother, intended to say, 'I only want to make it all pleasant and comfortable for you.'

"But the right feeling of comfort refused to come. Gertrude's self-possession abandoned her more and more. Evidently neither she nor her mother could succeed in catching the right tone, despite all their warmth of feeling. The meal was far from being as cheerful and cosy as they had anticipated. Hedwig and her cousin ate but little, although, in answer to mother's questions, they were unanimous in finding everything delicious. And Julius made such strange flowery apologetic remarks.

"Liese was able to clear the table much sooner than she had expected. That was quickly over, thought the old woman, in whose eyes the acme of festivity consisted in good cheer. Apparently in the capital whence the guests had come, customs were different from here."

The three days' visit leaves behind it an unacknowledged impression of disappointment, and it is a relief to both parties when it comes to an end. During these short three days the scales have fallen from Gertrude's eyes, and she now sees her brother as he really is, a weak, selfish, ambitious character, although, for her mother's sake, she keeps these conclusions to herself, and even strives to find excuses for Julius whenever the tender maternal heart has been wounded by some fresh proof of callousness.

It had, of course, been taken for granted by both women that they, as Julius's nearest and only relatives, are to be present at his wedding, and many and earnest are the discussions between Gertrude and her mother as they turn over the contents of their modest wardrobe, debating which of their carefully preserved old-fashioned gowns will be grand enough to wear on the all-important day. But Julius has long since decided in his mind that neither mother nor sister is to appear at the ceremony, well knowing that their presence amidst a circle of elegant and distinguished guests can only be an eyesore and source of mutual embarrassment. He has some difficulty, however, in broaching the subject to his bride, but does so at last one lovely spring evening, some few weeks before the wedding, when together they had been admiring the arrangements of their new home.

"How long still?" he counted. "Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—in four weeks—an eternity! If only it were over!"

"He threw himself into one of the armchairs, and ran his hand nervously through the full dark hair. 'Ah, these eternal regards and considerations, all these ins and outs!' A shadow of annoyance passed suddenly over his face.

"Hedwig stood before him like the embodiment of consolation, so clear and firm.

"He stretched out for her hand. 'Help me!'

"In what?"

"What is worrying me, do you see, is the thought of mother and Gertrude, who are sure to expect a grand show, and wish to be present."

"You think so? But since we have written that it is to be quite simple—"

"All the same, I am sure of it. They take everything so pathetically, so officially, a thing I cannot endure. If we could only go alone to the Regis-

try Office and come back here to our home without a soul being aware that it was our wedding-day—that is what I should prefer."

"We shall be able to arrange some sort of compromise."

"Tell me—do you agree that, with the exception of a few of our most intimate friends, *no one* should be invited to the wedding?"

"Not your relations?"

"If you desire it . . . ?"

"I thought . . . the mother; but I can also understand what you mean."

"Thank God! Then all is well."

"Supposing we left mother to decide?"

"She? She has never done so in her life. She has always allowed things to be decided for her, first by her husband, and then by her children. The good little woman understands nothing but the promptings of her heart."

"Hedwig looked down at him with large, astonished eyes. 'Only that? As if that were not the very best thing!'

"But often the most foolish.' He gazed at her strong efficient white hand, and stroked it caressingly. 'Sweetheart, you look at this through the becoming perspective of distance.'

"Hedwig shook her head several times in succession, as she stared down thoughtfully into the twilight garden below."

One of the most admirable passages in the book, although too lengthy to be here reproduced, is the description of the manner in which the Professor's wedding-day is spent by his mother and sister. The picnic to a neighbouring country inn, organised by Gertrude in order to divert her mother's thoughts, and keep her from dwelling too exclusively on the painful side of the situation, is full of pathetic comedy or comic pathos. Nothing in its way could surpass the description of the three women (old Liese being of course of the party) awkwardly proceeding to uncork the solitary bottle of lukewarm cham-

pagne they have brought with them for drinking the health of the happy couple. How the rebellious wine foams and fizzes like an imprisoned demon threatening to drench the revellers, until Gertrude has the bright idea of emptying the contents of the bottle into a soup-tureen, whence in barbarous fashion the noble wine is ladled out into glasses. Very touching likewise is the description of Dorchen — the young Professor's former bride, who has likewise been sacrificed to his ambitious projects. The poor girl spends her faithless lover's wedding-day in wandering over the self-same forest-paths they had so often trod together, and tearing open afresh her bleeding heart-wounds by recalling all the episodes of that happy time. Late on the evening of that same day Gertrude goes to look for Dorchen, and finds her in the orchard behind the house, in a state almost bordering on delirium.

"Gertrude wended her way beneath the old apple-tree, heavily laden with a wealth of pale pink blossom. They shimmered whitely in the growing twilight, and through the flowery boughs the orange-coloured moon, still standing low on the horizon, broke sharply in. A sort of spell-bound stillness brooded over the garden. Where could Dorchen be? She was nowhere to be seen.

"All at once from a little distance the sound of hammering struck in upon Gertrude's ear. She followed the sound, which came from behind a little copse of firs and birches, now pausing, now beginning again. When she had reached the copse, which at this side melted gradually into open fields and billowy hill-land, Gertrude caught sight of Dorchen, who, mounted upon a bench, was hammering at something with slow regular strokes.

"Dorchen!"

"The young girl turned round with large startled eyes, as though abruptly roused from a dream.

"What are you doing here?"

"She let her raised arm sink down inertly,—'I am hanging up a May garland.'

"She had driven a large nail into the centre of a fine birch-stem. Near her on the bench lay a wreath of young oak-leaves.

"You are driving the nail into a living tree?"

"Yes,' she returned in a peculiar tone, as she looked up at the wound, from which the crystal sap was spouting forth.

"Come down.'

"First the wreath.' Quickly she seized hold of the green garland and hung it against the white stem.

"Is it not pretty? and so suggestive? . . . So goes it with many of us all in secret. No one knows of it except the poor tree and the one who drove in the nail!"

"We wanted to fetch you home from the forester's lodge.'

" . . . 'Yes, I was there, and then I returned home by the old paths through the forest. I made the wreath as I walked along. Just see how it looks. There should still be a bow of ribbon, and a heart cut into the back underneath and two letters, . . . then it would be just like in the story-books.' She laughed disjointedly, like some one laughing in sleep, then sprang down from the bench with a sigh. . . . 'I also read over the old papers. I wanted to burn them, but I was not able to do it. There were so many sweet words written there! That is how he used to be! Those days will never more come back again for him either, however brilliant his fate may be, . . . no, no—they will never come back again!' She leant her head against the back of the bench where they were now sitting, and stared up into the tangle of leaves. Half aloud she began to recite a verse to herself. . . . 'That was his first sonnet, and it rang in my ears to-day throughout the walk, . . . and everything passed again before my eyes, glorified like a vision from another world. Then I felt irresistibly drawn to make the garland as for some one who is dead. And the cuckoo kept calling all the time, just as then when we used to be there to-

gether, and at the self-same place the woodruff was blooming. It was so beautiful up there! I gathered a nosegay of the flowers—do you see? here it is—quite withered, but ah, the perfume!’ She closed her eyes, inhaling the scent in deep draughts. . . . ‘It tells the tale all over again of the bygone happy days . . .’

“Silently Gertrude held the burning hand between her own.

“‘And to-day is to be his wedding-day. How incomprehensibly tangled is life!’

“‘You torture yourself,’ said Gertrude, putting her arm round the young girl’s waist. She must arouse Dorchén from these wild ravings, which filled her with uneasiness. ‘I had hoped to find you farther on, Dorchén.’

“‘Farther on?’ she cried out, sitting up with a sudden movement. ‘Can any one go farther than to tear their only happiness from the breast in order to make a gift of it to another?’

“‘That is not what I meant.’

“‘Do not ask how I can fight it out with myself—what you call torture—is at least—’ She turned away, pressing her forehead against the back of the bench in order to stifle the agonising groan that threatened to break forth.

“‘Darker and darker it grew under the trees. Over there the moon was rising higher and flickering mysteriously through the branches. A quail began to cry out yonder in the fields; and on one of the quiet paths some one was going home, singing as he went.’”

It is impossible here to follow, step by step, the gradual transitions through which the hero has to pass, before, at the end of the book, we find him overtaken by the Nemesis which looks out at him through the changed and chilled demeanour of his wife, and

the closed eyes of his dead mother and of his own dead child. We leave him stripped of all his former prestige and halo, a crushed and humbled man, who, having been weighed in the balance by the four women most closely interwoven with his life, has been found wanting by each.

And yet, although admitting the poetical justice of this conclusion, and duly admiring the skilful manner in which it is worked out, we are unable to feel wholly satisfied with the arrangement. We cannot refrain from asking ourselves whether the distribution of parts be not a rather unequal one? For even granting that many women are noble, and many men selfish and ambitious, has not the authoress somewhat unduly favoured her charming sex by bestowing on its representatives all the virtues, while the coarser animal man has received naught but foibles and frailties as his portion? Placed in contrast with some other stronger and nobler masculine character, the figure of Julius Bremer would have been infinitely more effective and plausible; but when, as in the present case, we find him walled in by four virtuous and self-sacrificing women, who apparently have nothing better to do than to make use of him as a foil for their own admirable qualities, we are piqued into a revulsion of feeling, and, in flat defiance of all codes of morality and logic, cannot refrain from a sneaking compassion for the poor fellow thus uncompromisingly dealt with.

AN ADMIRABLE BANDIT.

A STORY OF ESCANILLA.

IN the good old coaching days Escanilla was chiefly populated by gentlemen whose favourite articles of attire were large sombreros and small but useful revolvers. It must not be supposed that these formed the only items of their clothing; on the contrary, they wore short jackets of wonderful design, and silver-buttoned trousers of surprising tightness. Moreover, when they rode abroad, which, in the shrinking modesty of their hearts, they seldom did except at night, they also donned red blankets, which served the double purpose of imparting warmth and of concealing the features of their wearers. For many years it was the pride of Escanilla that no coach had ever been allowed to pass the place without a deputation of prominent citizens sallying forth to greet it; and it speaks ill for the passengers that they did not always take these attentions in good part.

But all this was over. Unromantic trains, escorted by detachments of troops, now rushed with indecent haste through the little town, thereby offering no scope for its peculiar industry, and, indeed, barely allowing time for the conductor to alight and smoke a cigarette in peace.

Perhaps in spite of these discouraging circumstances, predatory instincts might still have lurked in a less high-minded community; but this was not the case with Escanilla. It had grasped the situation with much despatch, and, aided by the combined effects of religion and gendarmerie, it had settled down to a well-earned rest.

It must be admitted, however, that virtue remained its own reward, seeing that it brought no other in its train; for from the day that the last bandit was received into the bosom of the Church, Escanilla dwindled in population, and declined in prosperity. In the period of its glory it had boasted three thousand inhabitants, but not more than twelve hundred now remained; while the only compensation for its departed greatness appeared to lie in the acquisition of a *padre*, and the electric light.

Still the town persevered in the pursuit of holiness, until it gradually earned quite a reputation at headquarters as a specimen of what could be accomplished by a strong ruler even in a wild district.

But official approval, though gratifying from its novelty, did not serve to avert the general decline, and before many years were past, the bank was the only institution in the town which still showed signs of activity. Even that had shared in the common decay, for its business now lay chiefly in dealing with land purchased by customers in the time of their success. In bygone days the bank had done a roaring trade, notwithstanding the fact that for a financial concern its methods were unsuspicious and confiding to the last degree. Whatever the nature of the specie handed in, no doubt was ever suggested as to the manner in which it had been gathered together. Gold from Spain, notes from Cuba, and every sort of foreign bond, were unquestioningly accepted from ill-

clad caballeros, who the previous week might have vainly attempted to raise a loan of five dollars.

This noble simplicity was, of course, duly appreciated by regular clients, although outsiders had been known to misunderstand it, and to hint darkly that the manager knew what he was about. It had been even whispered that when he had occasion to be dissatisfied with the balance on hand, he did not disdain to stop a coach or two himself.

But this was the mere calumny from which all great men suffer more or less, and from which even the mayor, Don Manuel Gomez, was not exempt. A circumstance which unfortunately gave some colour to these slanders, was that the farther the railroad penetrated into the country, the faster did the business of the bank decrease, until at the period of this history the staff was reduced to one clerk. Even he was by no means overworked, but found ample time to lean over the counter and converse affably with each succeeding customer. As for the manager, he followed after righteousness so assiduously, in the intervals of smoking cigarettes, that finally he almost persuaded himself that honesty was an agreeable virtue. The town generally, while living on the results of former enterprise, strove to present to the outside world an interesting picture of deserving poverty and arduous toil. The once idle caballeros worked in their plots of ground, they grew their own maize, they made pulque, and drank it, thereby fulfilling all the duties of excellent citizens. On saints'-days they rested from their labours; but as there were rarely more than two a-week, and sometimes even less, it may readily be imagined that Escanilla grew to be regarded as

an example to the Republic of Mexico.

Such was the state of affairs when the hardly won serenity of the place received a rude shock.

One evening, just as the principal members of the community were seating themselves in the little restaurant where they usually met for their nightly cups of chocolate, the bank manager rushed in, his face more yellow than nature had made it, and his black eyes gleaming with excitement.

"I have been robbed!" he exclaimed. "Actually robbed! Me! And after all I have done for the people of this town. Oh! if I only catch the *ladrone* who did it, I'll teach him to be careful whom he steals from in future!" His friends crowded round the afflicted manager, offering sympathy in this unparalleled instance of human depravity, and begging to be told how the theft was committed.

When the sufferer was calm enough to enter upon an explanation, it appeared that during the slight extra bustle caused at the bank by the fact of its being market-day, a forged note for \$100 had been handed over the counter, and cashed without detection. The fraud was not discovered until the accounts were made up at night, and then the clerk could not remember from whom he had received the note. It was a common occurrence for similar amounts to be dealt with on market-days, Escanilla being the most important town in the district, so that, although the forgery was most clumsily executed, the fact of the clerk not having noticed it at the time threw much difficulty in the way of tracing the forger. "I could put up with the loss," said the manager, with sorrow in his accents; "but what I cannot bear is the thought that in this

town there is a man so lost to decency that he will steal even from me."

"Perhaps it was some villain from one of the *pueblitos* near us," suggested a sympathetic auditor.

"No," replied the manager. "A note for such a sum would have been more carefully examined if presented by a stranger. Besides," he continued, contemptuously, "those people have not a hundred dollars among them."

The listeners felt a virtuous sense that this remark could not apply to themselves, so when the first surprise caused by the news had subsided, they all began offering suggestions and advice at the same moment. The mayor, who, by reason of his office, took the lead, began by saying that the question of how to catch the thief must be fully discussed before any fresh steps were taken. He was affected to tears by the thought of the man who was the victim of this base crime, and unable altogether to restrain his emotion, he cast himself upon the manager's shoulder, and passing his arms around the waist of that amiable person, he beat a sympathetic tattoo upon his back.

This burst of feeling evoked murmurs of admiration from the other occupants of the room, who felt that he must indeed be a ruffian who could so disturb the peace of such a man.

Directly supper was over, Don Manuel and the manager adjourned to the house of the former in order to deliberate over measures for tracing the criminal; while the men left in the restaurant drew closely round their little tables, dropping their voices as they discussed the evening's events.

It was quickly decided by the pair engaged in solemn conclave,

that the first course to be followed was to call in the aid of the solitary policeman. How to employ his services was not so easily settled, as so far from being a person of unusual astuteness, he answered very nearly to the description of the village idiot. He had been chosen for his post because it was felt that, while to break the law required some intelligence, the task of keeping it intact could be performed by any one. It was a little difficult, therefore, to see how he could be made useful in the present emergency. But eventually Don Manuel suggested that he should be instructed to walk up and down outside the bank all night, not so much with a view to unravelling the mystery, as with an idea of striking terror into the heart of the thief.

This agreed upon, there seemed little else to be done, beyond presenting the clerk with a revolver, and instructing him to use it promptly upon any suspicious person, while keeping a sharp look-out for more forgeries. That this order nearly resulted in two entirely inoffensive gentlemen being blown to pieces, simply for handing in quite valid but rather dirty notes, could not, of course, be foreseen, nor would it have made much difference if it had. No discovery, however, followed from these precautions, and in course of time they were relaxed. That is to say, the clerk ceased to do business with cash in one hand and a revolver in the other, and the policeman, tiring of his nightly perambulations in front of the bank, took to slumbering peacefully upon the doorstep.

This state of things endured for six months; then at the end of that time public interest was diverted

from the matter by the election of a new President. Escanilla was too remote from the seat of government to take any further part in the campaign than simply to record its votes; but even this absorbed a great deal of attention. Moreover, much excitement was added to the proceedings by an obstinate *peon* refusing to vote for the candidate preferred by the mayor. Such a thing had never been heard of as a man declining to place his mark wherever he was told by the authorities to put it; and in their just indignation at such revolutionary notions the townspeople almost forgot the cause of their previous excitement. But it was quickly recalled to their memory; for on the next market-day another false note for a similar amount was presented at the bank and was duly cashed.

When, on making up the day's accounts, the loss was discovered, the clerk tore his hair as he remembered that it was probably during an animated discussion as to the fitting punishment of the recalcitrant *peon* that this second fraud had been safely effected.

Directly the news was known, the election became of comparatively small importance, and everything gave way to the engrossing question of catching the thief. A town without a "history" could perhaps have afforded to treat the subject more lightly; but Escanilla felt that its only chance of being properly appreciated at headquarters lay in the practice of an open and almost obtrusive honesty. Therefore, it was resolved that by some means or other a capture must be made.

Meetings were held. A band of volunteers began to drill, with apparently some vague idea of

marching against the Republic at large. The policeman, who had retired into private life, immediately resumed his slumbers upon the doorstep of the bank, and the entire place was in a ferment.

Neighbours regarded each other with suspicion, and much whispering at street corners went on, wherein stray sentences were sometimes overheard relating to interesting episodes in the past lives of many worthy townsmen.

These reminiscences were considered, however, to be in bad taste, and even the principal victim of the thefts did his best to discourage them. In the midst of all this commotion some one was seized by an inspiration. As it was quite clear, he said, that the criminal was an inhabitant of the town, and therefore a good Christian, he would be obliged sooner or later to go to confession. The *padre*, if asked outright, would of course refuse to communicate a secret learned in this manner; but perhaps from watching his conduct to various members of his congregation, or even from careful cross-questioning, some information might be gained.

This was generally acknowledged to be a good idea, and it was acted upon forthwith,—the *padre* being sufficiently astonished by the sudden yearning for his society which seemed to take possession of all his parishioners.

They invited him to breakfast; they insisted upon his company to dinner; they sat with him; they walked with him; and a few of the most original spirits even went the length of paying his dues, until the bewildered shepherd wondered why he had not sooner discovered the almost oppressive affection borne for him by his flock.

During the height of their access of devotion it was with difficulty that he prevailed upon them to leave him in peace for his Friday's fast ; while early on each Saturday morning they again besieged his door.

Meanwhile the priest grew in girth and his people in patience ; but either he knew nothing, or else he gathered the drift of their artfully worded questions, and was too clever to betray the secret, for they came at last to the conclusion that no information was to be gained from him. So they swallowed their disappointment as best they might, and ceased to seek their pastor's society with their former enthusiasm, while the candles which they had been diligently offering to the Virgin fell off lamentably in size and weight.

The *curé* could no more account for his sudden desertion than he could for his recent popularity, and but for a hint dropped by the mayor he might never have known the cause of his rise and fall.

When he realised the truth, he was so indignant at the manner in which he had been treated, that he set penances for the whole town. Whereupon Escanilla felt that fate was bearing hardly upon it.

Up to this period the affair of the forgeries had been carefully kept from becoming public property, owing chiefly to a modest disinclination on the part of the townspeople to recall themselves in such a manner to official notice. But the time for silence had now gone by, and it was felt on all sides that some further action must be taken. So a meeting of the leading men was held in the little restaurant, and after much discussion, a resolution to call in extraneous aid was passed by the majority. A few

conservative *señores*, among whom was Don Manuel Gomez, were opposed to this view of the case ; but finding the others firm in their opinions, the mayor set an example of graceful submission by promising to write himself for aid. Having given his word, he lost no time in despatching a letter, detailing all the circumstances, to the chief of police in Mexico, and a few days later he received a formal notification that an experienced detective would start for Escanilla within a week. As this message also expressed approbation of the zeal which had been shown for the due punishment of crime, it was felt that the advent of the detective might be awaited with patience.

Still, he was long in coming, and but for the fact that another event was just then occupying a good deal of public attention, the delay might have been found irksome.

This event was that between the time that the appeal had been sent to Mexico and the reply to it received, a sickly youth from Vera Cruz had arrived at Escanilla. It appeared that he was on his way to the capital, when he was taken so ill in the train that the conductor insisted on his stopping at the first halting-place, in order to recuperate, before proceeding farther on the journey. The traveller was furious at this mishap, and grumbled steadily at the wretched health which made a few days' rest in a dull country town a necessity to him. Still, he made himself quite at home in one of the upper rooms of the restaurant, and being of a sociable nature, was soon on intimate terms with its regular frequenters.

This being the case, he was

naturally soon put in possession of all the facts relating to the forgeries, and the interest that he showed in the story was really most gratifying, from an invalid who might have been expected to be absorbed in his own ailments.

For the first day or two he felt unequal to leaving the house, but afterwards he managed to crawl to the residence of the mayor for a smoke and chat, as, finding that they had much in common, the two men became quite friendly.

At last the stranger, whose name was Don Pedro, announced that he felt well enough to leave; and as a telegram from Mexico acquainting the mayor with the immediate departure from that city of the promised detective was received on the same day, Don Manuel Gomez resolved to celebrate both circumstances at once, by giving a supper-party.

Considering the shortness of their acquaintance, the affection of the townspeople for a casual traveller might have seemed excessive, had it not been that Don Pedro possessed qualities calculated to endear him to any Mexican heart. For one thing, he appeared to have plenty of money—an admirable trait in itself, but peculiarly delightful when taken in conjunction with the fact that he was very fond of poker, without having the least idea how to play that game.

This fact formed a bond of union at once, for singularly enough Escanilla was also fond of poker, with the slight difference that it knew how to play remarkably well.

Now the invalid was, of course, to be the principal guest at the mayor's party; and lest the interest of the newly arrived tele-

gram should detract from his absorption in games of chance, Don Manuel decided not to mention it until the end of the evening.

Directly supper was over, host and guests alike settled down to win as much as Don Pedro was prepared to lose; but somehow he played better than usual that night, and in order to keep the balance of power upon the right side, his opponents were obliged to have recourse to many ingenious devices. Still, their luck continued to be so bad that an adjournment was proposed, comparatively early in the proceedings.

The mayor willingly assented, and clearing his throat he prepared to tell his news before the party separated for the night. "This detective, my friends," he concluded, "whom the Government in its fatherly care is about to send us, will doubtless succeed in discovering the serpent that we have warmed in our bosoms. I myself will help him in his task. He will trace those notes to their source, he will unearth the tools which produced them, and Escanilla will once more be free from reproach!"

A murmur of admiration ran round the circle as the men listened to these noble words, but they looked in some surprise at Don Pedro, who remained entirely unmoved. He was leaning idly against the piano; but as the mayor ceased to speak, he straightened himself, appearing to cast from him the last traces of illness, as he did so. Then, in a voice which retained all its customary evenness, he remarked, "The detective really need not be put to so much trouble, because I can show him exactly where to look!"

"What!" exclaimed Don Man-

uel, "you suspect some one, and you have not told me who it is?"

"Well, no," replied the stranger, slowly; "you see—I thought—perhaps you knew!"

He took a small key from his pocket as he spoke, and crossing the room, he unlocked a piano at its farther end, thereby displaying to the astonished eyes of his fellow-guests several rolls of bank-notes, together with a large number of articles which had been used in their manufacture.

"Then it was the mayor himself!" gasped the crowd, as they glanced first at the pallid countenance of their chief magistrate and then at the contents of his piano.

"Yes, the mayor is the forger," replied Don Pedro, calmly. "The fact of his having personally sent for a detective, nearly put me off the track at first; but directly I played cards with him I knew whom to suspect. He cheated so much better than the rest of you."

The guests groaned.

"Then are—are you?" they asked.

"Yes, I am," returned Don Pedro. "The Government has far too high an opinion of the talents of Escanilla," he said, with a polite bow, "to send a detective who would immediately be recognised as such by its intelligent citizens."

A fresh groan followed these remarks.

"No wonder Don Manuel was able to pass his detestable notes," said the bank manager. "Naturally my clerk never scrutinised anything presented by the mayor. To think that he should have robbed me, who have stood by him many a time when——"

The listeners turned to the wretched culprit, who, shorn of his wonted importance, looked like the bandit he was, as they said sorrowfully, "We might have forgiven you the forgeries, if you had not also attempted to deceive us; but *sin verguenza* that you are, you never even let us share."

C. S. JEBB.

THROUGH TOURAINE ON WHEELS.

I LISTENED not long since to a discussion as to what invention had contributed most to human happiness and ease. Wine, weaving, and money, steam, telegraphy, and lucifer-matches—each received the consideration to which undoubtedly it is entitled; but the conclave, having rejected the claims of all these to the palm, separated without agreeing on the relative merits of wheels and elastic bands—for everybody, it seemed, shrank from contemplating existence in the absence of either of these palliatives of discomfort.

Pondering over the arguments which had been advanced in favour of each of these crowning boons to leaden-footed, wooden-fingered humanity, and feeling wholly unable to decide which should be surrendered were one called on to make the sacrifice, I wended my way slowly to take the train. Train—ah, wheels! methought; no wheels, no train, eh? Well; suppose there were no trains, the necessity for perpetually catching them would disappear; one of the bitterest ingredients would be struck out of life, and think what a lot we should save in cab-fares! Wish I had thought of that sooner: I might have dashed into the discussion and carried a triumphant verdict in favour of elastic bands; for, seeing that people have been foolish enough to contrive trains, cabs, and other destroyers of tranquillity, involving incessant posts and everlasting packings, how would it be possible to stand the wear of civilisation without elastic bands?

But just as this conviction had dawned on my halting apprehension, it was dispelled by a very

simple incident. My eye fell on the figure of a Newhaven fishwife, waiting, like myself, only with infinitely more patience, for the train. Such a figure surely can never be without interest, because, except the Ayrshire dairymaids, these fishwives are the only people in Scotland who have retained in their peculiar dress, always neat, fresh, and becoming, the traditions of national costume. Who can be grateful enough to them for doing so, in these days of "bowler" hats and aniline dyes?

So I gazed on this fishwife with benign approval.

But presently it became plain that it was not well with the poor woman. She had laid down her basket and seated herself, wearily sighing. Her cheek was sallow and sunken; elbows on knees, she pressed her brow with both hands: evidently her head was aching badly. Yet her brow, the seat of her pain, was just where the weight would press when she resumed her load. Poor thing! how much more easily she could have carried her fish in a wheelbarrow than in the picturesque creel prescribed by immemorial custom of her people. A wheelbarrow! Elastic bands would afford her no relief—the revulsion of opinion is obvious—after all, wheels minister more to general convenience than the other immortal invention in favour of which I had pronounced a verdict.

This has since been confirmed by the experience of a recent tour along the Loire on a bicycle. In fact, this latest development of the wheel has done a good deal towards restoring that of which a previous one, railways to wit, had robbed us—the wayside inn, the

unconscious village, the tranquil woodland, the little old churches, of which tourists, rushing from cathedral to castle, from minster to museum, had almost ceased to take account. For example, of all regions in France, perhaps none, as viewed from the railway, oppresses the traveller more persistently with the monotony of affluent cultivation than the seventy miles lying between Orléans and Tours. Just as none of the wooded beauties of Clydesdale is revealed to one travelling by rail from Glasgow to Edinburgh (surely the most dismal route in the United Kingdom), so here the painful diligence of man has reduced the whole plateau to uniform fertility, and no sign is visible of the many fascinating places that lie apart. In both countries the names of stations stir a host of historic associations, but before these can be reviewed, the train moves on, and the clue is broken.

But on a bike (or, as they nickname it more musically in France, a *vélo*) one traverses the ancient highways, free to linger or to hurry on; and, in France at least, one is reasonably sure of fine weather, and perfectly so of good cheer and superlative roads. In this favoured land, too, the cyclist meets with a degree of consideration which French railway officials do not always vouchsafe to the ordinary passenger. Perhaps it is by reason of the democratic character of the *bicyclette* that its rider is accorded in France facilities greatly more liberal than any that may be wrung from English railway companies—always provided that he is a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club.¹ If he is not—he will meet with the customary

harshness: he must pay duty on his machine, no matter how archaic may be its design or how shabby its appearance, and the first impression of French railways will be the usual one—that they are contrived to impede rather than to facilitate locomotion, and that the unfluent foreigner who ventures on them does so at the imminent risk of imprisonment for life, having first suffered forfeiture of all his movable goods.

But let him display the magic circlet of card bestowed by the Touring Club on its members, and all difficulties will be smoothed away. His bicycle, for conveying which from London to Calais the London and Chatham Company charged him 7s. 6d., may be registered for any distance on each line for ten centimes, and the porters vie with each other in careful handling and stowing this most troublesome form of baggage. Hence, whereas the English company charged, as has been said, 15s. for carrying our two bicycles 100 miles, the French companies of Le Nord and of Orléans conveyed them 258 miles for about 3½d.

In deciding to descend the Loire from Orléans we committed a blunder, which every bicyclist will appreciate on being reminded that the prevailing wind of that region in April is westerly. It would have lessened the labour vastly had we begun at Nantes and worked up with the wind astern; for nobody knows till he has tried how much resistance is caused even by a light head-wind. It throws quite a new light on the feelings of beasts of draught; for if such be the effect of wind on the figure of a single cyclist, what

¹ Offices, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W. Annual subscription, 3s. 6d.

must it be on a waggon-tilt or omnibus?

From Orléans itself nearly all that owed its interest to age has been removed, so that in trying to reconstruct the scene of the Maid's gallant exploit one is hampered more than in most places by the obliteration of ancient limits and landmarks; and the numerous commemorative statues, tablets, and bronzes are of little assistance to the imagination. The cathedral of Saint Croix is an affront—an elaborate imposture. Viewed from afar, dim in the pearly haze, its great twin towers and lofty nave (the roof is 100 feet high) give promise of a noble building; but a nearer approach betrays the seventeenth-century mimicry of an older style—a bolder fraud, but not less disappointing, than Strawberry Hill. Over the west door is a composition of robust angels, pillowed in tumbling clouds, supporting a huge blank escutcheon. It was not always blank, though; it was Republican zeal that caused the Bourbon lilies which once it bore to be carefully chiselled away. Nothing betrays the vulgarity of the architect more surely than the profusion of great rose-windows. The builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries introduced this feature very sparingly, to give special richness to a transept gable or west front, and never indulged in such a *tour-de-force* in stone merely to show their own cleverness; but no such modesty restrained the architects of Saint Croix, who have scooped out rose-windows wherever they could find room.

A number of good houses in the Renaissance of François I. lurk in some of the older streets; notably a beautiful one, 28 Rue Nôtre Dame de la Recouvrance, now a

warehouse, but with the carving in delicate relief faithfully preserved in the exquisite limestone of the Loire.

Severely as it has been first battered, and then restored and improved into commonplace, the ancient capital of the Orléannais has a smiling, kindly aspect; and the environs are pretty by reason of the market-gardeners who there abound, and give more attention than is usual with their kind to the rearing of fair flowers. Evelyn, who was here in 1644, mentions in his journal that the roads and streets of Orléans were “ample and strait, so well paved with a kind of pibble that I have not seen a neater town in France.” A good deal more of the “pibble” remains than is at all agreeable to those who do journey on bicycles; but it was worth a run of five miles or so, mainly over this execrable *pavé*, to the Château de la Source, where the Loiret wells full-grown and lucent from a green prairie, were it only to gaze on a magnificent magnolia on the terrace there. It is a tree of the Yuhlan variety, which puts forth flowers before its leaves, standing about 25 feet high—and, when we saw it, was a pyramid of fragrant shell-like chalices of ivory whiteness, relieved against the dark wall of the château behind; below, the beautiful image was repeated in the glassy surface of the *source*. The day happened to be still, by the bye, which furnished the *concièrge* who showed the grounds with an opportunity for what seemed to be his only spontaneous observation. “Miroir du château!” quoth he, halting at a point where the house could be seen reflected in the lake. Peradventure he keeps something else appropriate for windy weather when the *miroir* is shattered, but

to all interrogations he replied in desponding monosyllables.

This château is marked in memory by something rarer in France than either magnolia or *miroir*—namely, the sweet contralto of a blackbird. You can't eat your merle, you see, and hear him too; and so it has come sadly to this, that you may travel through leagues of oak coppice in this month of April, when all feathered things make honeymoon, and hear no song but the twitter of a few belated birds of passage. Magpies there are in plenty, and one is grateful for their gay coats gleaming on the brown wolds; jays too, though their cheerful swearing may not be heard in the nesting season: above all, there is the yaffle, or green woodpecker, with joyous laugh; for no *chef* has been found able to turn these into dainty dishes. But all the accomplished songsters of the greenwood and field have been swept into the pot, and it is only in some private grounds—"policies," as Scotsmen do use to call them—that a few blackbirds and thrushes find harbour.

Leaving Orléans by the north bank of the Loire, in which fair stream surely more fishers cast the angle than in any other—their rods form a far-stretching jungle along the shore—one enters upon a paradise for wheels. For not only has the road a perfect surface—something between buff marble and velvet—but it runs over a series of low wide ridges, thus yielding that alternation of easy gradient which is so much preferable to a dead level. Then almost every village holds a church or other buildings, unrecorded in guide-books, but often of great interest or beauty; not to mention a restaurant where the fare, solid and fluid, is of surpassing excel-

lence. Meung, for example, is an unpretending little place of some 3000 inhabitants, eleven miles from Orléans—just the right distance to tempt a leisurely couple like ourselves to stop for *déjeuner*. Everybody knows what sort of luncheon one might expect in a superior kind of village like this in England: a good chop or sound cold beef, with strong cheese to follow, should be the zenith of his expectation, and the riper his experience the less will be his surprise if the reality betrays the hope. Wo! too, to the traveller in our own dear land who may not drink beer and cannot relish whisky. But his must be a meticulous palate which is not tickled with the wines of the Orléannais and Touraine; and as for cookery, is not this the very realm of good living—the home of Rabelais and the monks of Thelema?

At Meung we were received by the same landlord who received D'Artagnan on his yellow horse, for although on the signboard he is designated "Tonneau jeune," he is so old and bent that there can be little doubt of his identity. It must have been for political reasons that he changed the ancient title of Franc Meunier, known to the 'Trois Mousquetaires,' to the colourless one of Hôtel Saint Jacques. In this may be traced a want of commercial acumen quite in keeping with Dumas' explanatory parenthesis to the effect that this landlord *n'était pas doué d'une grande perspicacité*. Nevertheless he served us an admirable *déjeuner*—partridge (though the month was April), *frîture* of small tench (imagine tench cooked in an English wayside tavern!), *filet*, and—crowning delicacy—prunes stewed, not in the sticky syrup dear to "plain cooks," but in red wine. There was excellent wine

to drink, too, both red and white, and we rose from table in a fitting mood to view the really noble Norman abbey church, to peep through iron gates, between crowded tree-stems, at a tempting château adjoining, and to examine the picturesque town gate, part of the sixteenth-century fortifications.

Five miles farther lies Beaugency, rather larger than Meung, of delightfully medieval aspect, and reputed to produce the best wine of the Orléannais. On returning from a bicycle tour you are sure to be asked repeatedly, "How many miles a-day did you run?" and if the answer be, "a modest forty" or so, a smile of indulgent superiority flits across your athletic questioner's countenance as he mentions the daily hundreds which *his* wheels have devoured. Well, Beaugency is precisely one of those obstacles to rapid progress which abound in the valley of the Loire. You cannot—you ought not to spend less than a couple of hours in a little town dignified by the memories of many bitter sieges, with a bridge over the Loire out of all proportion to itself—on twenty-six pointed arches, and a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. There are, besides, a grand Norman donjon, a fine Romanesque abbey church, besides other churches, towers, and houses. Of the last, one retains along the front of the second storey an arcade of round arches with *dancetté* moulding, dating from the twelfth century. Beaugency was one of the towns delivered by Joan of Arc.

After leaving this fascinating place, the traveller encounters less frequent temptations to loiter by the way. The road becomes a trifle dull, and one begins to appreciate the superiority of kilomètres over English miles because

of the greater frequency of distance-stones. At Mer, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Beaugency, there is a large and ancient parish church, added to and altered in rich Flamboyant work of the fifteenth century, touched up by the restless architects of François I. Three miles farther lies Suèvres, a little village pleasant with meandering brooks, burgeoning poplars, and emerald meads. *Recommandé aux archéologues*, says the 'Guide Joanne,' not without good reason; for it possesses two churches of singular interest, dedicated to SS. Lubin and Christopher. Saint Lubin's church occupies the site of a Roman temple, of which Carlovingian and Norman builders have used the material in constructing the lovely little edifice which now stands there, untouched by meddlesome restorers.

Travellers by this road may have grateful remembrance of the double avenue of fine elms which used to shade and shelter it for eight miles—from the great château and demesne of Menars to the environs of Blois. They formed an approach of fitting dignity to the cliff of Blois, on which, nearly eight centuries ago, Thibault le Tricheur fixed his stronghold. Alas! those kindly trees are no more. In accordance with some inscrutable decree of the authorities of the *arrondissement*, not only have they been felled, but their very roots have been grubbed up, lest they should presume to spring again. About two hundred men were at work on them as we passed that way last April, and now the road lies naked and painfully straight, with nothing to obstruct the view of the great château and the cathedral, purple against the glowing west. No profane edict has gone forth against the elms inside the municipal bounds, and

the children of to-day will tell the wondering children of to-morrow how, in the good old days, these trees stretched in fair array as far along the highroad as Menars. Meanwhile, honoured be the burgesses of Blois for having had care for the beauty of their suburb, which, 250 years ago, was praised in the diary of John Evelyn of Wootton for "ye Pall Mall, very long, and so nobly shaded with tall trees (being in ye midst of a greete wood), that, unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier."

Of Blois with its checkered chronicle of shame and splendour there is little cause to treat here, so fully have others explored and written about it. Honoré de Balzac feared lest all that coming generations should know of the great château should be from his writings, so much was it decayed in his day; but now its state of repair is almost oppressively complete. Froissart was chaplain here during the early years of Charles VI.; the poet Deschamps was *maître d'hôtel* to Louis, Duke of Orléans, when he brought hither his Italian bride, Valentine Visconti, in 1393; eighteen years later the power of France was broken at Agincourt; Valentine's son, Charles, was a prisoner; and the Loire valley was nearly all in English hands. Then came the *recouvrance*, towards which the first step was taken at Blois in 1429, when Joan of Arc brought her standard to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Rheims in the church of Saint Sauveur, at the foot of the castle rock. But it was not till the sixteenth century that the château of Blois assumed the general appearance with which so many people are familiar at this day. It had been the favourite residence of Louis XII., whose daughter Claude

found it easy to persuade her husband, François I., to add largely to her old home, for that pleasure-loving king was ever ready for lavish spending in stone and lime. The return of Charles VIII. from his preposterous invasion of Italy had opened the gates of France to the Italian Renaissance, which, while it swept away the Flamboyant decadence of northern Gothic, took a new character on the fresh soil, imparting to French domestic architecture its most enduring features.

"The restrained and sweet gravity," Sir Frederick Leighton once said, "which delights us in the purest examples of transalpine Renaissance, is, it must be admitted, too often wanting in French work of the same class; and if, as I believe, the rank of a work of art is according to the dignity of the emotion it stirs in the beholder, then the creations of the great Italians rise to a higher level than those of the artists of the French Renaissance. For vitality and variety, on the other hand, for exuberance of fancy, for resourceful ingenuity of construction, and for a delicate sense of rhythm and proportion, the superiority of the work of the French is, in my opinion, conspicuous."

It requires some courage to dissent from conclusions so sweetly reasoned by such an accomplished mind, yet it is difficult to trace any "sense of rhythm and proportion" in the shapeless mass and indiscriminate, overloaded ornament of the château of Blois. Thousands of stone panels, carved, it is true, with exceeding delicacy, and, as the *concièrge* proudly points out, each in a different design, bewilder the eye with their multitude, without allowing it a moment's repose; and there is not in the whole labyrinth of chambers a single lofty doorway, soaring column, or steadfast pediment to lift one out of the finicking, wear-

some detail. One turns with some relief to the later pavilion of Gaston d'Orléans, which it is the custom to deride for its ponderous and pedantic severity. In short, considering the unsurpassed advantage of site—the precipitous bluff overlooking the wide campaign and sweep of the noble river—the wonder is, not that the architects of Blois accomplished so much, but that they failed to effect more.

A visit to the enormous château of Chambord, almost within view of Blois, makes the claim to rhythm and proportion made on behalf of French builders of that period appear even more dubious. It is quite true that, as Mrs Mark Pattison has reminded us, we do not see now the Chambord designed by Pierre Nepveu:—

“The broad foundations and heaving arches which rose proudly out of the waters of the moat no longer impress the eye. The truncated mass squats ignobly on the turf, the waters of the moat are gone; gone are the deep embankments crowned with pierced balustrades, gone is the no longer needed bridge with its guard-dian lions.”

But the fact remains that this huge pile always must have been wanting in the primary charm of all impressive architecture—control and repose. Perhaps there is only one country palace in England which can be compared with Chambord—namely, Blenheim. Most of our great houses have arisen out of spontaneous and occasional development of smaller homes. Blenheim alone, like Chambord, was deliberately and outrageously extravagant; though with this great difference in motive, that whereas Chambord, with its 440 apartments and stabling for 1200 horses, was built to gratify the vanity of a king, Blenheim was

called into being as the gift of a grateful nation to a great soldier. In fairness to the French example, one must imagine not only the woodlands of Blenheim to have been felled and replaced by ragged coppice, but all the neighbouring hedges and hedgerows to have been swept away also, leaving the great house to be viewed, for good or ill effect, from many miles around. Also it must have been stripped of all “insight,” as our forefathers used to call hangings, carpets, and furniture. Nor must it have been allowed to become weather-stained—not a slate must hang awry, nor a moulding have been dinted. Submitted to this test, the English house would excel the French in everything except size.

There is no dignity in Chambord. The overloaded, purposely irrational roof, the hideous lanterns on the flanking towers, detract from the one impressive quality of the building—its vast extent. This excessive top-hamper is a vice characteristic of all French domestic architecture of the Renaissance. Although it is less conspicuous at Chénonceaux because of the great length of that building, and at Langeais because of the great height and strength of the walls and the bold *machicoulis*, it recurs in full force at Azay-le-Rideau, marring and dwarfing one of the most perfect and homelike of these seignorial pleasure-houses.

To apply, then, the test prescribed by Sir Frederick Leighton—the dignity of the emotion stirred in the beholder—these French châteaux, divested of the florid memories of Ronsard and Brantôme, will not endure comparison with the Palazzo Doria at Genoa, with the Pitti at Florence, or the Farnesina at Rome. Evelyn's

comment on the staircase at Chambord applies to the whole building, "It is an extraordinary worke, but of far greater expense than use or beauty."

But there is something apart from their architectural merits and defects which oppresses the visitor to Blois and Chambord. It is not merely that they stand empty. Corfe, Tantallon, and countless other buildings in our own land, have long stood roofless and deserted; but they tell of the progress of social life, of security attained without violence, of the fulfilment, rather than the futility, of human intention. They have done their part and made way for a better state of things; we cherish them because of their beauty in decay, and for the witness borne by that decay to the liberty won for our people. But there is nothing venerable in Chambord: its excellent repair is positively exasperating. It is said that the whole rent of the lands now left to it—some £3000 a-year—is expended in maintaining the structure. The palace would earn more admiration if it were allowed to go to ruin. One would then cease to feel as if the old order of privilege and oppression were lying in wait to re-enter the empty saloons. Most people esteem the good old times in proportion to the improbability of their return. These walls assiduously scraped to whiteness—these winding staircases swept so clean—these windows so scrupulously glazed—to what do they point, if not to the return of the seigneur? If one could feel quite certain that the past were laid to lasting rest, he might peruse peacefully Brantôme's rapturous description of the gallant, frivolous, intriguing, selfish society that thronged these courts, and smile

at the project of the vain king, who, amazed at the splendour of his own creation, and dissatisfied with the puny meandering Cosson on which it stood, caused plans to be prepared for bringing the mighty Loire through the pleasure-grounds.

But when all has been said against Chambord that can be said, it remains a far finer affair than Blois. If you have a mind for extravagance, let there be no mistake about it—*pecca fortiter!* Nepveu's château is far more preposterous than Blois, but it is not so effeminately loaded with ornament.

The town of Blois is one which no one can leave without regret. It is endeared by reason of its steep streets and wide views, its many charming old houses and its amiable citizens; last, and by no means least, because of the excellent quarters and moderate tariff of the Grand Hôtel de Blois. One is puzzled at first to account for the greyness of these places on the Loire; one misses the play of colour with which Continental towns are wont to tickle the insular eye. The chief cause of this is found in the use of slate for roofing; nor is this owing, as it is in many districts of our own land, to the substitution of the lighter and more durable material for the ancient tiles and thatch, for Evelyn noticed that most of the houses here in his time were roofed with slate. Then, all doors and railings are painted grey or stone-colour: even in their dress the country-people avoid bright colours, and the universal blouse sinks the well-loved blue in mournful black.

Between Blois and Tours lie five-and-thirty miles of capital road, beset with many allurements in the shape of Chaumont, Amboise, and other châteaux. Tours

is the centre for so many attractive places, that the luxurious Hôtel de l'Univers is pervaded by almost too many of our dear compatriots. Hence it comes that the charges run high; *déjeuner* is served there only *à la carte*, which not only swells the bill, but deprives that charming meal of one of its chief attractions—the unexpected. He who prefers to forget for a season the land of his birth will be apt to go in search of local colour in the Faisan in the Rue Nationale, or the Hôtel de Bordeaux in the Boulevard Heurte-loup, where he will find nothing to complain of in either fare or tariff.

The chief difficulty at Tours is to choose between the many interesting places within reach. Splendid roads lead in every direction to some town or château which should not be left unvisited. We may suppose that the visitor has seen most of the beautiful things in the town, of which Evelyn declared that “no town in France exceeds it in beauty and delight.” He will have loitered in the great cathedral of Saint Gatien with its sister towers, its gorgeous western front—surely the culmination of Flamboyant exuberance—and oh, such stained glass in the windows as he shall hardly see elsewhere! He will have blessed the archbishop and chapter for the discretion, so rarely exercised in French provincial churches, which has saved this splendid fane from disfigurement by tawdry “station” pictures. Stations there are, each with its picture of little merit, but mercifully unobtrusive and quiet in tone. The stranger will have groped his way also into the crypt of the modern basilica of Saint Martin; for, alas! of the ancient church and monastery nothing is left save two great towers, stand-

ing gaunt and apart, with a broad new street driven between them. The new church is a structure so weighty, so solid, so dark—such mountains of marble are piled over the tomb, that, supposing the bones of the saint to be really there, one is inclined to trace in the architect's design precautions against too facile resurrection.

The ancient abbey church of Saint Julien, at the end of the Rue Nationale next the river, must by no means be unvisited; for in spite of recent disfigurement in the shape of *criard* glass and excruciating wall-painting, there remains the tower—a lovely bit of Romanesque of the tenth century—and there is much good later work in the choir.

All these and much more will have been viewed: perhaps the only root of bitterness will have been the disappointing discovery that the *épiciers* of this fine town are not more scrupulous than those elsewhere, despite their charming manners; for the round white baskets of irresistible dried plums, cunningly piled in front windows, are made with a great bell in the bottom, like a champagne bottle, so that the unwary stranger, believing that he is buying a basketful, finds out too late that he has got but a single layer.

Aurá favente—the first run from Tours is pretty sure to be made to Chénonceaux. Much of the road thither lies through woodland, with adorable views over river and meadow. Nearly all the villages on the way—Dierre, Civray, Bléré, &c.—have churches of the tenth, twelfth, and fifteenth centuries. That of the parish of Saint Martin-le-Beau of itself would confer fame on one English or three Scottish counties.

Let nobody form too high expectations of the famed garden of Diane de Poitiers at Chénonceaux.

Square, shadeless, and, as we saw it, flowerless (for it was lying all fallow for summer bedding) — it seemed everything that a garden ought not to be, formal without dignity, pretentious without effect. But the château itself is a sweet relic of beautiful, bygone France, with sunnier memories than those of most French houses of renown. Its records are not blurred with the steam of secret slaughter, and its basement chambers, cunningly contrived in the piles of the old mill, were never devoted to the usual purposes of imprisonment and torture, but only to the genial uses of kitchen, cellar, and larder. Its whole history is in harmony with the fantastic grace of the building and the langorous murmur of the Cher. Perhaps of all Marie Stuart's womanhood, the only tranquil months were those she spent here after her first marriage.

Of course a great deal went on in this old house when it was new that we cannot afford to be found smiling on now. It would be dreadful to suspect that such high jinks as the courtiers of François I. indulged in could ever be tolerated in the chaste precincts of Osborne or Balmoral; but it would be fruitless to expect too much from an age when Marguerite of Navarre—the gentlest, brightest, perhaps the purest spirit in that licentious Court—could express herself in nothing loftier than the naughty stories of the Heptameron.

And if it is superfluous at this distance of time to submit the *vie intime* of Chénonceaux to the accepted canons of morality, equally so would it be to apply strict criticism to the architecture of such an irregular building. Of

the old donjon but one cylindrical tower remains, with the inevitable conical slated roof, and the ugly lantern so dear to British hotel architects. The defensive moats, dug in 1433, only serve now to float skiffs, swans, and water-lilies. Most of the house escapes from their enceinte, spreading across the river like a beautiful *liana*, incorporating the ancient mill, and raising round its bones a veil of fanciful, but not extravagant, masonry.¹

For many years to come, this famous house has been grievously marred by the restoration to which it has been submitted at the hands of its new owners. Owing to its peculiar site, half its beauty consists in its reflection in the shimmering stream. Divert the Cher, and a moiety of the architect's design would disappear with it. The hands which scraped the walls to a glaring whiteness have done almost as much mischief. Only in some of the dormers there still linger scraps of that delicate silvery grey, like the summer plumage of a ptarmigan, to which the weather of four centuries has slowly touched the stones.

Now we will bid farewell to Chénonceaux without once having taken on our lips that word from which no writer or speaker of any respectability has been known hitherto to refrain in describing it. If we fall short of being amusing, we can at least be original (which is not the same thing, to be sure); we will *not* pronounce Chénonceaux to be "a gem."

As in visiting old houses, so in prosing about them—one is tempted to linger far too long about each; and I must hurry on

¹ "Lors se bastissoyt aux soins de Messire Bohier, general des finances, le chasteau de Chénonceaux, lequel, par magnardise et curiosité, boutoyt son bastiment à cheval sur la rivière de Cher."—Brantôme.

if I am merely to mention half those within easy reach of Tours. It is a delightful ride of fifteen miles to Langeais, down the north bank of the Loire, past hundreds of those characteristic cave-dwellings, with their chimneys poked up far back in the vineyards above the sunny cliff. It was an exquisite April morning when we trundled along this fair highway; the sunshine lay soft on the broad river; the grass was of tenderest green, spotted with lady's-smock and iron-blue starch hyacinths; wistaria and judas-tree were bursting into bloom. But perhaps the most delicate display was that of the abele poplars, far spreading along the banks in their strange spring livery of *eau-de-Nile* bark and silver leaflets.

A delightful composition of towers, streets, and trees meets the eye of one entering Langeais by road; but if he has run there for *déjeuner*, it is to the Lion d'Or that his first homage will be paid. Incredible delicacies were heaped before us in this pretty tavern, all for the ridiculous charge of three francs.

At Langeais, as everywhere else in Touraine, the indefatigable Foulques Nerra has left the ruins of one of his grim keeps; but it stands behind and within the enclosure of the fine fifteenth-century château which makes the fame of this little town. It was here that the duchy of Brittany was first incorporated with the kingdom of France, by the marriage of Charles VIII. to Anne de Bretagne in 1491. Here, also, in a house opposite the château gate, lived Rabelais.

Between Langeais and Azay-le-

Rideau lie eight hilly miles. There is a little church at Lignières, unnoticed by Baedeker, but not the less worth inspection, for it contains paintings in fresco of the twelfth century. These are deliciously naïve, representing the temptation of Adam and Eve on one side of the chancel, and that of the Saviour on the other. Farther on is the pretty Château de l'Islette, built across the Indre, being apparently, like Chénonceaux, the expansion of an old mill. A mile and a half of meadows, jewelled with golden kingcups and purple fritillaries, and shadowed by rows of silver-stemmed poplars, lies between l'Islette and Azay-le-Rideau. This is another of the countless country palaces which sprang up like flowers in the reign of the first Francis.¹ One may think the roof preposterously heavy, dwarfing the walls, the *machicoulis* and corner turrets vain figments of defensive work, inconsistent with the large window openings, and yet enjoy the charm of silvery walls reflected in the glassy pools where the great carp roll, of richly carved stonework and stately courtyard, shaded by venerable planes. Perhaps it was the glamour of a spring evening that made Azay seem to us the fairest—the most *mignon*—of all the châteaux of “la mignonne Touraine”; for we saw it as Balzac's Felix de Vandenesse saw it—“la nature s'était parée comme une femme allant à la rencontre du bien-aimé.”

Greatly different must be the impressions one brings away from Loches. The cyclist, moreover, will find it a very difficult place to

¹ Inquiry as to the meaning of the name Azay-le-Rideau is much oftener made than answered. It is supposed to commemorate Hugues Ridet, a knight-banneret, who built the castle to guard the road from Tours to Chinon.

reach in a single day from Tours, not because of the distance, for it lies not more than thirty miles along a splendid road up the wooded valley of the Indre, but because of the attractions on the way. Montbazou lies at the right distance for *déjeuner*, about eleven miles from Tours. Here a vast keep of Foulques Nerra bears aloft on its battlements a colossal modern statue of the Virgin in bronze. Though of dubious merit as a work of art, this graven image has a striking effect, seen afar in the valley, over verdant meadows and sloping woods. This vale between Montbazou and Tours, be it remembered, is that of Balzac's romance, '*Le Lys dans la Vallée*.'

Too long we loitered in this pleasant village, contemplating rows of unsuccessful anglers in the flowery meadows, and fascinated by the evolutions of a man in a pea-green mackintosh, working a casting-net with equal futility. We were so anxious to see just one fish caught among so many fishers, but neither anglers nor netsman brought ashore a single fin. Then Veigné and Esvres, each with its Early Norman church, claimed half an hour apiece, so that it was well on in the afternoon before we reached the strange little town of Cormery, with ruins of a great Benedictine abbey and college, and a curious, gaunt parish church of Norman work. Impossible to hurry past the lofty bell-tower, the shattered cloisters, and the refectory with its noble timbered roof. So Loches had to be postponed to another day.

This had been a day of much quiet enjoyment, but it was to be marred by an incident towards its close, of a nature as unpleasant as, happily, it is rare in France, for Frenchmen are remarkably humane to horses as a rule.

Among many vehicles approaching Cormery as we left it, I noticed one—a gipsy van—drawn by a pair of white *percherons*, sadly emaciated and leg-weary, as different as possible from the plump, sleek animals one usually sees. My attention was drawn, first, to one of the worst spavins I ever saw on the near hock of one of them, and next, to what seemed to be a scarlet cloth under the collar—a piece of finery strangely at variance with the rest of the dilapidated equipage. Merciful Lord! on nearer approach this proved to be the raw and bleeding flesh of the miserable beast, flayed by the space of nearly a foot, *and with the collar pressing on it*. The driver sat smoking on the van: what degree of personal privation and suffering, think you, had made him so utterly callous to the horror of this spectacle?

Loches, when we did visit it, left impressions never to be effaced. Sullen, massive, and menacing, the great castle, piled on a lofty cliff, scowls across the fertile river-meadows and the vine-clad slopes on either side. Foulques Nerra built the donjon, of course; Agnes Sorel sleeps in the chapel of the Château Royal, where is also the oratory of good Anne de Bretagne: a host of other famous names are associated with this amazing group of buildings; but it is the fell spirit of Louis XI. that overshadows them all. Donjon, palace, and collegiate church, with the bartering town below, seem to reflect that combination of alert suspicion, grinding terrorism, craven piety, and commercial eagerness which make up the odious memory of this gloomy despot. The political changes of five centuries though they have laid bare the dungeons of this hideous prison house, have spared many traces of

the torments of the king's victims. The cages have disappeared where-in the limbs of Jean Balue, Cardinal-Bishop of Angers, and of the historian Comines, stiffened as month by month of their inhuman punishment dragged on; but the staples on which these cages hung may still be seen. The walls have been scrawled over or patiently carved by successive prisoners; one may still read the sentence attributed to the hand of Comines, who lay here for eight months in solitary confinement by orders of Charles VIII. : "*Dixisse me aliquando pœnituit, tacuisse nunquam*" (I have suffered at times for having spoken, never for having held my peace).

One shudders as the air strikes chill out of that dark past, for modern statecraft has taught us how wider realms than France of the fifteenth century may be governed without constant recourse to the axe, the halter, and the rack; but who shall say how far mild methods might have prevailed to build up kingdoms when the aims of subjects were more ambitious and their mode of attaining them less constitutional than now? Louis XI. was a cruel king towards his subjects, but a good one for France.

One steps out of the gloom of Louis's Tour Neuve into the sunshine with a gasp of relief; and there are still to be visited the wonderful collegiate church and the palace, both within the castle enceinte. In the town below are the Tour Saint Antoine, the Hôtel-de-Ville, both of sixteenth-century Renaissance, and a number of interesting buildings; while beyond the Indre lies Beaulieu with its abbey church, a most beautiful Norman ruin, and the fourteenth-century church of Saint Laurent.

One more reminiscence, and let it be the last.

The saint most famous at Tours, and most intimately connected with its ecclesiastical history, is without doubt Saint Martin, its bishop under Pope Siricius in the fourth century. Ninian, the evangelist of our own Picts, spent many weeks with Martin at Tours on his way from Rome to Scotland in 396, and borrowed from him the *cementarios* or masons, of whom we read in Ailred's life of Ninian, in order to build his Candida Casa at Whithorn, reputed the first stone church erected in Scotland. Ninian heard of Martin's death in the year 398, just before Candida Casa was finished, and the affectionate veneration which Ninian had for the good bishop is enough to account for the honour afterwards paid in Scotland to the memory of Martin. Even now, in spite of the edicts of the Presbyterian reformers against the observation of saint-days, Martinmas remains one of the two great Scottish terms.

The building of stone churches was not the only practice that Ninian learnt from Martin. There may still be seen on the east shore of the Bay of Luce, in Galloway, about three miles from Candida Casa, a sea-cave, distinguished from many others on that rocky coast by the name of Saint Ninian, whither the evangelist used to retire for seasons of fasting and meditation. That this cavern was long afterwards regarded with peculiar veneration is attested by numerous crosses carved on the rocks, with other traces of primitive worship. In retiring to a cave for solitary prayer, Ninian was following the example set by his mentor, Martin, whose cave may still be seen at Marmoutier, where he founded his great abbey, built against the honeycombed

cliff on the north bank of the Loire. The abbey has ceased to exist; of its extensive buildings only a fine thirteenth-century gatehouse remains erect—*le portail de la Crosse*. The enclosure within is now occupied by a beautiful garden, in which stands a *pensionnat* for girls, kept by the nuns of the Sacré Cœur. In front of this gate Pope Urban II. preached the first Crusade, and in front of this gate, after an interval of some seven centuries, we dismounted from our bicycles and rang the bell.

We had come, we said to the nun who answered it, to view the cave of Saint Martin. Ah! the great pity, but this was not a day on which strangers could be admitted; messieurs will have the bounty to return on such and such a day. Impossible, we explained: we should then be far away: we had come many hundreds of miles—could not an exception be made in our favour? The kindly nun was sympathetic: she would tell the Lady-Principal; and finally, after some delay, we were bidden to the presence of that authority. Laying our case before her, we urged as a last reason for special consideration that we came from a country where Saint Martin was held in great honour, because he had taught Saint Ninian to build our Candida Casa. A change flitted over the good lady's features—a puzzled expression—then a light dawned in her eyes, and she exclaimed in good honest Scots, "Ye're surely not Scotch? I come from Edinburgh myself!"

Thirty years had gone by since she had left the convent at Brunsfield: she had never seen her native

land since, and her warm heart overflowed towards her wandering compatriots. Everything was made easy for us: a nun was told off to show us the cave-chapels of Saint Gatien, of Saint Leobard, and of the Seven Sleepers, and finally the shrine of Saint Martin, with the cracks in the rock, still plainly to be seen, which the devil made when he visited the Bishop of Tours. It is said that, failing to make any impression on the holy man, he vented his chagrin on the more vulnerable walls and roof of the cave.

The cool, silent cavern, with the splendid sunshine flooding the stairs outside and the garden below, made a picture strangely in contrast with that far-off reft in the Galloway cliff, where the wet winds howl and the tides roar, which Ninian adopted in imitation of his master. But it was not on such matters that we found the Lady-Principal, when we returned to her, most disposed to dwell. Scotland—Scotland yet! was her theme,—its hills and its heather, its rivers and its towns; above all, the pedigrees of its old families.

Now I have laid before my readers nothing new, nothing exciting, perhaps nothing interesting. If I am asked why I should have talked so long about a country so thoroughly explored by British tourists, I can but reply in the words of Balzac: "Ne me demandez plus pourquoi j'aime la Touraine; je ne l'aime ni comme on aime son berceau, ni comme on aime une oasis dans le desert; je l'aime comme un artiste aime l'art."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

ENGLAND'S DUTY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A STUDY ON THE GROUND.

It has been said that there are two qualifying periods for writing on a country: the first, when one has spent sixty days in it; the next, when one has lived in it sixty years. The paradox is not without a modicum of truth, since things may be viewed from various distances and through lenses of unequal powers. And as the naked eye, by focussing a wider field, may perceive proportions which the telescope obscures, so may an ordinary observer, if detached, of human phenomena have glimpses of contours not always present to the minds of intenser students. It is only on some such ground as that that the present writer could make any claim to speak of South Africa at all. Having no interest—of the material kind—in the country, nor any knowledge of it not possessed by the most cursory reader of the newspapers, he was induced by the incredibilities which were published daily in the beginning of this year, with many others, to pay a flying visit to the African antipodes, with the sole equipment of open eyes and ears. A two months' journey *en zigzag* through the Cape Colony, the two Dutch republics, and Natal, forms the slender basis of the writer's pretension to hold or to express opinions on events there—opinions which, when not superficial, are second-hand, being but the reflected views of the people of South Africa, according to the best redaction he has been able to give to them. The difficulty of obtaining daylight on South African subjects seemed insurmountable. For in a country

where special interests dazzled men to blindness, and at a time when the cruellest passion that ever swayed humanity, the lust for gold, had taken absolute possession of vast numbers of our countrymen—and women—the news made for export was all "suspect," the real truth not easy to come by. Indeed up to the present time the pronouncements on the subject have been largely partisan. In such circumstances some advantages may attach to an anonymous visitor, representing no cause and no party. For one thing, he escapes the fate of Pagett, M.P. He is not personally conducted, and it is worth nobody's trouble to prime him. He is consequently left free to gather his honey, or not gather it, from every opening flower; and in South Africa flowers of this kind spread their petals liberally.

I. THE RAID.

The position in the Transvaal in January last, on public showing, was something like this:—

1. A band of troopers in the service of the British South African Company, and led by the Administrator of the Company, had invaded the South African Republic and been captured.

2. Her Majesty's Government promptly disclaimed complicity with the invaders; but both the Secretary for the Colonies and the High Commissioner in South Africa were constrained to become suppliants for the prisoners, who were made over to the British authorities.

3. The Emperor of Germany

publicly congratulated President Kruger on his successful resistance to the invaders, while he attempted to negotiate with Portugal and the Transvaal for the transit of German sailors from Delagoa Bay to the South African Republic.

4. This move was replied to by the emphatic assertion of British supremacy in South Africa, and by the commissioning of a special squadron, whose destination was understood by the public to be Delagoa Bay.

5. Mr Cecil Rhodes, Managing Director of the Chartered Company, and Premier of Cape Colony, resigned his political office, and came to London "to face the music."

This state of affairs was chaotic enough. It was impossible to believe that the Administrator of Rhodesia would levy war on a neighbour on his own responsibility; impossible to believe that the Company could have organised such an invasion without the knowledge and sanction of the High Commissioner; and impossible to believe that the High Commissioner would, or could, have kept such knowledge from the Colonial Office. For to believe any of these things is to admit a state of anarchy in the empire. And the anomaly of the situation was assuredly not lessened when it became evident that whatever might be the mental condition of her Majesty's Government with regard to these proceedings, the German Government had been fully informed of them. Moreover, it was whispered about the City that among the "Reform leaders" who were apprehended in Johannesburg were well-known men who had gone out from London to "see the fun." The secret was leaking out. The invitation to Dr Jameson to come to Johannesburg, which was

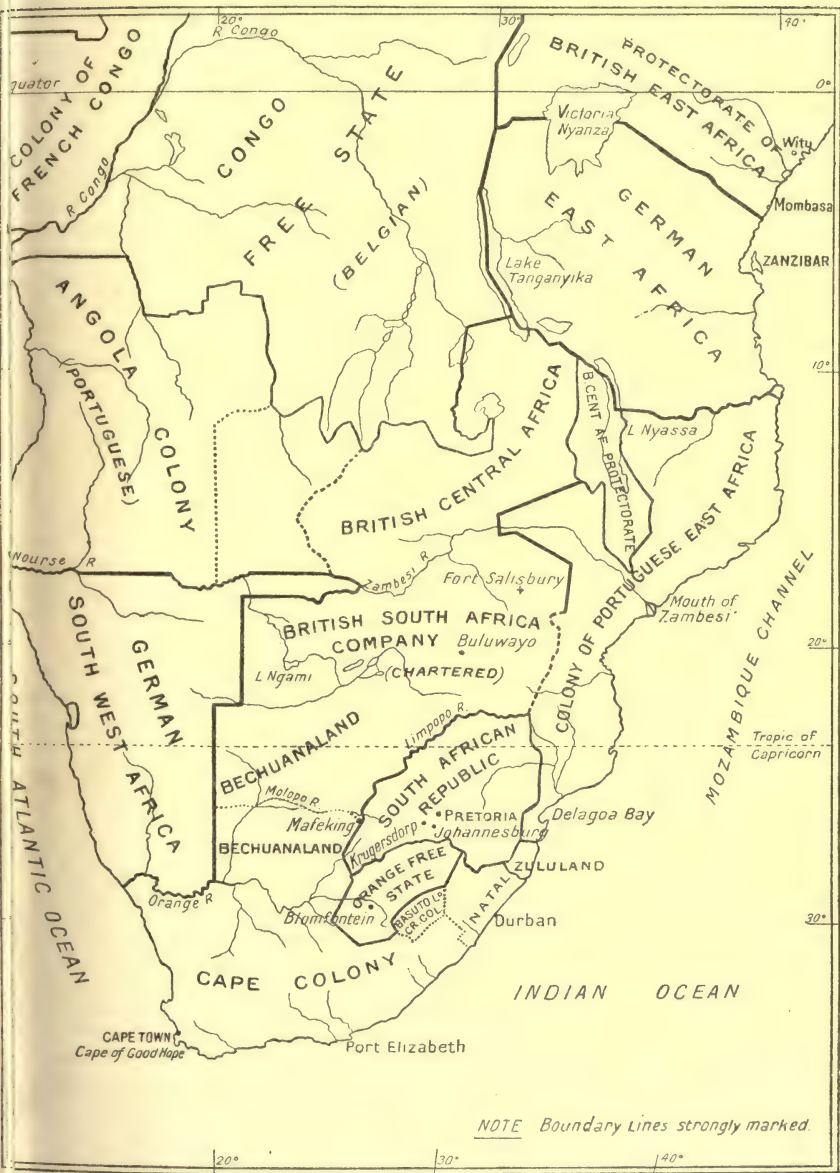
published in the London papers on 1st January, showed that the Colonial Office was singular in the blank condition of its foreknowledge. Nor did the objects assigned to the invaders involve less obvious confusion. At first it was to rescue women and children—the Laureate's ode was written under that inspiration. Then it was to obtain the redress of the Uitlanders' grievances against the Transvaal Government, though what the Chartered Company had specially to do with the political aspirations of Johannesburg was never explained. Then it was to unmask a German plot against British supremacy. And so on from one inconsistency to another.

An important feature in the case was the popularity, amounting to hero-worship, of Dr Jameson and his comrades. Whether it was the inception or the execution of his enterprise that attracted their admiration, or their simple appreciation of manhood, or their pugnacious instinct that delights in conflict, or whether they were carried away by the sensational reports that accompanied the first news, the English people undoubtedly warmly espoused the cause of the raiders, and thereby have greatly influenced the development of the case, to the prejudice alike of sound judgment and of the national interest.

As to the motive of the raid, subsequent events and disclosures have thrown some light, and explanations have been volunteered of a mutually contradictory nature, but the present object is merely to recall the situation as it appeared to the world last January, which formed the basis of the action taken by the British Government.

A second series of highly abnormal incidents followed close on the first. The communications

THE POLITICAL DIVISIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.





which have taken place between the British Colonial Office and the Government of the Transvaal have been of a character that defies classification. While strongly re-asserting its suzerainty over the Boers, which had been tacitly, if not explicitly, abandoned by treaty, and proclaiming to the world that it was prepared to maintain the position by force of arms, her Majesty's Government was, as said above, suing to its dependency for leniency to the raiders. Again, the scarcely veiled threats under which the President of the Transvaal was admonished by the London press to come to England to treat were neutralised by still further solicitations on behalf of the Reform prisoners. The Secretary of State was thus urged by public opinion to court defeat at the hands of President Kruger, as Dr Jameson had done at the hands of General Joubert and his sharpshooters. But that a British statesman in his pride of place, and with the force of a great empire behind him, should expose himself to discomfiture at the hands of an unlettered peasant with a population scarcely larger than that of Brighton at his back, in a field of diplomacy chosen by himself, and with weapons of his own selection, is an enigma for which we must seek some solution if we would comprehend anything of what is now going on.

The diplomatic collapse of the Colonial Secretary, if it may be considered as an episode by itself, yields to a comparatively simple explanation, which, if not representing the ultimate verity, comes sufficiently near to serve as a working hypothesis.

It happens that Mr Chamberlain is distinguished from other British statesmen as the one who has shown appreciation of the position

of South Africa. Long before the present crisis he had convictions and lucid conceptions on the subject, as his speeches on sundry occasions during the past dozen years testify. That he should be the Minister to fall a victim to the superior address of the Boer President is therefore the very irony of fate. Obviously he was not only uninformed, but grievously misled. He thought he held the cards while his opponent actually held them. The Boer Intelligence Department was efficient and well-served, while the Colonial Office Intelligence Department was worse than ill-served—it was positively deceived. To understand the situation, it is necessary to remember that Mr Chamberlain's informants were on their own defence. The system instituted by Lord Knutsford, and followed only too faithfully by his successors, made the Colonial Office entirely dependent on the Chartered Company for information as to the doings of the latter. It is generally understood in South Africa that the High Commissioner was not only the nominee of the Company, but that he was to be content with such information as the Company's agents might volunteer. Reduced thus to a cipher, the High Commissioner received from London the first notice of what was proceeding within his own jurisdiction. When Mr Chamberlain realised the situation and attempted to break away from the vicious system, he found himself balked by want of machinery. Ever since he telegraphed on 3d January to the High Commissioner to "send Ashburnham to Buluwayo" to verify the statements of the Chartered Company (which were not *verified*), it has been evident that Mr Chamberlain has been struggling with

a nightmare of falsified intelligence.

Nor does this pernicious system pertain exclusively either to South Africa or to the Colonial Office. The Foreign Office habitually takes its information from sources tainted with an interest in withholding the truth, while its own agents abroad make their own report on their own doings without the check of any independent opinion. Our failures in foreign diplomacy are often due to these causes. An agent has but to gauge the length of the Downing Street foot and he may glorify his own blunders, and perhaps receive honours for acts which intrinsically deserved scourging. Bad therefore as Mr Chamberlain's case was, it was not altogether unprecedented.

But that was not all. The Press and the country urged prompt and decisive action, and the Colonial Secretary, badly equipped as he was, made his plunge. Had he suspected that he was in a fog with breakers on his lee, the most decisive action he would have taken in January would have been to let go his anchor and wait for light. Instead of launching and publishing his famous despatch of 4th February, he would have taken a leaf out of Mr Kruger's book, and sat tight. What force was behind Mr Chamberlain impelling him to rush into the open while his adversary was behind granite boulders may appear hereafter. For the moment it may pass as a mysterious influence. When light was subsequently thrown on the situation and the course seemed clear, Mr Chamberlain became suddenly passive and perhaps a trifle dilatory.

The South African question of the immediate present is largely personal, much too much so indeed,

and turns on the pivot: What think ye of Rhodes? The personality of this man has been the dominant factor in the politics of England *vis-à-vis* South Africa ever since he became distinguished, first by wealth and next by his grandiose ideas. Fortunately, that part of Mr Rhodes's character which concerns the public—for God only seeth the heart—is unusually free from complexity. Nor is there any essential difference in the appraisement of it between friends and foes. If South African opinion is sharply divided on the subject of Mr Rhodes, it is rather as to his ultimate value to the empire than as to his aims or methods. He has been likened to the great Corsican, and the simplest compendium of his character is to call it Napoleonic—pursuing its own schemes with relentless energy, regardless of collateral issues or interests. To use his own words, all who stood in his way must be “squared or crushed.”

The notable achievement of Mr Rhodes, as a means to his ulterior ends, has been his extensive creation of levers, moral, material, sentimental, which he is able to work with scarcely a perceptible touch on the button. The ramifications of his personal influence are bewildering. “Who is this man?” you inquire of a friend in Cape Town, “who so staunchly supports Mr Rhodes?” “Oh, he made £15,000 through the courtesy of Mr Rhodes in showing him the road to wealth.” “And this young fellow who is not wealthy, how is his bread buttered?” “Why, you see, he holds a very good billet by the favour of Mr Rhodes.” “And those adventurous spirits who carry their lives in their hands into the Rhodesian wilderness—what do they gain by their devo-

tion?" "Well, most of them have already received grants of land for military services, and all of them look to Mr Rhodes as to the Moses who is to strike the rock for them to drink, and to open new fields of adventure." Such is a bald epitome of the inner circle of Rhodesian partisanship in South Africa. There is also an outer circle, and they say, echoing the metropolitan press, Mr Rhodes is the Augustus who has extended the empire, and his faults, if he ever had any, are wholly burned up in that imperial fire. They do not gainsay, but simply ignore as irrelevant, "the bypaths and indirect crooked ways" by which the goal of empire has been won, deeming that in any case the end justifies the means. They are out-and-out Rhodesians. There is yet another circle, consisting of distinguished visitors to South Africa, who, under the large hospitality which is characteristic of the Company's *personnel*, have been passed on from point to point, seeing everything in the Rhodesian limelight. And if we come to London society, it simply glows in the Rhodesian influence.

As for the South African world which lies beyond both the inner and the outer circle, it sums up Mr Rhodes as "the curse of South Africa," and gives its reasons categorically. In Cape Town the Rhodesian and anti-Rhodesian currents are sharply divided, like the two ocean currents which are split by the promontory. In the country, as you recede from the capital, the Rhodesian cult becomes paler and colder until you reach Johannesburg, where the name is execrated—a fact unknown or unnoticed in England. And it is a curious commentary on recent events that the Uit-

lander community there evinced no sympathy with the political conspiracy which was artificially associated with the Jameson raid. They in whose names the "Reform" agitation was raised, by external agency, repudiate the whole business as a mere scheme of Mr Rhodes's to achieve some purpose of his own to which they were not parties, and which he has never disclosed. The so-called Reform Movement in Johannesburg, whose object was to redress grievances which were no longer tolerable, was, in its later phase at least, not only unpopular, but anti-popular, for its obvious purpose, as was speedily perceived, was to enthrone a select group of capitalists, in whose justice, purity, and philanthropy the general community of Johannesburg felt less confidence than in the corrupt administration of the Hollander-ridden Boers. Rhodesian and anti-Rhodesian agreed in considering the whole reform agitation a "put-up job." No doubt the tale of grievances was a true tale; but there was none that deeply troubled anybody, nor any that the Uitlander residents would have thought justified serious political commotion, much less an armed attack on the existence of the Boer Government. Letters subsequently published have shown the value the reformers really attached to the franchise, which agrees with what the main body of residents have said, that "nobody would take the trouble to go to the poll." As for the education grievance, it is on the face of the thing absurd for men possessing unlimited financial resources to complain that they could not get their children taught English, while for the rank and file of the community the plutocrats cared not one straw. The fiscal grievance was even more

unreal. "No taxation without representation" is a principle more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and in whatever country it is used it is little better than a Mesopotamian phrase, of no authority, moral or other. Taxation without representation is the rule rather than the exception elsewhere than in the Transvaal. Johannesburg, after all, is but a civilised mining-camp, to be evacuated when the gold has been exhausted. For an isolated community so circumstanced and composed of foreigners to demand the power of legislating for the State is by no means the same thing as for an urban or rural community in England to desire the franchise. The taxation, moreover, was on its merits milder by many degrees than that of many powerful countries where strangers do not feel their withers wrung by the galling yoke of the taxmaster. What would be thought of the English or American residents in Cannes, say, or Nice, or Algeria, demanding a voice in the government and municipal autonomy? But in Cannes alone the foreign residents are estimated to spend in the town five millions sterling every year without taking a penny out of it except potentially, in the form of healthy blood; while, with all their political disabilities, the Uitlanders in the Transvaal take bodily out of the soil and out of the country the substantial sum of eight millions sterling. Truly a most insufficient ground for a plot against the Government.

The argument that the Burgher Government is corrupt does not carry the reformers much nearer their goal, for it is one which would apply to many States more important than the South African Republic; and if the candid, if cynical, estimation of their fellow-

townsmen be worth anything, in the article of corruption the reformers' little finger would have been thicker than President Kruger's loins.

In short, in the opinion of the Johannesburgers, the whole case of the reformers was trumped up, the agitation was organised by Mr Rhodes from his seat in the Cape Legislature, and the raid was as wicked in conception as it was weak in execution. Such is the deliberate verdict of every business man with whom I conversed in the Transvaal.

But if the putative causes of the Reform conspiracy and of the armed invasion be false, the question remains, What was the true cause of these phenomena? That there must have been an object worthy of a considerable expenditure of money, justifying some military risk, and not inadequate as a set-off against embroiling the Imperial Government and imperilling the Charter—to say nothing of the positive and certain loss of national reputation—cannot be doubted. But we are absolutely in the dark as to its nature. True, the periodical press during the past six months has overflowed with explanations or *apologies* professing to be full and candid expositions of both proceedings. But as these are mutually contradictory, and the latest is ever the farthest removed from what is reasonable or credible, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the officious sponsors of Mr Rhodes have so far contrived to hold the truth in reserve—perhaps for a more convenient season.

Neither are the South African public entirely unanimous in their efforts to account for the work of the Reform Committee

and the operations of the Chartered Company's troopers. They have all got some hypothesis which fits the data more or less accurately, but only a few are as positive as Mr Maxse in thinking they have completely solved the question. Guided by the known antecedents of the parties, it is remarkable how all observers agree in their appreciation of certain matters which it might be improper to specify pending the action of the law courts and the rigid inquiry repeatedly promised by her Majesty's Government. Whether even these searchlights will disclose the innermost plans of the promoters of the dual enterprise is not absolutely certain.

II. ITS EFFECTS.

But though the objects of the outbreak are as dark as the night, its effects are as clear as the day; and a few of them may be enumerated.

The *first* was to shake and almost to shatter confidence in the probity of British officials throughout the world. This result was in part redeemed by the prompt action of the Colonial Minister on the outrage becoming known to him, though the good effect of his repudiation of the raiders has been much impaired by his subsequently displayed tendency to discover extenuating circumstances.

A *second* effect was to revive the slumbering race-hatred between Dutch and British throughout South Africa, in the Cape Colony as well as in the Free State and in the Transvaal; to convince the Boer Government that its independence was threatened, and to warrant its arming for defence.

A *third* effect was to remove to a remote period the time when Great Britain could prudently re-

duce her military forces in South Africa, to tempt her to make a naked assertion of her brute strength, thereby replacing British domination on a basis of pure force, and to suggest to other Powers the need of increasing their naval armaments to meet the recrudescence of British aggression.

It is little to the purpose for us to disclaim aggressive intentions, or to protest that we only clang our arms as a warning to our foes. It is not, unfortunately, our own opinion of ourselves, but the opinions of others of us, that will govern their action and force ours. The plea that we are in the right will avail us nothing if a coalition of great Powers should one day threaten our imperial position and necessitate an exhausting effort to maintain it. Such a coalition has undoubtedly been brought nearer to the sphere of actuality by the Transvaal raid and our half-hearted treatment of it than by anything else that has happened in the nineteenth century. Such a proposition will be resented by perhaps a majority of the British public. But the truth is, a community is as little able to judge itself as an individual. The soundest appreciation of our national attitude is neither our own nor our enemies', but that of neutral sympathetic foreigners, and of Englishmen who habitually reside abroad, out of the vortex of parliamentary politics and out of hearing of the siren songs of the gold-seekers. Men so circumstanced, if they are otherwise sane and sober men of business, are able to form opinions which carry weight on such a subject, and from both these classes, foreigners of various nationalities and Englishmen abroad, the writer has heard the verdict on the British attitude towards the aggression on the

Transvaal. They are unanimous, but the most emphatic condemnation comes from the English.

What they say in effect is that, had the Johannesburg reformers overturned the Boer Government, or Rhodesia captured the Transvaal, Great Britain would have ratified the accomplished fact. And this conclusion is based not so much on the assumed insincerity of the Government as on the unmistakable bias of English opinion as represented by the metropolitan press, which largely sympathised with the raiders, and on the obvious reluctance of the Chartered Company to have its share in the transaction cleared up. A precedent of lawlessness is thus established, and with the measure we have meted out to the Transvaal shall it be measured to us again. Take, for example, the recent arrangement with France respecting the partition of Siam. It had the one merit of being a settlement of an irritating and dangerous question, at a crisis when the Government was glad to please France; in fact it was the first visible fruit of the South African *imbroglio*. The whole value of the transaction was dependent, however, on the good faith of France. Now the French are already expressing discontent with their bargain, declaring the territory assigned to them worthless, and their colonial press is clamouring for another slice of Siam to make good the deficiencies of what they have already got. Were they to seize the coveted territory by a foray, would the French Government disavow the raiders, and would the British Government be able to remonstrate with as good effect as they could have done before the Transvaal raid? The ubiquitous interests of this country place her

at an enormous disadvantage in a reign of violence.

The outcry against Germany may be cited as a *fourth* result of the raid. However natural or irrepressible, and even necessary and useful up to a certain point, the defiant tone assumed by the press and even by the Government toward Germany went far beyond what the case, at its worst, called for. The Kaiser's message to President Kruger was no doubt an indiscretion, the result of a misjudgment of the temper of the British people; but perhaps we need not have burned our house to roast a chicken, and the incident might have been disposed of by diplomatic remonstrance—if, that is to say, our diplomatic machinery be not inefficient, which there is some reason to suspect to be the case. The sudden equipment of a special squadron, which was patriotically applauded at the time, betrayed a dearth of mediating resources which was ominous, and a readiness to appeal to the sword as our sole remedy, which, as against Germany at any rate, ought to have been unnecessary. The Germans are not raw savages like the Matabele; they know our resources as well as—may we not say better than?—we do ourselves. No German statesman, therefore, could have conceived the idea of contesting our supremacy at sea. It would be absurd to admit that, with our elaborate apparatus, we did not possess the means of dropping a hint which would have had all the good effect of a naval demonstration without its drawbacks. The trumpet-call perhaps served some other purpose, but so far as influencing German policy was concerned, the demonstration was useless, and it provoked reprisals.

And the bad effect was much

aggravated by the assertion made by British statesmen, and continually reiterated by the press, of German intrigues to undermine our position in South Africa, by secret arrangements with the Boer Government. Explicit denials of any such designs by both the principal parties have made little impression on our publicists, who return to the charge with exasperating iteration, without adducing a jot of evidence, or even putting their innuendoes into credible or consistent form. This un-English procedure put Germany on her defence. She could not equip a squadron to match ours, but she could deal us counter-blows in other directions, as in Constantinople and elsewhere, reducing our declared policy to nullity, and worse. We have Russia and France closely united against us; Italy somewhat cold, in spite of our intervention to save her; and if we place Germany also in the hostile camp, we may yet come to see that our South African flourish was a rather costly business.

But there was a *fifth* effect of the Jameson raid which, though local, is of importance, particularly in connection with assumed German intrigues. The Boer Government, confirmed in its suspicions of Englishmen, whom it identified with the South African Company, set its face more than ever against the employment of British subjects in offices of trust in the Transvaal State, and fell back more than ever on its faithful Hollanders and Germans. Thus the intimate and confidential relations of the Government fall more and more into the keeping of the rivals

of Englishmen, and all influence not directly controlled by British money is naturally thrown into the scale against us.

Of the innumerable results of the raid, a *sixth* and last may be mentioned—the effect on Rhodesia itself. The withdrawal of the military and police forces from the territory, and their capture by the Boers, would have been calamity enough for Charterland; but with the raiders went also the magistrates and apparently nearly the whole administrative machinery of the country, leaving Rhodesia defenceless and derelict. The news of the great white chief having been swallowed up by the Boers spread like wildfire throughout Africa, and British prestige was destroyed among the natives. An opportunity was thus given to the Matabele to rise in defence of their confiscated cattle. Mashonaland was denuded of men for the relief of Buluwayo, and then the Mashonas rose also. From the known character of the Mashonas, it is argued that something more than neglect and mismanagement were required to provoke them to take up arms; for they are a poor-spirited and submissive race, and would not make common cause with the hated Matabele unless driven to despair. However that may be, the fact is patent that, instead of conquering the Transvaal, Rhodesia has to begin at the beginning and reconquer itself, with the disadvantage that this time all the native tribes are united against the Whites.

III. BOERS AND BRITONS.¹

To get anything like an adequate appreciation of our position

¹ This loose classification is resorted to in order to avoid tedious periphrases, but it is inaccurate. There are English boers and Dutch progressives, and it is unfortunate that writers should have been driven to the racial division for want of better terms.

in South Africa would necessitate a comprehensive retrospect, for the events of our day are but new links in a chain of transactions extending over sixty years. During that period Great Britain has blundered recklessly, if not criminally, in her treatment of South Africa. Successive Ministers have played fast and loose not only with our own but with all the peoples, black and white, of that continent. And that has all to be paid for—for Nemesis may sleep, but never dies. Though the generation has passed away which did the wrong, and the virtues of the statesmen who wrecked South Africa for us are graven on funereal marble, yet their errors live and have still to be expiated. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and shall not the children's teeth be set on edge? But the most conspicuous of the destroyers of the empire are still living and moving amongst us, and the worst betrayals are well within the memory of our young men. The account has to be liquidated. Furtive attempts to close it by means of fraudulent balance-sheets have been failures. We can have neither peace nor prosperity until an honest audit has been made. While waiting for that, however, like a tradesman in difficulties, we are drifting into new obligations; and what is most to be apprehended in regard to them is a repetition of the mistakes of our predecessors—not of course in the same form, for each generation has its modes, but perhaps in some shape scarcely less deadly.

The story of our dealings with our South African colonists, with the Boers of the great trek and the other treks, leading to the creation at one time of the Orange Free State and at another of the Trans-

vaal, and of our wayward dealings with many native tribes, is one which fortunately needs no recapitulation, nor would any Englishman voluntarily rake it up as a literary exercise. Majuba Hill is perhaps as far as we need hark back as the starting-point of the present imbroglio. We in England scarcely conceive how that descent into Hades has affected the subsequent history of South Africa,—how deeply the iron has entered the soul of the loyal colonists, more especially those of Natal, within whose borders the disaster occurred. The military defeat and England's amazing acceptance of it created a new world in South Africa. The corner-stone of the fabric of our position there was pulled out when it was seen how England could be stunned by a single blow. Not only were the Boers elated beyond measure, as was natural; but—and this was of even more importance in its influence on subsequent events—they realised that her Majesty's Government had no policy in South Africa which was worth a week's purchase. We had given the Boers an object-lesson in sudden and violent changes just at the moment when their minds were most open to impressions. One day we were proclaiming by the mouths of our prophets that as long as grass grew and water ran England would never, never abandon the Transvaal; the next day we were making the most abject surrender that a conquered people could make. So it had been, so it has been since: nothing could be relied upon but our vacillation; nothing could so surely be predicated of us as the particular thing we protested we would never do. The Boers have naturally played on these discoveries, and with the ammunition of facts and realities

on their side, have scored all along the line. There is nothing very wonderful about that, nor do we need to ascribe any superhuman astuteness to the Dutch farmers. They have a simple game to play, in which they are governed by one or two elementary ideas. We, on the other hand, have a complex problem ever before us, of which South Africa is one of the most abnormally complex divisions, and yet forms but a small part of the whole, and sometimes, indeed, seems like a negligible quantity. It is not by superior acumen that President Kruger has triumphed over successive British Governments, but simply by defending a limited area behind rocks while his opponents straggled vaguely in the open. In other words, Mr Kruger knew his facts at first hand, and was imposed upon by nobody. The Boers' diplomatic battles are fought with similar tactics to their military ones.

But what is the ground-substance of the perennial contention between the British and the Boers in South Africa? For the incidents are not intelligible without reference to some general and abiding cause of quarrel. At the back of all there appear to be two incompatible pretensions in chronic, and perhaps only semi-conscious, conflict in South Africa—the ultimate supremacy of the Boer or the Briton. Neither party would admit this cause of trouble, at least not stated in this bald manner. On the part of the Boers it may well seem mere madness in a small backward people to engage in such an unequal contest. But it is not so extravagant when the incorrigible mutability of the British Government is taken into account.

The Boers have been taught by experience to wait until the whirligig of time brings round the temper suited to their desires, and then to seize the opportunity of pushing forward their plans by one stage. It is the principle on which Russia acts on a grander scale,¹ and on which any State would act that had a settled policy which it clearly understood.

And the Boers have been directly encouraged in their procedure by various outsiders, for purposes of their own; Cape politicians of different grades, Hollanders, and, conspicuous among all, Mr Cecil Rhodes, have all striven in their various ways to conciliate the Boers. Their diplomatic successes in direct dealing with the British Government itself have also inspired them with rather extravagant hopes.

But the question suggests itself, Why should such a far-reaching ambition have taken possession of these simple bucolic people? Probably in its cut-and-dried shape it has not taken actual possession of them, perhaps not formed itself clearly in their minds at all. It is the tendency of their doings and the direction of their efforts that are important, not their own reasonings about it: the practice rather than the theory is what occupies their attention, and deserves ours. The Boers are almost, by the necessity of their self-assumed position, aggressive. In all their negotiations with the British Government, and with Imperial and Colonial officials, the one point that is constant on the Boer side is their impatience of frontiers. Cape Colony and all neighbouring States to be strictly shut in, and the Transvaal left free to expand,

¹ For a lucid exposition of the process see the article on "The Apotheosis of Russia," in the July number of 'Maga.'

has been the burden of all Boer diplomacy. In effect, they asserted the right to raid their neighbours' cattle, both inside and outside the British protectorate, and doggedly resisted any interference with these practices. Their campaign in London in 1884 brought into clear light the chronic Boer desire for expansion of his own and for the right to despoil his neighbours' territory.

We who are aggressive ourselves, and are always ready to render a reason for every addition to our territory, need not be at any great loss to find a reason for the aggressiveness of the Boers. They cannot help it, any more than we can. They are like a prodigal who has wasted his patrimony, is in want, and becomes predatory. It would require much space to elaborate this point, and after all the conclusion might be disputed. But it will not perhaps be questioned that the South African Boers have long ago degenerated into a pastoral people, and into primitive social conditions. In a country like South Africa pastoral people become of necessity nomad people, because they lose the habits of husbandry, if they ever possessed them, and they lose even the habits of tending stock wherever labour is required. They become shiftless and fatalistic, pious too in a certain way, lifting their eyes to heaven when they would be better employed on the ground. That this is a fair account of the actual condition of the Boers most South Africans will agree. They not only take no trouble to protect their cattle from the vicissitudes of season, but resent and resist legislative enactments intended to arrest contagious diseases; and when the typical Boer sees his oxen and sheep die of murrain he simply says, "It is the Lord's doing." He

will not even kill locusts because they are a visitation of God. Under such an agricultural ideal the land becomes infected and exhausted, and the Boer lives in ever-deepening misery. For, parallel with degeneracy in farming, another process has been going on, the multiplication of *bouches inutiles*. Marriage is universal and precocious, with the usual economical result. The 6000 acres are insufficient to support the family, and another 6000 acres are required for winter grazing: wasteful use of land, like every other evil habit, propagates its kind; and it begets that worst tendency of nomadic life, restlessness. For what are men to do who have lost the use of their hands and their brains, and yet feel hungry? They do what tramps do, move on, or as a cow that has trampled one field of green corn moves into the next. Your true nomad knows no fence or frontier. "Is not the *whole land* before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right." Such is the ideal treaty between nomad chiefs. It is beautiful, it is idyllic, but unhappily it is an anachronism in the present age. Even a partial reversion to such a primitive social condition is incompatible with neighbourhood to civilised societies.

The Boers did not trek from British tyranny, but from the restraints of civilisation, which happened to be coloured red. Their forefathers trekked from Dutch rule long before the British era, and each generation has continued the practice, even from the Transvaal itself. Nomads, whose normal way of life is the trek; "Bible Christians," to whom all who stand between them and the

promised land are the "enemies of God," and to whom the promised land is whatever lies beyond the horizon,—are a kind of people for whom the modern world makes no suitable provision.

The Transvaal, the best farming land south of Egypt, is said to be as large as France, and it carries a white population of 160,000, or seven-tenths of an inhabitant per square mile, or fifteen miles to every family. Yet is the territory not large enough, but must be constantly added to on every side, and by every means—by force, by negotiation, and by the traditional chicanery through which the South African tribes are wont to be deprived of their lands—and then become "rebels." Even in his communications during the present year with Mr Chamberlain, Mr Kruger has not been able altogether to suppress the insatiable lust for territory which is constant in the Boer mind. One of the conditions preliminary to his coming to England was that "Swaziland should become part of the South African Republic," with hints of other increments to that growing State. This morbid earth-hunger is a serious hindrance to the true civilisation of Africa.

The feud between Great Britain and the African shepherds being thus deeply founded, the prospect of reconciliation would not seem very brilliant. Certainly some more effective remedy is required than the occasional perfunctory peroration to speech or leading article, the body of which is charged with irritating matter. The plain truth is, the breach can only be healed by one side subduing the other, or by the weaker becoming convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle. The resigned condition of mind induced by this last re-

flection would have been realised by the Boers long ago if the relations between them and the neighbouring colonists had been left to their natural evolution. The men of British blood in South Africa are worth many times more than the Boers in that country, and they only needed a fair chance to silently and painlessly, but of course very gradually, absorb the backward race. And to absorb it would be to revivify it, for the Dutch-Huguenot is a good old stock, whose best qualities have been overlaid by generations of depressing and demoralising life. By intermarriage alone the population and civilisation alike of South Africa would be advanced, and on the most healthy foundation. The recent introduction of education will teach, indeed is already teaching, the flaxen-haired *juffrouw* some of the qualities she should look for in a husband. A rich Boer of Natal—some of them have patriarchal wealth, though the mass be poor—had the idea to send his daughters to Europe to be educated. When they returned to their gross surroundings they were in despair at the prospect. Their beaux could not say "boo" to a goose, even in Cape Dutch, and as one of the girls pathetically remarked to an English visitor, "We are expected to marry these louts!" Through the agency of matrimonial, commercial, and other social forces, a reconciliation between the two races was not only possible, but was actually proceeding, and will no doubt be resumed when the present hurly-burly is over. It was only when governmental and political machinery were brought to bear that the social result has been so unfortunate.

It was no real kindness to the Boers to support them in their

aggressive enterprises. Their inroads into friendly territories have been again and again condoned, and their seizures confirmed to them by treaty, while the hands of loyal colonists have been tied by the terrors of the criminal law. In this way the borders of the Transvaal have been from time to time extended in the sight, and sometimes at the expense, of the more meritorious British colonists. They have seen Boers in British territory giving active assistance to the enemies of the Government, pardoned and prospering without the formality of an amnesty, while those loyal Boers who assisted the Government were ruined through the resentment of the Transvaal. By repeated instances of that sort has the idea been formed that in case of future disturbance the Boers in Cape Colony and Natal will be justified in reckoning that they have nought to lose but all to gain by taking the anti-British side.

Having regard, therefore, to the general tendency of British Imperial policy, the pretensions of the Boers have been fostered by it, the chasm between them and the British colonists has been widened, and the race-feeling revived and embittered. Nor have the colonists themselves been far behind in contributing to the same result, the inflation of the hopes of the Transvaal Boers. Natal and Cape Colony have courted the Boers like two rival suitors. The Hollander party and the German adventurers have joined in the race for the prize of Transvaal favour. The discovery of gold in the Rand has given the Boer Government the command of South Africa, and men of wider culture than the Boers might be excused if their heads were a little turned in the chorus of competing adulation.

With three railway-systems eager to serve her — from Capetown, Natal, and Delagoa Bay — the South African Republic has not, to fear isolation, but, on the contrary, has her foot on the traffic of her own and the adjoining States. If the leading men in the British colonies have become courtiers to the Transvaal, it is because the politics of any colony which is not under clerical domination must always be subordinated to its material interests. Colonial politicians are before everything men of business engaged in the daily struggle, not sleeping or retired partners. What they represent in the Legislature is themselves and their concrete personal interests. The exceptions only prove the rule. A local authority when asked to explain the mysteries of political intrigues at the Cape replied, "You may take this for granted, that all Cape politics are on a cash basis." When, therefore, we hear of this or that colonial statesman earning a character for conciliating the Transvaal, it is safe to conclude that he has some good business on hand with the Government or with important burghers. Nor, when all is said, has any better basis of mutual conciliation, of reciprocal good feeling between nations, ever been discovered than lucrative commercial, financial, and industrial intercourse between their respective citizens. The *bourgeois* is the true saviour of society, and could high politics and adventure be but eliminated from national life, we would stake the peace of the world on the men whose ambition rises no higher than to feather their nests and feed their nestlings.

IV. MR RHODES.

One Cape politician has distinguished himself by rising far above

these more sordid considerations, and has established a unique reputation for conciliating the Boers and the Dutch colonists on a higher plane. Mr Cecil Rhodes's services in this cause, so handsomely recognised by Mr James Bryce, have been held to counterbalance any faults which he might have committed in other directions. Yet, if analysed, Mr Rhodes's conciliation of the Boers did not differ essentially from the conciliation of commoner men. If they yielded everything for the sake of profit, Mr Rhodes yielded everything in order to obtain the Dutch vote in the Cape Parliament. It was the same game, only played for different stakes.

Mr Rhodes spared himself no trouble to accomplish his object, and he even underwent some personal indignity at the hands of the Boers during the earlier years of his campaign. Having succeeded, by persevering strategy, in getting himself appointed Deputy Commissioner for Bechuanaland in 1884, in which capacity he had to deal with the invasion of the Protectorate by Transvaal freebooters, his first act was a simple surrender to them, under circumstances derogatory to his status as an imperial officer. He failed then through attempting to fill two incompatible positions—representing the special interests of Cape Colony while holding a commission from the Imperial Government. The Boers, perceiving this, had him at their mercy, and used him accordingly. "The only chance," he told the High Commissioner, "is to make it appear as much as possible a colonial undertaking." This histrionic habit of Mr Rhodes's may be noted in passing as a constant feature in his dealings—"to make it appear" that one thing is another.

But Mr Rhodes's chief instrument of conciliation has been the great political association called the Afrikaner Bond, the only institution of the kind in South Africa, having its seat in Cape Colony, with branches in the Free State and the Transvaal. Under Mr Rhodes's influence the organisation of this body was perfected, and so powerful did it become that many colonists of British race joined it, less because of sympathy with its general purposes, than with a view to controlling its action, and because it offered the best means of obtaining their own particular objects in the Cape Parliament. There was a kind of freemasonry in its ranks, so that its members individually could reckon on the collective support of the Society for schemes not in obvious conflict with the professed principles of the Bond itself. As these grand fundamental principles were above the comprehension of the rank and file, they could safely be invoked by men of different views without the risk of collision with any tangible interest. Its leading principle was "Africa for the Afrikaner," with a speculative suggestion of a future United States of South Africa. Such vague phrases could be dressed up by rhetoricians in a way to captivate the imaginations of the illiterate voters, and form a kind of rallying flag for a local patriotism, while each hearer could read into the words whatever meaning he pleased, nobody being committed to a definite opinion either as to what a United South Africa might be, or what was really meant by "Africa for the Afrikaner." One would see in it the promise of the supremacy of the Dutch, another of the British race, without any visible conflict of view. Under these high-flying banners

the Afrikaner Bond has succeeded in obtaining all that practical-minded Dutchmen ever wanted: it has moulded colonial legislation according to their views and interests, and secured their parliamentary ascendancy.

Mr Rhodes's relation to the Bond was the ordinary relation of politicians towards any organisation which they can use as an instrument of their policy. He used the Afrikaner Bond to place and keep himself in power in the Cape Colony, as he had used Irish Home Rule to carry his charter through Parliament. No doubt he was as vague as possible in his professions and promises—politicians have to practise economy in these matters—but on one point he was obliged to be explicit, for the Boers attached importance to it, and that was the "elimination of the imperial factor" from South African affairs. This would leave the Transvaal and Cape Colony to settle the terms of fusion and the question of supremacy. The Dutch were greatly pleased at such a prospect, because they considered that they would preponderate in voting power over all other races in the South African colonies. Mr Rhodes did not tell his Dutch friends that any independent, however united, South Africa was an impossibility, since it would be at the mercy of the weakest Power in Europe that possessed a ship of war. Probably, so far as the mass of voters was concerned, it did not much matter, as the objects they had definitely in view lay much nearer to their hand.

Some little suspicion of Mr Rhodes's loyalty to Dutch interests was aroused when he accepted an imperial office; but a less tactful man even than Mr Rhodes would have been able to explain

that since such an office had to be filled by some one, it was better for the Afrikaner interest that the incumbent should be a man who was in full sympathy with their aspirations.

How influential a part Mr Rhodes's dealings with the Afrikaner Bond may have played in fostering the hope of eventual Dutch supremacy it would be impossible to say. Perhaps no other man has done so much towards it, though there are imperial officers who might be named who have been zealous auxiliaries. The practical point now is, that for all these false hopes the parties concerned are doomed to suffer, and in one or many forms Great Britain and her loyal colonists have to pay for every false hope that has been raised.

V. THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

Whatever may have been Mr Rhodes's idea in creating the Chartered Company, the boldness of the scheme and the arduous steps by which the consummation was reached bespeak a mind of no ordinary calibre. It will be for the next generation perhaps to pronounce the final verdict on the enterprise, while we have to judge of it by its fruits as we know them. Mr Rhodes doubtless believed in the Company, as he did in South African confederation, and as he does in Rhodesian independence; but there are symptoms of his faith becoming faint, allusions from time to time to coming changes, and the supersession of the Company is not obscurely foreshadowed. The Company, we may therefore surmise, has, so far as Mr Rhodes is concerned, nearly served its purpose; and we may do his sagacity the justice to say that he probably never intended it to go much

farther than the point at which the Imperial Government would have to step in and take it over with its engagements. There are those who look upon the budget of recent events as a means contrived to accelerate the crisis, and their views receive some support from the habitual tactics of "forcing the hand" of the Imperial Government, as Mr Rhodes phrases it, which he has employed with such marvellous success throughout his political career. Generally by manœuvring it into an *impasse* automatic pressure was sufficient to bring about the desired result, and, where that could not be managed, by threats of disturbances or bugbears of different kinds Mr Rhodes has forced everybody's hand with whom he has sat down to play. And his game is by no means played out. There he probably spoke truly. To speak plainly, his divorce from the Chartered Company would be Mr Rhodes's apotheosis. To retire as a hero and a martyr, with fortune unimpaired and enjoying a mythical reputation, would be the very crown of that elaborate work of genius which his public career has been; and it is only giving Mr Rhodes credit for his transcendent ability in the manipulation of men to assume that, since the failure of the Company would be his personal triumph, the policy of riding for a fall has never been wholly absent from his mind.

Mr Rhodes may be trusted at any rate to know that a company which is to administer a vast territory while making dividends for shareholders is a contradiction in terms. Imagine a Chancellor of the Exchequer who had to dis-

tribute his surplus among some thousands of needy proprietors; imagine a body of shareholders whose incomes depended on a surplus of State revenue,—and the unworkable character of the combination becomes apparent. So far as matters have gone, the British South African Company has not fulfilled its dual purpose: it has not been able to administer its own administrator and its own managing director, "it had no control over its officers," as Mr Chamberlain told Sir H. Robinson; and dividends are not within measurable distance. Nor does it appear that any serious attempt at administration has been made. How the duty was estimated we have seen by the light-hearted way the staff was taken off to invade a neighbouring country.¹ Nor does the *personnel* indicate any great appreciation of what administering and "developing" a newly subjugated territory involves. In the beginning, indeed, experienced imperial officials were sought for, like Colonel Pennefather and Mr Colquhoun. But this was soon changed, and men of no experience whatever were employed in every department, as if the Company did not contemplate any serious administration. But what the staff lacked in administrative qualities it made up in the spirit of enterprise. It was a pioneering and not a developing organisation. Railway schemes—on paper only,—the booming of embryo cities, wars and raids, and the promotion of companies, were within its province; patient development evidently was not. The police even was never a peace but a war service; the men, enlisted

¹ "There are now ten men of the Border police in the whole Bechuanaland Protectorate, four of whom are doing Customs' duty. There is now no magistrate in the Company's new territory."—Mr Newton to High Commissioner, Jan. 7.

only when there was fighting to be done, were paid in claims, and then disbanded as soldiers of fortune, to be enlisted again when there was fresh game afoot. Where was the administration in the intervals?

Chartered companies are, in fact, an anachronism as much as spinning-jennies, as was clearly pointed out by the more thoughtful of our publicists at the time of the inception of the African group. Their purpose was laudable, but their principle was false. They were a screen behind which the Government might hide its responsibility in the settlement of new territory. They were to constitute such a *de facto* occupation as we maintained was wanting to complete the title of Portugal to the territories she had appropriated on paper as a gift from the Pope. Above all, they were to save the pockets of the British taxpayer, so that he might be the better able to meet the demands of the London School Board, the London County Council, and suchlike. The offer to defray the cost of government without calling on the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the most tempting bait which the Company could offer to a Government and a nation so sensitive on the money side. And that it was so intended is shown by the reiterated citation of this item in the contract by the sponsors of the scheme. But "the British taxpayer" is somewhat of a question-begging term. If we substitute the British people, we get some astonishing results in the way of comparative economy. So long as the Company is solvent and pays its way, its outlay concerns its own shareholders, though in the contingency of its being bought out by Government, its heavy expenses would no doubt in one form or another be brought

into account. The cost of the raid, the indemnity due to the Boers, the cost of operations in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and the compensation to Rhodesian settlers for their losses due to want of protection, are items which, if they ever do come to be acknowledged by the Home Government, will fall heavily indeed on the taxpayer.

Similarly the large amount of British capital that has been attracted to Charterland as to an El Dorado concerns those who have thus disposed of their money. None the less, however, is it a drain on the floating reserve of the empire. But the expenses consequent on the operations of the Company outside of its own territory, which must come directly out of the pockets of the taxpayer, are also heavy. The telegrams alone must represent the income of a millionaire; the cost of bringing home prisoners, cost of the trial, of the commission to collect evidence, the mobilisation of the Flying Squadron, the promised parliamentary inquiry, and the dislocation of the official machinery, are items which might be reckoned in money, and they are heavy. There is also the indirect loss of wealth, resulting from loss of credit, and the damage done to the character of our youth through teaching them lawlessness. On the whole, therefore, the Company cannot be held to have fulfilled its promise to save the taxpayer's pocket.

The essential service which the Chartered Company has rendered to the empire was its running a wedge northwards to the Zambesi, so as to secure the British possessions from being eventually—perhaps very promptly—enclosed by rival States. For this Mr Rhodes and the shareholders deserve, and

they have received, the fullest national recognition. Had the transaction stood by itself, it would indeed have been a false move in the game of empire, a reversal of the traditional sequence in our colonising process, in which private adventurers have ever been the pioneers, to be followed at a long interval by the State machinery of law and police. To open a colonisation scheme with the paraphernalia of government, and then wait for people to come and be governed, was to work against the current. It might, nevertheless, succeed, like the Johannesburg waterworks, in forcing the stream up-hill. And false steps, considered abstractedly, may be held to have been forced upon us by the previous false steps of other Powers. Germany had been bitten by the colonial fever, and had been sending squadrons round the world to see where territory might be had. Her eyes had fallen on Africa, where her pretensions soon loomed so large that Great Britain had either to submit to being confined for ever to a corner of the vast continent, or to make an organised movement from above, anticipating the slow, spontaneous movement from below, and occupy the ground with dummies, pending the arrival of *bonâ fide* settlers. Germany, France, and the Congo State between them—to say nothing of the Transvaal—would have possessed themselves of the whole of Africa had we not to the extent we have done blocked the way. And it was the supreme merit of Mr Rhodes and his Company to have been the agency by which this imperial *coup* was effected.

That, however, does not exhaust the question. We have to consider also whether it was a merit of her Majesty's Government to permit the difficulty to be met in

that way. If it was done to evade responsibility it has failed completely, for the postponed obligation is already clamouring for discharge with frightfully accumulated interest. If it was done to save expense, it has equally failed; for Rhodesia has already cost the nation, whether "taxpayers" or not, much more than if the administration had in the first instance been undertaken by the Government. Besides, the account is not nearly settled, nor will it be until the Government has taken over the Company and indemnified them for an extravagant outlay over which Government has been precluded from exercising any control.

It has been argued, and the argument has been officially adopted by Mr Chamberlain, that the territory could not have been efficiently governed from Downing Street. And it may be true in a certain sense. But shift the scene to St Swithin's Lane, and to the function of administration and protection add that of earning money for the shareholders, and all difficulties at once melt away! Does anybody now, did anybody ever, seriously believe in such hocus-pocus? It cannot be too often repeated that the Chartered Company is essentially incompetent to do any one of the things it was ostensibly created to do. Six months of serious administration would have developed scandals which might not have ruined the Company—for if it can survive the Transvaal outrage it can stand anything—but which would seal the fate of new chartered companies for a century to come. But it is a mistake to suppose the Imperial Government is unable to rule native territories in Africa. The successful administration of Bechu-

analand under Sir Sidney Ship-
pard, and of Nyassaland by Sir
H. H. Johnston, would prove the
contrary, even if we had no his-
torical record to appeal to. By
what right do we call ourselves
"imperial" if we cannot do that
much? It is our speciality.

Now as to Mr Rhodes and his
connection with the Company. No
one has worked with greater con-
sistency the principle that every
man has his price. But has he him-
self not also his price, and is it
not just possible that the country
may have been induced to pay too
much for him? However highly
his services to the empire may be
estimated, it would not have been
a very sound policy to reward
them by a perpetual incumbency
of the administration of Charter-
land. He has never shown the
least capacity for real administra-
tion, though he has a great talent
for illusion. Take the Beira rail-
way as an example. It was prom-
ised to be open in 1892, and in
1896 there are only seventy miles
of tram through the fly-belt, and
that quite inefficient and useless
for transport. One man is good
for brilliant feats, another for
plodding work, and the militant
pioneer is not the best husband-
man. Some other form of acknow-
ledgment might be devised for Mr
Rhodes's services. If there are no
more worlds for him to conquer, it
might be a national economy to
confer on him a dukedom, with a
king's ransom by way of subsidy,
rather than maintain him as the
power behind the throne in Africa,
making peace and war at his will.
There was a curious naïveté in
the assurance given by Mr Cham-
berlain that Mr Rhodes had no
power to embroil us, because
Lord Grey was Administrator,
and Sir F. Carrington had not
delegated to him any military

authority. Mr Rhodes has never
waited for delegated authority.
His rôle is that of ruler of the
rulers, without responsibility on
his part. He had not even an
official position in the Colony
when he was guiding the hand of
the High Commissioner twelve
years ago, and it would be absurd
to suppose that, if a veteran official
like Sir Hercules Robinson suc-
cumbed at a time when Mr Rhodes
had his name yet to make, and if
subsequently our Knutsfords and
Ripons were like putty in his
hands, either Earl Grey or Sir
F. Carrington or any other official
person will be able to resist such a
man with the weight of De Beers
and the Gold-fields companies, as
well as an immense personal pres-
tige, behind him. Theirs will be
the official responsibility, his the
secret power. And it is the sunken
rock which is dangerous to navi-
gation. However we may allow
ourselves to be misled, the Trans-
vaal Government has no illusions
at all on this matter.

VI. THE GENESIS OF RHODESIA.

The merit legitimately accruing
to the Chartered Company and its
author for constituting a "stop-
gap" in Rhodesia for the benefit
of *bond fide* settlers need not
hinder us from recalling the cir-
cumstances which prepared the
way for that great enterprise.
The Imperial Government had
been slack in its administration
of the Bechuanaland Protectorate,
and had among other things per-
mitted serious encroachments on it
by certain Transvaal freebooters.
At last, however, in 1883, the
High Commissioner, in personal
conference with the Colonial Office
in London, induced the Secretary
of State to take a livelier interest
in the fate of the dependency, and
obtained his assent to the creation

of a Deputy-Commissionership for Bechuanaland. For this new office the High Commissioner selected a gentleman whom he knew well as a capable, honourable, and zealous man, who had spent his working life in the country, was intimate with the chiefs, and revered by the people. This was a veteran missionary, successor to Dr Moffat, Mr John Mackenzie. As he was also then in England, opportunities were afforded for the fullest interchange of views and information between the High and Deputy Commissioners on the one hand and the Colonial Secretary and all public men interested in South Africa on the other. Never, apparently, had a more perfect understanding been arrived at between the Imperial Government and its agents abroad. But Mr Mackenzie had scarcely reached the scene of his labours when for the thousandth time experience proved how inconvenient is a perfectly honest man in political affairs. Besides reporting to them the naked truth, Mr Mackenzie betrayed his brief acquaintance with the machinery of official life by assuming that his chiefs were as single-minded as himself, and desired only what was for the lasting advantage of the empire and the welfare of white and black inhabitants. General Gordon was another of those pure characters who are in the body politic as "foreign bodies" in the animal tissues, sources of irritation, extending sometimes to inflammation. Mr Rhodes admitted to General Gordon once that his ideas were admirable but futile, lacking a gold basis. He knew the world better than either Gordon or Mackenzie, and knew the interest of Englishmen could most surely be reckoned on if the enterprise "had money in it."

Now, the imperial protectorate of Bechuanaland, thus solemnly reaffirmed by her Majesty's Government at the instance of the High Commissioner, did not commend itself to Mr Rhodes's approval. He had quite other views about it. He was as yet but a private member of the Cape Parliament, and in Opposition, but he was beginning to feel his oats, and his hypnotic powers were already developed. He commenced operations on the Governor, and induced him to thwart the imperial *régime* in Bechuanaland, and to oppose everything that the High Commissioner had done while in England. What Mr Rhodes's real object was was unknown. His "objective," to make the military distinction, was to get Bechuanaland ceded to the Cape Colony, in which he eventually succeeded. He was in full crusade against the "imperial factor." Judicious threats of disturbances on the frontier, complications with the Transvaal, warnings about unlimited expense, and other means, were diligently employed "to force the hand," to frighten the British Government from consummating the protectorate. It was to be kept in a state of suspended animation until the Colony was ready for its annexation. The Governor of the Cape gave in his adhesion, and after what must have been a severe struggle the High Commissioner was also gained over to the Colonial *versus* the Imperial scheme. The difficulty with the latter functionary would naturally be that he was required by Mr Rhodes to repudiate his own choice, and to declare him to be the most unfit whom only a few weeks before he had selected as the fittest. Svengali himself could not have done better had he set himself to oust the Deputy Commissioner. Mr Rhodes knew

nothing of the country—had never been within 200 miles of Bechuanaland. Nevertheless, in private correspondence from Kimberley with the Governor at Cape Town, he was able to represent Mackenzie's information as erroneous, and his actions inflammatory. The Governor believed the irresponsible man at a distance rather than the responsible man on the spot. The High Commissioner threw over the man of his own deliberate choice at the bidding of one who desired the post for himself, and soon after commended Mr Rhodes's advice, in implied contrast to Mr Mackenzie's, on the special ground that he was "honest and quite disinterested." The Governor, being in personal touch with his constituents, was naturally, and properly, in sympathy with local feeling. The High Commissioner not only was 6000 miles away from his masters, but his salary was dependent on the vote of the Colonial Parliament. Hence it is easy to understand which functionary would be overruled by the other. So complete did the submission of the High Commissioner become, that he would not grant his imperial deputy leave to come to Cape Town for personal conference without the approval of Mr Rhodes, who was still, be it remembered, but a private member of the Opposition. And Mr Rhodes vetoed Mr Mackenzie's leave, because it was obviously inconvenient for him to give the High Commissioner an opportunity of clearing his vision.

The High Commissioner now entered with the zeal of a convert into the task of dissuading and preventing the Imperial Government from exercising its authority in Bechuanaland, while the Governor of the Cape urged his Ministers to apply for the annexation of the territory to the colony. The "im-

perial factor" was being ruled out, and so far had matters been carried in this direction that when the British Government sent Sir Charles Warren in 1884 with a force to protect the frontier from the raids of the Transvaal, he was reduced to parleying with Cape politicians for permission to march a British expedition through the colony. The imperial officers in Cape Town, moreover, took extreme precautions to prevent the new Special Commissioner from holding any communication with the only man who knew and would tell the whole truth about Bechuanaland.

Of Mr Rhodes's brief administration of the Protectorate it is only necessary to observe in passing that it consisted of a surrender to the Transvaal nearly as complete as Dr Jameson's military surrender at Doornkop, only it was enveloped in a haze of coloured reports, after the diplomatic manner.

The point to be noted in all this is, that the British Government was not so much to blame for its inaction in South Africa as is sometimes alleged, seeing its own agents were making imperial government impossible there in order that another authority might be called in to relieve it. The disintegrators of imperial authority were perhaps not mistaken in their forecast of how the British Government would drift into the shifting sand in which its policy was wont to become engulfed, and they possibly considered the "happy despatch" would save prolonged suffering. They may also have thought the interposition of a financial corporation to save the Imperial Government from its own mistrust of itself was under the circumstances justifiable as a provisional solution of

the problem of retaining our hold on South Africa. Yet when we read the charter of incorporation and the grave reasons which induced her Majesty to intrust such vast powers to the Company it is difficult to suppress a smile, or to imagine that, like the "Roman augurs, the parties to the compact did not exchange glances across the table as they signed. For nothing remoter from the real objects of the Company could have been alleged than those set out in the preamble to the charter. This piece of "bunkum" is only too much in keeping with political and financial methods generally. Still it is useful, and indeed necessary, to draw attention to it here, in order to observe how the whole process of ousting the Imperial Government and of substituting other agencies in the government of South Africa has been tainted with misrepresentation. It is only by keeping this fact in mind that the information we now receive can be properly appraised. And there is a special need for the retrospect, for we can only forecast what will happen to-morrow by closely observing what happened yesterday.

VII. THE UPSHOT?

One constantly hears the question, What is going to be the upshot? How is it all going to end? To which the only answer is, It is not going to end; but, like Mr Rhodes's political career, it is only beginning. When a wound that was healing is broken open, the last state is worse than the first. How vain are pious exhortations to harmony between the Dutch and English, while everything that can be done by the preachers themselves has been done to embitter the race feeling! They cry Peace! when there is no peace; for it was obvious to

any disinterested observer that there could be no solid peace with President Kruger while Mr Cecil Rhodes remained at large. Until he has answered for his conduct, "fair and square" and without sham, he is a danger to the peace of South Africa, his company an object of apprehension to the Boers (as it is the aversion of all neutral South Africa), and even the British Government itself must lie under the suspicion of secretly abetting schemes for the spoliation of the Transvaal. President Kruger was as clear and emphatic on this point in January as Dr Leyds has been in June. To talk of harmony in such a case is only to accentuate the Boers' suspicions, to justify their arming for their defence and seeking the support of such allies as may be obtainable.

Two logical courses were open to her Majesty's Ministers in January last: either to purge themselves entirely of the imputation of nourishing designs against the integrity of the Transvaal, without respect of persons; or to frankly assume complicity with the raiders and go through with the business. The halting middle course they have actually steered has only brought them between Scylla and Charybdis. No one knew so well as Mr Chamberlain what he ought to have done, and ought yet to do. Why has he not the courage of his convictions? He alone of living statesmen had evinced a keen interest in, and a clear apprehension of, South African affairs; but his is not the first instance of the clear hill-top view being forgotten in the clamours of the forum. On the outbreak of 1st January the hopes of all South Africa—Boer, Briton, and neutral—rested on Mr Chamberlain. All felt that their fate was in his hands. Was it to be internecine strife or peaceful progress? Question of life or

death to many thousands of men and women with the best blood of England in their veins, the real builders of the empire. Everything depended on the upraising of Mr Chamberlain's finger, or seemed to depend; for from the southern hemisphere the liliputian thongs that bind a Minister hand and foot are not visible. Perhaps, they thought, at last, in spite of the melancholy past, here is a man—a real and not a man of wax—and a clear intelligence may now be brought to bear on our colonial affairs. "If only England is honest," said the neutrals, with a shake of the head. "If only England is firm," said the loyal British colonists, with a sigh of misgiving.

The Chartered Company is viewed in South Africa, as it is in this country, from two opposite standpoints. There are those who say it is indispensable to the development of South Africa under British auspices, and there are those who declare it to be the chief obstacle to such development. Probably both are in a sense right; the difference between them being simply as to what is meant by development, for long words admit of ambiguity. Among those who deem the Company a curse to South Africa there is a subdivision: one party would like to see the charter cancelled and everything connected with it swept into oblivion; the other party say the charter ought by rights to be cancelled, but they hope sincerely it will not. For, say they, though conceived in sin and born in iniquity, it must be borne with like other illegitimate offspring.

In South Africa, as elsewhere, we are met at every turn by the irrevocable. What is done cannot be undone: there is no place for repentance, even if we seek it bitterly and with tears.

To estimate the development qualities of the Chartered Company we must recall the scramble for Africa which has been going on for twenty years, one result of which has been to confer immense importance on the mere expression—territory. Men have got to "think in continents," and a new province that is not as big as France and Germany combined can with difficulty find a place in the popular imagination. And the idea of bigness standing for greatness seems to have so entered into the tissue of our brains and affected our common speech, that it is assumed without argument that man was made for the territory and not the territory for man. If there is a piece of vacant ground anywhere, or an area occupied by people whose voice can never be heard, it is treated as a mere duty for us to go and occupy it, whatever its conditions may be, and whether it be what is understood by a "white man's country" or not. But the human element is all in all. Apart from it, the African continent is as worthless as the frigid zone. When we speak of the House of Commons or the house of Rothschilds, we are not thinking of brick and stone and do we need to be reminded that all the wildernesses in the world would add nothing to the strength or dignity of our imperial position? Paraphrasing the popular German song,¹ may we

¹ "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,—
Das soll es sein."

not rather say the British empire is the nerves and sinews of the British people wherever they are—that, or nothing. But the theory that makes a fetish of square miles fits colonisation by a financial company like a glove; for the operation must necessarily take an artificial form. Companies cannot wait for natural growth, for the demand overtaking the supply; their action must be forced like that of a stage play, in which the events of a lifetime are compressed into the space of an hour.

As regards Rhodesia, two different kinds of report are given of its present situation. One party represents everything there as highly prosperous. Houses, hotels, churches, clubs, and shops are in full operation; roads and telegraphs are constructed, and railways are being pushed on; "stands" have been sold and re-sold at a profit; mining claims have been extensively pegged out—in short, everything is booming. The other party says these are merely outlays of capital for which no return from the soil is yet visible; that the settlements resemble new French colonies, where the residents live by selling each other vermouth and cutting each other's hair. One group sees a land of infinite promise; the other sees as yet no fulfilment of the promise.

If Mr Chamberlain was right when he stated in Parliament that the department of State over which he presided would be incompetent to manage a distant territory like Rhodesia, that would be mainly because, from the necessity of the case, the tree has, so to say, been planted upside-down. Had the country been settled in the spontaneous traditional manner, by the infiltration of self-reliant adventurers, without any

Company to play Providence to them, they would have found a *modus vivendi*, as English immigrants have seldom failed to do. But the trouble was that we were forced, or imagined we were, to adopt the French and German system of colonisation, and set up the mill before there was any grist. We have copied only too faithfully that fatal feature of the French system—divided authority—which has caused so much friction in Tongking, and now again in Madagascar. Between the High Commissioner and the Cape Governor, between Mr Rhodes and the Chartered Company, between the civil and military authorities now in the field and the different kinds of armed forces, and between all these and the Colonial Office, there is nothing but admired disorder breeding daily disaster. The very men engaged and paid for policing and fighting have not known whom they were serving. A simplification of all this by thorough reconstruction of the whole machine is essential to any kind of orderly government.

A glance at South Africa generally is sufficient to suggest the fear that the mere extent of the Chartered territory must be the greatest hindrance to its development. The desideratum, from the economical and social point of view, is not land, but people, even if they be coloured, which does not harmonise with the Rhodesian dictum that "land is better than niggers." The colonists in the settled States are so scattered as to lose the inestimable advantage of association. Communications are slow and transport is expensive; markets are wanting; no efficient combination for irrigation or for improvement in the treatment of the land is possible. And these are enormous

drawbacks to any kind of progress : they are, in fact, a main cause of the wholesale deterioration of the Boer population. The climate cannot be altered, nor long droughts evaded, nor locusts insured against, nor rinderpest and horse-sickness eradicated ; nevertheless it is the matured opinion of old-colonial residents that, with greater energy, more efficient labour, and the stimulation of a denser population, the products of the soil might be indefinitely increased. Or, put in another way, were the area of Cape Colony, Natal, and the two Dutch republics shrunk to one-third of its present dimensions, or the population trebled, there would be more prosperity and more comfort for every family. An agricultural country which imports its breadstuffs, and a pastoral country which imports—and heavily taxes — mutton, surely leaves much to be desired ; and the first desideratum seems to be concentration. The extraordinary efforts and corresponding success of isolated individuals in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal in pure farming proves what might be done by intelligent and persevering husbandry, and the apparent reason why such a fruitful ferment has not leavened the lump is the extreme tenuity of its component particles. A dull farmer with no neighbour within ten miles may perchance read a paragraph in his local paper about some successful experiments in feeding or breeding or agriculture proper ; but he probably classes it among the “varieties” which are scraped together for light reading in the newspapers. If in order to educate his eye by an object-lesson he has to travel 200 miles in a Cape cart, and give ten days of time which he cannot spare, he will never move a step. Moreover,

there is much in the mere life of a town that is both suggestive and fruitful which cannot be exactly analysed. The progress of the world has always come from compact communities, and whoever is long separated from the collective life which is natural to man must grow dull and become stagnant, if not retrogressive. Land as such may be necessary for high strategic reasons, and yet be ruinous to the occupiers. Let the distinction be observed and no mistakes need happen. No one quarrels about either the salubrity or agricultural inducements of Aden.

Of course the existence of payable minerals in Rhodesia would alter the whole aspect of the place ; but it is a question which awaits a practical test, the evidence before the public so far being negative. The expectation of finding gold has done more than the grazing prospects to attract adventurers to Charterland, but whether those who come to mine will remain to breed cattle is a doubtful question. The stamp of man who does the one will not as a rule do the other ; they are of totally different temperaments. What the troopers have done who received large grants of land in lieu of pay has been to sell out for cash either to some speculator or to some one who meant seriously to settle down to agricultural work. But these, again, are not fighting men, except under compulsion, and until the fighting is over there is hardly a place for the plodding, peaceful, patient agriculturist. In the meantime it seems decidedly premature to forecast political independence for a floating population of 5000, made up of such mercurial non-cohesive elements, and surrounded on three sides at least by States vastly stronger than Rhodesia is likely

to be for a century to come—a community, moreover, which is still at death-grips with the recalcitrant aborigines.

VIII. THE HOPE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

But leaving the Chartered Company to its proper destiny, there remains South Africa, with its manifold griefs and interests. It is a tangled skein, and the urgent question is how to unravel it,—so urgent that it may seem mere bathos to recommend patience; but heroic measures are of limited application, and are apt to prove dangerous. The “once for all” cry is illusory when it is a question of remedying the accumulated evils of two generations. It is a crisis where a cautious policy may be more appropriate than an energetic one, while the touch of a sympathetic yet firm hand would be more healing than any scheme that could be formulated or intrusted to officials of regulation pattern. But the man who could command the confidence of all parties is unhappily not yet in evidence, and it is too much to be feared, therefore, that the future history of South Africa will not differ greatly from the past. Yet the experience of the present year will not have been thrown away if it only sends us back to first principles, and forces us to reflect on the reason of our being in South Africa at all. A general agreement among ourselves as to the goal of South African policy would be an important step towards the realisation of such a policy.

Though “empire” does not appeal to every individual through quite the same channel, there are some elementary conceptions of imperialism which ought to command general assent. The well-being and welldoing of the British

race, its propagation, prosperity, and cohesion, is surely imperialism enough for everyday wear; and it is on the level ground of material interests—could the problem be but reduced to so simple an expression—that the solution of South African difficulties is most likely to be found. To get down to that, however, much rubbish has to be first cleared away, and when that is done we may perhaps perceive that it is not the “imperial factor,” but high politics of every sort, that needs to be eliminated before the beneficent reign of Peace and Plenty can be established in South Africa. If the British public, Government, and Press be not competent to deal with involved and far-reaching theories of empire, still less are the people and governments in Africa. They have neither the machinery nor the leisure for general politics—they are, in fact, better employed; and where the Imperial Government has failed the Colonial Government has failed more egregiously when it has strayed into the pseudo-imperial sphere. The reasons lie on the surface, and are in no way discreditable—the contrary, indeed—to the colonists. They are too much absorbed in adding their particular bricks to the imperial pile to have either time or energy to bestow on the grander outlines of the structure.

If South Africa be regarded as a whole, the situation appears simpler than when its political divisions occupy the foreground. Experience shows that the races of South Africa, white and black, are able to live together in amity under any or all of the Governments extant there. Their general pursuits are identical; their individual interests do not clash; they need each other's support; and

the purpose of their lives can be fulfilled equally in the Cape Colony, Natal, the Free State, and the Transvaal. The political divisions would be hardly noticeable, indeed, if speculative politicians would but leave honest men to their honest work. Life in Africa is from natural causes so arduous that to succeed demands the best qualities of our race — industry, originality, and ambition. Customs dues, fiscal oppression, even State corruption, are but the dust of the balance compared with the burdens which Nature imposes on a sparse and struggling population. A thousand miles of roadless scrub, a flight of locusts, or a native war! What is living on this or that side of a political border-line to such trials of endurance, which are the common lot of residents on both sides? The Asiatic rinderpest alone, which is spreading with the terrible rapidity that characterises newly imported maladies, far outweighs every political or administrative interest in the country, and threatens to involve all races in a common ruin. There would appear, therefore, to be no natural reason why the Afrikaner should not form a happy family, on a basis of common interests, irrespective of artificial divisions. If eventual fusion of the European races be the happy destiny of South Africa, that would be reason the more to avoid sowing the seeds of future bitterness.

The Dutch Boers in Cape Colony, although natives of the soil and subjects of the Queen, were content for seventy years to cultivate their farms without troubling themselves about government. Whether they would have been better off had they continued to stand aloof is an idle question,

for they could not help themselves. Politics were thrust upon them when representative government was forced upon the Colony, in a fit of abdication, by the Imperial Government, in 1872. The political agitator was not long in making his appearance, with his miserable trade of setting class against class and race against race. The simple Boer has been made to eat of the tree of knowledge, with its irrevocable consequences; but whether the good or the bad preponderates, it is perhaps as yet too early to decide. Then a most patriotic statesman, the late Lord Carnarvon, thinking perhaps to anticipate the inevitable, made a noted essay in high politics, the attempt to federate South Africa. Having conceived the idea, and carried it through in Canada, it seemed feasible in South Africa also, and Lord Carnarvon allowed himself too easily to be persuaded by Mr Froude that the time was ripe for launching the scheme. Disastrous, indeed, have been the consequences of that crude and ill-informed enterprise,—the frivolous annexation of the Transvaal, the Zulu war, the rebellion of the Transvaal (got up, not by the Boers, who were contented, but by European intriguers, who are to this day the fomenters of strife), and in short all the bitter fruits we are now eating. Apathy has often been charged against British statesmen, but there are times for masterly inactivity. Had Lord Carnarvon been as indifferent to the concerns of the empire as Lord Granville was, what miseries might have been spared to South Africa! Confederation in the abstract was but an *ignis fatuus* leading into the quagmire. To wait till the people concerned felt the need and had something definite to propose would have formed a solid

ground for statesmanship to work upon.

May we not therefore say confidently that to establish peace in South Africa it is necessary to save it from politics, from high politics in particular, and above all from a speculative, feverish, pinchbeck-imperialistic intoxication which diverts men's minds from their proper business? What are our actual relations with the Transvaal but the very abortion of high politics? Fighting a losing battle over the shrinking rags of a suzerainty which was but a temporary make-believe to deceive the British public, we have only succeeded in keeping up an unnatural friction, and in reducing our legitimate influence to a minus quantity. Is it not a monstrous thing that throughout South Africa the air should be filled with portents of bloodshed and "civil war"—for that is the usual expression. And for what? Merely to settle the relations between the Dutch and British, who are not divided in interest, but who have been both made the victims of our political and financial schemers. The jubilant Boers are offensive, and ought to be put "once for all" in their proper place. Such is the sentiment of the bellicose section of the British people and colonists. We never know when to expect another British invasion, say the Boers, and therefore must keep our powder dry. And so the pitiless game goes on, each side provoking the other, and cultivating hostility as if it were a most valuable product. The Transvaal is our bugbear, as Rhodesia is the bugbear of the Transvaal; but as neither is to be given up, surely some terms of accommodation other than the arbitrament of the Maxim gun ought to be found. Reduced to essentials, the dependence or

independence, nominal or real, of the Transvaal can make little difference to the British status in South Africa, which rests on quite another foundation than on hair-splitting interpretations of treaties. It is our imperial force—not military force alone—directed by imperial resolution which holds up the empire, whether in Africa or anywhere else.

It is the imperial factor conscientiously directed that is alone able to keep the peace and secure progress in the southern continent. It is abdication, and the delegation and abuse of the imperial authority, that has set the prairie on fire. All the territories and tribes to whom responsible government cannot be conceded can be ruled by the Queen alone, who needs no fictitious buffer between her authority and the most recent of her subjects. Intermediate agencies have ruined the Red Indian, and we cannot justify ourselves before God or man if we shirk direct responsibility for our national dealings with the savages whose lands we have appropriated. Neither Boers nor British colonists need our help in the management of their affairs; but neither can they manage ours. Let the respective provinces therefore be clearly demarcated. The imperial sphere is wide and encircles the colonies, uniting them in the general scheme of defence. On that side there is happily no misunderstanding. What, however, is less commonly realised is the necessary duty of governing which rests on the Imperial Government, but which it has an inveterate habit of evading. Having forcibly broken up the native organisations, we must assume the burden of ruling, and must decline all substitutes and subterfuges.

South Africa requires first of all that the British Government shall definitely assert its authority there. This is the desire of Boer and Kaffir alike. Secondly, efficient machinery to execute the will of the Government, having as its head a competent representative always in evidence in Africa, a real High Commissioner, shielded from every influence save that of the Crown. Of course this will cost money, but not a tithe of what the neglect of our duty has cost and will continue to cost us. And it will be money well invested if it secures to us a man—there are plenty of them to be had for the asking—who would rule the natives like a father, filling the place vacated by their dead or conquered chiefs; who would regulate the influx of

settlers into new territory, while assisting them in all lawful enterprises, and who would defend both White and Black against all interference from without. Rhodesia has of course the most pressing claim, and there need be no longer any delicacy about superseding the worthless sham that has pretended to govern that territory. But the Queen's representative who shall wield this imperial authority in South Africa must have no Downing Street scheme given him to work out, like that which crushed the best man ever sent to Africa—after Sir George Grey,—nor must he have a task put upon him which man of woman born could never yet perform—that of serving two masters.

A. MICHIE.

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THE SUDAN ADVANCE: WHAT NEXT?

"NOTHING justifies like success," and it may be said with assurance to-day that seldom has the wisdom of any move of such importance as the advance into the Sudan been ratified so promptly and so conclusively by events. Many considerations which induced the Government to take that step could not be openly avowed. Susceptibilities had to be studied, influential suggestions could not be divulged, and it would have been imprudent to invoke dangers which to the initiated were imminent, but which were not *then* generally acknowledged. The past few months have, however, sufficed to clear up much that was doubtful, to give publicity to facts which were before only known to a few, and to confirm the anticipations of the instructed.

It was a favourite objection to the policy of the Government, on the part not only of party op-

ponents but also of many uninfluenced by party considerations, that in the Sudan expedition we were sacrificing Egyptian interests for Italian, and causing Egypt to squander her resources and shed the blood of her sons to assist Italy out of her troubles in Erythrea. This argument, although plausible, was a perversion of the truth, and showed an imperfect grasp of the situation. The fact is that it was because the consequences of what was threatening Italy at Massowah and Kassala were certain to create for Egypt a position of the gravest danger, that a policy of inaction was no longer prudent. This we can now convincingly prove.

Flushed by their extraordinary successes, the Abyssinians were inclined to listen to French and Russian counsellors, and to join hands with the Derwishes to oust effectually the Italians from Ery-

threa. Such an alliance, for a definite purpose advantageous to both the King of Abyssinia and the Khalifa Abdullahi, was natural, and indeed, in the circumstances, obvious. The proof that a beginning had been made towards its accomplishment is not wanting. Presents, we know positively, were sent by the King of Abyssinia to the Khalifa very shortly before the decision of the British Government in regard to the Sudan, and every one knows the significance of such presents from one Oriental potentate to another. They are invariably the outward tokens of an interested amity. But in offering this alliance Abyssinia counted upon the continued inaction of Egypt, and of England through her. Nay, she had good grounds to expect that inaction, for it must be acknowledged that it was only the advent to power of a strong Government in England which made a forward policy possible. The march of Egypt into the Sudan, however, changed matters, and, notwithstanding her first advances, Abyssinia ceased negotiations with the Khalifa when she perceived that an alliance with the Derwishes would bring upon her new and redoubted enemies.

But worse than an alliance between Abyssinia and the Khalifa seemed imminent. There were indications that Italy was not disposed to wait till she was driven out of Kassala. She was believed to have decided to take the initiative, and to abandon, of her own free will, Kassala to the Derwishes. Since then that belief has been proved to be correct. Those who closely followed the march of events were shocked when, about three weeks after the Egyptian advance had begun, and simultaneously with the news of the brilliant defeat of

the Derwishes near Sabderat by Colonel Stevani, the telegraph from Massowah announced that General Baldissera not only had refused his dashing lieutenant permission to follow up his first victory on the morrow, but had also given orders for the evacuation of Kassala. Happily, from Rome, after a delay of twenty-four hours, information came that Kassala was not to be evacuated. A speech of the Marquis di Rudini in the Italian Chamber fully a month later gave, quite incidentally, the explanation of the contradictory telegrams. General Baldissera, carrying out intentions long previously entertained, had in reality ordered the evacuation of Kassala, and it was only from Rome, where the importance of the diversion agreed to by the British Government was justly appreciated, that the General's decision was overruled. We were in disaccord, said the Italian Prime Minister, with General Baldissera as to the evacuation of Kassala, and it was by the exercise of the superior authority of the Cabinet that the evacuation was not carried out. It is to be regretted that that superior authority had not been further exercised in allowing Colonel Stevani to follow up his victory, for without doubt he would have inflicted upon the demoralised Derwishes a crushing defeat. Profiting by the inaction of their enemy, the Derwishes hastily retreated across the Atbara, and thus extricated themselves from a position of the gravest danger. But the point which is clearly established by the incident we have related is this: it was the decision of the British Government, that Egypt should advance into the Sudan, which led the Italian Cabinet to overrule the orders of General

Baldissera for the evacuation of Kassala. The results of that evacuation, had it been carried out, would have been serious to Egypt. Released from the standing menace of Kassala in Italian hands, the Khalifa would have directed his whole power against the Egyptian frontier, untrammelled by other preoccupations and intoxicated by unexpected success. History, when it is written with full knowledge of the intriguing influences now unavowed, of negotiations enveloped to-day in the utmost secrecy, and of suicidal tendencies in policy on the part of the Italian General under the influence of extreme discouragement, will reveal to the world how nearly successful was a combination which would have been disastrous to Egypt. That combination was only defeated by the advance of the Egyptian army southward, and we now perceive that the move was made just in the "nick of time."

Equally justified so far by success has been the confidence in the Egyptian army as an organisation, which was implied in the resolution of the British Government to authorise the advance into the Sudan. The decision to move southwards was as great a surprise to the Egyptian War Office as it was to the general public. Without the slightest previous notice the Commissariat was called upon to provide for the wants of 14,000 fighting men at the frontier. This meant transport of stores 193 miles by rail from Cairo to Balliani, 315 miles by river from Balliana to Assouan, 5 miles by rail or road from Assouan to Philæ, and 210 miles by river or road from Philæ to Wady Halfa—in all, over 723 miles, with four loadings and four discharges,

for the most part in places destitute of all the civilised modes of handling goods. Two thousand camels had to be purchased and sent to the front. Ten thousand of the troops had to be moved. A telegraph and a railway had to be laid down to Akasheh, about 80 miles beyond Wady Halfa. All these diversified operations had to be undertaken at once and simultaneously. So thoroughly was the Commissariat prepared for a time of pressure that the work proceeded without a hitch, and with so little "fuss" that, except at the points of loading and discharge, no one could have thought that anything exceptional was being done. In less than three months' time the railway to Akasheh was in working order, and 4000 of the fighting column were concentrated there, while the remainder were moving up in detachments. All this had been accomplished in a temperature often 128° in the shade, and through a district destitute of resources and bristling with difficulties. It was a feat in mobilisation which few civilised armies could rival, and of which any one of them might be proud.

If the Commissariat may be termed the lungs of an army, so the Intelligence Department is its eyes; and this latter service in the Egyptian army showed itself exceptionally strong. Not only did it know with accuracy every feature of the country to be traversed, but it was also thoroughly cognisant of all that was passing in the enemy's camp. It was this perfect knowledge of the enemy's plans and positions which enabled the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, to strike his first blow with such crushing effect. While the Derwishes were organising an attack, little dreaming that their

intentions were known, they were completely surprised by the well-planned and as admirably executed advance upon their camp at Firkeh. The details of that battle of the 7th of July, and the immediate following up of the panic-stricken enemy nearly 100 miles beyond, have been graphically described by the pens of able war correspondents, and they need not be repeated here. Our present object is sufficiently attained when we say that the victory of Firkeh did credit to the military ability of the Sirdar, to the competency of his officers, and to the fighting qualities and endurance of his troops. It also, more eloquently than any words could do, confirms the justness of the opinion which the British War Office had formed of the capability of the Egyptian army to carry through successfully the responsible and arduous task which devolved upon it.

We may regard with satisfaction, therefore, the important results which have been attained during the short time which has passed since the first step in the advance southward was taken. Kassala, whose evacuation was imminent, is now safely and surely held; the Abyssinians have abandoned all thought of alliance with the Mahdists, thus dispelling hopes which French and Russian intriguers indulged of creating new complications for England in Africa; a good part of the advance to Dongola has been successfully achieved, and a first blow has been administered to the Derwish power, affecting its prestige and increasing disaffection in its ranks.

Awaiting the rise of the Nile, a pause has necessarily to be made by the Egyptian troops in their march southward, but we may anticipate with confidence that by

the end of September the Egyptian flag will be again waving over Dongola and the troops of the Khalifa be retiring upon Berber. The limit of the free hand which, in Lord Salisbury's words, has been given to the Egyptian army will then have been reached, and the question will arise, "What next?" We will not attempt to anticipate the reply. The prudence which so far has proved eminently successful may be trusted to guide to a right decision. Much depends upon what transpires at the taking of Dongola. It may be doubted whether the Khalifa's Emir there will give his adversary the opportunity of dealing another such crushing blow as was inflicted at Firkeh. It is more than likely that he will act on the wisdom of the saying, "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." That was the method adopted by the Derwishes after their repulse by Colonel Stevani before Kassala, when they promptly put the Atbara between them and their opponents. Still more likely will it be their tactics now, seeing that, with the exception of the Baggaras, little confidence is felt in the loyalty of the tribes which form their fighting men. The Derwish forces will probably retire upon Berber before they can be surrounded.

In Egyptian military circles there is at present no strong inclination to push hastily beyond Dongola and Abu Hamed. At the outset of the move it was very wisely proclaimed, as it were from the house-tops, that "where we go in the Sudan there we shall remain"; and it would seem consistent with this sound policy that, having occupied Dongola, we should at once set ourselves to establish there a permanent and paternal administration. This object-lesson,

wisely carried out, may do more than many battles to weaken the fighting power of the Khalifa. The populations of the Sudan are longing for escape from Baggara tyranny and exactions. Abundant proof of this we have had from the declarations of those who have been able to escape to the Egyptian camp, and from the readiness with which many of the prisoners of Firkeh have joined the ranks of the Egyptian Sudanese troops. Time is therefore on our side, and not on the side of the Khalifa. With us it means consolidation and attraction; with the Khalifa it means disintegration and disaffection.

Still another important advantage would result from a delay till next year in the advance to Khartoum. It is unlikely that the Derwishes will leave any large supplies in Dongola, and the production of that fertile district has been so reduced of late years under Mahdist oppression, that it will not supply at once the stores necessary for a further advance. But seed-time will begin in October, and by the spring of next year harvest will have replenished the granaries and will permit of our obtaining on the spot all the wheat, barley, and, above all, straw, needed for a further movement southward. The purchases of the supplies will be appreciated by the peasant cultivators, and the economy of transport as well as of labour resulting, is a consideration of importance to a Treasury so hard pressed as the Egyptian. Unless, therefore, circumstances now unforeseen direct otherwise, it would seem expedient for many reasons to halt at Dongola until next summer, and in the meantime to organise the civil administration of the province.

This naturally brings to the front the question of what that

administration is to be. General Adye, in a letter to the 'Times' published on the 25th of June, gives expression to views on this subject which are rather prevalent in England. Citing Sir Samuel Baker and Major Wingate, he shows that the rule in the Sudan during Ismail Pasha's reign was deplorable—"venality, oppression, and military weakness." This does not seem extraordinary to those of us who know the nature of the rule in Lower and Upper Egypt in that same reign of Ismail Pasha. "Venality and oppression" are perfectly correct terms to express it, and "military weakness" was as fully exemplified at Massowah as in Darfur. The faults of the administration in the Sudan were those in Egypt, accentuated by distance from all control and far removal from European influence. In the south-western provinces of the Sudan there never was an administration which deserved the name; nevertheless, notwithstanding all the faults of the rulers, Dongola and Khartoum were prosperous centres in the days of Ismail. Too much is made of this bad administration when to it we attribute the revolt of the Sudanese. That revolt was mainly the outcome of the endeavour to suppress the trade in slaves. That trade was the profitable monopoly of the chiefs of the south-western tribes, and it was these tribes who flocked to the standard of the Mahdi, and formed the backbone of his fighting hordes. The capital error of Ismail was his annexation of the provinces to the west and north-west of Khartoum. These provinces, of an immense extent, difficult of access, and inhabited by tribes nearly barbarous and miserably poor, were a source of continual trouble. They will prove the same to Egypt now, if she foolishly at-

tempts to annex them and vainly tries to administer them. They must be restored to their pristine condition — petty native Sultanates, in amity with Egypt—and in that condition left for at least a generation to work out their own destinies. This being distinctly understood, the sphere of the administrations which it may be hoped to establish becomes limited to Dongola, Berber, and Khar-toum, all provinces associated with Egypt since 1820, connected with her by river, and possessed of extensive resources. It is necessary to emphasise this statement, because the Egyptian advance southward is constantly being described as having in view the “reconquest of the Sudan,” whereas it only aims at the reconquest of a very small portion of the Sudan. It is not the Sudan which General Adye, on the authority of Gordon, calls “as large as France, Germany, and Spain” put together. A glance at the map will show that what Egypt wishes to recover is an easily accessible belt of land, of moderate dimensions, watered by the Nile, and of great natural fertility. This haziness in regard to what is aimed at by the Dongola expedition runs through the following passage in General Adye’s letter:—

“When the Sudan,” he says, “has been conquered, are we to hand it over again to Egypt? I trust not. . . . It will be a terrible result of their [the Sudanese] accumulated misfortunes if they are again to be handed over to the detestable rule of Egyptian Pashas, who are notoriously unfit to govern their own country. If the conquest of the Sudan is to be undertaken by England, it is to us that will fall the duty of its administration and government.”

This fairly expresses the thoughts

of many Englishmen who do not know or realise the difference between Egypt under Ismail and the Egypt of to-day under British control. Then, all private interests were sacrificed for the aggrandisement of an insatiable ruler; the “courbatch” extracted all the savings of the “fellaheen” to satisfy the extravagant wants of a needy Treasury and the venality of corrupt functionaries; the “corvée” tore the peasants from their homes and strewed the country annually with victims of disease and starvation. The subjects were pilfered and oppressed, and the resources of the country were squandered, to gratify the caprices of a spendthrift ruler. Now, private interests are protected by courts open to all; the “courbatch” is abolished; the “corvée,” with all its hardships, is a thing of the past; and the rights of the humblest peasant are as sacred as those of the State, perhaps even more so. The fellah is as free to gain money as he is free to keep it, and enjoys as much liberty as, in some respects even more than, the citizen of the most civilised State in Europe. Irrigation officers distribute the beneficent waters of the Nile to all, whether peasant or pasha, favouring, if any favouring there be, rather the former than the latter. Universal equality before the law and individual liberty are to-day enjoyed by all the subjects of the Khedive. The detestable Egyptian pasha rule which alarms General Adye no longer exists in Egypt, for the administrations headed by such men as Nubar Pasha, Riaz Pasha, and Mustapha Pasha Fehmi, acting in harmony with British policy, have been as beneficent as the former pashadom was oppressive.

To that same type of administration—enlightened native, supported and controlled by British guardians—we need not hesitate to trust the wellbeing of the three new river provinces, with the assurance that their prosperity will advance by bounds. We may rely upon the contentment of a people left free to advance their material interests without oppressive exactions or irritating vexations. For some years indeed these new provinces must necessarily remain under martial law; but this is rather advantageous than otherwise. The system is better suited to the patriarchal habits of a less civilised people, and it obviates the application of the elaborate systems of taxation which have become use and wont in the richer provinces of the north. With a British officer as Governor, the connection with the War Office remains more intimate, and all conflict between the military and civil authority is avoided. The district between Edfou and Wady Halfa, as the frontier province, has been for some years under that exceptional government; and its populations have been markedly contented and prosperous, perhaps in even a greater degree than to the north, where bureaucracy is more deeply rooted. The reputations of Woodhouse Pasha, who was for some years its governor, and of Hunter Pasha, are examples of how the natives can esteem chiefs who, with a knowledge of their language, combine the qualities of honesty of purpose and consideration for the interest of the subject. The fact is, the experience acquired during several years of the working of the frontier province from Edfou to Wady Halfa simplifies, in an important degree, the administrative task to be done

at Dongola. That task amounts only to the creation of another frontier Government after the model of the one at present existing.

No review, however, of the situation created by the advance southward would be complete without a reference to the financial questions to which it has given rise. It must be acknowledged, with perfect frankness, that the Dongola expedition was rendered imperative in the interests of both England and Egypt. The dangers which menaced Egypt were also dangers which gravely affected the future of England in Africa. And thus the Sudan advance was a joint enterprise for objects vital to both parties. The fact that the proposal came from England, and not from Egypt, sufficiently establishes this solidarity. In these circumstances we cordially endorse the observation of a writer on the question recently, that "to throw all the burden of the expenses upon Egypt would be most unfair." In our opinion, it ought to be admitted at once that all the cost of the Indian contingent to and at Suakim, and of the movement of British troops from Cairo to the frontier, concerns the British Treasury: that is the minimum of what justly falls to the share of England.

We also bear in mind that all the ordinary expenses of the Egyptian army are provided for in the Budget of the year, and these consequently do not need to be taken into account.

With these provisos, we think we have good grounds for estimating the extraordinary expenses of Egypt for the advance to Dongola as roughly one and a quarter millions sterling. Of course in

war the unforeseen often plays a disagreeable part, but the sum we have just named is such a one as a responsible Minister would be justified in asking for.

In the present financial condition of Egypt this outlay ought not to present much difficulty. Few countries in Europe are in a position of such financial strength as Egypt. Of a revenue of ten and a half millions, four suffice to pay the interest of the debt of the country and its tribute to the Porte. The past three years, essentially normal ones, have left annual surpluses of, in 1893, £720,000; in 1894, £785,000; and in 1895, £1,088,000. The revenues affected to the consolidated debt of the country leave yearly a large surplus—in 1893, £1,390,804; in 1894, £1,551,932; and in 1895, £1,626,258. The consolidated debt of the country is only £92,000,000, equal to less than nine years of its revenue, and its bonds, bearing $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent interest, are above par. There are, besides, accumulated reserves amounting at present (since the distribution of the surplus of 1895) to five and three-quarter millions of pounds. All this is a record of solvency which any country might covet, and bears brilliant testimony to the success of Egypt under the guidance and guardianship of England.

But such was not the situation twenty years ago under Ismail Pasha. Then, the foreign creditors of Egypt had to do with a ruler whom only the most stringent measures could restrain from extravagance; and in self-defence they succeeded, by the help of their respective Governments, in establishing an institution called the "*Caisse de la Dette*," to which was given the most extended

powers to prevent the revenues affected to the payment of the interest on the foreign debt from being devoted to other purposes. This was the original mission of that International Institution, which to its credit must be admitted to have discharged its functions with great profit to the country and its creditors, in most difficult times. Unfortunately, instead of being limited to its original mission, which was the protection of the foreign creditors, the "*Caisse de la Dette*" has been allowed continually to extend its powers, and to-day it is being used by France and Russia as a political instrument for the annoyance of England through Egypt. It now claims the right of controlling every financial function of the Government, and the latest pretension of two of its members (the French and Russian Commissioners) is that a unanimous decision of the representatives of the Six Powers is necessary to sanction any advance to the Treasury, even out of funds which in no way concern the foreign creditors. The Egyptian Government is no longer master of its own property—the real master is an International Commission.

The accumulated Reserves, of which we have already spoken, form three separate accounts. First, "conversion economies," resulting from the conversion of certain portions of the debt in 1890. This account has at its credit to-day £2,235,000, for which no use has yet been found, because France has persistently objected to every proposal made by the Egyptian Government. The annual increase of this account is about £400,000. Second, there is a Special Reserve Fund

amounting to £471,000, which, being ear-marked "Special," requires no comment. Third, there is a General Reserve Fund amounting to-day to £3,071,000. This Reserve Fund was created in 1888 to receive a fixed portion of the yearly surpluses of revenue over expenditure, which, it has already been shown, have lately been very considerable. The object of this Reserve Fund was defined at its creation as—(a) to provide for any deficiency in the amount necessary for the service of the public debt; (b) to provide for any insufficiency in the unaffected revenues to meet the administrative expenditure; or (c) to provide for any "extraordinary expense" incurred with the consent of the Public Debt Commissioners. In short, always providing that the foreign debt and the administrative expenditure of the country were assured, this Reserve Fund was destined to meet extraordinary expenditure, to which every country from time to time is liable. The Egyptian Government justly considered that the Dongola expedition was an extraordinary expenditure, and applied to the "Caisse de la Dette" for half a million of pounds towards its cost. The sufficiency of the revenues affected to the public debt was proved by the yearly surpluses of over one million and a half from these affectations, and there was besides the "conversion reserve" of over two millions in the hands of the Commission *unappropriated*. The sufficiency of the unaffected revenues to meet the administrative expenditure was shown by the large yearly surpluses, part of which formed the General Reserve Fund.

The demand of the Egyptian Government for half a million for

extraordinary expenditure was, therefore, clearly correct, and by a majority of four to two the Commissioners of the Caisse de la Dette approved it, and paid over the money to the Egyptian Treasury. The minority (the French and Russian Commissioners) appealed to the mixed tribunals against this act of the majority, invoking the necessity of a unanimous decision. The Court of First Instance, with a Frenchman as president, accepted by a majority of three to two the views of the minority, and condemned the Egyptian Government to return the money. The question has still to be argued in November next, before the Court of Appeal, and it is impossible to foresee the decision. The whole situation is absurd in the highest degree; and in the event of the Court of Appeal confirming the judgment of the Court of First Instance, it behoves England to find a remedy. She cannot allow two foreign Powers to stultify her work in Egypt. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The first judgment may not be confirmed. The question of a remedy, therefore, is not pressing, and may not even arise. The Egyptian Treasury has encashed the half-million, and has by this time applied it towards the expenses of the expedition. The judgment of the Court that the money should not have been given is, in a sense, purely academic, and any action in regard to it really concerns the four Powers jointly, whose Commissioners were instructed by their respective Governments to make it.

Over and above this sum obtained from the General Reserve Fund, three-quarters of a million of pounds will be required to transport and maintain the troops this year

in Dongola; and it may be asked, Is the Egyptian Treasury in a position to find them? In answer we may say that we have sufficient confidence in the financial foresight of Lord Cromer and Sir Elwin Palmer to feel assured that they anticipated, when the expedition was resolved upon, that that sum could be made available. We know, from Lord Cromer's last report, that of the surplus of 1895, a balance of £332,000 remained at the disposal of the Egyptian Government, and there is every reason to expect that the accounts of 1896 will leave an equal or superior balance. The further sum required is a small one; and as the Egyptian Treasury possesses the power to borrow to the extent of one million on current account, it may be assumed that the Egyptian Exchequer is well able to meet the present strain upon its resources. True, there will remain still the cost of the advance to Khartoum. For that a further draft upon the General Reserve Fund must be made, and the unexhausted power of borrowing resorted to for the balance. On the whole, the financial situation of Egypt need cause no alarm. Nor is it the case that the appropriation of a sum of a million and a half from the "General Reserve Fund" for the reconquest of the Sudan as far as Khartoum, would be detrimental to the interests of Egypt proper. The scheme of the Nile Reservoir, which has been cited as a more profitable employment for the funds of that Reserve, is at present shelved, because of the opposition of France; and now that we have the prospect of soon possessing command of the river much higher up, the question remains to be examined by engineers whether

Philæ is the best position for such a reservoir. We are not aware of any other project, seriously studied, which demands a large outlay of public money; and if any such presents itself in the future, the yearly growth of the Reserve Funds may be counted upon to face it.

It must not be forgotten that the reopening of trade with the Sudan is of very considerable commercial importance to Egypt. That trade in 1883 was estimated to be worth two millions sterling, and under a fostering administration it may be expected to become still greater. Improved communications and the introduction of capital will give an impetus to that commerce which never existed before, and the recovery of such a market will be appreciated by all the native merchants of Egypt proper.

The advance into the Sudan greatly increases our responsibilities to Egypt, and renders it absolutely imperative that we remain in our position of guardians of its interests. This being so self-evident, it is our duty to make it clearly understood that the question of evacuation is no longer within the range of practical politics. We have no hankerings after annexation, not even after a protectorate. But we must frankly declare that our duty to Egypt and our duty to ourselves demand the continuance of the occupation. By this straightforward attitude we shall increase the confidence of our friends and be more respected by our enemies. It is beneath the dignity of a Great Power not to conform its language to its thoughts. It must speak the truth without fear. It is certain

that this language will be unpalatable to France, and it is to be regretted that it should be so; but it is more honourable towards France to treat her with candour than to befool her with vain expectations.

Great Britain has a conscience void of offence towards France and all other nations in regard to past action in Egypt, and she will maintain the same conduct in the future. Statistics prove that the commerce of all foreign countries with Egypt has largely increased during our guardianship,—that of some of them in a larger proportion than that with England; and France would have benefited in a greater degree than she has were it not for her protectionist tariffs. French capitalists have gained largely by the improvement in Egyptian securities, and they have been cordially welcomed

whenever they have proposed, as they have done considerably, to invest their capital in industrial enterprises in the country. In fact, it is not from the best type of Frenchmen that we encounter opposition to our presence in Egypt. It is from a limited but noisy group, who style themselves the colonial party, which unfortunately the exigencies of party government in France cannot afford to ignore, that French obstruction proceeds, and we in England are inclined to rate it too highly. However that may be, our clear national duty is to do courageously what we realise is right, and without fear to face the consequences. Weakness and unbecoming shuffling in language only give undue importance to the noise of our opponents, and inspire hesitation in the ranks of our friends.

A MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

Or if a man aske, "By what providence doth this evil spirit harbour in my breaste, the which I am no match for—that will surprize and overtake and beare down my honest thought with his malicious railleries?" I do confesse that I can answer no better than might the simplest soule that tends my sheepe.—BISHOP FELLOWES.

HERE lie we, baby, all alone,
And you are mine, and I am thine,
But we are not our own.
Oh, no, no, no, that would be sad indeed.
I cannot think what it would be
If we ——
Call to him, then, across the sea,
That he come home, come home with speed.
Too sleepy? Very well.
But let me tell
That breaking bud, thy mouth, 'tis not the hour.
Morn with its melting light,
Thou rose! and not the night,
Bid forth the flower.
To break when sleep and darkness woo,
'Tis not as other roses do.
Ah, but how sweet the parted lips to kiss!
Why, this, this, this
Madness is!
Away with it, or I shall devour.

Now will we sleep, but still to keep
Me thee, thee me, the while we sleep.
Thy head upon my arm must rest,
This pretty hand upon my breast:
So mayst thou feel the tireless strife
Of love within my heart to thee;
In thine I'll listen to the life,
And that is joy enough for me.
The winter winds unkindly blow,
Fast falls the charitable snow,
Like patient thought on hearts that grow
Aweary of the long ago.
And in the street a jaded band,
With muffled breath and freezing hand,

Play Christmas music sweet and sad ;
Sweet, for the echo of the song
Of the shepherds and the heavenly throng
About our Saviour's cradle made,
Wake to the blundering notes ; and they,
Distuneful, broken, and forlorn,
Are like poor souls aloud that mourn,
Broken and hopeless as they pray.
But, Mother of Heaven, thy babe is born
In hearts repentant every day.
Oh, to have been the Mother of Heaven !
Ah, but to be the mother of men !
Only a greater grace was given
To Mary, Jesu's mother, then.
For is not every man—ah, me !—
A lord immortal ever to be,
And every woman ——

(The wanton and all—)

. . . That they unmothered are that fall
Most wickedly, 'tis merciful !
Ah, little one, full well I see
How pure a woman's heart should be,
How free the fount from soil and stain
That stores the chambers of a brain
Which no more ready is to fill
With good immortal than abiding ill.
Oh, might I live my life again !
I tremble, baby ——

(Why, so you may !)

Tremble, lest on the last dread day
I see you stand, a man, in all
The accomplished stature of a soul,
Black with revealed dishonour caught
From some deep plague-spot in my heart—
Some wicked wish, some baneful thought,
In me a seed, of thee a part.
And is it so ? Lies there within
My breast, dear babe, as yet unshown,
The dark beginnings of a sin

To grow too kindly in thine own?
I think, I think, my life I read,
My days and nights, and cannot find
Or guilty dream or shameful deed;
And a faithful woman ——

(May yet be kind!)

Again the voice by which I know
That if in us there do abide
An angel given our hearts to guide
In warning whispers small and low,
There is by some ——

(’Ware blasphemies!)

—By some dread mystery there is
A devil-whisperer also.
But, little one, take thou no heed.
An evil spirit, it is mine indeed,
Yet not thy mother, dearest. All is well!

(Eternally: for who’s to tell?
To us alone, to you and me,
And the Peeping Toms from the skies that see,
And the soft night-winds in June that fall,
And the lime-trees topping the garden wall,
To me, and you, and these alone,
The dear sweet naughtiness is known.)

None, none!

(We’ll say so; for ’tis all
A secret, and so natural!
Who gave you youth and lips to kiss,
’Tis very much his business.
There *was* another love, you know!)

A presage, a foretokening!
A February day of spring,
Born in a morn’s untimely glow,
At eve to lie in shrouding snow.
Such was that love, so brief, so vain:

(But ah, so sweet to think upon!)

Came darkness, all was still again;
The earth was cold, the gleam was gone.

(Now, for hypocrisy downright——!
But why these fond deceits with me?
Am *I* censorious? . . . Well, good-night!
Sleep, then. It shall to sleep, poor wight,
And sweet its slumber-song shall be.

“O brook, be still! O gentle South,
Thy kisses cease amongst the noisy leaves,
And only kiss my burning mouth!

“O stars, make all your light to pour
On him whose love to me so fondly cleaves—
On him who comes, to come no more.

“For now indeed I cannot spare
His first least footstep, and I fain would see
Far as I may how sad they fare.

“Or shall I wish that unaware
My love come near, and sweetly startle me—
His hand upon my arm? 'Tis there!

“O brook, flow on! and thou, dear South,
Kiss with a thousand kisses all your leaves;
His kisses tremble——” Il-il-la!
And a trill-il-il-il-il-il-la,
La, la!
And the bound of a heart,
And the cry of a name,
And a leap of the spirit
Of flame to flame,
And crushing breasts
In arms enfolding,
And vision drowned
In the joy of beholding,
And a prayer for kisses
To slake the drouth
Of the rose of fire
On a maiden's mouth.
The lifted face——)

Ah, what is this?

(A cognisable story, and thine own.
 Will you deny it, then, this dear thine own,
 This hoarded joy, this hidden paradise
 Of memories, whither, when you lie alone,
 Your thoughts go swarming, swarming, swarming home?)

Indeed it is not as you say!

(An answer neither yea nor nay.
 The truth! and, whispering your reply
 At these small ears that hear not yet,
 Confess that you would not deny
 If to deny were to forget.)

Devil and torturer, begone!

(No, not to me; address your son.
 Be honest with the babe; and when
 You sing to sleep the little man,
 Think how unmotherly a wrong
 It were, to sophisticate the song.
 Fie, that a lullaby should be
 A ballad of hypocrisy!
 Tell him from me——)

This will I tell:

In every heart there is a hell;
 In every heart, by God appointed,
 A mocking devil is made to dwell.
 You who within me urge your lie's
 Indomitable subtleties,
 Still you confound, still you pursue
 To quell the truth that answers you
 But though you wither my replies,
 I know you know them not untrue.

("I think, I think, my life I read,
 My days and nights, and cannot find
 Or guilty thought or shameful deed":
 And a woman whose spouse is not too kind,
 Niggard, morose; and oh, and oh,
 With his mien of the lord of them that know,
 Common as cabbage . . . speak, if aught
 In that is liar to your thought . . .
 Must this poor mortal me confess

To mountain-loads of wickedness
 If she remembers? Why, 'tis known
 That every woman's soul's her own;
 Which means ——)

— by Hell interpreted,
 And by poor human weakness read—

(Which means ——)

Be still; you torture me!

(But why, when we so much agree?
 And it means that the law of woman's being,
 Beyond agreeing and disagreeing,
 Her Newton's law, her law divine,
 Of grace, fulfilment, perfecting,—
 The gift of the gods that is hers to bring,
 As flowers to the field, to the rock the vine,—
 Is with rejoicing eyes,
 With heart rejoicing,
 And sense to sense its cries
 Of tumult voicing,
 To know and fall down and adore the princes of men!
 Why, when so glorious a man — ! and then,
 In the revel and splendour of youth, so kind ——)

Sings.—"Come sleet, come snow, come rain and wind,
 Baby lies snug, they cannot find him,
 Nor the bear in the chimney ——"

(What! do you run? Yet must we still
 Believe of Truth that 'tis invincible:
 It does but stand and look, and all
 That would confront its gazing silence fall.
 That's mathematic: but you run.)

Say that I shun.

(You shun—that is, evade; and what
 Evasion is if it be not
 Flight fugitive, nor you nor I ——)

Flight then, tormentor, willingly !
 For it is God's behest that we do fly
 The lure of the debate, the limed controversy,
 Which is of old the snare of thine and thee.
 Speak thou no more : I'll answer not again !

(Madonna, to be plain ——)

Chide thy bad mother, then, my little son !
 Why, what a pillow of unrest
 Makes she her breast !
 But now we will to sleep, thou dearest one.

Sings.—"When on a day of summer sheen
 Rode forth King Arthur and his queen ——"

(The Queen, although she owned it not,
 Went thinking of Sir Lancelot.)

Pauses : "And when they came to his cradle-side,
sings. Those angels twain, they knelt adown :
 'What wind is this,' his grandam cried,
 'That stirs where open doors are none?'

"And she whose wings, as I thee say,
 Were like the purple butterfly,
 His hands she blessed, his feet she kissed,
 She touched his mouth with rosemary.

"But she who did companion her,
 But she whose wings were like to flame,
 She bent and whispered at his ear,
 'Nameless ! now hearken to thy name !'

"Thy name, thy ——"

Sings again "For Prebendary Price was all
drowsily. That you would call respectable ;
 'Twas said that none could be so nice
 As Mr Prebendary Price ;
 But Mrs Price she still said No,
 Her P. should not a-may—a-maying ——"

(*Sleeps.*)

THE PASSION PLAY AT SELZACH.

I WAS leaning on the stout wooden rail that forms the bulwark of the kind of gravelled quarter-deck terrace on which stands the Weissenstein Kurhaus—the old hostel that was built by the commune of Soleure in the year of the battle of Waterloo,—and was wondering at the marvellous view of the plain that stretched into a purple distance at my feet. From this height of 4250 feet above sea-level the air was chill, for the sun had just set. But if the cold had been arctic, one could not have taken one's eyes away from that seemingly unsubstantial rosy cloud that lay high up in heaven above the evening mists; for that cloud was in reality nothing but the snow-clad company of giant watchers for the dawn that stretch from Sentis in the far south-east to Mont Blanc in the extreme south-west. As one gazed upon the rosy moveless cloud, one was able to recognise in its ridged and wavy outline mountain-peaks long familiar at nearer view, but from the distance how changed! The three-peaked Wetterhorn, the sharp-toothed Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Blumlis mass, the glorious Altels, the long-ridged Wild-Strubel, and the domed Mont Blanc glowed and flushed and faded, and flushed again. Then the grey night seemed to weave a veil between us and the distant peaks, and our eyes travelled back over that limitless plain of towns and towers, and forests and fields, with here a snowy wreath of vapour, there a glinting and a glimmer in the grey expanse, to tell us of some rivers rolling through the midst, back to the wonderful silver serpent coiling

from the far west to the far east at our feet, on by the purple town of old Soleure, that now began to twinkle into stars.

There is nothing more beautiful, at the closing of the day, from this high mountain seat, than the way in which, as twilight steals upon the mighty plain, the lamps of distant towns and villages, "like fireflies tangled in a silver braid," suddenly jewel the twilight. As I looked far down the woody precipices upon the Oberdorf and Langendorf villages, my eyes caught a long, white, ghostly-looking road, straight as an arrow, that glimmered in parallel with the main course of the river Aare, on past a forest dark as death, to a little cluster of these newcome fireflies. "What are those village lights?" I said.

"Those are the lamps at Selzach; they will be hung there to-night, because to-morrow is to be the third performance of the second year's enacting of the village Passion Play," said a voice beside me. "It will be worth going down to see; for though it looks far, one can walk it in an hour and a half, and you will not be disappointed. The day begins with a special service in the village church at eight o'clock, but the performance does not commence till eleven. As a friend of the chief promoter, Herr Schäfli, I have promised to be present; will you bear me company? I can telephone for a ticket early in the morning, and for a place at the luncheon-table in the La Croix Hotel opposite. The new play-house seats 1200 people, but it may be crowded, and since an interval of one hour and a half is allowed for rest and

luncheon, we shall start for our six miles' walk early. You had better not be above such simple fare as the village inn can give you."

I assented, and on the morrow at 8.30 dropped down through the long incline of beech woods to Nesselboden; saw the white cliffs—whence Weissenstein takes its name—shine out among its fir-trees overhead; down through meadows golden with yellow gentian; by roadside banks filled with the flax-leaved harebell or many-flowered campanula, and delicious with wild strawberry; on through woods purple with columbine; by a stream that chattered at our side; down the hot gorge to the white shining road beneath that led us to the village of Oberdorf—Oberdorf, with its giant barns, its vine-trellises, its fragrant walnut-trees.

Close by the church, whose black tower-lantern may be seen afar, and whose churchyard cross of limestone gleams whitely in the sunshine, we turned westward and began a delightful walk over the richest plain of corn and fruit it has been my lot to see since the days when I passed along through just such corn-patches and flowers in the valley of the Nile. It seemed as if no inch of that vast patchwork of husbandry had been left uncared for.

There were no marks of separate ownership, no fence to keep us from the cherry-bowers or the corn-land plots; the light green oats waved here; beside them shone the yellowing barley; there, clover was sweet for the lark that hung above it; here a patch of flax or purple vetch was in flower for the bird that hides its nest in its close undergrowth. All was peace, prosperity, and friendship. Children with hands full of wild chicory or

blue corn-flowers and scarlet poppies passed us, tending their goats and keeping them to the open road. Ever at our right-hand side rose up the great Jura wall of beech and fir to heaven; ever on our left the coiling Aare glittered towards Solothurn. Truly, if ever there was to be seen a "well-watered garden of the Lord," it is here, in this canton of that old river-town the Romans knew so well.

We dived into a forest of pines that here and there let the sunlight splinter through with dazzling surprise, and gaining more corn-fields and potato-patches, made our way to the little village of Lommiswyl, with its white chapel and square belfry pinnacle standing unfenced among its pleasant fields—Lommiswyl, with its bees and roses, its well-kept "open stores," its huge stabled farmhouses, and its entirely comfortable look of happy industry.

Then, where the village roadside cross stands between its poplars, and the finger-post points to "Hasenmatt" towering overhead, we turned in the exactly opposite direction to our left hand, and so made our way across the sunny rolling plain to Selzach. In twenty minutes we saw below us in a bowery hollow the white tower of the church, and a glimpse of a new wooden building that was the theatre,—a theatre that had been raised during the year at the cost of £2000 by a public-spirited company in the village, under the direction of the mayor, who seems to be a very father of his people.

The scene of the village nestling in the bosom of the hill, the farms hidden in ample walnuts, the pastured slopes and grassy swells filled with sun and shadow, the Aare rolling beyond it from the

blue distance, the great Alpine chain of snowy cloud laid all along upon its lilac wall of lucent mist, was beautiful beyond words. A church bell tolled from the hollow, and a band of music was heard in the village. We sat down on a bank of flowers and talked of the history of the Selzach Passion Play.

"It was," said my companion, "in 1890 that the mayor of the village, who, as the owner of the large watchmaking factory, is the principal employer of labour hereabouts, happened to visit Oberammargau. He, with a few Selzach companions, was so impressed, that he determined if possible to create on a simple scale some representation of the kind here in his own home. He knew his people well, and believed they would enter into it in the earnest spirit which alone could either justify or give success to the attempt. There was a natural love of music in the village—perhaps the making of watches may induce a feeling for time, as it certainly encourages a feeling for exactness; and he knew also that there was a native ability to act. The village dramatic society had proved that. But there was no one to take direction or to train a choir, and though a professional musician was despatched to Oberammargau, he came back without having been enabled to obtain the necessary help in this direction. It chanced that just at this crisis a new teacher for one of the classes in the village school—the great white building with green shutters, by the side of the church yonder—was needed. The choice of the direction fell upon Mr Vögeli-Nunlist, who is the musical manager of the whole of to-day's performance, and whose wife will undertake the task of Prologue to the Passion Play. With more

than ordinary musical ability, this new teacher threw himself into the scheme heart and soul, and at once set about the training of a choir and orchestra capable one day of undertaking the task. They are not a large community to furnish orchestra, choir, and players to the number of 200, as you will see to-day. I think the village—man, woman, and child—only numbers 1500 inhabitants; but the village is united, there are no cliques or sets, and perhaps the very trade that occupies their hands—the trade of watchmaking—has sharpened their wits.

"After little more than a year's training the Selzach choir performed Witt's 'Jubilee Mass' and Romberg's 'Lay of the Bell,' supplying both orchestra and voice for the rendering of these. They next undertook to present at Christmas of the following year, 1892, Hemming's 'Christmas Oratorio,' with readings and eight *tableaux vivants* interspersed in the musical part of it.

"The same year, 1892, one of the cathedral clergy at Fulda, Henrich Fidelis Muller by name, published his 'Passion Oratorio.' The Selzach players determined to present it, and having obtained leave to make such alterations as were necessary to allow of their undertaking it, they provided themselves with suitable prologues and declamatory text, and following closely the line of the Passion Play performance at Hörtitz in Bohemia, they were enabled to present the play in the summer of 1893 with such care and reverence, such real religious feeling and devotional earnestness, as to disarm whatever hostile criticism existed, and to astonish all who came to see.

"They played it in the little village playhouse attached to the La Croix Hotel, and though the

room seated 500 it was found to be quite inadequate.

"In 1894 a company was formed in the village to build a separate theatre to be kept for the 'Passion-Spiel.' That great white-shining wooden building we saw this morning from Weissenstein is the result. Ugly enough and bare enough; but, admirably constructed for its purpose of sweet pine-wood, it has been arranged absolutely with a view to use, not ornament. It has been built after the model of the Baireuth theatre, so that the chorus and the orchestra are quite unseen, being below the floor of the building. The floor is sloped from front to back, so that all have equal chance of seeing the stage. It will seat 1200 people, is fitted with electric light and all the improvements of modern scenic appliance, and is admirably ventilated. You will admit," continued my friend, "that the village is in earnest, if it will spend £2000 of hard earnings on its theatre.

"Meanwhile, not content with the representation of the Suffering, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of our blessed Lord, as shown in 1893, the village Passion players have determined to add eleven *tableaux vivants*, representing typical scenes illustrative of Old Testament history, and twelve other New Testament scenes, from the Annunciation to Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. They have obtained the aid of one of the first scene-painters in Switzerland, and have made most careful studies of the work of the old masters in the grouping and colour and costume of the *tableaux*, and seem to have spared neither time nor expense in their production."

"But," I broke in, "they must have had some very able directing hand?"

"Yes; Herr Schäfli, the mayor, is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm has struck right through the village. You would be surprised how the players themselves have consulted books, have visited galleries to see old pictures. We have, for example, a famous picture of the Madonna by Hans Holbein at Soleure. You will see to-day to what advantage that picture has been studied; and if you know the aspect of our Jura hills at sunset or sunrise, the deep purple of our valley folds, the bright dazzling splendour of our mountain limestone cliffs, or how the river Aare yonder winds through its fields of flowers in this midsummer month, you will note, as the play proceeds to-day, that the scene-painter, Mr Libiszensky, has done what he can to localise the scene and give an air of familiar home surroundings to the *tableaux*."

"But of the actors," I said, "who are they, and what are they?"

"They are all from the village. It is their pride that they shall always be so. For example, the Christus is the watchmaker Robert Kocher. The St John is his brother Joseph. St Peter's part is played by another Kocher, a cousin; he enacts also the part of Moses in the Old Testament scenes. The Virgin Mary is a certain Marie Kocher, another cousin. The Prologue's part in the morning performance is undertaken by a young farmer in the village, Adolf Amiet, and Madame Vögeli-Nunlist will, as I said before, again undertake the speaking of the prologues for the Passion Play in the afternoon.

"I am telling tales out of school, for it is the desire of the players themselves that their names shall not appear on any programme, and if you purchase their photo-

graphs you will find that their names are not affixed."

"And what has been the effect upon village morals of this Passion Play?"

"The standard of morality," said my friend, "has ever been a high one in this Jura plain. The village of Selzach is no exception. But it is quite certain that earnestness has been added to the lives of the players, and the actual effort of working together for so long at a common piece of work has harmonised the village life. You know how watchmaking is done in bits; a man works always at this or that lever or escapement or toothed wheel—he never has the joy of completing the watch from first to last. Now in this play-acting he is a working part of a whole, and feels the joy of completeness of labour. This in itself is a real recreation. You would be astonished at the amount of work in common which has been bestowed upon this representation to-day. All through the winter months the chorus and orchestra and players practised or rehearsed five times a-week, coming together at eight o'clock each evening, and often working on till one o'clock in the morning. This, for men who had to go to the factory or to begin their day's work at early hours in the morning, is proof positive that their hearts were in it. But do you hear that fanfare of trumpets? That tells us that we must take our seats within a quarter of an hour."

I listened and heard a few bars of what sounded like the air that is the motive in Wagner's "Parsifal," and down into the village we went. It was "orchard, orchard all the way," with walnut-tree shadows upon the white road to give us cool, and a brook to make music at our side. The

great brown-backed Jura barn, or barn and farmhouse combined, was the feature. Each house seemed to have abundance of roominess all about it for the life of its inhabitants. Flowers shone in the balconies, vines grew on the trellises; cocks crew from their well-kept dunghills; doves cooed from the shadowy eaves; and old people sat in their shirt-sleeves and enjoyed the Sabbath sunshine. We passed the bald grey church, with nothing noteworthy about it but the magnificent bronze St Peter's cock upon its weather-vane, and the scarlet lilies that blossomed at its feet on the graves below. We passed the still balder village-school. Banners with a white cross upon them floated at the village corners. All was Sabbath quietude. Except that from house after house came singers with the music-folio under their arms, all tending towards the new theatre, you could not have suspected that anything out of the way was going to happen in Selzach to-day. Then the road seemed to be blocked with black-coats. Opposite the La Croix Hotel on the left six soldierly-looking men in volunteer costume stepped out of a tiny guard-house, and at the word of command halted and again gave us a fanfare. We took our tickets and our book of the words, and entered the cool, darkened building on our right hand.

Once more the trumpets sounded, this time from inside the theatre; and ere from its apparently subterranean source the sweet notes died away, the doors were all closed, and out of the wings in front of the drop-scene—which had upon it a somewhat realistic picture of Moses breaking the Tables of the Law in his anger, surrounded by the emblems

of the four apostles—walked the Prologue.

He was a tall well-built youth, with dark eyes, and face bronzed by the sun. He was clad in a flowing robe of white reaching to his feet, and with mantle of rosy pink thrown carelessly in toga-like fashion over his shoulder. He wore a very simple circlet of gold upon his head, and seemed the embodiment of strength and stateliness. He had not spoken more than a few sentences when one perceived that his voice was sympathetic and clear, his enunciation good, and his manner natural and restrained. This was the young farmer Adolf Amiet. He ceased, and to the sound of the recitative the curtain drew up and discovered the abode of Chaos and Old Night. Slowly a face in heaven as of a great angel dawned upon the darkness; vapours floated away; clouds, rifted and rent in twain, let rose and golden light through, and to the clash of cymbals and shout of the chorus at the words, "And God said, Let there be light," the darkness disappeared, and a sunny forest primeval stood revealed. It was effective but unreal, too pantomimic rather. The hand that managed the sun behind the scene was a little too clearly seen.

With this and with the next—the pictures of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and afterwards as driven thence by the angel—we confess to disappointment. Adam's jersey was not a skin-fit. Eve was neither young nor fair to see. One does not mean anything personal, but a fair-haired Eve would, in this land of the light-haired people of Selzach, have been preferable; and when the doom fell and our first parents took to skin waist-cloths, it would have been, from an artistic point of view,

better every way to have had these said skins made of light brown rather than of jet black. The contrast between white tights and black girdling skins was painful. Yet one was bound to admit that the lifting up of the hands of Adam and Eve in terror at the angel with the torch of flame was very carefully studied, and real.

The Prologue prefaced each picture by simple explanation, with just enough emphasis and gesture to declare his interest, but with no overacting which would have given him personal prominence. He was a voice, and that was all; his part was admirably conceived.

The third tableau was terrible in its truth. Abel lay dead beside the altar of offering, and Cain, too horrified at his own act to feel either grief or remorse, stood in the red light of the anger of God, while the chorus pronounced his doom of hard labour and sorrow without an end. The fifth picture represented Abraham's Temptation. One saw no ram caught in a thicket, but an angel from the rock put forth his hand to stay the knife; and one's eyes rested on the exceedingly well-posed youthful Isaac who had been led as a lamb to the slaughter.

Jacob's dream followed, scenic enough in effect, but overloaded with angels ascending and descending upon the sleeping man,—a needless confusion, and quite out of keeping with the Biblical account, which certainly speaks of a vision so clear, so simple, so direct, that the waking dreamer felt that God had been in that place and he knew it not.

Then followed the excellent tableaux of "Joseph sold by his Brethren" and "Joseph in Egypt."

It is true that in the former of these two pictures one felt one's

eyes irresistibly divided in attention between two groups. A little rearrangement would obviate that. It is true also that there was an absence of "old Egypt" in style of dress, in architecture, and in scenic background. In the latter of the pictures Joseph would certainly have worn the head-shawl, and have ridden in an Egyptian and not a Roman chariot. The colours of old Egyptian garments and decoration are well known to us, and these were wanting. Not even a palm, or a pyramid, or a sphinx, or a glimpse of Nile, or a gleam of desert could be seen; but as a grouping of an enthusiastic crowd lifting up hands of acclamation to their saviour, and governor over all the land, it was a great success; and when the chorus shouted their "Io Triumphe! Heil dir Josef!" you might almost imagine the chariot-horses pranced and reared at the sound.

In the ninth tableau, again, one was not in Egypt, but in the flowery meadows beside the Aare, as one gazed upon the three fair girls, the attendants of Pharaoh's daughter, who, kneeling in the tall grasses beside the stream, were wondering at the sight of little Moses floating in his wicker ark towards them, clapping his hands in childish glee; but the bulrush was conspicuous only by its absence, the lilies of the Nile were not seen. Nor, again, could the painter who arranged the dresses of the children have known the carvings on the temple walls which show how Egyptian maidens were dressed, or he would have surely clad these girls in other colours and in other wise.

The tenth tableau—"The Giving of the Manna"—one of the most successful of the Old Testament pictures, was heralded by the fine rendering of an air, "The Lord

is my Shepherd," by a good bari-tone, with full chorus; and, finely grouped, the whole scene was admirably conceived in colour and arrangement. As the manna fell among the astonished Israelites, still in prayer upon their knees, the curtain dropped. Then, to the sound of glad trumpets, from either side of the wings a chorus of ten women and ten men, with golden crowns on their heads, in long garments, white to the throat, with scarlet drapery very simply but gracefully thrown over one shoulder and caught at the waist on the opposite side, came, with perfect ease of movement and with much stateliness of carriage, on to the platform in front of the curtain, and called upon the crowd of manna-fed people to lift their voices "with cherubim and seraphim," and praise the Lord God of Sabaoth for this His gift of bread.

I had never seen anywhere except in Egypt such throats or such carriage of the head as we saw in these young Selzach singing maidens, nor better opening of the mouths since I gazed upon the frieze of Donatello in the Bargello. Not the least interesting part of this chorus was the grouping of the male singers, their bronze, weather-beaten, and sun-tanned faces in the background contrasting splendidly with the fairer faces of the women. The choral chant ended, and dividing left and right, the singers, with the same ease and solemn stateliness, disappeared.

The last tableau—"Moses giving the Law from Mount Sinai"—was again a well-conceived bit of grouping; but except for a striking picture of Moses, whom we recognised as the Petrus of the Passion Play, and for a real bit of Eastern glow and colour upon the limestone bluff, which seemed to make Sinai

Jura, and Jura Sinai, it was not particularly remarkable.

The New Testament *tableaux vivants* opened with a real bit of fourteenth-century picturing in a conventional and chaste rendering of the Annunciation. The simplicity here, and the determination to stick to the classic portraiture throughout, was very marked. The sweet child-angel with its forward movement and the lily in its hand, and the exquisitely tender submission of the "handmaiden of the Lord," went home to all hearts that care for purity and grace. The face of the Madonna was, in its native modesty and pathetic sweetness, alone sufficient to make one sure that where she was there also must be tenderness and gentle goodness.

A tenor voice sang the "Ave Maria gratia plena Dominus Tecum," and the full chorus carried on the strain, "Blessed art thou, Mary, amongst women; the Lord is with thee."

The next two tableaux—"The Angel appearing to the Shepherds at Bethlehem" and "The appearance of the Star"—were disappointing. The shepherds on the left foreground were not Eastern shepherds at all, nor were they watching their flocks in any serious earnestness. It seemed as if a batch of children and cardboard sheep were in motley groups in the right-hand foreground. The angel was fair to look upon, and there was a lifelike touch in the fact of the children being the first to see him; but, for the rest, it was a disappointment.

As for the second of the two tableaux, it seemed a little meaningless. It is true that in the twilight a group of people were gazing steadfastly up towards the horizon; but either owing to the fact that the star did not make its appearance, or that suddenly, in

order to make a contrast and deepen the twilight of the scene, the electric light in the body of the hall was turned on, and so confused the spectatorial effect, the tableau failed of its intent. This was atoned for in part by the beauty of the chorale which accompanied the picture.

The next three tableaux were very successful. The beauty and simplicity of the representation of the Birth of Christ could not be exceeded. One perhaps missed the conventional manger and ox and ass, but there was the lowly cattle-shed there, the gentlest of mothers and the tenderest of babes; and by the side, with face full of earnest wonder, stood Joseph leaning upon his staff. It was quite evident that of this picture some old fourteenth-century painter had been in reality the designer.

The voices of the chorus as they sang, in their rich German, the song of welcome to the new-born King, with its refrain, "Dir O himmlich Kindelein," seemed sweeter than before. It was succeeded by a fine chorale, as, without leaving the stage, the singers, dividing right and left, became part for a moment of the group about the Three Kings, who on bended knee offered their gifts of homage.

Mary was in this tableau seen in a little arbour of the quaint fourteenth-century conventional type. Old Gaspar with hoary locks stood in an attitude of devoutest reverence; Melchior and Balthazar knelt; while the Child Jesus stretched his tiny hands to take the offerings.

There was but one little fault with the next tableau—the white skirts of the Virgin covered the head of the ass upon which she rode; but it was clear that they fled by night, and Joseph anxious-

ly strode, with the step and forward mien of one who made haste to escape for the young Child's life.

The two tableaux that had been advertised as to appear next were omitted; then followed one which might well have also been left out. It was the representation of the Baptism in Jordan. Jesus, clothed in white tunic, stood in the river up to his knees, motionless, and St John seemed to tower above him from the rock near by. It was not a great conception, and appeared poor by contrast with the others, yet its very poverty seemed to act as foil or contrast with the succeeding picture of the Sermon on the Mount. Here both grouping and colour were excellently managed. Little children, men and women, young and old, stood or knelt or sat upon the ground in attitudes of intensest interest—nothing was forced, all was natural; and while Christ lifted up his hands as if pointing the way to heaven, one almost heard the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

In place of the tableaux that had been announced of the Transfiguration, there was here presented another excellent picture of "Christ blessing the little Children," or as the German programme put it, "Jesus the Friend of the Children." Beautiful and most pathetic it was, and many eyes for a moment filled with tears as the curtain fell upon this scene.

The last representation was an ambitious one, as ambitious as the Triumphal Entry of Joseph into Egypt. Christ in a grey robe with a red over-garment rode on to Jerusalem, palms were waved before him, and as the chorus shouted their "Heil Dir, Heil Dir, O David's Sohn!" with its good marching refrain, one seemed in

fancy to see the whole crowd upon the stage move with the Christ towards the city of David, and felt oneself almost compelled to shout "Hosanna in the highest!" Yet one must confess to a kind of disappointment in the movelessness of the face of the Redeemer as he rode toward the city that knew him not.

The curtain fell, the chorus ceased, the doors of the theatre opened, and in a few moments the spectators were outside in the full sunshine, with such a feeling of sadness in their hearts as made them hardly realise the beauty of the glad July day. Soon the two-franc folk gathered beneath the walnuts and called for their simple refreshment, and the six-franc folk sat down in the old theatre and took their lunch; while the chorus and the players went to their homes for the hour and a half's rest they had so well earned.

Punctually at 2.30 the theatre doors were again closed, and the Passion Play proper went forward.

The Prologue was spoken throughout by Madame Vögeli-Nunlist. There was great feeling and reverence about her declamation. Sometimes her personality was a little too much to the front, but one was grateful to her for the clearness and earnestness with which she spoke, and only regretted she so seldom came from the wings far enough into the middle of the stage.

The opening scene was laid at the palace of the high priest. He sat on a raised gallery, with an assessor on each side, and took counsel of twelve others of the Sanhedrim who sat in the court just below.

The bearing and the acting of

this man in his glorious high-priestly robe was throughout most remarkable. The assessor or counsellor who sat on his right hand, clad in green and red, was not a whit behind him. The Rabbis, with their impassioned eloquence, alike with the ruffians who entered with the ordinary Bedouin head-dress (*kephiyeh* and *argal*) upon their heads, and who undertook to bring false witness or to secure the capture of Christ, gave a startling reality to a scene which from first to last was full of movement. One could hardly believe that these stately men of the Sanhedrim, with their courtesy to their high priest, their vehement earnestness against the Christ, were yesterday making watches in the factory hard by. You might have supposed them away in Palestine, nurtured in all the aristocratic traditions of the cultivated rabbi.

The curtain fell, and we were by the next tableau carried away from the storm of the Jewish Sanhedrim, away to the quiet countryside, and the parting of Christ from all he loved and all who loved him at Bethany. There was such sadness over all, and yet such full and silent acceptance of the truth, that so it must be, upon the faces of those who bade farewell, that one almost entered into the cloud as one gazed.

Between this and the following picture the chorus sang a chorale from "St Paul" with great effect; and when the curtain rose, it rose upon a really remarkable representation of the Last Supper.

Not a single face but was a study, not a hand or arm uplifted but seemed to say, "Is it I?" And here for the first time the face of the Christ seemed to be full of deep meaning and to speak unutterable things. Judas, clad

in black, was not the least well-featured; St John in green, and St Peter in grey brown, struck one as remarkable.

Jesus was next seen in the garden of Gethsemane. The players had evidently studied the old pictures, and while in every attitude of helpless drowse the disciples lay below him on the rocky ground, an angel, on the top of the rock to which Christ lifted his face, was seen holding a silver cup, the cup of agony and glory Christ must drain, which shone brightly through the dusk before his eyes. Then the curtain rose, after two sad solos and choruses had been sung, upon "The Betrayal." Christ in his grey garment and red cloak was confronted by the black-cloaked traitor Judas; and never, since I gazed upon the face that Giotto drew in the chapel at Padua, have I seen such dignity of reproach as was seen upon the face of the Christ as Judas kissed him.

In the following picture—"The Capture of Jesus"—one was somewhat confused by the crowd, but one was able to note how the least moved in all that motley throng was the brave and self-surrendering Saviour. One could also see how Peter, having struck the high priest's servant and cut off his ear, looked himself astonished at his own rashness and readiness for fight. This was the ending of the first part of the Passion Play.

The second part, beginning with the scene of "Christ before Caiaphas," and ending with the closing scene of "Christ before Pilate," comprised seven tableaux, of which the first three were perhaps the most remarkable of the whole representation. It should be understood that in this part of the Passion Play the actors acted and spoke, and that in the "Scourging" and "Crowning with Thorns" use

of the *tableaux vivants* and chorus was made to link on scene to scene, or to express that which required more than words.

Here in the scene before Caiaphas nothing could exceed the swift denunciation of the Sanhedrim, nor the almost imperiousness of appeal from the stately priest to the seemingly insignificant prisoner in the right-hand foreground.

There seemed to be a blunder in the way in which the Christ, instead of looking towards Caiaphas, only looked at the audience. With this exception, the seventh scene was well conceived and well carried out. The marvellous unanimity of the Sanhedrim, the one voice with which they spoke in their wrathful vehemence and terrible earnestness, was most striking.

The curtain fell to the sound of a double chorus, and rose upon the scene of Christ's first appearance before Pilate.

There was nothing of the ordinary stately sitting in his governor's seat. Pilate, summoned from his palace, does not invite their high priest or his company within, but stands on the steps of his pillared portico, clad in his golden cuirass and crowned with circlet of gold. He listens, but with evident disdain, to the high priest's answers, and coldly but astutely reasons, and almost rebukes. But there was, if one may say so, just a little too much self-consciousness about this haughty Roman governor. All other players were natural; he had studied his pose, perhaps had overstudied it, and was in consequence constrained.

The next two scenes were *tableaux vivants* horrible in their reality, — the "Scourging" and the "Crowning with Thorns." In the latter, two brutal soldiers, not content with the pain of the thorn-crown for him they mocked, pressed

the spikes into their prisoner's flesh with the midribs of the great palm-fronds they carried in their hands.

The next picture showed a stormy scene in front of Pilate's house. Brought thither for the third time, Christ stood between the soldiers, answering nothing, whilst the high priest and the people raved, and the Bedouins, who had been hired as spies, came and gave false witness. The curtain fell, and rose upon the last scene before the Roman governor. Christ this time stood by Barabbas, who in brown convict dress was chained between two soldiers; and again he seemed the one person in the crowd who cared not for what man should say of him or could do unto him.

"Fetch me water!" said Pilate, out of all patience; and there, in front of the furious mob, he washed his hands of the iniquity, while the people cried, "His blood be on us and on our children." A fine chorus brought the sorrowful scene to an end.

The third part opened with a *tableau vivant* of "Christ on his way to Golgotha." The picture had been carefully studied, and reproduced one of Albert Dürer's representations of Christ fallen beneath the weight of the cross. The soldiers steadied the transom beam, and waited till the fainting Christ should rise and resume the burden.

Then in the following tableau of "Christ meeting his sorrowing Mother," while one could not help being struck with the agony of the women, and especially with the beautiful face of the young girl who represented Mary Magdalene, one also noted with surprise the way in which the principal figures — the mother and the beloved disciple — had been put somewhat into the background. The up-

lifted hands of the Christ hid St John's sad face entirely from view ; whilst on the other hand the place of honour had been given to Saint Veronica, who, holding the handkerchief before the face of Christ, was evidently the centre of the picture. This of course may have been done for some local purpose or local tradition, but it marred the general effect of the tableau.

In the following tableau, which was prefaced by a duet and chorus of women voices, and to which the Prologue, dressed now in black, lent pathos by her kneeling in agony on the stage as the curtain rose, one saw the pitiful "nailing of Jesus to the Cross."

One felt that it would have been better had the figure of Christ been unclothed, with the simple waistcloth about the loins. Modern clothing was out of place, and detracted from the dignity and naturalness of the representation. A recitative followed. Then came, through the lips of the chorus, a plaintive cry from the cross, "My people, my people, how have you rewarded me ! Have I ever deceived you ? Have I not always loved you as mine own ? Oh, speak, my people ! What compels you to such hate that thus you leave me to hang upon the cross ?" And in the great silence the curtain rose upon a very powerfully conceived tableau. The passion-flowers that framed the picture were red with agony, the dark sky behind flamed with anger, and one felt the very heavens told the wrath of God against this awful tragedy ; and there hung in the deep silence the crucified one. With excellent taste all crowding of the stage had been avoided ; and with severest classicism only Mary, the mother of the Lord, stood sup-

ported by another Mary ; the Magdalene knelt at the foot of the cross ; and on the side opposite to the two Marys in their grief, stood John the well-beloved.

A simple, sweet strain sang of the mother of Christ as she stood weeping there in the shadow of death, and told how a sharp sword had pierced her heart.

Then the curtain rose upon another scene. Christ's head, which before had gazed upon his weeping mother, had sunk upon his breast, and as the curtain fell upon a picture terrible in its reality of death and doom, the chorus sang a song of hope, a song of gratitude, and joined the hosts of angels praising God and saying—

"Now let Thy sorrow find its sure reward ;
Thou bringest love to earth, my Saviour
Lord !"

The next picture represented the "Taking down from the Cross." It was one of the most effective bits of colour and grouping of the whole series. The body of the Lord had been quietly let down by means of the folds of fine linen that had been brought for his burial ; and while this fell like a banner of purity over the transom of the cross, a figure from above had gently lowered the body into the hands of the friends who had begged the body from Pilate. The posing was really wonderful, and the careful study of the old masters was apparent.

The solemn effect of this tableau was enhanced by the appearance of the chorus upon the stage in black instead of red draperies. The Prologue also appeared again in the same dark colour of woe.

In plaintive tone the chorale told how the seraphim were touching men's hearts with their sad

strain, and called upon man "to speed the story to stars and ocean flood," of how to-day in bitterness upon the cross had died God's Son, Jesus Christ the Lord.

The tableau that represented the burial of the body of the Lord seemed to depart entirely from any conventional representation of the sepulchre: it failed by the pressing up into one side of the scene of all the main actors in it.

At the end of the chorale that bade farewell to the body as it entered the white upstanding portal of the tomb, a duet spoke plaintively to all in the assembly to think on this Christ as "the Forgiver of sins," and called on all "to wash and be cleansed of their sin," "only to trust, to hope, and to believe, and heaven would be their reward"; and as the singers ceased, the Prologue, in her dark draped robe, fell on her knees, and all the people were moved.

The glorious Resurrection of Christ also seemed to break with tradition. As the first words "Alleluiah!" sounded upon our ears, the curtain rose and discovered Jesus issuing from the white gate of his tomb with a bright light upon his robes and face—Jesus the Conqueror. But the soldiers did not fall and become as dead men: they had only, it would appear, stepped back, and were standing in stupefied movelessness.

Then the last scene followed. The disciples were seen in a crowd with women and children upon a rocky mountain-side, and a red glory appeared in heaven. It played upon the body of our Lord

till he seemed almost to melt into the rosy sky, and, as he stood with hands uplifted in attitude to bless, the clouds moved towards him, and by their downward movement seemed to give to him an upward one. The glory grew and grew, and, while we wondered, the shouts of an alleluiah chorus—"Honour, praise, glory be unto Him for evermore!"—filled the place, and the curtain for the last time fell. The Lord had ascended up into the heaven of heavens, whither our hearts seemed also to ascend; and the Passion Play was over.

We came out of the theatre and joined the people sitting at their tables of simple refreshment beneath the walnut-trees; but little or nothing was said. They took their long glasses of Swiss beer in silence. "*Wunderschon!*" ("Wonderful!") was heard from table to table, but there was no ordinary flow of conversation.

So we rose and passed from the village, up by the white school and the whiter church tower; up by the shady barns to the sunny orchard bowers; away from the village of born actors and singers; away to the quiet corn-fields, where that born singer the lark sang its own alleluia still. As we climbed the heights of Weissenstein that evening, we turned many a time to think of the humble village we had left, and of its mission of religious reverence, and its simple recall to simple faith, for those whose good fortune or whose will should ever lead their steps to the Selzach Passion Play.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

HAWAGHY WA'L BINT.¹

AN EGYPTIAN IDYL.

HAWAGHY was a ne'er-do-weel; there never was any room for doubt on that subject. His relatives and friends were very kind about it, but they shook their heads and said "His poor mother," if by any chance his name cropped up in the course of conversation. Not that Hawaghy ever did anybody any harm—no, he was almost too lazy for that,—but somehow he gave one the impression that the world would have been just the same had he never existed. Everybody had tried to help him on in life, "for his mother's sake, poor thing," yet Hawaghy had invariably missed the golden opportunity, and at the critical moment had left undone those things which he ought to have done, and had done precisely those things which he had better have left undone.

He was a small, wizened-up creature, was Hawaghy. Still, even that, combined with all his faults and failings, made no difference to the one person who really did believe in him. The "Old Lady," as he called her, was firmly persuaded that, sooner or later, her boy would make a name in the world—it is a way mothers have,—and, as she lay awake at night, she would have visions of Hawaghy arrayed in flowing robes, a big wig on his rather insignificant head, and seated, with tremendous solemnity of expression, on the wool-sack. Or else, having successively filled the positions of Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India with great *éclat*, he might perhaps take upon himself the

cares and anxieties of the Premiership; indeed it must be acknowledged that, in her secret heart, the Old Lady saw no reason why Hawaghy should not combine all three offices in his own person: did not his country stand in need of great men?

On rare occasions the reverse of the medal would present itself to her troubled mind. These plans and dreams were delightful, but they all belonged to the more distant future, and, as she almost tearfully confessed to herself, she would like to see him make a beginning. The want of confidence, however, lasted but an instant. Hawaghy's peculiar genius for diplomacy was of so marked a kind that it was only natural that he should not care to begin on the lower rungs of the ladder: if he were only Ambassador to Russia, the Pamir and all other boundary questions would soon be settled.

But for years Hawaghy mandered on through life, shirking its responsibilities and avoiding the persistent labour by which its prizes are to be gained, till, after failing for everything from a Foreign Office clerkship to a German diploma of chemistry, he accidentally scored an alarming success. By a crowning piece of folly the future Lord Chancellor, &c., weakened his lungs to such an extent that the good old family doctor, who patched him up after pleurisy and heaven knows what else besides, ordered him off to Egypt without delay.

The wool-sack was at stake;

¹ The Gentleman and the little Daughter.

England, if she only knew it, was about to lose a worthy successor to William Pitt; so, notwithstanding her straitened means, the Old Lady soon had her son safely established in the small red house near the station at Helwan, —and here it was that Mohammed Abd' Allah's little daughter, the wee "Bint," rechristened him "Hawaghy."

The Egyptian winter like an Indian summer passed gradually away. From the rising to the setting of the sun Hawaghy busied himself killing time—an occupation for which his capacity was unlimited. The life was admirably suited to his unavowed theory of existence, which consisted in being rather than in doing, for from morning to night there was nothing to do, no call for any display of restless energy.

The Old Lady, too, was happy during all that peaceful time. The monotony of living in the quiet health-resort did not affect her in the least. When the summer came round again, no doubt Hawaghy would "begin": it would mean his going out into the world, away from her fostering care. Well, it would be better so, and in the meantime she could sit at the feet of her Gamaliel drinking in the words of wisdom which fell from his lips.

One by one the uneventful days slipped by. In the evening, after the early dinner, Hawaghy would lie on his deck-chair on the verandah watching the gorgeous tints of earth and sky as the sun slowly sank behind the Sakkara pyramids on the other side of the Nile. From brown the sands changed to crimson, then to gold, and when the last resplendent ray had vanished, there came the faintest lilac shade, dying gently away as the stars appeared and the moon,

rising from behind the hills, threw a silver glamour, like a foretaste of the peace of Paradise, upon the white flat-roofed houses, the distant groves of feathery palms, and the endless rolling billows of the desert.

Presently a soft footfall would make itself heard, and Mohammed Abd' Allah, the *soi-disant* Son of the Prophet, and, as is indicated by his name, the Slave of God, would appear bearing the thick sweet coffee. Hawaghy's tiny cup was soon emptied, and the Arab, squatting down before him in the moonlight, would deliver eloquent discourses, of which Hawaghy understood but little, on politics and theology.

"You see, Khawaga" (sir), he would say, "when Ismail ruled, we of the fellaheen paid for his pleasure: he mulcted the Mudir, who in his turn extorted money from us. I, Mohammed Abd' Allah that speak unto you, have been, in my time, imprisoned until I paid the two *guinée* demanded of me. How I wept! I was very young, and there was no man to help me; but now, Allah be praised: things are changed,—the English are here, and the poor man is as good as the rich."

"Then you think it is well that the English should be here?" Hawaghy would ask, in a lazy tone. It only required an occasional question to keep up the placid flow of Mohammed Abd' Allah's criticisms and opinions.

"Well, of course, the rich Bachas do not like it—it sets the poor beyond their reach; but see, the water is evenly distributed, we all get our share, our crops prosper nearly every year: in days gone by we never knew what might happen. The kurbash is gone. I, for my part, think well of this. A man is not a dog! yet

many say it were better to be flogged and to have done with it, rather than to be kept in the prisons of which your people take such care. We know what the taxes are, and when we must pay them; so if we are careful we need not borrow from the Greek or the Jew, which to a fellah means losing his land sooner or later. Yes; yes, it is a good thing. The Effendi who writes so much in 'El Aram,' the newspaper, about having the country for ourselves, may say what he likes—I, Mohammed, see that it is good."

A long silence would follow, broken only by the plaintive hooting of the small brown owl which had made its home in a hole in the wall of Abou Gabel's villa hard by. The couple of prickly pears, which constituted the only vegetation in the enclosure, threw weird, skeleton-like shadows on the white sand of the compound, whilst the Son of the Prophet, shifting his position slightly so as to get more purchase against the wall, would give a premonitory cough and commence talking of Cairene buried treasure—an oft-repeated legend which possesses such a boundless fascination for almost every unenlightened Egyptian mind.

"Khawaga, when the English really take Cairo for themselves, as men say they will some day, do you know what they will find?" Hawaghy would blow a cloud of cigarette-smoke into the still air. He knew well enough what was coming, but the Arab's perfectly serious belief in his own fables was amusing; besides, it was less trouble to say nothing.

"Each one of the Bachas," Mohammed would continue, "has his treasure-room. It is under the house. Sometimes it is of stone,

sometimes it is of iron, but a room there always is, and no man, save only the Bacha himself, knows where it lies, or what it contains. In the old times they scraped their money together in the daytime—they robbed the poor, they cheated the Khedive—and then, late at night, each Bacha went down and opened the door with the key which never left him, to pile up more and more gold. The Bacha kept his secret in his heart; even his son only learned it when his father lay at the point of death. Now think, Khawaga, how many have died far from home, their houses empty. Their sons were away, and the secret was lost! There must be hundreds and thousands of *guinees*, ay, almost enough to build a pyramid, waiting under Cairo for the English or some one else to come and dig them up."

From the earliest period of their acquaintance the Old Lady formed the highest opinion of Mohammed Abd' Allah's character. He could read and write—a rather rare accomplishment amongst natives of his class; his views on many subjects were almost occidental, raising him far above the ordinary level of his countrymen; and, better still, he seemed from the beginning to have recognised Hawaghy's great, though latent, abilities.

"Sitte" (lady), Mohammed would remark, when, as often happened, religion came upon the *tapis*, "Allah is one, but this I also think. You see this circle on the ground? Well, our 'book' starts here, your 'book' starts there, and yet another takes yonder path, but in the centre stands Allah, one Allah for us all."

Surely so liberal-minded a follower of the Prophet never existed before; at least so thought the Old Lady, as, in her very best

Anglo-Franco-Arabic, she endeavoured to make him see the matter from her own particular point of view.

His long course of training under European masters had taught him that cleanliness was more than a mere name, with the pleasant result that he and his little daughter formed an oasis in the dirty desert of the Egyptian lower orders. The pursuit of this virtue, however, entailed much continuous labour; the Son of the Prophet was the busiest of men, and the Bint, following the paternal example, did her share. Duster in hand, and with the quaintest expression of matronly zeal, she toddled silently about the house, flicking imaginary specks of dust from the scanty furniture. "She works like a little horse," Hawaghy remarked one day to the Old Lady. "Yes," she replied with a slight sigh, "she is beginning early——" Hawaghy often marvelled at their tireless energy; sometimes even, though only for a moment, a fleeting desire for a similar activity would cross his brain, then with a "*Cui bono?*" he would banish the thought of steady work from his mind, and relapse into his usual state of semi-morbid and careless indifference, which occasionally assumed such proportions that even Mohammed Abd' Allah's naïve monologues became wearisome; but then he was the Bint's father—and that made up for everything.

Little Bint! Poor delicate little Fatma, a small chocolate-coloured unit amidst the countless millions of the "native races." Her three short years had been spent at the tiny house in the corner of the compound, the house which Mohammed Abd' Allah took such a pride in keeping, as he expressed it, "*à la Franka*"—i.e., spotlessly

neat and clean. Since her mother's death the child had been the idol of her father's heart, for, as he explained to Hawaghy, he "loved her much," and was "contented very" that she had been spared to him.

From the day of his arrival the little Bint enslaved Hawaghy; she enlisted him in her special service, and, by way of compensation, took him under her direct protection. With all his laziness he was fairly good-natured; besides which, he would scarcely have been human had he not been somewhat pleased and flattered by the pedestal of admiring affection upon which the child enthroned him.

Helwan never was and never will be a lively place, and Hawaghy soon learnt to long for the half-hour before sunset when, after the afternoon rest, the diminutive figure would come wandering across the yard on, alas! such weak unsteady scraps of legs, for the short romp which soon became a daily institution.

The "nut-brown maid," in her bright-hued cotton frock, would climb her Mont Blanc—the verandah steps—with panting breath and toddle over to Hawaghy's deck-chair. There she would stand for a moment, her velvety almond-shaped eyes fixed inquiringly on his face, her silky curly hair straying from beneath the spangled white handkerchief which enveloped her head, and the small gold sequin which hung from one rebel lock glittering against her pretty smooth forehead; then, with appalling gravity, she would take Hawaghy's hand, kiss it, and raise it to her brow, murmuring, "Good day, how are you?" in lisping, baby Arabic.

This important ceremony performed, a change would come o'er

the spirit of her dream, her face would light up, her pearly teeth appear in a dazzling smile, and she was off, crying, "*Yalla!* [go on], Hawaghy, *yalla! yalla!*" Hawaghy always "*yalla'd*" vigorously, the Bint would be caught again and again, tossed in the air, marched up and down on her slave's shoulder, and sung to in his thin, cracked voice.

Never a follower of Buddha transmigrated as did Hawaghy: the short half-hour saw him pass through every phase of animal life, from cat to camel, till at last, when he had reached his zoological limit and could think of no more beasts of prey worthy of imitation, the Bint would betake herself to the long pier-glass in the Old Lady's room, there to entertain her own reflection with endless tales and laughing chatter, terminating the season of delight by a journey home on Mohammed Abd' Allah's back, and complaining to him as they went that Hawaghy always spoke an Arabic which she could not understand.

Ramadan, with its daily fasting and nightly Koran singing, passed by, and spring came round once more, bringing in its train the hot *khamseen* winds, which parch the fields down by the Nile and cover everything with a thick layer of fine gritty desert sand. These were sad and dreary days for Hawaghy and his little playfellow. The child was completely overcome by the heat: for a time it seemed as if her fragile nature was about to succumb, and that she would share the fate of so many Egyptian children who are claimed by an early death. Hawaghy would sit for hours in the tiny house, trying by every clumsy means in his power to bring back the merry smiles and rippling

laughter of days gone by, whilst Mohammed Abd' Allah went about beside himself with grief and fear. Kismet might be right in theory; but he was the child's father, he "*loved her much,*" and apply the doctrine to his treasure he could not.

However, Fatma was not to be taken from him then. For many days and nights the Old Lady watched by the child's bedside, smoothing the pillow under the restless head, and slowly nursing the flickering life back into a steady flame, till at last the time came when a thin, pinched face and a wan smile greeted Hawaghy as the Bint whispered, "*The little one is no longer ill!*" Still, weeks passed before she recovered her slender stock of strength sufficiently to recommence her daily pilgrimages to the big house. When Hawaghy was not there the child's head would sink upon her narrow chest, and she would remain motionless by the hour, not even heeding the enchanting fairy tales poured into her inattentive ear by the Arab girl whom Mohammed Abd' Allah hired to take charge of her.

One Sunday, a day to be marked by sorrow and wailing in the annals of Helwan, the child for the first time was well enough to leave her tiny home and to spend a portion of the day under the watchful eyes of her father and Hawaghy, whilst the Arab girl went off to assist her relatives in the preparations for the great Mohammedan festival of the morrow.

The Old Lady could not bring herself to miss the service—in those days church was an unknown thing at Helwan; so, after many recommendations to Hawaghy not to over-tire himself (which he was not likely to do),

to keep out of draughts, and the like, she started off to Cairo. Oh ! if she had only known what was to happen !

Church was not much in Hawaghy's line : sermons made his head ache, he averred, in reply to her mute, eye-spoken request that he should accompany her ; besides, there was a something in the air—he did not feel quite as well as usual.

The morning hung heavily on his hands as he strolled aimlessly about watching the Bint, who, the ghost of her former self, bravely tried to resume her occupations, and crept to and fro wiping table and chair legs with her ubiquitous duster. "What is the matter with the child?" Hawaghy once or twice muttered rather testily to himself. "Why can she not be quiet and do nothing? It is so much pleasanter."

About mid-day the wind rose, and blew across the desert in fitful gusts. Slowly a dull, glowing haze like burnished copper obscured the intense blue of the sky ; there was an oppressive feeling in the atmosphere ; breathing became a difficulty to Hawaghy's weakened lungs, and from the window it appeared to him as if one of last month's terrible dust-storms was about to return. In this respect, however, his fears were groundless ; for a far stranger thing occurred. The yellow gold of the desert sands vanished under the black shadows of the dark, threatening clouds which gathered in frowning ramparts on every side ; overhead a narrow strip of open sky remained, but not for long ; on either hand the clouds sprang forward, the brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the scene for an instant, the sullen roar of thunder was heard, the heavy

drops began to fall with ceaseless splash and gurgle, and for the first time within the memory of man Helwan was shrouded in the leaden darkness of almost tropical rain.

Hawaghy watched the raging storm : it was quite a novelty after six months of uninterrupted sunshine. For a long time he stood there, the frightened child, her eyes wide open with astonishment at the unaccustomed sight, nestling close beside him. "Hawaghy," she asked at last with a tearful quaver in her voice, "what is the matter? Why does Allah cry so very hard?" "Bint," he replied, "Allah is not crying ; it rains. Why, in my country it does this nearly always!" and picking up a book, he threw himself on the divan to while away the hours with a pretence of reading.

Shortly Mohammed Abd' Allah appeared, armed with an umbrella, and carried the little maid off to her home. It was time, he told Hawaghy, that she should rest ; for this was her first outing, and she must not overtax her strength.

Toward evening the steady fury of the storm abated, and after a last violent shower the rain ceased falling. Hawaghy sent 'What to do with our Boys,' which the Old Lady had purchased in hopes of finding some useful suggestions, flying into a corner of the room, and went out upon the verandah to draw deep breaths of the cooler air, whilst Mohammed Abd' Allah in the kitchen beat up the eggs for the daily custard. His praiseworthy enlightenment did not, unfortunately, include variety in the culinary art : that which found favour yesterday must needs, according to him, find favour to-day.

For some time Hawaghy paced

up and down the verandah, but presently his steps were arrested by a hoarse, rumbling sound. He gazed up in the direction of the hills from whence it came, and to his amazement saw a tumbling wall of water advancing down the street with furious leaps and bounds. Hawaghy thought his eyes deceived him, but on it came, carrying all before it. In a second the compound wall fell inwards with a mighty crash, the yard was three feet deep in water, and amidst the hissing, swirling, grinding noises of the flood, an agonised baby voice sounded shrilly in his ears, "*Abouya, abouya!* [father, father!], Hawaghy, Hawaghy!"¹

There was no heroism in what Hawaghy did—to go to the little maid's relief was easy; and yet, from a personal point of view, he did, as usual, one of those things which he ought not to have done. He dashed across, to find the poor mite speechless, but clinging, with fixed and staring eyes, to the leg of a table, whilst the torrent, already reaching to her shoulders, surged about her as if angry at being cheated of its prey. Hawaghy caught up the child and started for his now island home. The terrible moment past, wee Fatma fainted, and when they met Mohammed Abd' Allah, whose swarthy face was almost white with terror, the Slave of God thought his child was gone.

But no; that evening equality and fraternity reigned between the dominant and the native races as the two men tucked the child snugly into—the Old Lady's bed! Then, when Hawaghy had sung "*Hush-a-bye, Baby,*" twenty times, each time with less and less approach to tune, Mohammed Abd'

Allah fell upon his knees, and, the tears streaming down his face, swore successively by all the ninety-and-nine names of Allah to serve and love Hawaghy all his days.

All this time Hawaghy left undone those things which he ought to have done,—alas! the Old Lady was not there to suggest precautions, and the future Premier was too busy performing doughty deeds of valour in the rescue of Mohammed Abd' Allah's lares and penates to give one thought to a change of raiment.

Monday morning saw the Old Lady return: the railway had been washed away, and, angel though she was, she had no wings, or she would have reached her boy the night before. Poor Old Lady! anxiety and nursing toils began once more; for Hawaghy, in a high fever, was raving of other climes, whilst the little Bint lay supine in her rescued cot. Grave doctors came, only to shake their learned heads at each patient's bedside, and the Old Lady was worn to a shadow as she stole noiselessly to and fro watching the ebb and flow of life.

Long, terrible weeks passed, and at last Hawaghy's mind grew clear: the mother's heart was filled with hope—her darling was on the road to recovery. One fine balmy day the faithful Mohammed Abd' Allah moved him to his old place, the deck-chair on the verandah. The Old Lady took her knitting and sat quietly beside him. Now and then Hawaghy glanced round as if in search of something. One of these glances met the Old Lady's watchful eye. "What is it, dear?" she asked, as she bent over his couch. "Tell him to bring the Bint," was the

¹ The above-mentioned flood actually took place on Easter Sunday 1895.

feebly whispered reply. Moham-med Abd' Allah appeared, tenderly carrying his little daughter, his eyes filled with tears as he gently laid her on Hawaghy's knees. "Sitte, she has never spoken since that day," he said. It was true; the child had never spoken since the shock. Now, however, she raised her shrunken arms weakly, the very ghost of a smile played round her sweet mouth, her tiny henna-stained fingers nestled into his hand, and the Bint faintly murmured, "*Yal-la*, Hawaghy!"

A happy look overspread Hawaghy's face as he bent over his helpless playfellow, and for a long time he silently watched the restful face. More than once the Old Lady would have taken the child from him, but he always shook his head, and presently she re-entered the house to bring her boy his medicine.

Hawaghy felt a slight shiver shake the baby frame, and the sad, solemn little eyes slowly closed. For a few moments he watched the motionless form, softly stroking the child's thin, pale cheek, but the fallen lids remained closed as if in peaceful slumber. Suddenly a terrible dread flashed through his mind: raising himself with an effort, he stooped impulsively forward to imprint a kiss upon the parted lips. A great cry "Mother!" rang out upon the still twilight air, Hawaghy's head fell forward on the child's cool forehead, and a crimson stream rushed from between his set teeth.

Hawaghy and the wee Bint had "yalla'd" together for the last time: hand in hand they had crossed the river, and now saw the glory of the "one Allah" face to face.

FORTUNES OF PARIS.

FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

PARIS has been the heart of France since Louis XI. consolidated a kingdom. But the Revolution—the Revolution *par excellence*—changed all former conditions. Under the old *régime* the *grands seigneurs* crowded to the Court from the country to rival each other in the race to ruin. But only the men of the bluest blood and the highest pretensions were welcomed to the Louvre or the royal châteaux, although each of the seigneurs had his followers or parasites, whom he sought to advance. Each province had its parliament and its governor, who held the little court which sufficed for local ambitions. There the poorer noble or the well-born *hobereau* could cut a certain figure, and hope for a place or a sinecure suited to his station. There was a local *noblesse* of the robe, with a host of hangers-on, and besides the multiplicity of minor official appointments which have always existed in France, there were openings for men of brains and cupidity as *intendants* to administer the domains of the absentees,—to grind the vassals, to exact the *corvées*, and to take heavy toll for themselves in the shape of commission and *douceurs*. That state of society was swept away by the Revolution. In those times of turmoil and terror, when the democratic caldron boiled over, the hereditary aristocracy disappeared, and the places they had filled were left vacant. Society was shaken to its foundations, and

a new world had come up, with the general levelling of classes, where everything was thrown open to talent, energy, self-confidence, and audacity. The map of France was remodelled; the provinces, with their semi-independent satraps, who squandered their revenues in a sort of semi-oriental state, gave place to departments administered by *préfets*, appointed and directed by a central authority. Then the gravitation towards centralisation in the capital became inevitable, and thenceforth Paris has been the happy hunting-ground of adventurers of every kind, and, as we might add, of every nation.

We are not sketching the recent political history of France. We shall only remark, by way of introducing Captain Bingham's suggestive 'Recollections,'¹ that the Government has oscillated between democracy and dictatorships since the assembling of the States-General and the collapse of the old *régime*. The *coups d'état* of Fructidor and Brumaire had prepared the way for the autocracy of Napoleon. Louis XVIII. accepted the constitutional charter drawn up and submitted by an elected Assembly, and Charles X. was sent into exile for tampering with that essential title of the Restoration. Louis Philippe, who might have done better for himself and his family had he been wise enough to insist on a regency and the rights of the young Duke of Bordeaux, was the "King of the French" and the chosen of

¹ Recollections of Paris. By Captain the Hon. D. Bingham. Chapman & Hall, 1896.

the people, who elected to dismiss him in his turn when he outraged democratic susceptibilities. The Prince President, when he violated his sacramental oath and terrorised the Boulevards with a butchery, pleading Hugo's *ἀνάγκη* and imperative stress of circumstances, sought absolution in an appeal to the democracy, whom he hoped to master when the reins of Government were held firmly in his hands. Again he had recourse to the same expedient of the plebiscite, when his power had been shaken and his popularity endangered by the Mexican fiasco and his mismanagement of foreign affairs. Since that memorable day of September, when the gentlemen of the pavement appropriated power, what we may call the constitutional democracy has had everything its own way, with the exception of the interval of Parisian anarchy under the Commune, which was the most fundamentally democratic development of all.

Paris is the most inviting field for adventurers; and it is perhaps the surest proof of the vitality and sound qualities of a really great nation, that France has not only survived the calamity of the German war, but made herself more formidable than ever as a military Power. Thanks to her vast internal resources, she has continued to prosper and pay her way, though she has reorganised her forces at an enormous expense, and replaced the strong natural frontiers of Alsace and Lorraine with artificial defences which experts pronounce to be wellnigh impregnable. Yet assuredly stability of government has done nothing for her, and "statesmen" rise to the surface with startling rapidity, to disappear like bubbles on the stream. Aspirants are beginning

to realise that the path to power may be made somewhat too easy. A jealous rival asks no better luck than to push an embarrassing opponent up to the premiership. The victim must either be precipitated from that sad eminence or take the plunge sooner or later. His single object is to fall with a certain dignity, so that in the universal shattering or discrediting of political reputations, the revolution of the wheel of fortune may give him a second chance. It was thought that Ministries had succeeded each other with startling rapidity in the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign; but with the extension of the suffrage and the democratic apotheosis, the pace has been accelerated with phenomenal velocity. "*Ma foi*," exclaimed Talleyrand, "*il est bien distingué*," when he saw an undecorated Englishman at a brilliant Court reception where every one was glittering with crosses and stars. And that may be said now of any fairly prominent politician who has not figured and failed as a Cabinet Minister.

Mr Morley discussed the power of the Press, not long ago, at a literary gathering in London. Whatever it may be here, in Paris it is distinctly tending to increase, because there is greater stability in the Press than in the Parliament. Formerly the sparkling leader-writer who had made himself a name and become an authority almost invariably sought the suffrages of a constituency. If he could speak half as well as he could write—and most Frenchmen have persuasive facility of speech—he looked to office, crosses of the Legion, and a pension in retreat. Now the man who speaks habitually with the voice of the 'Temps' or the 'Débats' is far more of a power

than the man who may make so brief a stay in the Ministry that the office messengers have scarcely time to identify him. See recent caricatures in the 'Charivari,' *passim*. Moreover, the leading pressmen not only have the agreeable sense of permanency, but they are as well paid as the Ministers and infinitely more independent. The hopes the Parisian press hold out to the ambitious intellects of young France are forcibly illustrated by the present state of things in journalism. We know on sure authority that nothing is more desperately speculative than the venture of some clever young provincial who would take to journalism as a career—or as the entrance to politics. If his contributions have the luck to be accepted in some provincial paper, he is seldom or never paid. If he is poor, he struggles on and perseveres in a garret on the French counterpart of the little oatmeal which is said to have nourished the early Edinburgh Reviewers. It is touching and admirable to think of his manfully doing his best work, and keeping the fires of inspiration alive, cheered only by some faint, distant hope. Then perhaps the day comes when, like the Chatteris actors in 'Pendennis,' he finds he has attracted the notice of an omnipotent manager in the capital. The countryman goes up to Paris, transfers his literary headquarters to the Café Chose, is permitted or invited to sign his articles; and thenceforward, if he can stay as well as go the pace, his future is assured. The successful writer who signs is open to tempting offers, and it is necessary to pay him handsomely to retain his services. Moreover, he has a character to maintain, and though he may be unscrupulous or

sophistical, in the main he is consistent. His support is courted, and if he be not actually bought, there are indirect ways in which a Minister or promoter can engage the alliance of an effective pen. If the worst comes to the worst, and his profession palls on him, he knows that he can always try a turn at the government of France.

Now that *préfets* pass like Cabinet Ministers, the minor official appointments no longer offer the former inducements to frugal Frenchmen who love a comfortable and assured income, the ribbon of the Legion, and local reverence. The prizes in successful journalism take many forms, and the leading journals are closely associated with the high finance. In France, as in Germany, many of the journals, like the railways, are financed by great Hebrew capitalists. It is no new thing; and to go no further back than the Second Empire, Captain Bingham gives a striking example of the power of the Rothschilds. Alfred de Musset, who was shy and sensitive, had been persuaded to read a new poem at the Tuileries on the distinct understanding that only the Emperor and his consort were to be present. During the reading a gentleman entered, and the poet stopped. It might have been expected that the Emperor would have resented the unprecedented intrusion, but the gentleman was Baron Rothschild. As he deprecated the money-lender's hold over an impecunious client, the poet had to be flattered into compliance, and the master of many millions remained to listen. We do not say that the devotees of mammon have become more eager or more unscrupulous since then, for that could hardly be. But the worship of mammon has

become more absorbing and exclusive since the plutocracy is become the aristocracy of the democratic republic. Paris lost the show and seductive glitter which gilded the extravagances and corruptions of the Empire. The Elysian fields in the fashionable hours of the afternoon are more like the sombre realms of Pluto, though in fact Plutus is evidently the presiding deity. Vulgar ostentation is the predominating feature, and if one would shine, money one must have. The old restaurants which have disappeared — the Café de Paris, the Trois Frères, and Philippe's — were by no means cheap, but the others which have replaced them, and are most in vogue for the moment, seem to seek to recommend themselves by extortionate charges. Still more significant is the fact that the foreign ambassadors find the outlay which used to suffice insufficient now. For diplomatic hospitality must satisfy and gratify the guests, and the *haute finance*, which is not the least important element of the society which is to be conciliated, expects to be entertained as it entertains. There is a lower stratum filled by the people of passage, who flock to the grand hotels or occupy a sumptuous apartment for the season. They have made their piles by pork or petroleum, by stocks or silver in North America; they have swindled the State and the foreign immigrants in Argentina or Mexico; they have enriched themselves by Transvaal gold or by diamonds in the Orange Free State; or they may be simply respectable *parvenus* who, having more money than they need, have gone over to Paris to have a good time. Their careless expenditure may be beneficial to trade, but it

forces up the cost of living to all classes. The result is a choice of alternatives to the many whose modest or precarious incomes are barely sufficient for their wants. Either they carry French frugality to parsimony, pinching and saving, or they are tempted to risk small speculative ventures. If they win, they increase their stakes, for there is no such enticing passion as successful gambling. There are still leviathans who conceive daring schemes and plunge heavily for millions of francs, as in those days of the Empire and imperial concessions and sleeping partnerships with all-powerful Ministers, which Zola has depicted in the 'Débacle' with exceptionally realistic vigour. But now the class of players has deteriorated, as at the tables of Monte Carlo. Still, as Paris will always be the heart of France, the Bourse is more than ever the soul of Paris. It is the financial journals, or the financial columns in the political papers, which are sought and read with most anxious avidity. Nothing gives more piquancy to your morning paper than the possibility that some sudden rise or fall may announce either temporary riches or ruin. The spread of dangerously speculative investment is obviously demoralising to any community, but—though, we confess, we can detect few signs of that—it should conduce to amicable international relations. The man who has an open bull account, or who has placed his savings in Egyptians or in South African mines, cannot desire that his country should quarrel with the English, however much he may dislike us. Nor does he. But neither the careful *père de famille* nor the hardy speculator can control the irresponsible rhapsodists of the Assembly or the firebrands in the press, who play solely for their own hands, and pander

to the blind passions of the populace.

One other set of adventurers we must advert to, who still set their faces towards the capital in spite of hard economical facts and sore discouragement. They are a dangerous legacy of the ostentation and indirect corruption of the Empire, as they were the backbone and partly the origin of the Commune. When Haussmann was carrying out his wholesale demolitions and reconstructions, he employed crowds of workmen at high wages. Distress in the provinces was relieved by the assurance of engagements in Paris. The Empire passed, but the workmen remained to recruit the ranks of the Communists and draw wages for playing at soldiers. The building which gave them employment had increased the room-rents and the cost of living by sweeping away the old rookeries and rabbit-warrens. Labour *chômes* now, and the *monts de piété* of the northern quarters do a brisker business at present than the Bourse. Yet a golden tradition is slow to die out, and ill-informed provincials still flock to the fabled El Dorado where the rich veins were exhausted a quarter of a century ago. Nor need we add that there can be no more perilous element than a mass of precariously employed workmen, in possession of the suffrage, who can menace by their mass meetings and semi-secret societies the demagogues and tribunes who are eager to truckle to them. Had Boulanger had a grain more resolution, had there been a Fleury to force him to set the spark to those explosive materials, the conspirators of the Café de la Madeleine might have succeeded like Kinglake's Brethren of the Elysée.

The chief interest and value of

Captain Bingham's volumes are that they throw some novel and instructive light on the course of French history since the Prince President, after making his *coup d'état*, claimed to have re-established the Empire on national suffrage. They are desultory and gossipy, and we must necessarily treat them in a gossipy and desultory fashion. The writer speaks with a certain authority. Married to a Frenchwoman, he mixed much in Parisian society : he acted as correspondent to the original 'Pall Mall,' to the 'Scotsman,' and other papers : he was always on the search for facts : he had the *entrée* to the Ministries and the *salons*. He says he kept no diaries ; but, like M. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the 'Times,' he has a marvellously exact and tenacious memory. We have checked his volumes, so far as they concern the Empire, with those of Felix Whitehurst, who, when corresponding for the journal "with the greatest circulation in the world," was a favoured and petted guest at the Tuileries, St Cloud, and Compiègne. We know that Whitehurst would introduce ladies and gentlemen to the Emperor without even the ceremony of a previous request ; and we have found Whitehurst, who knew more of the Court gossip than most men, always in essential accordance with Bingham. Moreover, the writer can vouch personally for the truth of various statements which seem somewhat startling. Captain Bingham's reminiscences of the two sieges—and through both he remained in residence as correspondent, per balloon or otherwise—are especially curious, and his sketches of celebrities or notoriety are shrewd, incisive, entertaining, and freely illustrated by suggestive anecdote.

The 'Recollections' begin in the spring of 1865 with the death of De Morny. The Emperor owed a debt of gratitude to the astuteness and determination of his illegitimate brother, and, to do him justice, he was not backward in paying such debts. He gave the embarrassed duke the Mexican question; he mixed himself up in the scandalous affair of the Jecker bonds; and so the shady transactions of the speculative Swiss banker led on to Queretaro, Sedan, and Wilhelms-höhe. As for De Morny, he was the most brilliant and attractive type of the adventurers who were the treacherous props of the Empire. Dissipated and prodigal, he had nevertheless high intellectual qualities, and he exercised a magnetic fascination on individuals. Notoriously a faithless husband, he charmed his wealthy and high-born wife into devoted attachment. He grasped at money like Fouquet, and like Fouquet he lavished it magnificently on graceful hospitality and the generous patronage of genius and the arts. But money he was bound to have, and so the ill-fated Maximilian was sent to Mexico. "He preferred leaving this world as the Regent d'Orleans did. He had to choose between renouncing the pleasures or sins of youth and a sudden catastrophe, and he chose the latter." It gives an idea of his sumptuous style of living, that when he died there were 145 horses in his stables. But that extravagance was one of the weaknesses of the Second as of the First Empire. Adventurers sprung from nothing, or with no family inheritance, received liberal salaries, which they were expected to spend. Lavish as the salaries were, the rivalry of ostentation made them insufficient, and if he lived on his appointments, the

husband and father saw no means of providing for his family. To give a man exalted hereditary rank with inadequate income was virtually compelling him to practise oriental corruption. So the Ministers naturally became the sleeping partners of financiers, *coulissiers*, and promoters looking out for lucrative concessions. It was certain that every public enterprise was handicapped with exorbitant commissions; it was as certain that no State secret could be kept if money were to be made by selling it.

The French might have looked leniently on such Palace scandals as the imperial intrigue with Marguerite Bellanger, of which we have such an amusing account as might make matter for a comedy at the Palais Royal. They had been accustomed to the amorous indiscretions of their greatest monarchs—of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze. They might have tolerated the financial scandals, for they sympathised with and envied the fortunate offenders. But the Empire to maintain itself was bound to be successful, and to flatter the national pride by the glorification of the great nation. When the Emperor's star was eclipsed and he lost credit for political sagacity, his constitutional adversaries seized the opportunity, and the Radical agitators began to raise their heads. Even in early days he had been faced in the Assembly by three sarcastic and incisive debaters who had taxed all the suavity and tact of the President De Morny. But Favre, Picard, and Emile Olivier were guarded in their invective, and studiously confined themselves to the limits of correct parliamentary debate. Now there were ugly storm-warnings in the perorations of popular demagogues, who

may have been actuated by enthusiasm, the thirst for notoriety, or by far-sighted worldly wisdom. The Emperor of Russia honoured his *parvenu* brother with a visit on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1867. Politically it was merely an unfortunate *contretemps* that the Czar should have been shot at in the Champs Elysées. It was more ominously significant that the illustrious guest should have been insulted at the Palais de Justice by a lawyer who had already the ear of the Courts. It was coarsely uncivil, to say the least, when M. Floquet, stepping forward, shouted "Vive la Pologne!" with general approval. For it has always been the fate of unlucky Poland to be the object of the sentimental attachment of subversive France, though nothing but disappointments and baffled hopes have come of relations that have invariably been abruptly broken off when French selfishness demanded the sacrifice of the *protégé*. Had the Empire been as stable as it appeared to superficial observers, Floquet had finished his career before it was well begun. But in French politics it is the unexpected one may confidently expect, when a man has physical stamina as well as talent and pluck. The exiles of Cayenne or New Caledonia may come home to fill high Cabinet office, and trim the sails of the State in critical emergencies, if they do not actually steer the ship. Floquet, branded by the Imperialists as the blackest of sheep, lived to become President of the Chamber and Prime Minister. And dear as the Russian Alliance is to France, even Russian statesmen consented to tolerate him in the latter capacity. They knew, to be sure, that it was hardly worth while to object, since, though there to-day, he would surely be gone to-morrow.

Meantime Rochefort caused far more anxiety than Floquet. Had his nerve been equal to his intellectual audacity, he might more than once have precipitated a crisis, and notably at the funeral of Victor Noir. Martyrdom, in the shape of fine or imprisonment, he was ready to court, but he shrunk before bullets and the sabres of the *gendarmérie*. He stung like a hornet, he was perpetually renewing his venom, and the hum, like that of the restless mosquito, was ever troubling the tranquillity of the autocrats of the Tuileries. A typical French wit, the fluency, fire, and fertility that fed the daily 'Lanterne' were simply amazing: he had something of the blighting mockery of Voltaire; he had a diabolical instinct for making self-seeking statecraft ludicrous; and more damning than all was the undeniable fact that the Empire supplied unfailing subjects for his satire. Like the hornet or mosquito, he was always ready to search out the exposed points, or to sting an open sore into festering. He was banished of course, or rather he took flight; but when the pestilential little news-sheet had been proscribed in France, a good stroke of contraband business was being done between Brussels and Paris. Each smuggled copy of the 'Lanterne' fetched a fancy price, and passed from hand to hand, to be read with keen expectation. The laughs were with Rochefort. Louis Napoleon was not so cold-blooded a man as is generally supposed, and we fancy he paid Rochefort the compliment of cordially detesting him. He would gladly have dropped him down an *oubliette à la Catherine de Medicis*, or welcomed him to Compiègne and St Cloud with *Merimée* and *About*. But Roche-

fort was one of those cross-grained and envenomed assailants who are neither to be petted nor flattered. Assuredly, in spite of common-sense and self-interest, he would have stung the hand that sought to caress him. Like Floquet, he survived to play a conspicuous part in French politics, and to be a thorn in the sides of Thiers and Gambetta. The elections of May went daily against the Government. The great industrial and commercial cities cast in their lots with democratic Paris. The Empire, in dire distress, had declared for Liberal institutions; but the conversion was too sudden to seem sincere. Emile Olivier, who was already understood to be transacting with the system he had bitterly denounced, was hooted down by a crowded audience when he sought to obtain a hearing. Among the notable members then returned to the Assembly was M. Jules Grévy. In connection with him, Captain Bingham gives another striking example of the irony of circumstances, and the instability of French political convictions. The moral is that a wise man should never commit himself, however strongly he may feel at the moment. Opposing Louis Napoleon for President, Grévy had insisted with forcible arguments that there should be no such office. He preferred the form of government by Committees. And yet!—before he became officially the first man in France, Captain Bingham used to meet him at the Café de la Régence, whither he went every day to indulge in his favourite game of chess. Sometimes Bingham had the honour of being his antagonist. “He was unlike most of his countrymen. He had no French exuberance, and always maintained a dignity of manner, which was an effectual bar to

familiarity. However, he was exceedingly amiable, and often furnished me with information on historical and other topics, for he was well-read, a good classical scholar, and a special admirer of Horace.”

Meantime it had become the policy of the Empire to outbid the Liberal agitators and demagogues in the contest for popularity. It had the power of the purse. Its assailants could promise but it could perform. Like its prototypes of Imperial Rome, it was generous of *panem et circenses*. The overcrowded population of Paris was kept in tolerable good humour by abundant work and excellent wages. The demolitions and reconstructions that were supposed to make future *émeutes* impossible gratified the popular vanity, though they raised the price of lodgings and removed the workmen far from their work. It is an amiable feature of the French democracy that, so long as their own circumstances are easy, they enjoy vicariously the extravagant gaieties of the rulers. The train of carriages driving to the balls and receptions, with the decorated uniforms of the men and the toilets and diamonds of the ladies, give them the cheap pleasures of free public spectacles. It is only when famine-stricken as in the first Revolution, or when irritated by such humiliating defeats as those inflicted by the Germans, that the many-headed monster revolts, and raises the cry of “The Aristocrats to the lantern!” These public entertainments were on the most sumptuous scale, and invitations were issued with democratic indiscriminination. Felix Whitehurst, whose *métier* it was to report the doings of the best society for the *bourgeois* readers of the ‘Daily Telegraph,’ gives a vivid and pic-

turesque account of them. He paints the scene towards midnight in the Tuileries, where every man was bound to appear in uniform, and each of the ladies wore a ball-dress of the period—"as much a costume as any ever worn at masquerade or fancy ball." Tables were groaning under *pâtés de foie gras* and truffles *en serviette*, and there was an incessant flow of Sillery of the choicest vintages. "But to me the most interesting sight," writes the courtly correspondent, "was to see the Emperor moving round the circle and talking to his guests, just as *monsieur un tel* ought to do, and does when he understands the graceful duties of hospitality." Shortly afterwards Baron Haussmann was entertaining 3000 persons at the Hôtel de Ville. The correspondent "looked on with supreme pleasure at a luxury which, while reminding one of the decadence of Rome, now indicates only the wealth of France."

Doubtless both the Préfet of the Seine and his master masked anxious hearts with smiling countenances, for they knew that the guests were dancing on a smouldering volcano. In four years the Emperor was a dethroned exile, and before that Baron Haussmann had been undeservedly and ungratefully disgraced; for after nobly carrying out the conceptions he had been authorised to realise, he withdrew into private life, a comparatively poor man. Yet in the summer of 1866 the tottering Emperor had received a striking testimony to his ascendancy in European politics, when Francis Joseph resigned Venetia into his hands, inviting his mediation for the restoration of peace. In Paris he had always a useful ally in the clever Princess Mathilde, whom he not only pensioned,

but had befriended by securing her handsome matrimonial settlements. Yet the *salons* of the Princess's hotel were ever open to brilliant mockers and *frondeurs*; and it was significant of the times that a piece of wit was invariably welcome, even if it told severely against the *régime*. As to that Captain Bingham has a characteristic story in which the joke was carried too far to be altogether agreeable to the society. It had come to the Princess's ears that M. Billault had a stinging satirical song in his possession. The Minister admitted that he had the manuscript in his pocket; the hostess constrained him to read it aloud; the guests were sworn to secrecy, and the servants sent away. Very clever and stinging it was,—so much so that "the first couplets were received with profound silence, followed by murmurs of stupefaction, stifled laughter, and cries of indignation." Several of the party were severely lashed, and the point was that the Emperor was made to plead guilty to innumerable follies and mistakes, to which the obsequious Billault responded with the invariable refrain, "*Majesté, vous avez raison.*" The sworn secrecy was disregarded and betrayed. Next morning Billault received a note from his master, inviting him to breakfast, and commanding him to bring the verses. His Majesty read them, shrugged his shoulders, and behaved very well. He asked if the Minister knew the author. Billault answered in the affirmative, adding that he was an upright man and faithful to the Government. "So much the better," said his Majesty. "You can tell him that I don't want to know his name, but that I should like to see his next production before it is read to the Princess."

Before 1870 the volcano was giving sinister signs of speedy eruption. The shooting of Victor Noir provoked a great public scandal, and the scenes at the funeral were ominous of serious trouble. The story of the events that preceded the outbreak of hostilities has been often told. The Emperor feared and resented the unexpected aggrandisement of Prussia, and Bismarck was eager to bring matters to an arbitrament. He judged the situation and all the conditions soundly, and knew well what he was about. The Emperor, as the writer happens to know, was entirely misled by his envoys to the Southern German States as to the state of feeling there. Had he been content or able to wait, he would unquestionably have found allies in Austria and Italy. But there can be no doubt that events were precipitated by sheer terror of the democracy. He elected for the lesser of two dangers with his eyes open. Frenchmen in general, and the Parisians in particular, were madly set upon a triumphant march to Berlin. The papers discovered in the Tuileries after the flight of the Empress prove that her husband did not stake his crown without very sufficient warning. The military attaché at Berlin, as we all know, was outspoken enough. And so far back as December 1866 Ducret, who commanded in Strasbourg, had written to Trochu: 'While we are pompously deliberating on what must be done to have an army, Prussia simply proposes to invade our territory. She will be in a position to bring into the field 600,000 men and 1200 guns before we have dreamt of organising half that force. There is not a German who does not believe in an approaching war.' That confidential letter must have been intercepted, and copied in the *Cabinet Noir*.

And similar warnings were multiplied to the Court, through the whole threatening course of the stormy negotiations on the cession of Luxemburg and the Hohenzollern candidature. Thiers, as Captain Bingham points out, must be debited with his full share of the blame. The historian of the Consulate and Empire ought to have studied and weighed comparative military forces and their respective potentialities for attack and defence. Yet for four years before the outbreak of war he had never ceased to inflame popular passions by bewailing in the Chamber the decline of French preponderance. He was yet to demonstrate his incapacity as a practical strategist when he hurriedly abandoned to the Commune the Paris he had himself fortified.

After the display of squibs and Roman candles at Saarbrück, when the young Prince received his baptism of fire, reverse rapidly succeeded reverse. But the mob had been so excited by wild *canards* of signal victories that it was dangerous to make even an approximation to the truth. We believe the personal courage of Count de Palikao was beyond question. Yet, "to gain a few hours, with the news of a crushing defeat in his pocket, he said in the Chamber, 'If I could only tell you all I know, Paris would illuminate this evening.'" On the other hand, when the news came of the culminating catastrophe of Sedan, the Empress bore up heroically under the shock, showing as much moral resolution as personal courage. Had she seen rational chances of effective support, undoubtedly she would have made a stand for the throne, although that has never been a national tradition. Captain Bingham remarks elsewhere on the

ease with which French Governments have been disposed of since Louis XVI. refused to fight. The *vox populi* has always spoken with irresistible might, especially when shouting from behind the barricades.

The provisional military *régime* had abdicated, and now the eloquence of the Palais had its opportunity. The new self-elected Government was a Government of babblers and lawyers, though, indeed, the warlike Trochu out-talked them all. If brave words could have retrieved national misfortunes, they were the men to charge themselves with the destinies of prostrate France. We can conceive the grim satisfaction with which Bismarck, Moltke, and Von Roon read their patriotic proclamations to the beleaguered citizens. The inflated bombast culminated in Jules Favre's Bobadil-like ultimatum, "Not a stone of our fortresses—not an inch of our soil." Captain Bingham had remained at his post as haphazard correspondent through both the sieges, and in both the lot of the besieged resident was anything but an enviable one. When the Germans had closed in, suspicions were everywhere rife; the cry of treachery was on the lips of each grimy patriot, and a foreign accent was a damnatory *pièce de conviction*. Trochu himself was arrested for a spy, though the General-in-Chief succeeded in establishing his identity. If a house happened to look out towards the detached forts of the enceinte, it was dangerous to light a lamp without closing the shutters, for flashing of signals to the enemy was a common and capital charge. Out of doors the light began to fail, as gas and paraffin were necessarily economised. The Boulevards of an evening were dismal as Père

La Chaise; the trees in the Bois were being felled for fuel; and the Champs Elysées began to resemble the Chicago cattle-yards. Altogether life was desperately dull, and, what was more, it began to be desperately dear. On November 18, we are told, a plump sewer-rat was selling for three francs, a turkey fetched a couple of guineas, and a pound of butter commanded £2, 16s. A month later an egg was priced at 1½ franc, and a rabbit had risen from 14 to 30 francs. On December 9 Captain Bingham's cook, after standing in the long *queue* for a couple of hours, came home with rations for three days, consisting of a herring apiece. We had an opportunity of seeing Captain Bingham's butcher-bills, and they included camel, camelopard, elephant, and rhinoceros. It need not be said that it was not every one who could afford to pay fancy prices for strange meats from the Jardins des Plantes et d'Acclimation; and it will always be a mystery how less fortunate individuals contrived to subsist upon public or private charity; also how the fashionable restaurants for long continued to give their customers a creditable dinner for the reasonable charge of one louis. Still there was a limit even among imprisoned capitalists to fancy prices, and no purchaser could be found for the hippopotamus at £3200. Three weeks afterwards the city surrendered, and, so far as we know, the behemoth survived.

The costs of the war would have been even more onerous had the Germans realised the resources of France. The famous economist, Leroy Beaulieu, understood them better. He wrote, when the war ransom had been fixed, "We know what sacrifices are imposed upon

us by this increase of £400,000,000 to our public debt and the development of our military expenditure. But our neighbours are ignorant of all the resources which French thought and French work can furnish." A few years afterwards Bismarck became alive to his mistake, and would have retrieved it by a second summary invasion, had it not been for the interposition of the Czar. In these anxious days the writer had a letter from a man—not Captain Bingham—who had access to sources of information the most *intimes*. Like Bingham, he occupied an apartment looking out on the Arc de Triomphe. And he wrote, "I never dress of a morning without seeing the triumphant Prussians again passing under the Arch."

The Commune was a legacy of the humiliating war, and, as we said, of the extravagant expenditure of the Empire. Paris was discontented, impoverished, and overcrowded with workmen out of employment, from whom the insurrectionary Directory recruited its defenders. The *bourgeois* Thiers, soldier-like only in theory, was not the man for the critical situation. Had MacMahon been then in charge, events might have been very different. Thiers' best excuse was that he could not trust the soldiers. Had they looked up to a Marshal whose courage they respected, and been under the wholesome terrors of military law, there would have been little fear of their fraternising with the discontented. The regular uniform has a supreme contempt for shopkeepers of the National Guard and *pekings* in blouses. As it was, Thiers, though he had such dashing soldiers as De Gallifet at his back, showed a pitiable example of impotence and vacillation. There was no reason why he should not

have at once drawn the teeth of the factions by quietly removing the guns parked on the heights of Montmartre. The writer saw them a few days before the impending outbreak practically unguarded. Indeed the cannon had actually been secured, but unfortunately the teams to drag them away had been forgotten. That might have been the error of an incapable subordinate. But Thiers evacuated Paris so promptly that in his panic he would actually have abandoned Valérien, and that key of the attack was only saved by a timely reminder and remonstrance. Then respectable citizens were startled by the depressing news that they had been deserted by Admiral Saisset, the trusty commander of the National Guard, who had followed Thiers to Versailles. The law-abiding men of property had fondly believed that he, at least, would have stuck to his post. The Admiral afterwards explained to Bingham that he had acted sorely *contre cœur*. But Thiers' orders were peremptory, and he was bound to obey.

One of the first striking incidents of the second siege was the demonstration of the Rue de la Paix, which ended in a slaughter of unarmed men. We always doubted whether the Communists were greatly to blame, and Captain Bingham's testimony goes far to exculpate them. A more insane project than for a procession of unarmed citizens to force a line of military posts could hardly have been conceived. But the friends of order were not content with simple persuasion: "the language used was of an excitable, if not a violent character." The National Guard gave them fair warning, and only fired when their line was being broken. Bingham says that the casualties would have been far

more numerous had not the Federalists passed the night in the wine-shops. Moreover, it is more than probable that many fired in the air, otherwise the volleys at point blank must have been much more deadly. And the report we had from Laurence Oliphant corresponds with that of Captain Bingham. Oliphant was an eyewitness, and helped afterwards to drag some of the wounded into the offices of Messrs Blount the bankers. He had been warned, by the bye, that he might expect a sign that he had been sinning against the light in declining to quit Paris at the orders of his prophet. He took that bloody drama of the Rue de la Paix as the predicted sign, and straightway sent in his demission as 'Times' correspondent.

The gentlemen of the pavement had been succeeded by the gentlemen of the gutter, and these last were by no means pleasant masters. A strange mixture they were ; for with Blanqui, who had grown grey in conspiracies, and with the Raoul Rigaults and the Felix Pyats, were such honest fanatics as Delescluze, such chivalrous though mistaken soldiers as Rossel. The world of Paris was more topsyturvy than ever. With men like Rossel and the fighting Pole Dombrowski at their disposal, the Communists chose for their General-in-Chief Bergeret the ex-waiter. He could not ride ; he did not care to walk so far ; so when he delivered his famous attack on Versailles, he accompanied the column in a carriage-and-pair, till the fire from Valérien disturbed his equanimity. It was then that Paris was encouraged by the memorable despatch announcing that Bergeret *lui-même* was directing operations. There were exceptions, and Raoul Rigault was

one ; but Bingham does justice to the general incorruptibility of the feather-brained anarchists. So far as honesty went, they made a happy choice of their Finance Minister. "Jourde's wife washed the family linen as of yore (not that the Minister seemed to use much), and he took his hurried meals at a low eating-house. And, poor fellow, he looked sadly in want of good feeding." Indeed it is a singular fact that with Paris abandoned to the dregs of the populace, the deserted mansions of the rich were not given over to sack and pillage. There was the Bank of France, with untold gold in the cellars. The governor remained courageously at his post, and treated coolly and successfully with the commissioners of the Commune. He ransomed the vast treasures in his custody for less than a million sterling. And Bingham vouches for a fact which would otherwise seem incredible. "While the marquis was doling out his millions of francs to the Commune, he was sending regularly, once a-week, silver and gold wherewith to pay the Versailles troops, who cost about £120,000 a-day." Almost as mysterious is the protracted defence, and it suggests that the dash had been taken out of the regular officers and privates, demoralised by a succession of crushing disasters. Cluseret, who had been War Minister for nearly a month, asserted that during that period "the Communists only lost 171 men, and that only 6000 men, not including 2000 artillerymen, were engaged in the defence." As Bingham, who accepts the statement, comments, "It was this insignificant number of combatants, who spent more time in the wine-shops than on the ramparts, which resisted for two long months an

army of 100,000 men, 47 field-batteries, and a formidable siege-artillery." It might have been supposed that the patriotic besiegers, at some personal risk, would have been eager to spare the capital the calamities of a prolonged bombardment. But for weeks they were content to play at long-bowls with the cannon of the forts and enceinte. Their firing was so methodical that the regular intervals could be confidently reckoned with. At times they made it hot enough at the exposed crossings, and Captain Bingham gives a grimly ludicrous account of a troop of *bonnes* waiting a chance to rush across to the bakery over the way. At last the Versailles troops slipped into the city in place of storming it; and we know how terrible and indiscriminating were the reprisals. No one can ever tell how many innocent victims were murdered at Satory or dropped to these nocturnal volleys of platoon firing, which disturbed the slumbers of the residents near the Parc de Monceaux and the Gardens of the Luxemburg. "What struck me as deplorable in those days," says Captain Bingham, "was the conduct of the population, which, after having shown the most abject submission to the Commune, now clamoured

for blood. No sooner was an arrest made than the cry, *À mort ! à mort !* was raised."

On the close of that bloody tragedy which restored Paris and France to the rule of the constitutional democracy we may let the curtain fall. Since then every political notoriety and many an obscure individual have had their chance. Captain Bingham remarks that under the Third Republic there have been thirty-six Ministers of the Interior. It is relatively satisfactory, with regard to the continuity and stability of French foreign policy, to know that there have been only half as many Ministers of Foreign Affairs. On which his comment is that these frequent changes keep up a certain excitement, and do not seem to do the country much harm. He thinks that ministerial instability appears to act like a sedative, and to prevent more serious complications. We are glad to believe that the English temperament is essentially different from that of the French; but should we ever realise the fond dreams of our advanced Radicals, and have annual Parliaments with paid members, we may go through a course of somewhat similar experiences, which will at least give us "a certain amount of excitement."

AN UNCROWNED KING.¹

A ROMANCE OF HIGH POLITICS.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXIII.—UNDER WHICH KING?

"YOUR Majesty will tell us your adventures?" said the Princess, when they were seated at table. "At present we know only that the insurgents confessed to having killed you, and that you are here in Malta several days after your supposed death."

"I can't make out that confession myself," said Caerleon, laughing, "for the men who made it had the best possible means of knowing what had really happened to us. Well, to go back to the beginning, it seems, from what my brother has since told me, that he and Drakovics had some idea that an attempt would be made on my life at the coronation, which was to take place to-day—or yesterday—or the day before—I am quite confused as to the day of the week now. I suppose that was a mere blind, intended to distract our attention from the real plot. At any rate, Wright woke us in the middle of the night, and told us there was not a sentry to be seen about the place, and that the servants had all disappeared. We got up and looked for our revolvers, but they had been tampered with, and the only weapons we could find were the wretched Brummagem swords we wear in full dress. With these we started out, but it wasn't until we came to the landing that we caught sight of the enemy. Then we had a fight on the stairway, like old Umslopogaas, and we were led to the conclusion that a Zulu battle-axe was a more satisfactory weapon than a tailor-made

sword. Still, with a sword which Wright got hold of for me, I think we might have managed to hold our own if they hadn't come upon us from behind. They tied us up with curtain-ropes, and wanted me to sign a deed of abdication, but I wouldn't."

"I am sure you would not!" cried Nadia, with flashing eyes. "Did they threaten to kill you?"

"Well, the atmosphere was rather threatening, certainly, and they warned us that our fate was in our own hands, and that sort of thing. Then they took us down to the river, and on board a steamer, and there, I don't mind telling you, I did think our last hour was come. They blindfolded us, and I made sure we were to be shot at once; but they began to push us along the deck, and I thought they must be going to make us walk the plank, that there might be no signs of violence on our bodies. I know it crossed my mind even then that they must have a robust faith in human nature if they believed that three bound and blindfolded corpses would be imagined to have got into the river by accident. At last I felt them give me a good push forwards, but instead of falling overboard I found myself on my hands and knees in a cabin. The next moment my brother and Wright were flung in on top of me, and the door was locked. I believe they never really meant to kill us at all, only to frighten us into begging for mercy, or something

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of the kind. Before we had picked ourselves up we heard the men who had brought us on board putting off again, and the steamer started immediately. They must have been getting up steam beforehand in readiness for our arrival. At that we set to work to try and free ourselves, and as our hands were tied in front of us, we managed to do it at last. Wright succeeded first, and he helped us. Then we got off the handkerchiefs which were tied over our eyes, but the place was quite dark. We felt all about it, and decided that we must be in some sort of deck-cabin, but there were no windows, only wooden shutters. There was no furniture, simply a heap of old tarpaulins, and it was frightfully cold, for the snow was on the ground when we started. Cyril had no proper coat on, merely a smoking-jacket, and he began to shiver horribly. I hadn't a coat either, but Wright gave him his, and we covered ourselves as best we could with the tarpaulin. If you asked me how long we stayed in that place, I should say about six hundred years, but I suppose it can't have been more than six days,—or was it only five? A grinning Scythian rascal with a lantern brought us some ship-biscuit and water several times during our voyage. I really never knew before how old and stale ship-biscuit could be. We tried to induce the fellow to give us some better food for Cyril and a blanket or two; but we had no money with us, and he demanded cash down, and would have nothing to do with promises. Cyril got worse and worse, and we couldn't do anything for him. We gave him all the tarpaulin to keep him warm, but it was wretched stiff stuff, and wouldn't cover him properly. At first he was able to talk sensibly to us, and to try the jailer

with Scythian, but as time went on he became half-delirious, and we could see he was suffering terribly. We banged at the door and did everything we could think of to attract attention, and we promised the jailer unheard-of sums if he would bring the captain or some one in authority to speak to us, but he only laughed. All this time we could tell that the ship was moving, but happily there was not much sea on. At last, this morning, she stopped suddenly, and, as far as we could make out, a boat came on board, and then put off again. Whether this was an order for some change in our destination I don't know, but soon afterwards they called us to come out of the cabin. Wright and I dragged Cyril up, and helped him along into a sort of passage-place, where the light dazzled us, for we had seen nothing but the jailer's lantern since we had been on board. Before we could look round or see who was there, we were blindfolded again and our hands tied, and we were taken down into a boat. We were rowed some way, and then they hauled us out and dumped us down upon the sand, and we heard them rowing away again. Our hands were tied behind us this time, so that it was a long while before we could get them free, and when we got our eyes uncovered, the ship was steaming right away to sea, almost out of sight. There we were, on a desert island for all we knew, with poor old Cyril gabbling away in all sorts of languages, and quite off his head. We drew him under the shadow of the cliff, and then Wright went a little way along to look for a path. He found a place where there was a gap in the cliffs, and went up it a short distance, and then came back and told me that he could see houses a good way off. We lifted poor Cyril

between us, and carried him up through the gap and along a little track to the house where you found us. There were only the women and children at home, and they couldn't tell us anything; but they were very kind to us, and gave us food and made up a bed of straw for Cyril. Then when the farmer came home, we had another try at making ourselves understood; but it was no good, and we couldn't even get him to tell us slowly where we were. He talked so fast, and said so much, that though I had an idea that he mentioned Valetta, I couldn't be sure of it. However, I thought it was very likely that they had brought us to Malta as the nearest piece of British territory to Thracia, so Wright and I agreed that he had better get the farmer to take him to the town we could see in the distance, and look about for some good Samaritan who could speak English, and might be able to guide him to a doctor. But I never hoped to find two such good Samaritans as those who brought him back."

"Hush!" said the Princess; "let us have no compliments, please. To have been the means of helping you is enough for me, and if it is not enough for Mdle. O'Malachy, she may say so for herself. But tell me; do you seriously consider that you are in danger here?"

"I haven't an idea," said Caerleon. "The English Government never recognised me as King of Thracia, and it ought, therefore, to consider me as merely a private person; but there might be some official who would prefer security to logic, and put me in prison. I must telegraph to Drakovics tomorrow, and see how things stand, and after that I shall know better what to do."

"Quite so," said the Princess. "You are aware that the Thracians,

believing you to be dead, have chosen one of the Schwarzwald-Molzau princes as king?"

"I know—Prince Otto Georg, a very good fellow; he was staying with me at Bellaviste before I—left. Well, I have no wish to interfere with his election,—though no doubt it will be an awful sell for him when he hears that I am alive."

"I doubt whether you could interfere even if you wished to do so," said the Princess. "We heard that he was to be crowned to-day, and it is possible that his coronation might bar any claim on your part."

"I shan't be sorry," said Caerleon. "It seems to me as if that would end a very difficult situation in a very desirable way. It certainly looks as though my captors were of your opinion. If that boat this morning brought the news of Otto Georg's coronation, it appears that they considered me no longer dangerous. Otherwise they might have marooned us somewhere on the North African coast, where there would have been very little chance of our ever turning up again to trouble them; or if they were particular about British territory, they might have found one or two rather nasty places on the shores of Cyprus."

"But you are king still," said Nadia, with fierce eagerness.

"I really don't know, and I can't say that I very much care if I am not. It has not been such a delightful post as to make me anxious to turn the other man out of it if he likes it. And if I am not king I must surely be a very harmless individual, who might safely be left in peace."

"Yes," said the Princess; "and yet it might be supposed that you were here for the purpose of heading a plot for your own restoration.

I tell you what I will do. We have not yet attended one of the Governor's receptions, but I have a letter of introduction to him, and I will deliver it to-morrow morning. I will represent your situation to him in his private capacity, and if as Governor he thinks it his duty to arrest you, he will give me some hint of his intention, and you shall take refuge on board the *Anne Karénine*, and leave the port. Under the Scythian flag you will be safe."

"This is the irony of fate," said Caerleon. "Scythia has turned me out of Thracia, and now she is to protect me against England."

"Then you think that the plot against you was of Scythian origin?" asked the Princess. Caerleon reflected a little before answering.

"I do not think that there were any Scythians among the plotters," he said; "but I feel pretty sure that they would never have entered into the conspiracy if they had not felt sure of Scythia's help in case of success, and her support if they failed. I think it's quite possible, too, that she strained a point in granting the exiles permission first to settle in her territory, and then to leave it."

"But who were the leaders of the conspiracy?" asked Nadia, suddenly.

"Well, I saw most of General Sertchaieff; but I hear that his brother, the former Premier, was in it too."

"Yes, I saw their names; but that is not what I mean. Was my brother there?"

"There were a good many there altogether," said Caerleon, evasively.

"Was Louis there?" she persisted.

"Well—yes, he was," admitted Caerleon.

"You need not be afraid of hurt-

ing my feelings," said Nadia, her eyes flashing ominously. "He has no special tenderness for me—he would have shot me once if he could, so don't try to spare him."

"My child," said the Princess, "do not say what you may afterwards regret. Your unhappy brother is dead."

"Dead!" said Nadia, awed. "Was he killed in the fighting?"

"No," said the Princess—"afterwards. Do you wish to leave us, my child? His Majesty will be so kind as to excuse you," and Nadia rose and left the room.

"What became of Louis O'Malachy?" asked Caerleon, returning to his place after opening the door for her. "All that I know about the outbreak is what I have heard from your man just now, and he did not mention his name."

"He was to be shot this morning with General Sertchaieff and the other rebels who belonged to the army," said the Princess.

"I can't say that I don't think it was well deserved," said Caerleon. "When I think of the way in which that fellow deceived us all—pretending that he had given up his commission in the Scythian army for the sake of throwing in his lot with Thracia, and how he took the oaths and received the pay of our Government while all the time he was plotting against it—I feel as though shooting was too good for him. But that's not all," he rose from his seat and began to walk up and down the room. "As Miss O'Malachy says, when she came to Bellaviste to warn me of the first plot, he actually fired at her—would have killed her rather than that she should betray his secret. There are some things one feels it very hard to forgive a man, though he is dead."

"It is cases of this kind," said

the Princess, with apparent irrelevance, "that make one wish that Scripture and reason allowed us to believe in the efficacy of prayers for the dead."

"It is, indeed," Caerleon assented heartily, though wondering a little at the turn the conversation had taken. But when the Princess spoke next, she had changed the subject again.

"My poor Nadia is very much alone in the world," she remarked. "Now that her father has cast her off, she has really no relations left."

"Is the O'Malachy acting the Roman father?" asked Caerleon. "I have been wondering that. He took no part in the rebellion."

"He has been laid up with a bad attack of gout at a little town in Scythian Sarmatia," said the Princess, "and no doubt his illness has saved his life. He must have heard from his son the reason for the failure of the plot which you mentioned, for he wrote Nadia a long letter promising her his dying curse, and refusing to have anything more to do with her."

"She might have worse spared a better father," said Caerleon.

The Princess smiled. "That is exactly my idea. No doubt it is selfish of me, but I cannot but be glad that Colonel O'Malachy has cast her off so unequivocally. When she came to me first, as a little child, I was always afraid that some day her parents would claim her again, and, as you know, they did."

"And I'm afraid I can't say I'm sorry for it," said Caerleon. "It was to my advantage, you see, for if Miss O'Malachy had remained in Scythia with your Highness, I might never have met her—nor yourself, madame," he added.

"I did not know that Englishmen were so fond of paying compliments," said the Princess, look-

ing surprised. "However, as I was going to say, it is a great happiness for me to know that my god-daughter is altogether mine from henceforth."

"I—I'm afraid you don't understand what I wanted to say," said Caerleon, desperately. "I don't know whether she has told you, but it doesn't seem right for me to be in your house without your knowing it—I mean that I have twice asked Miss O'Malachy to marry me."

"You are candid," said the Princess, smiling. "Nadia has told me of your obliging offer, I assure you. May I ask whether this plain speaking is intended as a prelude to a third proposal?"

"I wish it might be! But it must depend upon circumstances."

"I see. Your Majesty is a prudent lover."

"But you don't understand," persisted Caerleon. "It all depends on whether I am still King of Thracia or not."

"Then you consider that Nadia is good enough to be your wife, but not to be your queen?"

"I think she is fit for any throne on earth," said Caerleon, indignantly. "Your Highness seems determined to misunderstand me. It is not my fault that Nadia—I beg your pardon, Miss O'Malachy—is not Queen of Thracia now; but she would not have me, nor would she allow me to abdicate. She put me on my honour to stay in Thracia until I was turned out, and refused to have anything to say to me as long as I stayed there. Of course I see the difficulties. Her Scythian blood, and her name, would make the people detest the marriage at first, especially after what has just happened, and Drakovics would oppose it, and he is capable of a good deal. But time works wonders, and if she would have given me a grain of hope, I would have waited

any number of years; but she wouldn't, and so your Highness can't wonder that I shall be glad if Prince Otto Georg is left in peaceable possession of the throne."

"This is a declaration of war, then? If you find yourself once more a private individual, you will again ask Nadia to marry you?"

"Like a shot," returned Caerleon, promptly. "I am sorry if you think I am presumptuous, but I thought it only fair to tell you."

"You are right. I prefer an open enemy. Now, I can see that all your fatigues and anxieties have left you very tired. Don't let me keep you up if you would rather go to your room at once. I hope the servants have made you comfortable?"

"Perfectly, thank you. But I am going to sit up with my brother."

"Are you?" asked the Princess. "I think not. I think you will leave him to-night to my care and Tatiana's, while you take a good rest. If you wish to please me (and you know that I am a very important person to please if you want to marry Nadia) you will do as I tell you."

"How can I thank you for all your kindness?" asked Caerleon, gratefully, but she stopped him.

"By saying nothing about it. Good night."

"I don't think she is really as angry with me for wanting to marry Nadia as she seemed just now," was Caerleon's reflection as he kissed her hand, while the Princess was congratulating herself that she had at any rate shown him plainly that he need not think of marrying Nadia out of pity, nor imagine that she had no friends.

The next day opened brightly for the fugitives from Thracia. In the first place, Tatiana announced that she thought Cyril seemed a

shade better. Next, Wright won a victory which filled his soul with delight. Entering his master's dressing-room before he was up, he discovered Alessandro and an aiding and abetting boy engaged in putting out the clothes Caerleon was to wear. In the present state of things, Wright looked upon this duty as his own, and after the employment of much broken English and many Italian gestures on the side of the two foreigners, and much silent contempt on his part, he ousted his rivals and remained master of the situation. Lastly, the Princess interviewed the Governor at an absurdly early hour, and found him in a most reasonable frame of mind. Truth to tell, when he heard that Princess Soudaroff wished to see him on urgent private business, his Excellency's thoughts flew to Captain Binks, whose tyranny, owing to his own boastful spirit, was a joke in the town. Being a chivalrous man, the Governor was only too glad to welcome the opportunity of delivering this harmless and excellent foreign lady from her oppressor, and he accorded her an interview at once. His amazement, when he found that she had not come to him for advice as to the best way in which to get rid of the captain of her yacht, but to inquire his opinion as to the personality of the reigning King of Thracia, was extreme, but he was still ready to help. He had not a doubt that Prince Otto Georg would be recognised as King by the Powers, and in that case Caerleon could probably count on being left unmolested, unless he took to plotting against the present *régime*. At any rate, if orders for his arrest should be sent from England, his Excellency would contrive that the Princess should hear of the mandate by a side wind before it could be carried out.

This was the news which the

Princess imparted to Caerleon when he appeared, repentant for having overslept himself, at the late breakfast. The intelligence, following on his conversation with her the night before, raised his spirits to a high pitch, and he went so far as to chaff her gently on the subject of the exactions of Captain Binks, of which he had heard from Wright, much to her amusement, while Nadia listened in silence, pleased but puzzled. After breakfast, nothing would satisfy him but to go out at once and despatch his telegrams to King Otto Georg and M. Drakovics. He felt himself a free man once more, but he was feverishly anxious to have his liberty secured to him. It was only as he enjoyed the unwonted sensation of filling in the telegraph-forms that he realised what a relief it was not to be waylaid during his walk to the post-office by half-a-dozen broken-hearted officials, all beseeching him, reverentially and almost with tears, not to give himself the trouble of writing out his messages with his own hand. He calculated eagerly how long it would be before he could receive his assurance of release from Bellaviste. It was not only that he was desirous of escaping from the trammels of etiquette—he had endured them for the past three months, and could manage to endure them again, if it would do any human being any earthly good,—but there was Nadia. He could not help knowing that she had been glad to see him again the night before; she had let him hold her hand, and her beautiful eyes had been full of tears when they fell before his,—and yet, if he was King of Thracia she would still persist in maintaining the barrier she had erected between them. If it was his duty to go back to Thracia and take up the weary round again without hope of her companionship,

he would do it, doggedly if not with a good grace; but if things had been settled otherwise without his intervention, how gladly would he hail the release! He was quite convinced now that he was not suited to be a king—the position demanded mental and moral (or perhaps unmoral) qualifications which he did not possess, and a quiet life in England with Nadia was henceforth his ideal of happiness. He walked back to the house as though treading on air, and was greeted by a friendly smile from Alessandro, who had washed his hands of Wright, but still retained a proprietary interest in Wright's master, and informed him that the doctor had arrived to pay his morning visit to Cyril some time ago. Almost as the courier spoke, Caerleon saw Nadia standing on the piazza and apparently waiting for him. He ran up the steps at once.

"I have just been telegraphing my congratulations to the new King," he said, "and assuring him that I had far rather he had the throne than I. I feel like a school-boy out for a holiday."

"Hush!" said Nadia, gravely. "The doctor is here, and your brother is decidedly worse."

Caerleon gazed at her in astonishment. "But he seemed so much better!" he cried.

"That was only a temporary improvement, due to the greater comfort of his surroundings," she answered, quoting the medical verdict word for word. "The doctor hoped that the pain would decrease a good deal in the night; but it is worse, and he is afraid he will be obliged to perform an operation."

With a muttered apology, Caerleon passed her, and hurried up to Cyril's room, meeting the doctor on the way, and hearing the bad news confirmed. The patient's state was

critical, and the remedies which had been applied seemed to have failed of their effect. Much depended now on constant care and attention, and this the Princess and her household might be relied on to furnish. But such a transference of responsibility could not satisfy Caerleon. He insisted on taking his share, and much more than his share, of the nursing, and would never have left his brother's room if he had not been obliged to do so. The Princess and the doctor between them hunted him out for a walk twice a-day, and made him take his meals in an adjoining room, but except for this he insisted on remaining with Cyril. The telegram which reached him from M. Drakovics, inquiring anxiously what course he intended to pursue with regard to Thracia, and that from King Otto Georg, offering to resign the kingdom at once, were read and answered by the patient's bedside, and forgotten as soon as they were disposed of, in the all-absorbing interest of the struggle between life and death. The Princess was surprised and touched by the devotion of the elder brother to the younger, but Nadia read Caerleon's feelings more clearly. He was indignant with himself for acquiescing so easily in the cheerful view at first taken of Cyril's state, and allowing his mind to turn to considerations regarding his own love and happiness when the brother who had come to Thracia for his sake, who had done his best to keep him on his unstable throne, and who was suffering even now through his misfortune, was too full of pain and weakness even to realise the gravity of his own condition. To devote himself now altogether to Cyril, and to atone for his past neglect by cutting himself off almost entirely from Nadia's society, were his only thoughts, and Nadia admired him

the more on this very account, for in a similar case her own instinct would have been to do exactly the same. As it was, she stifled a sigh over the memories of that first evening and morning, when Caerleon had seemed so happy and had talked so cheerfully as to recall the first days of her acquaintance with him, and turned heroically to taking her share of the nursing, or to doing what she could towards leaving her godmother free to devote herself to the invalid.

"What an ungrateful wretch I am!" she said to herself. "A week ago it would have seemed to me the very height of happiness merely to know that Carlino was alive, and yet now that he is in the same house, and I see him every day, I am not content. Can it be that I am jealous of poor Lord Cyril? It sounds dreadful, and yet, when I see that Carlino is always thinking of him, and never speaks to me unless he is obliged, it makes me miserable. And I ought to be glad to be able to do anything for Lord Cyril, and so I am,—only I am glad I forgave him before I knew how hard it would be."

What made the time she spent in nursing Cyril more than ordinarily hard for Nadia was the fact that her presence always seemed to exert on the patient an influence the reverse of soothing. Whether it was that her anxious, painstaking ways irritated him, or that his conscience pricked him with regard to her, his fevered eyes followed her persistently about the room, and seemed to be addressing some entreaty to her. The doctor noticed it at last.

"He has something on his mind," he said to Caerleon. "Has anything occurred to trouble him, do you know?"

"Nothing but our leaving Thracia, so far as I know."

"He did not leave any young lady behind him there, did he, of whom Miss O'Malachy may remind him?"

"Oh no. He's not that sort of fellow at all," responded Caerleon, with absolute assurance. But the suggestion remained in his mind, and he found himself continually puzzling over the uneasiness Cyril showed in Nadia's presence. Was it that in some way she was vaguely connected in his mind with her brother? Nadia herself could not account for it otherwise, and the discovery of the real cause came as a disagreeable surprise both to her and to Caerleon. She was looking after the patient one day, while Caerleon ate his lunch in the dressing-room, and he was surprised after a time to hear sounds of an altercation from the sick-room,—if that could be called an altercation in which all the speaking was on one side.

"Is he delirious?" he asked, knocking at the door. "Can I help you?"

"Oh, do go away," said Nadia, her face flushed and angry. "No, it's too late; he has heard your voice. I think he must be delirious."

"But what is it? Does he want anything?"

"He wants me to tell you something, and I won't. There is no reason why I should, and it can't do any good."

"But how do you know that's what he wants?"

"It struck me suddenly that he wanted something, and I asked him all the things I could think of, until it flashed upon me that it was this, and I have told him I can't do it, and he won't be satisfied."

"Can't you tell me, just to quiet his mind? I'll try not to think of it again, but this excitement must be very bad for him." He glanced at Cyril, who was straining his ears

in the attempt to catch their low-toned conversation.

"No; I can't. He has no right to ask it of me, nor have you. It is merely a thing between him and me, and it would make no difference if I told it, except that you would think worse of him. I tell him that he must tell you about it himself if he wants you to know it."

"How can he, when he hasn't strength to utter a word?" asked Caerleon, indignant at what seemed her heartlessness. "Come, I must insist on your telling me. Do you know that this anxiety is the worst possible thing for him? You cannot refuse to ease his mind."

"You care a great deal more for his feelings than you do for mine!" cried Nadia, angrily.

"If you really think that, I must bear it, I suppose. Kindly tell me this mystery."

"It was merely that he came to see me at Bellaviste, some days before the great ball, and got me to promise that I would not marry you if you asked me. That's all. And it made no difference whatever. I would never have married you under any circumstances."

And launching this Parthian arrow at him, she retreated defiantly, leaving him stupefied. He recalled the way in which Cyril had offered to help him in his suit, had arranged for him a meeting with Nadia, had contrived to keep M. Drakovics from suspecting what was going on,—while all the time he was playing this double game. Now he was lying here, gazing with anxious eyes at his brother, and awaiting his reception of the news. With those eyes upon him, Caerleon could not hesitate.

"It's all right, old man," he said, with something like a groan; "she says herself that it made no difference, you see."

Whether Cyril accepted the forgiveness more easily than it was offered, or whether the fault did not loom so large in his eyes as in his brother's, certain it is that he seemed to begin to mend from that time. The doctor commented on the improvement in him, and opined that the load on his mind had been removed, and Caerleon, though conscious that it had merely been transferred to his own, agreed with him. It was fortunate for the ex-King that public affairs were now once more present to engross his mind, for side by side with the realisation of Cyril's treachery came the knowledge that Nadia was most grievously offended with him, and that she ignored him resolutely on all occasions of their meeting. But it was time to settle the affairs of Thracia on a definite basis, and two delegates, one the president of the Legislative Assembly, the other M. Drakovics's chief supporter in the Ministry, were about to visit Malta for the purpose of negotiating with Caerleon, since the Premier himself dared not leave the kingdom at this juncture. A very short conference with their late sovereign convinced the ambassadors that they were not likely to meet with any opposition to the established state of things on his part. To King Otto Georg's offers to abdicate he had all along returned an unqualified refusal, and he scouted even the idea of retiring into obscurity on his laurels and a pension, as his predecessor had done. His three months' reign had been merely an interlude in his life, he said, though a most picturesque and stirring one, and he was quite content to return to England as a private individual, now that peace and liberty were so happily secured to Thracia. The news of this noble self-abnegation was duly telegraphed to Bellaviste, and rehearsed to the people by M.

Drakovics, who was overcome by emotion during the delivery of his speech, and it was immediately arranged to give legal effect to the renunciation by drawing up a document disowning all claims to the Thracian throne, to be signed by Caerleon and Cyril. To Caerleon the signing of this document was a formal release from his fetters, and when he was informed that the commissioners had brought it to the house, and were awaiting his pleasure, he so far forgot himself as to whistle while he hurried downstairs. But before he could enter the drawing-room Nadia came flying along the lofty stone passage, and, forgetting her anger of the past week, caught his arm.

"Don't sign it," she gasped. "You are the true King."

"I assure you that I have no objection whatever to signing it," he replied.

"Oh, don't say that!" she entreated. "Don't give up your work. There was so much to be done, and you were sent there to do it."

"Perhaps," said Caerleon; "and I was ready to stay on there as long as I was wanted. I was not anxious to leave Bellaviste—in fact, I objected most strongly to doing so; I had no hand in announcing my own death, nor in getting King Otto Georg crowned, but all these things happened, and it is pretty clear to me that any work that is to be done is left for other people."

"But you must not leave it," she cried. "Oh, why won't you listen to me?"

"Isn't that rather hard, when I have always obeyed you so implicitly? I don't deny that if you would have listened to me at Bellaviste on a certain evening, Thracia would not have appeared quite the howling wilderness it did latterly.

But after all, that was not the cause of my leaving, and I would not go back there now, even if you refused to have anything more to say to me unless I did."

"You have no right whatever to imagine such a thing," said Nadia, with great dignity.

"Quite so; I haven't. But I know very well that I am not going back on the old footing, which I suppose you intended to continue? I thought so. It seems to me that you are making the choice a very easy one. But I beg your pardon for teasing you. The fact is, that I am not going to plunge Thracia, and perhaps Europe, into bloodshed to gratify

my personal ambition—or even yours for me. King Otto Georg is liked by the people and accepted by the Powers; my return would be the signal for revolution, perhaps for a European war. That risk I will not incur, even to please you."

"I never thought you were a coward!" she cried, bitterly. Caerleon looked down at her with a smile.

"I wonder whether it has ever occurred to you what a very queer girl you are?" he said. For a moment he thought Nadia would have struck him.

"How dare you say that to me?" she cried, and rushed away.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE KING HAS HIS OWN.

"Can you spare me a minute or two, Princess?" asked Caerleon, coming into the cool, shaded drawing-room, where his hostess sat writing a circular letter to her band of Bible-women at Pavelsburg.

"I will spare you any number of minutes—half an hour if you like," returned the Princess, with a smile. "Sit down here," and she pointed to a low chair beside her.

"Cyril and I have been talking over our plans," Caerleon went on, but she interrupted him impulsively.

"I hope you decided upon none of them, then, for I want you to adopt mine. The doctor recommends a sea-voyage for your brother, and I have been looking forward to your coming with us for a cruise in the *Anne Karénine*."

"You are much too kind," said Caerleon. "After the shameful way in which we have been imposing upon your good nature all this time, we really can't quarter ourselves upon you any longer. Now that Cyril is well enough to

move, we ought to be looking out for some place of our own."

"But what will you do?" asked the Princess. "You would not go back to England—in February? It would be fatal. And if you were travelling about, your brother could not be properly looked after. Oh, I know that you and your good Wright would take every care of him, but it would not be the care a woman gives—which we have been giving him."

"I should think not," said Caerleon. "We could never aspire to equal you in that. But—you will excuse my saying it—I don't think my presence on board your yacht would meet with Miss O'Malachy's approval."

"What!" cried the Princess, with astonishing duplicity; "am I to understand that Miss O'Malachy has made herself disagreeable to my guests, in my house?"

"Good gracious! I shall get the poor girl into trouble," was Caerleon's first thought. Aloud he added, hastily, "Not at all, I assure

you. It was merely a fancy of mine that she might not care for me as a fellow-passenger."

"I trust that it will remain a fancy. I should be very seriously displeased if Miss O'Malachy forgot herself to such an extent. But perhaps you do not wish to leave Malta?"

"It's the very thing I do wish," cried Caerleon. The leaders of Valetta society had shown a tendency of late to lionise him, and an enterprising newspaper man had come out from England expressly to interview him. "I want to get away."

"Then come with us," said the Princess. "Come as a favour to me. I am really afraid of the captain of my yacht, and all my friends here tell me that I ought to get rid of him. He seems to have been boasting to his acquaintances in the harbour that he can make me do what he likes. There is no harm in that, so long as he does not make me do anything wrong, but it was unnecessary to publish it abroad. I will not discharge him, for I have no definite fault to find with him, and it is only reasonable to suppose that he must know more about the sea than I. But still, I do not care that he should regulate all my movements, and I have been looking to you to protect me against him."

"Oh, if I can be of any use——"

"Then it is settled. You come with us. And now, I want your help at once. Captain Binks informed me this morning that if I was ever going to continue my voyage at all, this was the time for the Egean. Just to show him that I am a free agent, can you suggest any cruising-ground that is not the Egean?"

"Let me see. You are in search of the places visited by St Paul, are you not? Well, you know, there

is the other Malta—the other Melita, I mean—somewhere up the Adriatic, off the Austrian coast." Caerleon spoke from the remembrance of long-past discussions at Greek Testament classes in his college days. "I believe the theory that it is the real Melita is quite exploded, but you are not bound to concur without seeing the place for yourself. It would be rather new ground, and you could visit the Ionian Islands on the way."

"Excellent!" cried the Princess, clapping her hands. "I think we shall astonish Captain Binks."

So much astonished was the worthy man when he realised that his employer had taken matters into her own hands, and chosen a course for herself without consulting him, that he forgot to make his usual objections until afterwards, and when he did so, the Princess merely referred him to Caerleon.

"Lord Caerleon suggested this trip," she said, "and if there are any difficulties, he will know how to meet them. He is a gentleman of great experience, my good captain."

To the surprise of all, Captain Binks surrendered at discretion. It was only natural to him to take the lead when the other person concerned was a woman and a foreigner; but when there was an English gentleman on board the captain knew his place. The Princess's eccentricities he had regarded as things to be nipped in the bud for fear of disaster, while he would have welcomed the wildest suggestions Caerleon had cared to make as oracular utterances to be obeyed literally for the honour of the British flag.

Under these happy auspices the voyage began, and the greatest harmony prevailed on board the *Anne Karénine*, with one unfortunate exception. Captain Binks

might defer to Caerleon, the Princess might honour him with her fullest confidence, but Nadia would not so much as speak a civil word to him. In the circumscribed surroundings of the yacht she could not absolutely ignore him, but she could and did cavil at everything that he said, and lost no opportunity of making cutting remarks at his expense. The most trying part of it was that, as in the case of a certain historic curse, no one seemed to mind what she said, and least of all the person most concerned. When she was indignant with Caerleon on high moral grounds, and was anxious to prove to him how deeply she despised and detested his conduct, it was melancholy and even irritating to find that her disapproval had no more effect upon him than rain on the plumage of the proverbial duck, and that when she had exhausted herself in a tempest of indignation he would return to the charge unruffled as soon as she liked. To tell the truth, her behaviour puzzled him not a little; but he was not minded to lose an hour of Nadia's society now that he had it, and submitted to hearing all his actions criticised and his most innocent remarks railed at in perfect good humour.

Matters were at their worst on the day that the Anne Karénine visited Ithaca. It verged a little on the commonplace, no doubt, but still it was natural that Caerleon should make the inevitable comparison between the characters of Penelope and Ulysses as he stood on deck beside Nadia and watched the island fade from sight, but it was distinctly unfortunate that having said so much, he did not stop there.

"But nowadays," he said, "we have changed it all. Penelope goes out into the world, and has her fling, or her *Wanderjahr*, whatever

that may be, and Ulysses stays in Ithaca, and keeps the home together until it pleases her to come back."

"Did you intend that comparison to apply to me?" demanded Nadia, on the defensive at once.

"No, indeed. It didn't strike me there was any resemblance. Do you see one?"

"If you didn't mean it, why did you say it?"

"I assure you that there was not the slightest personal allusion intended. It was a most innocent remark, made merely for the sake of conversation."

"Pray don't trouble yourself to make conversation for my benefit. I should have thought you would see that your efforts were not appreciated."

She walked away, and it was some time before Caerleon came upon her again, sitting in a basket-chair near the companion. His evil genius prompted him to cross the deck to her side, and say—

"Shall we resume our argument, Miss O'Malachy? I don't think we finished it."

"I do not wish to talk about nothing," she returned; "and when I have anything to say to you, I will say it."

"This sounds alarming. Do you mean that I may not speak to you unless I am first addressed?"

"I mean," she said passionately, but in a low voice, "that I wish I might never have to speak to you again."

Caerleon looked at her in utter bewilderment, not believing that she could be serious. "In the old days you would have apologised to me immediately after saying that," he said, trying to treat it as a joke. But she rose and looked him in the face.

"I wish I had never seen you," she said. "This last month has been the most miserable time of my life."

"What have I done?" said Caerleon to himself, helplessly, as she turned and went below. "Have I teased her? But no—she could not have meant all the things she has said, and she couldn't expect me to think she did. I don't know what to do."

She did not appear again that evening, and he sat through dinner gloomy and abstracted. The Princess had letters to write when the meal was over, and Caerleon and Cyril went on deck for their usual constitutional. Cyril broke the silence first, as they tramped steadily and soundlessly along the white planks.

"I say, old man," he began, with some hesitation, "excuse my asking, but how long are you going to let that girl treat you in this way?"

"In what way?" inquired Caerleon, too much relieved at finding some one with whom to discuss his perplexities to feel angry at his brother's interference.

"Why, the way she goes on, slanging you all day long, and snapping your head off if you open your mouth! She's making you the laughing-stock of the ship. When you come on deck together the men begin to grin." This was a slight exercise of the imagination on Cyril's part, although it was true that he had seen Captain Binks close his left eye in a way that expressed unutterable things on one occasion, intending the action for the benefit of Wright, who ignored it loftily.

"Well," said Caerleon, "it pleases her—at least, I suppose it does, or I don't see why she should do it—and it doesn't hurt me much. But what makes her angry with me I can't tell."

"I can. She thinks you're chaffing her."

"But that's absurd."

"No, it isn't. She thinks you don't take her seriously, and the

modern woman must be taken seriously, or die."

"But Nadia is not a modern woman," said Caerleon, placidly.

"Oh, I know she is a cross between a Puritan and an early Christian; but even they would have turned rusty if they had thought they were being laughed at. And she is in deadly earnest, and you do nothing but rag her."

"Not intentionally, on my word and honour. But what am I to do? How did you learn to understand women, Cyril?"

"I didn't learn, it is a gift—improved by cultivation, of course. You will never have it, old man," Cyril dropped into Nadia's chair as he spoke; "but if I may venture on a bit of advice, do make an effort to understand the woman you want to marry."

"I've done that until my brain is softening. If she wasn't so utterly truthful and transparent, so that one knows she means everything she says——"

"Oh, you idiot!" cried Cyril. "Then why do you stay to be slanged?"

"Because I hope all the time that she doesn't mean it."

"There you are! I tell you, Caerleon, that girl is nearly desperate. Do you think she talks to you in this way out of pure cussedness, or in fun? She has raged at you for a fortnight, and you laugh at her."

"But if she has anything against me, why in the world doesn't she tell me so plainly, and let us have it out once for all?"

"Your reasoning would be most cogent if you were only speaking of a man, but lovely woman has her own ways of doing things. And when you come to think of it, you would be rather startled if the lady in the present case marched up to you some morning and informed you that you had offended her in some way, giving details, of course,

and added that all intimate relations between you would be suspended until you had purged your contempt. That is the actual state of things, certainly, but Miss O'Malachy is not going to tell you so. She has let you see it pretty plainly, and I'm not surprised that she is in despair over your denseness. The most maddening thing you can do to a woman is to ignore her, and when she is in love with you——! I tell you it wouldn't astonish me in the least if she ran away from the ship the next port we touch at, and tried to lose herself. Another woman would throw herself overboard, but she is not that sort. The Princess's teaching does not produce suicides."

Caerleon's face was very pale. "For God's sake, Cyril, stop talking in that way, and tell me what you think I ought to do. It's no use trying to appeal to her feelings, for I've done it, and she simply scathed me."

"Listen," said Cyril, sitting up to give greater weight to his words. "You must lay aside that contented, don't-care manner of yours. It maddens her. I know you do care, and with some women your manner would answer admirably, but she can't see through it. Look here; I know you feel shy of taking my advice after what I did at Bellaviste, but this is a straight tip——"

Caerleon started. "I had not remembered it," he said.

"Well, you don't think that it is very agreeable to me to remind you of it, do you? I felt I must let you know of it when I was so bad, but I've been glad enough since that you seemed ready to forget it. Now, old man, if you have forgiven me, take my advice in this. I give you my word that I'm trying to do the best I can for you and her. Turn rusty yourself. Let her see that she has gone too far. Snub her if she tries to begin rating you——"

"I can't. You seem to forget that I care for her."

"Yes, you can—if it's for her own happiness. Don't you see, it will show her that you are in earnest? Once she sees that she has made you really angry, she will be ready to do anything she can to appease you. Matters must come to a crisis then. Try to think that she isn't treating you fairly. She has no business to inflict on an innocent inexperienced fellow like you the punishment which would be all very well for a hardened old offender, such as your humble servant. Yes, that's your line. Get up a feeling of indignation. Lay it on hot and strong. Provoke an explanation, or you'll never get one."

"Well, I will try. Anything's better than the way we have been going on lately. But suppose it doesn't succeed?"

"It must; but you will have to be on the look-out for the slightest change in her manner. Don't lose your chance, or you'll be sorry for it all your life. Now I'm going below to turn in."

He disappeared, but Caerleon remained long on deck, meditating on what he had said. As it happened, the Princess also was moved just then to take some notice of the state of affairs, and the next morning she said to Nadia—

"Have you quarrelled with Carlino, my child? You seem never to be on good terms with him."

"He cares nothing for what I say or do," responded Nadia, sullenly.

"Is there any encouragement for him to care, dear child? What has he done that you should treat him like this?"

"He has disappointed me, Mar-raine. I thought he was brave, that he could be trusted, and he has thrown up his work, and betrayed his trust. He sneers at the mere idea of honour."

"My child, you astonish me!"

cried the Princess. "Are you certain of this? To make such accusations without proof is cruel."

"I know it by what he has said to me himself, Marraine. I had not spoken to him for a week, but I laid aside my anger and implored him to be firm, to do his duty,—and he laughed at me."

"I am certain you are mistaken, Nadia," said her godmother, with most unusual decision. "You judge hastily and harshly, and you are wronging an excellent man. You should cultivate more faith in your fellow-creatures, and especially in your lover. Are you the only person in the world that can possibly be in the right? Allow Carlino to possess a conscience as well as yourself, I entreat you. You have been very hard upon him, and I feel that I must warn you. Am I to understand that for a whole month you have been cherishing these angry feelings against him, without doing him the courtesy of asking whether you understood him rightly? You would not have treated your worst enemy in this way at one time. You may have misunderstood him; you may have refused to listen to all that he had to say. Give him the chance of explaining the reasons for his action, and don't press him too far."

"I want to make him care," said Nadia, with fierce determination. She went on deck, stifling in her heart the Princess's warnings and the echo of her own conscience, which told her that her real quarrel with Caerleon was on the ground that he had disappointed her ambitious dreams for him. Emerging from the companion, she found the subject of her thoughts examining the distant coast-line with the aid of a glass borrowed from Captain Binks. Ordinarily he would have come to meet her, and offered her the telescope, but now he took no notice of her approach.

"Is that island very interesting?" she inquired, sarcastically.

He did not answer, and she repeated the question with a little added sarcasm.

"I beg your pardon," he replied, coldly. "Were you speaking to me? I understood that I was not to be favoured with your conversation in future."

This was unexpected. Nadia looked at him in surprise, unaware that he was congratulating himself on the way in which she had addressed him. If there had been the slightest softening in her manner, he could not have carried out Cyril's plan.

"And you are satisfied that it should be so?" she asked.

"If it satisfies you. What pleases you must always please me," he said, and he folded up the telescope and walked away, leaving her suddenly conscious that the deck was very large, and that she was very lonely and desperately miserable. At breakfast he ignored her pointedly, answering briefly and repressively when she addressed him, but confining his own conversation exclusively to the Princess. It was one of the hardest things he had ever done in his life, keeping up this pretence of coldness when he found Nadia's beautiful eyes scanning his face timidly from time to time; but the remembrance of Cyril's words the night before fired him with a determination not to yield until he had gained his point. Accordingly, he held aloof from the ladies all the morning, chatting with Captain Binks on the bridge, and Cyril, who was reading aloud to the Princess as she worked, observed with satisfaction that Nadia's needle made no progress, and that reluctant tears dropped slowly on the stuff on which she was engaged.

"She is thoroughly frightened at last," he said to himself. "After all, it's just as well that Caerleon

should have given her her head so completely hitherto. It makes the sudden pull-up all the more effective. Now, if I can manage it, he shall get things settled this afternoon, for he will never be able to keep this up."

Pity for the desolate Nadia was creeping even into Cyril's heart; but pity itself could not make him relax one whit of his precautions for securing a happy ending to Caerleon's wooing. When they landed that afternoon on a small island, inhabited only by a few fishermen and goat-herds, he sent his brother to walk with the Princess, and to carry the stock of Gospels and picture-tracts which she always distributed at the huts they visited, while he himself, on the plea of weakness, followed slowly with Nadia. When the Princess and Caerleon emerged from the little church on the hill-top, whither the village priest had taken them to look at the old service-books, they found him waiting for them outside alone.

"Miss O'Malachy was tired, and I left her to rest on the way up," he said. "Caerleon, don't you think it would be a delicate attention if you went and offered her your arm? Give me the Princess's books, and we will try and establish communications with the old pope here."

Very willingly Caerleon left his brother talking to the priest in a wonderful medley of dialects, and returned down the path by which they had come up. A barefooted little girl herding goats was the only person he saw until he came upon Nadia, sitting upon a stone, with her face buried in her hands.

"Can I—can I do anything for you, Miss O'Malachy?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes—you can go away," she returned, fiercely, without looking up, but the tears were forcing themselves through her fingers, and she

began to sob in a hopeless kind of way that went to Caerleon's heart. He stood looking helplessly at her, until she rose suddenly.

"If you will not go away, I must," she said in her most dogged tone, but for once Caerleon saw his opportunity and grasped it.

"No, you will not," he said, barring her path. "We must have an explanation, Nadia. I want to know what you mean by treating me in this way?"

"In what way?" This carrying of the war into her own territories evidently took Nadia by surprise.

"Why, the way you have behaved to me ever since we came on board,—rating me all day long, and treating me as if I were the dust under your feet."

"It has not had much effect upon you. I wish it had," and her grey eyes flashed stormily.

"How do you know what effect it has had? Do you think I am going to beg for mercy from a girl who doesn't mind what she says to me, and rather likes to make me a public spectacle, because she knows I care for her too much to say anything in return? No; the fact is, Nadia," he stopped her indignant denial, "that you take a mean advantage of me. You treat me like a dog because you know I love you, and would rather have you scolding me all day than be King of Thracia."

"At least avoid that subject," said Nadia, with a sudden shiver. "But no; as you say, it may be better to come to an explanation. How can you expect me to like to talk to you when you gave up your work like a coward that you might be able to marry me?"

"I promise you I didn't," cried Caerleon.

"You almost told me so. At any rate, you did not deny it."

"I didn't know you expected me to state everything in plain English,

but I will. You know how I hated Bellaviste; but if King Otto Georg had not been elected and crowned in my place, or if it had been possible for the Powers to object to him more strongly than they did to me, I would have gone back, and stayed there until I was kicked out again. But as I said to you a month ago, I am not going to risk causing another revolution and a European war, even for your sake. That is my position exactly, and I have told you all about it already. It's very hard, to be sure, that one's motives are altogether pure; but I honestly believe that I did not let the thought of marrying you weigh with me in my decision. You must trust me a little, Nadia."

"But you said—you said I was making your choice an easy one, when I said I wouldn't marry you if you went back. If you thought I would marry you if you gave up the kingdom for my sake, you were mistaken. What have you to say?"

"Simply this, that my resolution was taken before you spoke to me that day at all. If I had felt it right to go back, I hope I should have gone, and done my duty to the best of my power, but I felt that it was neither right nor desirable. It is unfortunate for me, from your point of view, that duty and pleasure both pointed the same way in this case, but I can't help it. I can only give you my word. If you will accept that, it's all right, but if not—— Well, it's for you to decide."

"To decide what?" asked Nadia, sharply.

"The question I have asked you once or twice already. I could not expect you to marry me if you didn't believe my word."

"I do believe your word," said Nadia. "No, don't touch me," drawing herself away as he took a step forward, "that is not the question to be decided. You know

what I am—you have seen this last month how absolutely hateful I can be when I take a thing into my head; you see that I did not even trust you, after all that you have done. And I can't promise to be better,—a little time ago I thought that I should never be unreasonable and foolish again, and now I have been worse than ever. Why don't you say that you have been mistaken in me, and let us part? I know I have deserved it—I will never say a word against you if you decide that this time I have tried even you too far. What do you say?"

"This," replied Caerleon, promptly, taking her hands in his and kissing her. "Why do you want me to punish myself?"

"Don't — please don't," cried Nadia, bursting into tears again. "You don't know all the wicked things I have thought. I believed that you had been consulting Lord Cyril, and that he had advised you to do just as you liked, and not care whether it was right or wrong. I know he doesn't like me, and I thought he would be glad to get you to do whatever I wanted you not to do. I meant to refuse you again, even if it broke my heart."

"I haven't a doubt you'd have done it," said Caerleon, "but you are a little hard on Cyril. It is his doing that we have had this explanation at all, for he told me he was sure that there was something that came between us, and advised me to speak to you. And you do believe me now, dear, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," said Nadia, dashing away her tears, "and I hope you will always be my friend; but I am not going to marry you. I am such a wretch. I shall make your life miserable."

"Are you going to start with that determination?" asked Caerleon, "because it would be rude of me to say you couldn't if you tried.

But if you are only judging from past experience—well, I have been making you cry just now, but I hope I shan't be such a brute as to do it again. We must both turn over a new leaf."

"Well, then," said Nadia, with tremendous resolution, "I know what I shall do. I will make it a matter of conscience always to obey any order or suggestion of yours without the slightest hesitation. It only makes trouble when I try to settle things for myself."

"What!" cried Caerleon, stepping back a pace and looking at her in consternation, "do you intend to use me as a means of self-discipline? I can't stand that. And who talks about *orders*? You certainly have a most unflattering opinion of me, Nadia. Haven't I made you understand yet that what made me take to you at the very first was that you looked at things so differently from myself? I want you to differ from me. I want you to criticise my plans, to show me where I am wrong, to tell me how anything strikes you. Then we can thresh the matter out together, and decide it by our joint wisdom. But tell me, do you really look upon me as such a fearful tyrant?"

"It's not that," said Nadia, slowly. "It is only that I feel I ought to obey you—that I should like it—because you are so good, and I have treated you so badly, and——"

But her further reasons for obedience cannot be known, for Caerleon interrupted her suddenly, and it was some little time before she freed herself and spoke again.

"But would you really like me to marry you, Carlino?" She brought out the name with an effort, and yet from her lips it sounded like a caress. "I have thought lately that you must have left off caring for me."

"Did you really think that?

What have I been doing? You didn't believe I could give you up? Won't you ever trust me, Nadia? I do entreat you, the next time you have anything against me, let us have it out at once. Don't accuse me in your mind for weeks without my knowing it, and take everything I say and do as a sign of guilt. It's not fair. Only come and tell me what you feel, and give me a chance of explaining things. You will have a lot of trouble with me, my darling, for I'm such a stupid fellow that I can't see a thing unless it's pointed out to me, but I will do my best to look at things from your point of view. I do want to make you happy."

"A little time ago," said Nadia, meditatively, "I should have said 'I want to try to help you to be good,' but I know better now. I want you to help me."

"Oh, that's absurd," said Caerleon. "You will have to educate me up to your level, you know. Don't be too hard on me, dearest. I'm only an ordinary man, and I haven't been practising martyrdom from my youth up, as you have. Let me off easily in the way of hurting my feelings, and that sort of thing, just at first. By the bye, why did you send me that cruel message by Cyril the time you came to Bellaviste?"

"Because I was sure that I could not hold out if you came and spoke to me yourself. I would have given anything to stretch out my hands and call to you when I saw you standing by the gate, Carlino."

"Oh, if you had only yielded to that impulse!" said Caerleon. "Or if you had not refused me that night I asked you first to marry me! I think it would have been happier for both of us, dear."

"Not for you," said Nadia, decidedly. "I have learnt one or two lessons since then. But you would in all probability have been

King of Thracia still, so you have to thank me for losing you your kingdom, after all. But there is one thing I want to say now, Carlino, just that you may see that I know all about it, and then we will never mention it again. It is about that other girl to whom you were engaged, and who married the Prince of Dardania. I quite understand how it was. It was my fault, for I made you so angry with me that you took me at my word. You must not think that I am vexed with you about it, for I know that you were not to blame. I should only have been rightly punished if you had married her. Now please don't let us say anything more about it."

"But I must say one thing," said Caerleon. "Let me defend myself, for I wasn't quite the mean scoundrel you think me,—getting engaged to one girl just to punish another. Princess Otilie asked me to pretend to be engaged to her just for a fortnight or so, in order to avert suspicion from her real lover, and I was fool enough to do it. She led me a pretty dance. I think even you would have pitied me, Nadia, if you had seen me then. It served me right for being such a fool, but I don't think I was a cad. I never even kissed her."

"If you had, you should never have kissed me," said Nadia, hotly; and Caerleon wondered over the peculiarities of the feminine mind. "But I am glad you have told me this," she went on after an interval, "because it makes me more ashamed of myself. When you find me very troublesome and very unbelieving, please whisper in my ear, 'Remember Princess Otilie.'"

"I had rather forget her, myself," said Caerleon; "but I'll do it if you are sure you'll like it. Oh, bother it all! there are the Princess and Cyril going down to the boat. We'll let them get on

a little, and catch them up afterwards."

"But the gig was to go to the mainland for the letters," said Nadia, innocently. "Are you not in a hurry to see yours?"

"I very much prefer talking to you. Who knows when I shall find you in this angelic frame of mind again?"

"I knew you could not depend upon me," and the tears began to rise again in Nadia's eyes. "You can never feel certain about me."

"Oh, what a doubly distilled ass I am!" cried Caerleon. "I wonder whether there ever was a fellow that put his foot in it worse than I do. My darling, it was a joke. Please do try to look out for jokes sometimes, and not take all I say in earnest. I won't joke more than I can help."

"You must teach me," said Nadia. "If you will explain your jokes at once, I shall understand them; and I will try not to be so silly."

To which the infatuated Caerleon replied by declaring that he would not have her at all different from what she was for anything; and they went down the hill together in great peace and contentment, to find the Princess and Cyril waiting for them at the waterside. Once on board, Cyril was accommodating enough to occupy himself with his letters, while Caerleon sought an interview with the Princess, and received her warm approval of his suit. There was no lonely prow on deck this evening for the two brothers. Muffled in shawls, the Princess and Nadia joined them, and under the lee of the deckhouse they discussed plans for the future.

"I have heard from Mrs Sadleir," said Caerleon, "in answer to a letter I wrote asking her what she thought about my returning home. She advises me not to come just at present, since the Thracian question

is very much in people's minds still; but after a few months she thinks I may count upon escaping notice. 'Of course,' she says, 'you will not expect to find yourself a *persona gratissima* in exalted circles, nor to receive the offer of the Pavelsburg Embassy when it falls vacant, but you will probably be allowed to grow mangel-wurzels (whatever they may be) on your ancestral acres in peace, and even to vote in the House of Lords now and then if you do not make yourself too conspicuous.' The next sentence is rather personal, but I hope you won't mind, Nadia. 'I am all anxiety to know how the romance of the beautiful Scythian girl has ended. If you bring her back with you, give me a week's notice, and I will guarantee that she shall be the greatest social success these twenty years.' Mrs Sadleir means you to come, be seen, and conquer, Nadia."

"That will not be for some time hence," said the Princess, seeing Nadia look alarmed. "But as you are not to return home for three or four months, Lord Caerleon, I hope we may count upon your accompanying us for the rest of our tour. We have still all the coasts of the Egean and Cyprus to see, and I thought of spending Easter at Jerusalem."

"There is nothing on earth I should like better," said Caerleon, with enthusiasm.

"And you, Lord Cyril?" asked the Princess. "I hope you will come too?"

"You are very kind," said Cyril, speaking with an evident excitement unusual with him, "and I should like extremely to accept your invitation; but as soon as I am strong again I must set to work. You won't be surprised to hear that this Thracian business has about done for me in the diplomatic service. Of course, if we did things nowadays in a common-

sense, Elizabethan kind of way, I should be made British agent at Bellaviste immediately, on the score of my acquaintance with the country and the people; but we don't, and I'm afraid there are not many chiefs that would care to have me under them now. I never did feel exactly drawn to settling down and cultivating mangel-wurzels, and after the experiences of the last three months such a prospect looks less enticing than ever. This letter here is from King Otto Georg. He wants me to come back to Thracia as his private secretary—the post I held under you, Caerleon. He finds himself horribly lonely, he says—by the bye, Drakovics is said to be looking out for a wife for him, so that oughtn't to last long—and I can see that he wants me to act as a sort of buffer for him as well. Drakovics is too important, both in view of the possibility of his being assassinated and of his influence in the country. The King thinks that I might be useful in two ways, first, in getting some idea of the manner in which things are done, so that Drakovics's removal might not necessarily mean the collapse of the whole system of government; and secondly, in keeping Drakovics himself from going too far. Of course Otto Georg, poor old fellow! can't very well do that sort of thing for himself, but I think that I, as a friend of both parties, might be able to manage it."

"I don't envy you," said Caerleon, drily.

"The position is delicate, but all the more interesting on that account," said Cyril. "Drakovics has rather a liking for me, somehow, and if I can keep in with him, I might stop him when he is inclined to act in a regal way that few kings would stand. Otto Georg is a good fellow, and will see that I don't have too much to do in the

way of routine work. In fact, I can see that he wants me as a companion quite as much as a secretary."

"You are very young," said the Princess, and Caerleon laughed unfeelingly, for only that evening he had told Cyril that he looked so young and so innocent, with his pale face and thin hands, that all the ladies would take him for a schoolboy. "You ought to have some one to take care of you."

"Ah, if Miss O'Malachy had only a sister!" sighed Cyril. "But as it is, I must wait. When I come back from Bellaviste after thirty years or so of service, and stay with you in England, Caerleon, I shall fix upon some sweet child just out of the schoolroom, with a comfortable fortune of her own. I shall not look young or innocent then. I shall be worn and grey, and slightly, very slightly, bald, and I shall hint darkly to the dear girl at unknown depths in my past history, with which I will not pollute her ears. That will fetch her more than anything. The attentions of a man with a reputation for wickedness will set that girl on a pinnacle at once."

"I shall warn her against you," broke in Nadia, with righteous wrath.

"Do you think she would believe you?" asked Cyril, pityingly. "She would naturally take the first opportunity of asking me whether the charges against me were true. I need only look sad, and remark mournfully that it was easy enough for a man to go down, but hard indeed for him to climb up again when even his own relations were against him; and if that girl and her fortune were not promised to me before the interview was over, I don't know anything of human nature."

"This is one of Cyril's jokes, dear," whispered Caerleon behind

Nadia's fan, as she sat looking puzzled and indignant; and Cyril, who had overheard him, laughed and went on.

"I have another Bellaviste letter here, from the master of the household, who tells me that there is no hope of our recovering any of our personal property. The rebels looted the palace, and burned what they couldn't take away. The Assembly has voted us a handsome compensation, but, alas! one cannot 'buy with gold the old associations.' I am very sorry for you, Caerleon. Your rubies are gone."

"Oh, the rubies!" cried Caerleon.

"What rubies?" asked Nadia.

"A set of rubies which a certain lady of whom you may have heard (she is now the Princess of Dardania) presented to Caerleon with the request that he would hand them on to you," answered Cyril, promptly.

"I am glad they are lost. I would never have worn them," said Nadia, with decision. "Come," she said to Caerleon, "let us walk up and down the deck a little, Carlino. It is cold here."

Caerleon rose immediately, and when they were gone Cyril turned and looked benignly at the Princess. "Do you feel guilty?" he asked. "I ask because I feel morally certain that while I took occasion to speak to Caerleon last night for his good, you addressed a slight remonstrance to Miss Nadia. This is the result. Do you not feel appalled at the risk?"

"All marriages are risks," returned the Princess; "but I hope there will be less danger than usual in this one. In the first place, they cannot be married for six months at least, for it is not a year until August since your father's death, and they will learn to know each other very thoroughly during this tour of ours."

"There's a good deal in that," assented Cyril. "If people can

keep the peace on board ship, they are pretty safe anywhere."

"Then," went on the Princess, "your brother is singularly calm and reasonable——"

"And therefore well fitted to cope with an unreasonable woman," suggested Cyril.

"No," said the Princess, taking up the cudgels on behalf of her god-daughter, "Nadia is not unreasonable. She is very downright, and she sees only one thing at a time. I think you have a word for it, but I forget it."

"One-idea'd?" said Cyril.

"Yes; that is it. And she will never do what she thinks is wrong."

"And she is always ready to be a martyr, and to martyrise other people. Would it be rude to ask you, Princess, to suggest to her that she has cultivated heroism long enough, and that the softer virtues of daily life might have a turn?"

"Our life in Scythia may not have been the best school for her," said the Princess, thoughtfully. "We have always been apart—laughed at when we were not persecuted, and such an experience fortifies one strongly against the opinion of others. It also develops, as you imply, one set of qualities rather at the expense of another set. And then she has the Irish faculty of concentration—blind devotion to an idea I have heard it called; but it need not be blind."

"Irish?" Cyril raised his eyebrows. "I should have said that I never met any one more unlike the typical Irish girl than Miss O'Malachy. Her brother, too, was extremely un-Hibernian."

"Ah, that is because you are thinking of the ordinary Irish type—Colonel O'Malachy's, for instance. Gay, what you call a 'good fellow,' always ready for a frolic, possessing a keen sense of the ridiculous. But there is another kind of Irishmen. They have no sense of humour, or

they would not preach under the protection of the police to howling mobs, or sacrifice their lives and their honour to some wrong-headed or hopeless cause. Nadia and her brother belong to this type, so do many conspirators and not a few martyrs."

"This is rather a poor look-out for Caerleon," said Cyril.

"I don't think so. Nadia has learnt a lesson from the past month; she is humbled, and she has less confidence in her own judgment. She has seen to-day something of your brother's true character, and the better she knows him, the more she will trust him. Then, they will not have the trial and temptation of idleness, for both of them are born workers. I look to see them do great things for God and His poor on your brother's estates in the provinces. They will strengthen each other's hands in the good work, and the opposition they will encounter from the world will bind them more closely together."

"I suppose they will close all the public-houses on the estate, and that sort of thing," groaned Cyril. "By the bye, there was part of Stephanovics's letter that I didn't read. I didn't want to cast a damp over their first evening. King Otto Georg has repealed Caerleon's liquor law."

"Oh, no!" cried the Princess.

"He has, indeed. It seems that when the people found out that Caerleon wasn't killed, they wanted him back again, and there were riots in several places. The King and Drakovics were concerting measures for the maintenance of peace, when Drakovics was seized with a bright idea. 'Repeal the liquor law,' he said. 'That will please the people, and release a sum of money, which you can apply to the relief of taxation.' They were in a pretty tight place,

and the King jumped at the idea, so the law was repealed just a week ago. Stephanovics says that the Carlinists were all going about in austere dignity, like so many Girondins, each man with his temperance medal with Caerleon's head on it at his button-hole, and lamenting the late reign, but the mass of the people accepted the bribe like a shot. There were no more Carlinist riots, and now any one can get drunk that likes."

"It is a sad step backwards," murmured the Princess.

"It is strange, isn't it," said Cyril, "that Miss Nadia should have failed to keep Caerleon on the throne, after all her trying, and that the one piece of his work which he hoped would last should be undone six weeks after he leaves Thracia? They are both failures."

"Some people's failures are better than other people's successes," said the Princess, with unwonted sharpness. "I must say I prefer your brother's failure to the success which would have been yours had you been able to keep him on the throne."

"Well, I can congratulate myself that I did what I could to keep him there," said Cyril, a little uncomfortably.

"Can you congratulate yourself?" asked the Princess. "I do not know what your methods were, but I know that you did not appear to look back upon them with complacency when you thought yourself dying."

"Well, you know, I felt that I had played it rather low down on Caerleon, and that isn't a thing one likes to remember."

"You schemed to part your brother and his bride," said the Princess. "Whether you actually went beyond the truth I do not know; but it seems to me that you would not have called your conduct honourable in a private matter."

"That's just it. Public business is conducted on different principles."

"Is it? But why? Public considerations required, as you thought, that Carlino should not marry Nadia. Accordingly, you sought to separate them, and you succeeded for a time. Happily, you were not completely successful, and your efforts were overruled for good. But of what use were your attempts? God did not intend your brother to be King of Thracia, and you could not keep him on the throne."

"But would you have one simply let things slide?"

"I would have you leave things to God. When you find that you can go no further in your chosen path without breaking His laws, is it not a sign that you are to stop there?"

"I don't wonder that you Evangelicals get yourselves banished as you do," said Cyril, smiling. "The ordinary Scythian view of diplomacy is certainly not yours."

"You imply that the English view is ours? Then may I hope that you will act on English and not on Scythian principles when you go back to Thracia?"

"Do you wish me to bind myself by a pledge, Princess?"

"Not unless you wish it. I only ask you to look back on the time you spent at Bellaviste, and the means you used to enable your brother to remain there, and to ask yourself, Was it worth while?"

"Considering that the result was failure, I think it was not," said Cyril, meditatively. "But I do not say that it would not have been worth while if I had succeeded."

"And what would your success have been worth?" asked the Princess. "If I were you, Lord Cyril, I would thank God night and morning that the end of your enterprise was failure."

MORE REFLECTIONS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

WAVERLEY AND THE ILIAD.

WE have already remarked in a previous paper¹ that the Waverley Novels were the chosen companions of our boyhood, and are still the solace and recreation of our middle age. Though we readily admit the truth in matters mundane of the old proverb, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"—that sort of little knowledge, we mean, which tempts the parson and perhaps the schoolmaster to dabble in stocks and shares, and our women-folk to practise homœopathy and allopathy alternately on their unsuspecting children and other stray patients,—we have shown that there were in bygone days occasions of dire peril when a little timely knowledge of the phraseology of Walter Scott not only stood us in good stead, but saved the skins of a dozen other trembling urchins. In those early days we reaped no small amount of satisfaction from the reflection that the author whose companionship we so dearly enjoyed met with kindly recognition from the power that ruled our destiny, and even had it in our mind that if we were detected in the act of studying 'Ivanhoe' when we ought to have been grappling with our Homeric Lexicon, we should try the experiment of appealing unto Cæsar, and plead that the warden himself admitted the existence of a remarkable affinity between the Waverley Novels and the 'Iliad.' In view of the dire penalties that were attached to novel-reading in school-hours, it was probably as well for us

that we were never caught *in flagrante delicto* ; but perhaps the consciousness that we were pursuing knowledge under dangers as well as difficulties rendered the pursuit more entrancing at the time, and gave us a more lasting affection for Walter Scott, as being, so to speak, our accomplice in iniquity.

But at the same time we were tempted to listen more attentively than our classmates, most of whom knew about as much of Scott's novels and poems as they did of the Koran, to the parallels drawn by our instructor between the 'Iliad' and the Waverley Novels, and we have a distinct recollection of being told on one occasion that we had saved the honour—so he called it, though it really was the seat of honour—of the class by being able to repeat one week the *ipsissima verba* that he had uttered in the preceding lesson. Fair things were prophesied of our future, and a dole of small coins rewarded us at the moment ; but, lest we should be unduly exalted by present success, the donation was accompanied by an ominous warning for the future : "But I'll flog 'ee soundly, my boy, if I hear of 'ee talking in the dormitory."

We did not at the time see the exact connection between the two ideas, and we still regard it as a mere freak of erratic genius not uncommon in our revered preceptor ; but possibly it occurred to him that, like most other boys, we should be all the better for an occasional flogging, or possibly it

¹ See "Some Reflections of a Schoolmaster," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July 1896.

repented him that we had spoilt sport, and that retributive justice had by a very trivial incident been deprived of sundry legitimate victims. The money was soon spent and the warning forgotten; but we still feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the highly gifted, though, alas! not very worldly wise man who first instilled into our mind the idea that the Greek bard—for we absolutely decline to doubt the individuality of Homer—and the Wizard of the North should be studied side by side.

With boys at any rate the most popular of Scott's novels are the tales of the Crusaders. The Trojan war was the earliest crusade, or at least the counterpart of a crusade, and the first gathering of a European force to attack the shores of Asia. If in examining the immediate cause of the Crusades we do not at once make it our business to look for the woman, it is certain that the sin of mother Eve when she ate the "apple of Discord" in the garden of Eden was the ultimate cause not only of the Crusades, but of every war that has been waged since the world began. Nor, on the other hand, need we suppose that the recovery of that very fickle, if very beautiful, young woman Helen was the one and only object of the Greek expedition to Troy. The national honour of Greece had been attacked; an insolent oriental adventurer had carried off a Greek lady; the sacred rites of hospitality had been violated, the majesty of Zeus Xenios outraged. Nestor of Pylos and one Palamedes, like Peter the Hermit in later days, preach a Jihad or sacred war, and each Greek hero is summoned to take up arms and join in avenging the national disgrace, on pain of being held "ni-

dering or mansworn." Here and again some chieftain, either gifted with rather more common-sense than his neighbours, or perhaps actuated by the same self-seeking spirit that kept men like our own William Rufus or John of Anjou at home while their elder brothers went to the wars, casts about for an excuse for evading the summons. But exceptions are few and far between, and public feeling is wellnigh as unanimous as that of the assemblage at Clermont: the young bloods of Greece are burning to wet their spears, and older men whose days of romance should be over are carried away by the general wave of enthusiasm: the hunt is up, the game is afoot, and the Trojan ravisher must be tracked to his lair.

Again, the attack on Torquilstone, though on a smaller scale, reminds us of the siege of Troy. True that the one drags on for a weary ten years, and the other is begun and ended in the short space of a summer day. Still many of the prominent features are present in each case. The honour of a noble lady is in peril—the Saxon Princess Rowena, the Queen of Beauty, hardly less fair, so the novelist portrays her, than the Greek Helen, has been abducted by a licentious foreigner; as the Greeks without Achilles, so the avenging outlaws without the Black Knight's "good heart and mighty arm" will fail altogether in their enterprise. Cedric and Locksley, Diomed and Ajax, are lusty and valiant auxiliaries; but it is the death of Front de Bœuf at the hands of the Black Knight that seals the fate of Torquilstone, just as the death of Hector involves the fall of Troy. There is the same talk of compromise, the same offer to raise the siege if

matters are restored to the *status quo ante*, the same corresponding suggestion of a partial restitution. Ulrica, the paramour of Front de Bœuf, plays the part of double traitress within the walls of Torquilstone, as Helen the paramour of Paris had proved herself double traitress in the citadel of Troy. Nor, finally, can it be pretended that the Greeks who attacked Troy, though they were, like Locksley's merry men, in the right on the one particular occasion, were habitually much more honest than were the majority of the assailants of Torquilstone.

To go more into detail, the Black Knight, like Achilles, combined the accomplishments of the minstrel with the prowess of the warrior; and the Myrmidons whom the son of Thetis led to Troy, followers "fierce as ravening wolves," yet men to whom their leader's word is law, resemble in essential points the Free Companions of De Bracy. The picture of Thetis rising on the sea, "like as it were a mist," is held to have suggested the White Lady of Avenel; Norna of the Fitful Head at one moment recalls the image of Cassandra, at another tempts us to suppose that she was a latter-day priestess of Apollo. Arthur de Vere, in 'Anne of Geierstein,' not only bends the bow—not indeed of Ulysses, but of some bygone English Paladin—but even shoots at the same mark as the Greek archers shot at in the games before Troy, and reproduces the feats of Teucer and Meriones. As Valour and Subtlety, represented by Diomed and Ulysses, successfully accomplish their perilous journey into the heart of the Trojan camp, so Valour and Folly—a Folly, be it remarked, so closely akin to Subtlety that we really have to take Wamba's own word for it that he was a fool

rather than a very clever fellow—accomplish a journey wellnigh as perilous through the recesses of a forest beset by enemies. The Greek man-at-arms, as compared with the chieftain, is so insignificant an individual that neither Homer nor any of his heroes seems to recognise his existence; so Brian de Bois-Guilbert mentions incidentally that he has slain with his own hand no less than three hundred Saracens; and the wandering Richard professes that he will call for no aid against a score of rascaille "whom one good knight would drive before him as the wind drives the withered leaves."

The position held by Agamemnon as generalissimo of the Achæan host is analogous to that occupied by Godfrey de Bouillon in the first crusade, if perhaps more clearly defined than that of Richard in the 'Talisman,' where the latter, only "from respect to his high renown and great feats of arms," is allowed to assume a "precedence which, elsewhere and upon other motives, would not have been yielded." For chiefs like Diomed and Ajax owe no allegiance to the King of Men apart from the obedience due to the recognised head of a joint expedition. All important matters are referred by Agamemnon to the Council of Chiefs, much in the same way as the titular leaders of the Crusades take no final step without the authority of the "Princes of the Holy Crusade."

Or, again, we may compare the relations existing between Agamemnon and the other Greek heroes with those of a Plantagenet king and his great barons. Agamemnon himself is in many ways extremely like a Plantagenet, more particularly a Plantagenet of the type of Richard I., or—to go further afield—the fourth Edward as

we see him in 'The Last of the Barons.' There is the same commanding presence, the same imperious and capricious temper, the same fatal tendency to mar the consummation of cherished schemes by hasty and ill-considered action, to postpone the common weal to personal gratification, and to allow the passions of the man to sully the dignity of the king. Like Richard, Agamemnon on at least one critical occasion allows insensate rage, or an overweening sense of the royal prerogative, to blind his better judgment; like Edward of York, he "aredes well in the hour of adversity" the powerful chief whose assistance he has affected to despise. Is it heresy to say that, like Edward of York, the King of Men is a sorry type of conjugal fidelity? Putting his doubtful relations with Cassandra out of the question, we can find some excuse for Clytemnestra if any busybody reported to her the remarks made by her lord and master anent the captive Chryseis:—

"To me not less than Clytemnestra
dear,
My virgin-wedded wife; nor less
adorned
In gifts of form, of feature, or of mind."

In Achilles Homer portrays "the very model of a hero, such as heroes could be accounted in times when the softer and nobler qualities of true heroism were unknown." Such a hero, with the addition of those softer and nobler qualities, is the Ivanhoe of Walter Scott. But the same able writer, from whom we have just borrowed the description, goes on to say that Homer gives to Achilles precisely the epithet which was given to the English king who was held to be the flower of chivalry, "Lion-Heart." To our mind there is none of Richard about Achilles

than of Ivanhoe, in whose anger when aroused we find no touch of the barbarity that stains the character of either "Lion-Heart." He who would represent the Plantagenet on the stage might study with advantage Horace's summary of the character of Achilles. "Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer," these are epithets which fitly describe the varying moods of the Richard of Walter Scott and the Richard of more serious history. We may remark that Richard as Le Noir Fainéant in the *Mêlée* at Ashby plays very much the part that is assigned to Achilles in the Trojan war, that of a "spectator rather than a party in the tournament," yet of one who proves himself competent to change the fortune of the day so soon as he relinquishes his policy of masterly inactivity. Like Le Noir Fainéant, Achilles wins, though he does not wear, the honours of the day; and though the career of neither warrior is traced to its last end in the poem or the novel, history records that the one, and tradition avers that the other, was killed in a siege by an arrow.

Hector, if not quite such an Admirable Crichton as Achilles, is up to a certain period in many ways to be regarded as the true—as opposed to the model—hero of the 'Iliad,' and, *mutatis mutandis*, fit to take rank with any of Scott's favoured characters. Indeed he almost seems to realise the panegyric pronounced by Alice Lee on Charles I., "Temperate, wise, and frugal; . . . a worthy gentleman—a kind master—the best friend—the best father," &c., &c. His chivalrous conduct towards his doubtful sister-in-law stamps him as a gentleman of the first water. He may not approve of the relations existing between her

and the wretched Paris, but the lady has never heard from his lips "one scornful, one degrading word." We can picture Hector hastening, like *Ivanhoe*, to succour beauty in distress, caring little whether he is fit to bear arms and keep his horse, or whether the girl whose cause he champions is Jewess or Christian. We can believe that with *Quentin Durward* he would have given up the all-important prize already in his grasp to repay the sacred rights of hospitality, or with *Markham Everard* would resign to his supposed rival his interest in the girl he loved rather than be the means of giving her pain; or again, like *Damian de Lacy*, would be true to the dictates of duty and honour through evil report and good report, though assailed by every conceivable form of temptation.

From the very beginning, and almost to the end of those weary ten years, Hector is fighting on what he knows to be a losing side, bucklering what in his heart of hearts he must feel to be a wrongful cause. But, like the Swiss patriots in their death-struggle for independence, he will not be found fainting by the way, and there are times when, owing to his desperate courage and indefatigable energy, the ultimate victors are within measurable distance of defeat. He is the *spes unica Trojæ*, an oriental Hannibal, a *Cœur-de-Lion* heading a rout of fickle friends and wavering allies, threatening by the prowess of his single arm to change the fortune of the day. Or again he is a *Henry Morton*, anxious at times for peace, if it be a peace with honour, but setting a brilliant example in war to his half-hearted and grumbling followers. Like *Charles Edward* in 'Waverley,' he will carry the war into the enemies' camp and set fire

to the Greek ships; like *Charles Edward*, his reputation would have stood higher had he fallen as *Claverhouse* fell in the moment of victory. The one point in Homer's picture of Hector which can in no way commend itself to an English mind is the tendency to utter vaunting speeches and to triumph over his fallen enemies, much, as the editor of "*Ancient Classics for English Readers*" points out, after the manner of an Indian brave. Habits that we can pardon in the untutored savage seem totally out of keeping with a character like that of the chivalrous Trojan; and though the "boastful tongue" and "merciless spirit" attributed by Homer to his heroes were doubtless in accordance with the spirit of the age of which he wrote, we could have wished that he had assigned at any rate to a gentleman like Hector a little measure of decorous modesty. The prime boaster among *Walter Scott's* knights is *Brian de Bois-Guilbert*, who seldom misses an opportunity of vaunting the prowess of the *Templars* as a body, and of himself as the champion of the order. But *Bois-Guilbert* lacks so many of the instincts of a gentleman that we hardly like to bring him into comparison with Hector of Troy. More especially do we feel out of charity with Hector when he indulges in his most unnecessary and boastful remarks over the body of the fallen *Patroclus*. For in very sooth there was little to boast of in the victory. In attacking a wounded and disarmed enemy he had doubtless played the game of war as it was played in the heroic ages, but the least he should have done under the circumstances would have been to hold his tongue. Even *Bois-Guilbert*, who has little beyond personal courage to recommend him, suggests to his hated rival

Ivanhoe that he should "get his wounds healed," and "purvey him a better horse," before they met in their death-struggle at Templestowe. The Grand Master of the Templars regrets that the constant enemy of the order should not be in a better plight to do battle: he would have him "honourably met with." William of Deloraine would

"Give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

Dandie Dinmont would dearly like to have a rough-and-tumble with Jock o' Dawston Oleugh, or to meet him in the law courts; but the fight must be man to man and with both at their best; and the lawsuit must be all square and above-board, and no advantage is to be taken of legal quibbles. Roderick Dhu, aggrieved and labouring under a sense of injustice, guides Fitz-James in safety to Coilantogle ford, and there stands before him vantageless

"And armed with single brand,"

and the Scottish king, in due requitement of the courtesy, would give his fairest earldom to bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live. Instances of the opposite sentiment are few and far between. It is left for a coward like Lorn to attempt to turn the "rugged halls of Artornish" into "slaughter-house for shipwrecked guest," and to overmatch by odds his hereditary enemy; for a desperate schemer like Waldemar Fitzurse to indulge in what De Bracy denounces as highway practice, and to use a felon stroke in his assault on the wandering Plantagenet.

In his last fight, where he encounters the avenger Achilles, Hector is so manifestly doomed

to defeat that we can forgive him his temporary panic. Achilles is destined to triumph, not merely as a better man-at-arms, but as the representative of a righteous cause. And in this respect the combat reminds us of the last fatal encounter between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert. The Eternal Father, so Homer tells us, had "hung his golden scales aloft and placed in each the lots of doom, for great Achilles one, for Hector one," and "down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death." "Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," was Ivanhoe content to fight, commending the justice of his cause to Providence. And when the unequal contest was over, "'This is indeed the judgment of God,' said the Grand Master, looking upward. 'Fiat voluntas tua.'" We would that we could carry the parallel further,—that that *exigant* power, the spirit of the times, had permitted the Greek hero to treat the dead body of his rival with some semblance of chivalrous forbearance. The arms and body of the Templar were pronounced to be at the will of the conqueror. The Knight of Ivanhoe, true champion of the Cross, will not condemn the body of the dead to shame, but only stipulates that his obsequies shall be private, as became those of a man who had died in an unjust quarrel; and Richard, who arrives on the scene thirsting to shed the Templar's blood in fair fight, has nothing worse to say over the cold body of his enemy than "Peace be with him, if it may be so,—he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly." But Achilles' vengeance is implacable. He had refused to enter upon any compact of honourable burial with Hector living: he assures Hector dying that his mother

should never have his corpse to lay out upon the couch, but that dogs and carrion vultures should feast on all his limbs; he foully misuses the body of the dead hero, and even allows the other Greeks who had never dared to face Hector in the field to vent their petty spite upon the senseless clay. We do not know, be it remarked, that the ill-fated Patroclus would have fared much otherwise at Hector's hand if his body had not been rescued by the united efforts of the Greeks; but in any case the account of the proceedings is sufficiently disgusting. Still we doubt whether, had fate ordained that Claverhouse should have met his death in the battle of Drumclog, the Scottish Covenanters, who were little oppressed by any feeling of chivalry, would have shown themselves less barbarous than Achilles; or again, to be equally fair to both parties, whether it would have weighed heavily on Claverhouse's conscience if his "blackguards" had mutilated the bodies of the slain Covenanters. Passions allowed to run riot, whether they take the form of "fanaticism of honour," or of "dark and sullen superstition," or of implacable vengeance, will alike "shed blood without mercy or remorse," and wax wanton in the hour of victory.

Fitting retribution for his barbarity is meted out to Achilles when he is eventually allowed to fall by the hand of Paris. Death in the siege of Troy he knows to be his doom; but to be killed by Paris gave death a double sting. "I may not choose but yield," said Sir Halbert Glendinning to Roland Avenel, "since I can no longer fight; but it shames me to speak such a word to a coward like thee"; and it must have shamed a man of Achilles' mould to be

killed by a coward like Paris. If Achilles was to fall by an arrow at all, we would have preferred a certain man to have drawn a bow at a venture and to have smitten him between the joints of the armour, or even in the vulnerable heel, rather than that a despicable creature like Paris should have thus won the greatest glory in the war; and we think meanly of Apollo for having chosen such an unworthy instrument of his vengeance. For if out of Priam's many sons we find in one, Hector, the hero and blameless knight, we see in another, Paris, at once the gay Lothario and the villain of the piece, who only finds no exact counterpart in the pages of Walter Scott for the simple reason that most of Scott's villains, with all their faults, have the redeeming virtue of personal courage. So far as licentiousness and rapacity go, Paris might indeed have qualified to enter the ranks of the Knights Templar as the latter are described by the novelist, with whom they are clearly no favourites; but even Richard, who has due cause to dislike the order, is fain to admit that "it is pity of their lives that these Templars are not so trusty as they are disciplined and valiant." In point of foppery Paris resembles De Bracy; unlike De Bracy, he is far too cowardly to fight for his lady-love, and we are sufficiently attracted by De Bracy to believe that, though ready enough to abduct a Saxon heiress, fair prey in those rude times for a Norman gallant, he might have drawn the line at running off with his host's wife and filching his entertainer's property. Nor again can we quite picture De Bracy as either keeping out of the way of hard knocks and dallying with his mistress while fighting on his account was

on foot, or shooting at his foes from a safe distance with a bow and arrow. Rather, like Conachar or Eachin, Paris will perhaps strike a blow in an access of sudden passion; like Eachin again, he will be careful to avoid the counter-buff, and like Eachin too, he will see his foster-brothers lay down their lives in his quarrel while he himself remains in the background. But, unlike Eachin, he seems to lack the grace to be ashamed of his own pusillanimity, and the reproaches of Hector, and even of Helen, merely induce him to pose as an aggrieved party or an injured innocent—

“Wring not thus my soul
With keen reproaches: now with Pallas’ aid
Hath Menelaus conquered.”

The unhappy Eachin, be it noted, never receives from the Fair Maid of Perth the faintest encouragement which might serve to spur his ardour; and if she suspects the existence of the doe-heart in her young admirer, she is too fully occupied in checking the pugnacious instincts of the Gow Chrom to spare a thought or a word on his rival’s want of courage. Catherine Seyton, by far the most piquant and attractive of all Scott’s heroines, absolutely disclaims the idea of a lover who “could harbour fear or faintness of heart” being in any way acceptable to a woman. But Helen chides, yet condones the fault, the Maid of Perth throws cold water on deeds of daring, and so it comes to pass that Eachin and Paris remain cowards to the end of the chapter.

If, like the fugitive prince in ‘Woodstock,’ Paris is no respecter of the laws of hospitality, and sees in every pretty face fair game to pursue, he would, we feel, neither

have faced Markham Everard in the duello nor have made the *amende honorable* to the lawful lover and the lady with the grace and dignity of the hard-visaged Stuart. His cool proposal to keep the lady and restore the stolen goods savours of the principle “what’s thine is mine, and what’s mine is my own,” and reminds us of the willingness shown by the barons at Torquilstone to give up their prey, on the understanding that each member of the gang should keep that particular object, whether pretty Jewess, Saxon heiress, or rich Jew, on which he had set his affections.

But perhaps the character most resembling Paris is Dalgarno in the ‘Fortunes of Nigel.’ Either man is unscrupulous and palpably dishonest: both are fair to see and foul to deal with: both run off with better men’s wives: both, recreant lovers, leave broken-hearted ladies to mourn their defection: neither of them seems to regard either the good opinion of men or the honour of women.

Before we finally take leave of Paris we may remark that on those rare occasions when Hector’s reproaches stir him to action he goes to the fight, armed, we are convinced, though Homer omits to record it, with a personal assurance from his tutelary goddess that he shall come to no scathe in the matter, and that he shall be consoled by Helen’s caresses for any temporary inconvenience. When Scott’s Hector, Hector MacTurk, has once managed to screw Sir Bingo Binks’s courage up to the sticking-point, the dull-witted baronet, in direct antithesis to Paris, is rather aggrieved than otherwise that the duel is not to come off after all, and quite ready to fight with somebody or something. In short, no single char-

acter in the Waverley novels is, to borrow Hector's phrase, quite such a counterfeit of manhood as the "godlike Paris."

The Ajax of the 'Iliad' may in many respects be regarded as the prototype of Athelstane of Coningsburgh. Both of them are, ordinarily speaking, good-tempered, unintellectual giants, ponderous and chary of speech, but really good fighting men when thoroughly aroused. Not one step backwards will Ajax budge when things are *in extremis* and he is left to bear almost single-handed the brunt of the Trojan attack upon the Greek ships: the body of Patroclus shall not fall into the hands of the enemy so long as the son of Telamon can wield his spear. So, too, unarmoured and helmetless, Athelstane does not hesitate to plunge into the middle of the fray and attempt to rescue the supposed Rowena from the grasp of the Templar. If it is not especially recorded of Ajax that he was either gourmand or epicure like the Saxon prince, we are sufficiently initiated by Homer into the mysteries of the Greek banquet to be sure that the heroes one and all had monstrous fine appetites of their own. For if to an elderly bard a portion that reminds us of Benjamin's mess was deemed a suitable offering in recognition of a stirring lay, we may reasonably infer that a lusty warrior of the Ajax stamp might have swallowed to his own single share the whole of a Karum pie, or have made a mighty hole in the Clerk of Copmanhurst's venison pasty, even if he could not rival the Laird of Bucklaw's appetite and "eat a horse behind the saddle." Even Achilles, a far more refined personage than Ajax, is careful to remind Priam that mental agony must not be allowed to interfere with the enjoyment of

the evening meal, and cites the example of Niobe, who

"Not abstained from food
When in the house her children lay in
death,
Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons."

So too, we may remark, the sturdy Cedric, infinitely more abstemious habitually than Athelstane, "showed that if the distresses of his country could banish the recollection of food while the table was uncovered, yet no sooner were the victuals placed there than he proved that the appetite of his Saxon ancestors had descended to him along with their other qualities." Having entered into this digression on the subject of eating and drinking, it may not be out of place to note the striking similarity of the accounts given by Homer and Walter Scott of the preparations for the funeral banquets in the halls of Coningsburgh and the tents of Achilles. Both Greek and Saxon alike considered the funeral banquet as an occasion of general and profuse hospitality, a sort of Irish wake on a gigantic scale; and as we read of the good cheer provided to all comers, and remember Athelstane's weakness in that line, we can partially forgive the novelist for his much-criticised resuscitation of the Saxon prince, who was enabled thereby to realise Wamba's wish, and "banquet at his own funeral."

The Ajax of Sophocles, to follow the hero to his latter end, with his mind unhinged by real or imaginary wrongs, alternately reminds us of Reginald Front de Bœuf and of Charles of Burgundy as he is represented in 'Anne of Geierstein,' smarting under his defeat by the Swiss mountaineers: Ajax is a match for either in ferocity when he thinks of his rival Ulysses or the sons of Atreus, who had awarded

the prize of valour to the wily Ithacan. Or again he recalls the picture of the Master of Ravenswood as we see him in the last chapter of the 'Bride of Lammermoor' when "his dark features, wasted by sorrow and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild a fierce and even savage expression." We feel that Ajax, like Ravenswood, might have hurled Craigengelt down-stairs and bade him seek his master in hell, and that the softer feeling and remnant of better nature which prompted the Greek to speak gently to his son constrain a tear from the ill-fated lover as he takes the broken gold from Lucy Ashton. Probably neither Front de Bœuf nor Charles of Burgundy has found many sympathisers among the students of Walter Scott. But it is different with Edgar Ravenswood, and for once in a way the novelist has brought his hero to a bad end, and refusing to allow the course of true love to run smooth, has plunged an apparently innocent pair of lovers into an abyss of misery and despair. As to Edgar Ravenswood, so to Ajax we are inclined to extend the meed of sympathy, and to regard him as an unnecessary and innocent victim of cold-blooded persecution. For in the matter of the award of the arms of Achilles, on Homer's own showing in the 'Iliad,' there was, if the arms were to be given to the bravest, only one other possible competitor. Had Diomed been the recipient of the prize, there would have been less excuse for grumbling at the decision of the judges. But on what possible grounds can the Ulysses of the 'Iliad' be considered as a *bonâ fide* competitor for the prize of valour? He had, to our minds, about as

much claim to the distinction as Ralph de Vipont or Grantmesnil to the honours of the tournament at Ashby. When the Greek heroes had contended for the privilege of encountering Hector in single combat, not only had Ulysses been the last to enter, but he had clearly been an outsider—to use betting parlance—from start to finish.

"Grant Father Zeus,
The lot on Ajax, or on Tydeus' son,
Or on Mycenæ's wealthy king, may
fall."

This prayer of the Greeks only emphasises the fact that, had the challengers in the list at Ashby been selected from among the heroes of the 'Iliad,' Diomed would have represented the Templar, Ajax Front de Bœuf, Agamemnon Malvoisin, and Ulysses, had he found a place at all, might have been one of the "cheapest bargains."

Again, when it came to actual fighting—putting Achilles, of course, out of the question—the only Greeks who won any honour in a single-handed encounter with Hector were Diomed and Ajax, and the advantage gained by the latter was if anything more marked.

Finally, when Achilles invites

"Two champions bold
To don their arms, their sharp-edged
weapons grasp,
And public trial of their powers
make,"

Diomed and Ajax alone enter the lists; nor does any other Greek offer to compete with these formidable champions in a contest which, if not "understood to be at *outrance*," seems to promise no less danger than that incurred in "the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby." We can readily understand that in a state of society where robbery under

arms was accounted a heroic action, and winning on a foul passed as a creditable achievement, downright and straightforward giants of the Ajax and Dandie Dinmont type were rather at a discount. But when the apologists — and they are many — for this malversation of justice assure us that the success of Ulysses is intended to symbolise the triumph of mind over matter, or of intellect over brute force, we cannot but note that the intellectual superiority of Ulysses as depicted by Homer is not of a character that appeals much to modern sympathy. The idealised Ulysses of the ‘*Odyssey*’ is indeed a man of ready wit and full of resource in emergencies; and the Ulysses of Sophocles, with all the winning cards in his hand, is a fluent and plausible orator; but from start to finish he seems to be playing for his own hand entirely, and to be magnanimous only where there is nothing to lose by magnanimity. The intellect of Ulysses is the intellect of Isaac of York, and he looks the gift-horse of the Phæacian king in the mouth as critically as the Jew counts out the zechins paid by his late preserver for the use of horse and armour; or it is the intellect of the charlatan Galeotti or of the German impostor in the ‘*Antiquary*.’ At another time it reminds us of the cold-blooded and calculating sagacity of Louis XI. For Achilles and Philoctetes, Quentin Durward and the Bohemian, may be hanged, drawn, and quartered for all that Louis or Ulysses care, so long as they have duly fulfilled the purpose for which they were called into action.

Ulysses’ companion in more than one perilous adventure, Diomed, is the true knight-errant of Homer, selected, like Marbot in Napoleon’s army, to perform any special feat

of derring-do, and allowed to choose his supporters. He is always spoiling for a fight, and, like Robert of Paris, will gladly “barter safety for fame” and take his seat upon an emperor’s throne; nor will he be nice about choosing the degree of his adversary, provided that the latter “bears himself like one who is willing and forward in battle.” But, as De Wilton in ‘*Marmion*’ vows —

“Where’er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother”;

so Diomed does not in the heat of the battle forget the sacred ties of guest-friendship, but exchanges courteous words and friendly gifts with Glaucus the Lycian, who, though fighting on the side of the Trojans, claims old acquaintance with the family of Tydeus. We fear that Diomed, who is quite as ready to encounter on the battlefield an immortal god as a mortal adversary, would have felt no more scruples than Reginald Front de Bœuf about employing an image — whether of St Christopher or of any other saint in the calendar — as a missile weapon. Like Reginald Front de Bœuf, and like Balaam the son of Beor, he receives the wages of his unrighteousness, not indeed dying a violent death like the Norman noble and the Hebrew prophet, but expiating by weary exile the sin of having ventured to brave the wrath of heaven.

We may conclude by observing that both our authors, Homer and Walter Scott, had a sufficient respect for grey hairs to portray in their pictures of old age interesting and exemplary characters. Old Priam is one of the most refined and gentlemanly — we might almost say Christian-like — personages that we meet with in Greek literature. His gentleness and courtesy to-

wards his very dubious and inconvenient daughter-in-law, his perfect integrity and affection in matters that concern the household, stand out in bold relief. And while all the time we cannot help reflecting what a despicable beast Paris was to allow the old man his father to run the risk of braving the wrath of Achilles, we fancy that the story of the 'Iliad' would not have been complete without the account of the interview between the old man and the slayer of his "warrior son." We leave the tent of Achilles feeling, as Priam must have felt, reconciled at least in part to the Greek hero, and glad that in his magnanimous behaviour towards the old man he has in some degree atoned for his late barbarity. No one who reads the story can believe that Priam King of Troy loses anything of his dignity by falling in so worthy a cause a suppliant at Achilles' feet, any more than does stout old Arnold Biederman when he bends the knee to Charles of Burgundy, whose frantic rage so closely resembles the wrath of Achilles; and he who reads afresh the old king's appeal that he may receive back the dead body of his son will be tempted to say what Queen Caroline said of the simple words of Jeanie Deans, that "this is indeed eloquence."

If there are moments when the long stories told by old Nestor of his own past progress weary us,

as they must have wearied his audience, almost to the same extent as Sir Henry Lee's recitations from Shakespeare palled upon his royal guest, we cannot but admire the pluck of the Gerenian knight when, maugre his years, he boldly acts as Diomed's charioteer when matters are almost at their worst for the Achæans, just as we admire the stout-hearted old knight of Woodstock when he draws sword on the canting Independent. If we may guess that in his day the old Greek was as "tight a task-master" as the venerable Royalist, and that Antilochus would no more have ventured to cock his hat in the presence of his father than Albert Lee in the presence of Sir Henry, we would have trusted to the advice of the grey-beard Nestor as implicitly as Charles Stuart trusted to the advice of the grey-beard Lee, convinced that he would find a road to safety "were the whole Roundheads that are out of hell in present assemblage" round the place of our concealment. Young and vigorous men are killed off by the score in the pages of the 'Iliad' and the Waverley Novels, Albert Lee and Antilochus alike find graves in a foreign strand, but Nestor and Sir Henry Lee live on to find their dearest hopes realised and to see their children's children, and die in the home of their forefathers at a good old age, full of years, riches, and honour.

LUCILLE.

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

It was towards the end of 1870 that I, Henry Dalton, was staying at the Cerf d'Or at Tours, a small, cheap hotel not a stone's-throw from the cathedral. When I say that my allowance from an old aunt was not more than £60 a-year, it will be seen that I could not afford to go to a better one. However, at the last Salon I had sold a picture for £32, and on the strength of that I was living in a much more luxurious fashion than I usually did as an art student in Paris.

Situated near the barracks, the Cerf d'Or was much frequented by officers, more especially by those who had nothing to live upon but their pay, and wanted to get the best value they could for their money. I had been at the hotel more than a month, and having been at *table d'hôte* every night, I got to know several of them very well, and from their conversation I learnt a good deal about military affairs. There was only one other Englishman there—if I may so call a raw Scottish student who was going to be an architect. He had come to Tours to study the *châteaux* which abound in that district. Though our temperaments were diametrically opposed, Duncan and I got to be very good friends.

Table d'hôte had nearly finished one evening, when a door opened and the most lovely girl I had ever seen looked in. She was decidedly tall for a French girl, yet so perfect was her figure that her height was scarcely noticeable. Her olive complexion, raven hair, and bright dark eyes, gave me the idea that she was Spanish, more

especially as her hair was parted at the side. She was evidently looking for some one.

"Can I do anything for you, mademoiselle?" I asked, rising.

"No, thank you," she answered, in a sharp, brusque manner; and giving me a haughty stare, she disappeared.

"*Ma foi!*" I exclaimed, "what a lovely girl!"

"Yes, she's a comely lass," said Duncan.

"Don't you know who that is?" said Gartier, a lieutenant in the 169th Line.

"No; do you?"

"Yes; I'll tell you all about her afterwards."

"Well, who is she?" I asked, as he came and brought his coffee to my side when the meal was finished. It was too cold of an evening to smoke in the courtyard, so we used to stay in the *salle-à-manger*.

"She's Lucille Charvet."

"What! the girl whose photograph is all about, and who is going to sing to-night for the wounded?"

"The very one."

"Let's be off, then," I replied, "to get a good place."

"You seem pretty hard hit. There's plenty of time. Give me a cigarette, and I'll tell you how I came to know about her. Her real name is Lili Carriac, and she was the daughter of a banker at Marseilles. It was his intention that she should marry a distant relative of his, enormously rich, but old enough to be her father. She's a hot-tempered, passionate girl, and the idea did not

suit her at all. However, as her father threatened to put her in a convent, she had to submit. It happened that, shortly before her marriage was to take place, she and her father and sister (for she had no mother) went to Biarritz, where she made the acquaintance, at a ball at the Casino, of a singer named Royer. He had no great standing in his profession, but he was uncommonly handsome. Lucille fell desperately in love with this deuce of a lady-killer, and one fine morning they were missing. It happened that, two years after they were married, Royer was singing one winter at Nice. Now Madame Royer was very fond of riding, not only because she looked charming in a habit, but because she was a fine horsewoman. It was Carnival-time, and one afternoon she and her husband were starting for a ride, when they came across a procession of masqueraders. They stood to allow them to go by, when Royer's horse was struck by some of the *confetti*. Royer was no rider; he lost all control of the beast,—a rakish grey mare, which he ought never to have attempted to ride: it got the bit in its mouth, and dashed down the Avenue de la Gare, Lucille vainly trying to keep up with it. Suddenly it swerved from a plucky gendarme who rushed at it to stop it, throwing poor Royer over its head. To the horror of the spectators he lay motionless. They picked him up and took him to the nearest pharmacy. Three days he remained unconscious, his loving wife watching over him with the tenderest care. It was of no avail, and he passed away without recognising her. It threw a gloom over the whole town, as they were both so well known and respected. For many a month Lucille remained

disconsolate; but, partly on the advice of her doctor, who told her that work was the best antidote to prevent her brooding over her loss, and partly through want of money—fortough her husband had made a good deal, he had never saved,—she determined to turn her wonderful talents to account, and to go on the stage.”

Gartier's sad story gave an additional charm to Lucille. I had been smitten with her beauty, but now her helpless, defenceless state appealed to my better nature. “No wonder she is so cold and distant,” I thought.

“Come,” I said; “if we are to get a good place it's time we were off.”

Tours at that period was the chief seat of the Legislature, and also the headquarters of the Army of the Loire, which was then in rather an embryo state. The town was very full of troops, and of course on an occasion when a concert was to be given for the wounded they patronised it in great numbers.

As soon as Lucille appeared on the stage she was greeted with a perfect roar of applause. She took this as a matter of course, and seemed glad when she was able to commence her song, which was out of Offenbach's “Grande Duchesse.” Had any one else treated the audience in the same nonchalant manner, it would have resulted differently; but every one knew that the beautiful girl before them had sold her jewels and trinkets for the benefit of the wounded, and that she had been the means of drawing thousands of francs into the fund. All her songs were encored, but she did not trouble to sing them again.

When I got back to the hotel that evening I learned that she occupied a room on the floor above me. During the next fortnight I

sometimes met her on the stairs, but I never had the opportunity of speaking to her. I consoled myself, however, with the knowledge that nobody else had, excepting the landlord, who was a respectable, quiet man, with a family. Night after night I used to rack my brain, thinking what excuse I could invent to make the acquaintance of this mysterious siren.

Being an artist, I was accustomed to paint backgrounds for my pictures in the summer and autumn, and then put in the figures when I got back to Paris; so that I had a number of canvasses in my room which only wanted the figures to make them complete. I had recently been reading Prosper Mérimée's 'Carmen,' a book much popularised since by Bizet's opera. I was so fascinated by it that I resolved to paint a scene out of it. I had finished the background—the figures only were wanting. I was tossing restlessly about one night, thinking of the beautiful girl upstairs, when an idea occurred to me. "Why," I said to myself, "should I not give the picture of 'Carmen' to the bazaar that the Mayor is getting up for the wounded? Perchance in that case Mdlle. Lucille would sit as my model."

No one ever longed for the hours to pass more than I did. I heard the cathedral clock strike three, four, five; then the *réveil* sounded in the barracks; then the faint glimmer of the dawn gradually lighted the chamber, the cocks commenced crowing in the yard below; then the drums beat as the troops went to morning exercise; then at eight I heard them as they came back again. Still I knew it was no good my getting up, as Mdlle. Lucille never rose till nearly mid-day. I have

as much *sangfroid* as most men, but I confess, as the time approached to put my plan into execution, I began to feel uncommonly nervous; and had I not told Duncan what I was going to do, I should have given it up.

It was with trembling knees that I went up-stairs with my canvas under my arm. I knocked.

"Who's there?" said a soft musical voice.

"Henry Dalton," I answered, "an artist who lives on the floor below."

All this time Duncan, who had a dry sense of humour, was grinning at the bottom of the stairs. "She'll send you down rather quicker than you go up," had been his comforting remark when I had mentioned the idea to him.

"What do you want?"

"I want to ask you about a picture I am doing for the wounded," I replied.

"You're d——d artful," said a voice at the bottom of the stairs.

"*Entrez.*"

I entered. Dressed simply in white, with a mauve belt with a rose in it—her beautiful dark hair parted at the side à l'*Espagnole*—she looked to me more lovely than I had ever seen her. She was seated in an easy-chair with her *déjeuner* beside her, reading a newspaper.

I explained matters to her. I told her that, although English, I had the greatest regard for the French nation; I admired the gallant way they continued the unequal struggle with their invaders, and I waxed so eloquent on the bravery they had shown that her bright eyes kindled with pleasure, and she fell completely into the trap. She entered readily into the scheme. I gave her the book.

"I'll let you know to-morrow,"

she said, "at what time I will see you."

Satisfied with this beginning, I descended.

"I was delighted with the book; I was so interested that I read the whole of it at once," she said the next morning. "I am afraid I have got you to come rather early, but I am quite anxious to begin. Look here," she continued, stooping over a large box,—"look at that mantilla, look at that sash; I shall be ready by the time you have got your materials."

I was quite astonished by her enthusiasm; I began to feel rather a hypocrite. However, I thought, "all's fair in love and war," and as Ovid says, "*Militiæ species amor est*;" so I did not let it trouble me.

When I came up she was completely metamorphosed. A more perfect and beautiful "*Carmen*" it would be impossible to imagine. The mantilla, the white stockings, the short petticoats, the thoroughly Spanish *tout ensemble*, showed off the fine symmetry of her figure. It was a wet day, and the light in her little room, or rather garret, was so bad that we were obliged to go out on the landing.

In the picture "*Carmen*" was represented leaning against a tree waiting for the smugglers, who are seen approaching in the distance with their mules.

"There," she said, as she leant against the wall with one hand on her hip, while with the other she lightly played with the dagger half concealed in her sash; "I think this is an easy natural pose, and I can stand like this for hours."

She was as good as her word: till her *déjeuner* appeared she hardly moved once. She insisted on my sharing it with her, which, it may easily be imagined, I was not loath to do. When it was finished I went on painting till

the darkness obliged me to desist. She did not sit, or in this case stand, so long every day, but I was enabled to finish the picture in about a week. My fair model and I were equally pleased with it.

"You have done this," she said, "to please me. Now, if you like, I will sit to please you." Accordingly she sat as the daughter of an innkeeper in a picture I had nearly finished.

It represented a couple of officers of Hussars waiting for their horses to be brought round; in the meanwhile they were passing the time very agreeably flirting with the innkeeper's daughter, who was seated on the corner of a table in front of the old wayside inn.

"I perfectly understand," said Mdlle. Lucille, as I explained it to her; "and that fellow who is chucking me under the chin is under the impression he will get a kiss for his trouble."

"Yes."

"Well," she added, naively, "I think you made a mistake in putting her old father looking out of the window!"

This little mistake had not occurred to me. "You're right," I said, with a laugh; "but I can easily rub him out."

Being constantly in the company of this singular, wayward, capricious girl, I could not help falling more deeply in love with her from day to day; though up to this time she had been extraordinarily reserved, not to say haughty. But now she was getting far more friendly: she commenced to ask me questions about my native country and my life in Paris. She surprised me one morning by saying, "I am going to sing regularly at the Alcazar: I want money, and they have offered 250 francs a-week."

The Alcazar was a kind of *café chantant*, and I was rather surprised at her accepting such an engagement. I did not hesitate to tell her that I thought she was wasting her wonderful talents.

"Oh," she laughed, "it's only till the war is over."

"Of course," I answered, with a sigh; "then you will return to Bordeaux and Lyons to be fêted from one week's end to the other, and finally marry a millionaire, and forget about the poor devil of an artist who painted you at Tours."

"No, I shan't," she answered; "and as regards marrying a millionaire, you may be sure I shall not marry any one who has not fought for his country, and who has not tried to drive these hateful Prussians out of our fatherland. I tell you this," she added, her bright eyes flashing with excitement, "the man who will win me must fight for me, and he who fights for me must fight for *La belle France*."

There was such a look of mingled fire and tenderness in her eyes as she said this that I sprang up. "Mademoiselle, no one is more ready to fight or die for you than I am, if there is a chance of my earning your love. If I volunteer to-morrow, and if I ever come back, will you marry me?"

She was seated on the window-sill; she did not withdraw the hand which I had seized, but pouting her pretty lips, she answered gently—

"Perhaps I might."

"Very well," I returned, "that's enough; I'll go to the barracks and see my friend Lavallette. May I seal the contract with a kiss?"

"Well, if you like, just one," she answered demurely, holding her head down a little.

"Oh, it's no trouble to give

half-a-dozen," I answered—and I did.

That very afternoon I saw Lavallette, whom I knew very well.

"You want to join the Mobiles? Why, you're English, my friend. I don't understand this at all; there must be some woman at the bottom of it."

"Perhaps there is," I answered.

"In that case a fellow is not responsible for his own actions. However, I will see the commandant about it. I should like to have a few more recruits of your physique."

My friend Duncan simply gave me credit for being out of my senses when I told him of my resolution; but Gartier, Vernault, Rol, and other officers whom I knew, were loud in their praise, and drank my health with great enthusiasm at *table d'hôte*. Most of them, however, strongly advised me to join some band of franc-tireurs; but there were several reasons against this. In the first place, when I had paid my hotel bill I had very little money left; and besides, most of the companies of francs-tireurs were got up by country gentlemen at their own expense, and were chiefly composed of their tenants, gamekeepers, &c., and I was too proud to accept any position of that sort.

"I think I can manage it," said Lavallette to me the next morning. "You must come with me to the Mairie, and we will soon make a Frenchman of you; but let me tell you beforehand, it's no child's play."

"I know that," I answered.

Accordingly we went to the Mairie, where I signed a number of papers. I was then told to report myself at the headquarters of the 30th Mobiles of the Loire that afternoon.

"I need not remind you, my dear fellow," said Lavallette as we returned home, "that from henceforth we shall be no longer equals."

"Of course not," I answered; "I am fully aware of that: if I am in your company—and I hope I shall be—I shall have to brush your clothes, &c."

"I will try and get you in my company if I can," he said; and much to my delight, he was able to do so.

From that time for the next month my life was hardly worth living. Before leaving England two years previously I had been in the Volunteers, so that I knew something about drill and how to handle a rifle. The old sergeant who had charge of the recruits quickly found that out, but for all that I was not let off in the least. Drill in the morning almost before daybreak, drill at noon, drill at night, varied by fatigue duties, which, if anything, were worse. Only on Sunday, or once or twice a-week, could I find time to see Lucille. It was impossible for me to make any appointments, as the time was not my own. However, one evening I found time to call at the hotel.

"I've got such grand news to tell you," she said, as she kissed me. "We will dine at the *café* near the bridge, where it is quieter, and I will tell you all about it. You know that picture you did of me? Well, I've sold it for £16; here's the money," and at the same time she placed four 100-franc notes in my hand.

I was very hard up at that time, so much so that I was thinking of pawning my gold watch that my aunt had given me. This was a regular godsend, and when I had finished thanking her I said, "You will let me buy you a little present, won't you?"

"Not unless you will promise not to give more than 25 francs for it."

"Very well," I answered, and the next day I bought her a locket for that amount. It was a beggarly present, but I knew her too well to have got her anything better: if I had disobeyed her, she would probably have thrown it away. That evening, having a little time, I went with her to the Alcazar, but had to leave long before the performance was over, so as to be into barracks.

It was about a week after this that we received orders to go to the front to form part of the 16th Army Corps under Chanzy, who at that time was beginning to make that reputation which stamped him, on the French side, as the most successful general of the war. As we received only one day's notice, my last and only chance of seeing Lucille would be that evening, even if my duties did not prevent it altogether. However, about eight o'clock I managed to get away. I hastened to the Alcazar. The man at the stage-door knew me, as he had often seen me with Lucille. He demurred somewhat to my entering, but a 5-franc piece had the desired effect. The *caporal* was sounding. I knew I must be back by half-past eight, and it was some little distance to the barracks. I knocked loudly at her door.

"Come in," said a voice.

Lucille was in a pink dress with black lace over it. In her raven hair was a red rose. Her guitar was in a corner; she was going to sing some Spanish song. She was just glancing at a piece of music as I entered. I saw all this in a moment. There was a look of great surprise on her beautiful face as she looked up.

"Henri!"

"Lucille!" I cried, "I have no time; we are off to-morrow early."

"To-morrow!" she exclaimed, aghast.

"I have come to say 'Good-bye.' You will remember me? You will keep your promise?" I said, all in one breath.

At that moment, through the thin partition, I could hear the shouts and bravos of the audience, —a song was just finished. There was a knock at the door.

"Mamzelle, mamzelle," said the voice of the call-boy.

There was a look of intense love and tenderness in her bright, bewitching eyes.

"Good-bye, my darling!" she cried, throwing her arms round me, and kissing me with all the ardour of her passionate Southern nature. "Do not fear; I will never forget you, and when you come back you shall have me for your own." Then after one long clinging kiss, she caught up her guitar and hurried out, her eyes bright with the tears she vainly tried to keep back.

I followed her up the passage, I heard the shouts and clappings that greeted her, but I could not stand any more: I hurried back to her room, so that no one might see my emotion. Her things were strewn about the tiny den of a place. On a table were her little gloves and a rose; I took these and hurried out, fearing if I stayed my resolution would break down.

The next morning, ere it was light, we commenced our march towards Blois. It was bitterly cold, and the wind swept in gusts over the snowy fields. There were not many more than sixty of us Mobiles. We were under the command of Lavallette and Lieutenant Drevet. Most of my comrades were good enough sort of fellows: their physique would not have compared very well with an English regiment

of that day, for short service was then unknown. Still they were animated with a spirit of patriotism, which made them no mean opponents under a general of Chanzy's calibre: the Germans themselves admitted this.

On the march no great order was kept. The men went along in a slovenly easy manner, many of them with their hands in their pockets and their rifles slung on their backs, smoking and chatting as it suited them.

I think I may say I was very popular among them; for, poor as I was, I was very much better off than most of them, and having laid in a large stock of tobacco, which I soon found very inconvenient, I was compelled to give a great part of it away. This brought me an immense number of friends. I did not think it necessary to tell them that the weight of ninety-six rounds of ball-cartridges, a heavy cowhide knapsack, and accoutrements was the chief cause of my generosity.

Among my comrades there were two or three that I should have liked under any circumstances, especially one named Jacquemart, an organist by profession in Bordeaux. He was barely twenty, but he was betrothed, as he very soon let me know, to a girl in Toulouse, and being of a very sentimental disposition, was everlastingly talking about her. Being in love myself, I listened to his raptures on the beauty of his *fiancée* with rather more complacency than some would have done. There was another named Bord, the editor of a paper at Bayonne. He was married and had a family, and was continually speculating whether he should ever see them again.

We stayed at Blois nearly a week, when we received orders to

join the rest of the battalion at Beaugency. However, when we arrived at the little village of Lorges, abutting on the forest of Marchenoir, orders came for us to march straight for Patay, where our battalion had since gone.

We then learnt that we formed part of Bourdillon's brigade, included in the 1st Division under Admiral Jauréguiberry, of the 16th Corps under Chanzy. That evening, 29th November, we bivouacked in the open with some of the artillery of the 17th Corps that we had fallen in with. Up to this time we had heard firing on the extreme left, but had not seen anything of the enemy, not even an ubiquitous Uhlan. We were destined, however, very soon to receive our baptism of fire.

The next morning we fell in with our own battalion near the village of Orgères: they had been marching all night, and seemed very worn out, not to say demoralised. The company to which I found myself appointed was commanded, I was glad to find, by Lavallette, and formed part of the *avant-garde*. We received orders to hold the village of Tournosis. Our battalion was under Commandant Leroy, and as he wished to see Lavallette about the Mobiles he brought with him from Tours, our company for the time being was under a young lieutenant named Beaumoy.

On our way we came across a large convoy of wounded belonging to the 17th Corps (then in retreat before Von der Tann), which had suffered severely in the fighting round Chateaudun. The sight of these poor fellows, many of whom had not had their wounds dressed for days, had a very depressing effect on our spirits; in fact I was now able to see for myself what I had thought all along, that how-

ever good a general Chanzy might be, our cause was hopeless. I was now able to confirm what I had heard often enough, that so long as fortune favours them, the French troops will hold their own with any; but that once let them know defeat, and it takes them a long time to recover their former dash. I noticed that in many of the rough jolting country carts that contained the wounded, some were dead. These had probably passed peacefully away, quite unnoticed by their groaning comrades. The blood trickled through the straw, leaving on the frozen road a regular trail. After passing the wounded we came on an ammunition column, and we were warned by some chasseurs who were escorting it that there were Uhlans in the district belonging to the division of General Stolberg, one of the most dashing of German cavalry officers.

Owing to the undulating nature of the ground it was impossible to see far ahead, but we reckoned that we were near the village. Bord, who was marching beside me, was wondering whether we should get anything to eat when we reached there, when suddenly on our right, on the ridge of a slight incline on the crest of which there was a wood, we saw a Uhlan watching us under cover of the trees. Perceiving he was discovered, he disappeared. This was the first time I had ever seen one of the redoubtable horsemen, and my spirits rose at the thought of having a brush with them. The lieutenant, feeling his responsibility, ordered the "halt" to be sounded, intending to wait for the remainder of the battalion to come up; but as, after waiting a little time, he could see nothing of them, he decided to push on cautiously. We had gone some little distance, and

I was thinking, as I often did, of Lucille and what she was doing, when suddenly came sweeping down the road (which took a sharp turn to the right about a hundred yards in front of us) a squadron of Uhlans. Lieutenant Beaumoy, as we afterwards learnt, completely lost his head, and if he gave any orders, we did not hear them.

There is nothing more trying to the nerves, especially of young troops, than receiving a charge of cavalry, even if there is time to prepare for it; but in this case there was not, and many, as soon as they saw the Uhlans, jumped over the ditch at the side of the road. We in the front ranks, however, knew nothing of this till afterwards.

"Steady, *mes enfants*! wait for them and fire low," roared Sergeant Largemont, a great fair-haired Norman, at the side of me. I reserved my fire till they were about twenty paces off, and then I singled out one who seemed coming straight at me. I hit the horse, but the next moment they were upon us. I remember parrying one thrust with my bayonet, but the next minute, somehow, I don't know how it happened, I found myself in the ditch, and for the time half-stunned.

"Come on!" cried Jacquemart, shaking my arm; "they've taken the lieutenant, and they will be back in a moment."

The whole squadron had passed like a whirlwind. They had now pulled up about 200 yards from us. They had, however, lost several men and horses.

"If we can reach that wood, we shall be safe," said Jacquemart; and to run better, he threw off his knapsack, as did also a young lad of eighteen whom I had known at Tours, Chalot by name, who seemed regularly dazed. Being

very active and strong, I did not see the force of throwing mine away.

I followed Jacquemart and the other, loading my chassepôt as I went. Just then some half-a-dozen Uhlans jumped the ditch, with the intention of cutting us off, and some others who were nearer them, from reaching the wood. They succeeded in capturing some. Two of the Uhlans came straight for us; I took steady aim at the foremost, but missed him. Jacquemart was equally unfortunate. "Surrender!" he shouted in German. He was close upon us; I could see he was an officer, and he had his revolver ready to fire as soon as he was near enough.

"Give me your gun," I said to Chalot, and taking it from him, I fired again.

"Bravo!" shouted Jacquemart as the horse stumbled, throwing its rider over its head, not ten paces from us, where he lay, seemingly stunned. The other Uhlan, seeing this, wheeled off to the left. We ran forward.

"Get up!" cried Chalot, kicking his prostrate foe in the ribs. He looked up vacantly: taking in the situation, he rose, giving me his revolver. I then saw his arm was broken.

Taking him with us, we quickly reached the wood. We found that we had lost six men, and that a dozen had been taken prisoners, including the lieutenant in command. We could see them taking our men off, but it was impossible for us to fire on them, as our own men were in the middle of them. All this happened in a much shorter time than it takes to describe. Sergeant Largemont now took command, and we marched back, and in about an hour met our battalion, and then we found that through the stupidity of the lieutenant we

had got too far in advance, and taken the wrong road. However, about three o'clock in the afternoon we took possession of the village without meeting any opposition.

That evening, as I was going on guard, a comrade told me that a franc-tireur had been inquiring for me. "A franc-tireur!" I exclaimed; "I don't think it can be for me."

"His name is Jacques Morot; he has only just arrived with about twenty of them: they have brought in about half-a-dozen prisoners. He said he wanted to see you particularly: he's a very good-looking young fellow, slightly built, very dark eyes, and olive complexion."

The corporal came round, and wondering who it could possibly be, I started off with the picket. It was a bitterly cold night that 30th November. The moon was not strong, but the sky was clear and the stars shone brightly. Mechanically I stamped up and down, partly to keep myself warm, and partly to keep myself from going to sleep: for nearly sixteen hours we had been on the march. In the woods on the opposite side of the valley all was dark and quiet; yet we had seen Uhlans on the outskirts only a few hours before, though, as we had no cavalry to spare, no reconnaissance had been made. Down below on the right some village was burning, most likely the work of some disappointed Uhlans.

My thoughts naturally turned to Lucille, and as I heard the village clock in the old church tower strike the hours, I thought of what she was doing. "Now," I said to myself, "she is going to sing, now they are cheering her, now she is going back to the hotel, now——" but my thoughts were rudely interrupted by a sharp

crackling fire on my right, which, however, soon ceased, and was probably a false alarm of some of our conscripts, who fancied that every moving object in the darkness must be a Prussian.

It was getting on towards midnight when I saw a chasseur making in hot haste for the headquarters of our brigade. I feared that perhaps we should have to commence our march again that night, but soon after the picket came round to relieve me, and then I learnt that the 39th Foot and the 20th Regiment of Artillery were to march at daybreak, so that we should be in the rear. So long as we didn't march then, I did not care: I threw myself down on the straw, getting as close to the fire as I safely could, and slept as only those who have marched eight leagues on heavy ground can sleep.

The morning of the 1st December broke clear and cold over the snow-covered landscape. The sun shone brightly, and the ground was frozen hard. The 39th were already gone, and the artillery were rumbling along over the road, when we received orders to follow them towards Guillonville and Gommiers, which we learnt had been captured by the advance-guard of the Duke of Mecklenburg, chiefly composed of Von der Tann's Bavarians. The artillery had been gone some time, but as we were able to go over the fields it was probable that we should arrive about the same time. As we were about to start, General Chanzy and his staff trotted by. He hardly returned our salute, as he was in deep conversation with Admiral Jauréguiberry, who rode a little in advance with him. Sergeant Largemont pointed me out General Michel, who had the chief command of the cavalry of the division; General Bourdillon,

who commanded our brigade ; and some others whose names I forget. I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing Chanzy, as I never had the chance again. I can see him now, with the fur collar of his coat turned up to his ears, and the worn thoughtful look on his clear-cut features.

It was noon ere we arrived opposite the villages, but between us and them there was another village named Muzelles, consisting of a small street with a church at the end of it ; and it was into these houses that our artillery had commenced to send shell after shell preparatory to our attack on it.

We halted under cover of a wood, from whence we could watch our gunners through the smoke. We had been there about twenty minutes when an aide-de-camp arrived ; then we fell in, and marched well under cover of the wood to the right, where we met the 39th. We then learnt that they were to lead the attack on the village, so we formed up in their rear. We issued from the wood, the commandant a little in advance, the captains in front of their companies, the subalterns at the sides.

The roar of the guns was now terrific, to which was added the continuous, even growl of the mitrailleuse, which had just been got into position.

The drums beat the *pas-de-charge*, and we advanced at the double. For the first time in my life I was under fire ; and for myself, I was so carried away by excitement that I almost forgot the danger. There was no doubt we had got a tough affair in front of us, for the village was strongly held, every wall was loopholed, and every window occupied. Our men began to fall rather fast. Among the very first was poor Chalot ; but whether he was

mortally wounded I do not know, anyway I never saw him again.

Up to this time we had followed the 39th, but when we got within 300 metres of the village we made a detour to the right, the 39th keeping straight on. We were to attack the houses in the rear. A hollow in the ground rather favoured us, and we got into the gardens at the back of the houses before we were under fire again ; but then it was terribly severe.

"*Allons, mes enfants !*" cried Lavallette ; "show the devils what you're made of : if we can't get in we will burn them out !"

Several men seized some fagots for this purpose. Suddenly I saw a ladder.

"Ram the door in with this, my boys !" I cried.

Bord and several others seized it, and using it as a ram, we charged the door, which at the first shock was smashed in.

I was the first to enter ; a bullet, fired from the top of the stairs, passed through my knapsack. I did not know it at the time, but I found it afterwards embedded in a leather note-book. Before the fellow had time to load again, I had hit him, and in another moment I was at the top of the little staircase. A great fair-haired giant rushed at me with his clubbed rifle ; I parried the blow with my own, and then closed with him : we remained locked together, each trying to hurl the other down the stairs. I felt I was gradually losing ground, when, at the very instant I thought I was falling, there was a most tremendous crash, followed by a terrific explosion that shook the little house to its very foundations. A shell had burst in the front room, which was full of their men, who were firing on our troops in the street

below from the windows. These came rushing out on the landing, and in the confusion my adversary and I fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs. For some moments I was stunned, but when I came to my senses I found myself lying in a pool of blood from the body of the Bavarian, who was lying quite dead beside me, having been bayoneted by some of those who had followed me in. I got up and went up-stairs, where we found four Germans on the landing holding their guns reversed, a sign of surrender. Sergeant Largemont took their arms from them, and ordered some of our men to guard them. I went into the front room. In the ceiling and in one corner of the floor were immense holes caused by the shell. The walls were blackened, the door hung on one hinge, on the floor lay the body of a German. The poor fellow's head was completely blown away, the brains being spattered on the wall. A month ago these sights would have made me ill, but in war men soon become little better than brutes.

Fighting was still going on fiercely in the street below. Sergeant Largemont, Bord, and myself commenced firing from the window—that had been barricaded with some bedding and a board across—at those in the opposite houses, and those in their turn were firing at our men in the street, who were trying to force their way into the houses. It was not till we had hit three of them that they noticed where the shots came from.

Suddenly poor Bord fell like a bullock under the axe. I heard the "ping" of the bullet as it whizzed by my ear. I stooped down over him; even at that moment I could not help thinking

of his wife and family, of whom he was always talking.

"Where are you hit?" I asked.

But no answer came. The pulse had stopped, and then I saw some blood on his neck. The ball had entered just over the right ear, leaving a small round hole hardly large enough to insert the little finger.

Apart from the houses opposite, which still held out, the village was now in our possession, and as we found it impossible to take them, our men set fire to the neighbouring ones, which had the desired effect.

"Come down now," said the sergeant. I followed him, after having first helped myself to some of poor Bord's cartridges.

The German prisoners—who, by the way, were all more or less badly wounded by the shell—were grouped together at the bottom of the stairs, and were being questioned by the lieutenant, whose knowledge of the language seemed very limited, so that I fear he did not learn much.

As I passed through the garden I heard a groan from behind a shrub close to the wall, and to my horror whom should I see but Lavallette on the ground leaning against it. He had evidently been hit as he was climbing over it. I had a little cognac in a flask, and stooped down and gave him some, pouring it down his throat with difficulty, as he was quite unconscious. The spirit, however, revived him for a moment, and he looked up and recognised me. His lips moved faintly. "It's all over with me, *mon ami!*" he murmured, and then with a convulsive tremor fell back dead. It was as much as I could do to restrain my tears. Seeing Jacquemart, I called him,

and with his help and another's we carried the body into a cart-shed near, where we laid it beside a dozen others. I was turning away sick at heart when I heard a familiar voice, a voice which made me think I was dreaming—"Henri! Henri!" The next moment I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I turned round: it was Lucille in the uniform of a franc-tireur of the Loire!

"O ciel!" I exclaimed, "is it you, Lu——" her little hand was on my mouth.

"How are you? What a time 'tis since I have seen you! You remember me—Jacques Morot?"

I looked at her with mingled love and anger.

"*Ma foi!* what new freak is this? O Lucille, how could you be so rash, so foolish?"

"Shall I tell you?" she answered, blushing and holding down her head.

"Yes."

"I have done it because—because I love you—I did not know how much till you were gone; and then—oh, I felt so wretched!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from taking her up and smothering her with kisses.

"O my darling!" I said, "much as I love you, I wish you had never come."

Just then the bugle sounded.

"I must go," I said.

"You see," she laughed, pointing to the *galons* on her sleeve, "I'm a sergeant; I'll tell you all about it afterwards. My own men have not the slightest idea who I am, but some of yours might recognise me, so *au revoir* for the present."

The next moment she was gone. To me it all seemed like a dream.

In the adjoining field I saw our

commandant on his black horse talking to General Bourdillon, surrounded by his *états-major*.

As we formed up into companies it became apparent how many we had lost. Ours barely numbered seventy. We commenced to march, and when we had gone 300 or 400 metres, we halted and took up a position behind a low stone wall. The village of Muzelles was now on our left flank, and somewhat in the rear was Patay. The Germans were in a wood about 1000 metres off. They held, however, a large farm about 600 metres from us, which we thought we were going to attack. The village of Terminiers was on our right flank.

"Are we going to wait for them?" I heard a lieutenant of another company ask a captain.

"Yes; we shall wait for them here, if there are any of us left to wait," was the answer, and a very comforting one too, I thought.

Lucille and about a dozen francs-tireurs had kept upon our left. Any of our men who had anything to eat took the present opportunity. I had a little biscuit, so I kept that for Lucille, thinking she might not have any. Our company was luckily on the left of the battalion, so I was soon able to get to her. She was laughing with some of her comrades. When I came up she introduced me without the slightest hesitation as an old schoolfellow whom she had not seen for years. To me it seemed quite astounding that any one could not tell that that handsome, bright-eyed young fellow was a girl. "Jacques Morot" was evidently a great favourite, but at last he found an opportunity of talking apart with me.

"I have brought you some biscuit, *ma chérie*," I said; "it is not much, but it is all I've got."

"O my dear Henri," she laughed, "I've got something better than that—look here," and she took from her haversack part of a tongue, and a German sausage frozen as hard as a brick. "We took these from some German prisoners yesterday. Now," she continued, placing her little gun against the wall—"now we can eat in peace, and I will tell you how I came here."

"Don't talk so loud, dearest," I said.

"You're right," she answered, *sotto voce*. "Well, you know, when you left I felt so wretched, and I felt so sure that you would be killed, that I did not know what to do with myself. At last I determined to go as a franc-tireur; so the week after you left I went and bought a carbine, an English one—a very good one too, as I found out yesterday; I cut off my hair, and I put on this uniform, which suits me very well, doesn't it?"

"Anything would," I answered, taking her hand.

"Well," she continued, cutting up the tongue and eating the biscuit with evident relish, "I put on a large cloak with a hood, and went one night to Blois by rail, where I enlisted. They wanted to know my name; but I told them that was my affair—I had come to fight for France. They think now, because I speak Spanish so fluently, that the name I finally gave, Jacques Morot, is a *nom de guerre*, and that I am a Spanish nobleman. They wished to make me a lieutenant; but a commission was not to my taste—though they call me '*le petit comte*.'"

"*Ma foi*," I roared, "that is very good;" and we both laughed so loud that everybody looked at us.

I took up her little gun, which was a beautiful weapon of English make.

"Does it kick much?" I asked.

"Not much; I put some wadding in my dress—I mean," she laughed, "in my coat."

"Ah, Jacques Morot, you are as clever as you are beautiful!"

All this time the fighting continued as fiercely as ever on our extreme left, but we privates knew nothing of what was going on: some said that our centre was broken, and that the flank of our division had been driven in; but this was mere conjecture. As for me, I thought of nothing but the beautiful girl beside me contentedly munching a hard biscuit.

The commandant's horse was being led up and down, he meanwhile smoking a cigarette, while he looked at a large plan which another officer was holding.

Suddenly there was a flash on a hill about 1500 metres from us, a dull report, a whizzing, shrieking noise in the air, as a shell passed over our heads and burst in an orchard about 100 metres in our rear. It is a peculiarity of a shell that, though one may hear it coming, it is impossible to know where it will fall—it may be at your feet, or 500 metres to the rear.

"This is the beginning of the game," remarked a corporal of my company.

"*Sacré bleu!* they're getting the range a little better," said Lucille, her bright eyes glistening with excitement as a shell burst about 30 metres from us with a fearful explosion—without, however, doing any harm, as there was the wall between us.

The commandant had now mounted his horse, knowing that these shells were probably to cover the advance against us. He sat

motionless some little time, scanning the woods opposite with his field-glasses; then shutting them up with a snap, he put them in their case and gave the order to "fall in." Though we could see nothing, we took up our position behind the wall.

Lucille was about twelve paces from me, and I resolved, as soon as ever the attack commenced, to get next to her. Just then a shell came crashing into the wall not ten yards from me: all who could threw themselves flat on the ground, but two men were killed by it and about eight more or less wounded, and a large breach was made in the wall.

"Why the deuce don't our guns begin?" said Sergeant Largemont.

"All right," said another; "there they go!" as one of our shells fell right through the roof of a barn at the side of the farm which was half-way between us and the wood.

For some quarter of an hour we remained passive while this artillery duel was being carried on over our heads. It appeared to me that we were getting the best of it; for although our guns were of smaller calibre, and could hardly reach theirs, still we succeeded in demolishing, and finally setting fire to, the farm. The Germans had just commenced to evacuate it, when large reinforcements issued from the wood.

"Now, *mes enfants*, the fun is going to begin," said the sergeant: "they don't reckon on that though," and he pointed to a mitrailleuse behind the wall on our right, which up to that time we had not noticed. Our sappers commenced to knock down part of the wall just in front of it.

Up to within 500 metres the Germans, or rather Bavarians, had

advanced in columns, but now they broke into open order, and at the same time opened fire on us. The "rip—ping" of the bullets was continuous, but luckily most of them went over our heads. Then we commenced firing.

"Steady, *mes enfants*!" said the old commandant behind us, as he rode slowly up and down,— "steady; fire low, and aim sure."

In spite of the wall many of our men were hit, and I turned almost faint as I thought of the danger Lucille was running. Taking advantage of the firing and confusion, I left my place and got next to her.

"I am certain I have hit three," she said.

I said nothing, but continued firing, bringing down a man almost every time. But, for all the heavy fire, the Germans continued to advance. Then we heard for the first time the welcome, mechanical growl peculiar to the mitrailleuse. An officer on a brown horse, who was leading them, was one of the first to fall. Still they came on till they were not more than a hundred metres from us. Above the roar of the battle, and even growl of the mitrailleuse, could be heard the shouts of their officers, the piteous cries of the wounded, the oaths and curses of the men.

But at last our fire was too strong. The mitrailleuse seemed to mow them down. They wavered, and finally broke.

"Ah, if we only had some cavalry!" said a franc-tireur, wiping the perspiration from his face.

Who gave the order I know not, but with a cry of exultation our men scrambled over the wall in pursuit.

"Don't give the devils time to rally, or any quarter either," said

another franc-tireur, who seemed more like a fiend than a human being—though, as the Prussians invariably shot all francs-tireurs, there was perhaps some reason for his hate.

I helped Lucille over the wall, and followed the others. Every now and again some of our men would fall, as the Germans turned, fired, and retreated again.

The horse of the commandant had been hit, and the poor maddened beast got the bit in his mouth and was tearing wildly towards me. I succeeded in stopping it, and hardly waiting for the thanks of my commanding officer, I hurried after Lucille, loading my chassepôt mechanically as I went. At that instant I felt a sharp sting in my leg just above the knee. I was aware I was hit, but almost at the very same moment, above the noise of the firing, I heard a piercing shriek. I knew it was Lucille. In spite of the excruciating pain,

I ran to her, feeling sick with apprehension.

She was on her back, writhing on the ground, in her agony tearing open her coat.

"O my darling!" I cried, kneeling down beside her, "speak, speak, where is it?" She tried to speak, but the bloody foam on her lips showed that the bullet had passed through the lungs. With an effort she raised herself on her elbow, the crimson blood rushed in torrents from her mouth, and then with one convulsive tremor she fell flat on her face, dead, as white and cold as the snow around her. I could not realise it. I threw myself on the corpse: on her white breast, through her open tunic, I saw, tied by a piece of brown silk, the little silver locket I had given her.

"Lucille! Lucille!" I cried, kissing her marble forehead, "speak! speak! it is Henri, your own Henri!" But the cold lips did not move.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

CONTINENTAL YACHTING.

THE field of yachting, like that of other British sports, is rapidly extending. There was a time when it was an affair of British waters only. After the bolt from the blue of the win of the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup by the America in 1851 at Cowes, however,—the result of which has been the International races for the America Cup, which have done more than anything else to popularise the sport, although they may have been unfortunate in everything else,—yacht-racing took firm hold in America. More recently still, British cruisers have introduced the pastime into Continental waters; so that even as nowadays you see a man at a railway station on the Continent with golf-clubs under his arm, and do not wonder, so you are not surprised to find English yachtsmen matched in any European seas, and the sport itself, under its English name, as familiar to Continental ears as “bif-steak” and “steeple-chase.”

The growth of yachting in Germany, indeed, has not been without considerable influence on the sport in England. For one thing, Germany has become a market for out-classed British racers. We had a brilliant week at Cowes last

month, in spite of the absence of the German Emperor; nevertheless, his visits have done much to popularise yacht-racing. And it must be remembered that our British designers and builders and outfitters have benefited greatly by German orders, and will continue to benefit by them, until these can be fulfilled at home. That is not now. Small-boat building has developed in Germany: Heidtmann's yard on the Alster at Hamburg, for example, has turned out some first-rate boats capable of competing in all respects with those of English build;¹ but so far the demand for large yachts has been so small that the German builders have not had an opportunity of gaining experience in their construction. Of course, America too has had some influence on German yachting. A one-rater, the Bubble, and Baron von Zedtwitz's 20-rater Isolde² (a sister ship of Mr Howard Gould's Niagara), are the only direct importations of recent years. Prince Henry of Prussia's Gudruda, the Herreshoff-crack Wenonah, was for some time raced on the Clyde by Mr H. Allan before being sold to Germany. All of these, as is usual with Herreshoff-yard craft, are fast boats.

¹ The principal building-yard on the Alster, established in 1855, has shown a steady increase in its output. Of the 75 craft launched from Mr Heidtmann's yard in 1894, 13 were *bonâ fide* yachts; in 1895, 12 out of 81 were sailing yachts; while this season, previous to the Kiel regattas, 18 sailing yachts had been despatched to their various destinations. The effect of the Benzon rule appears to have been the revival of the old style of boat which was used on the Alster in the sixties. Thus in 1864 Mr A. Tietgens purchased the Laura, built in America three years before, introducing a type which, after three decades, has been resuscitated. The Schelm, built by Heidtmann for Mr A. Kirsten in 1865, save for greater strength and heavier build, was almost exactly a counterpart of the modern small rater.

² We regret to learn as we go to press of the unfortunate accident to the Isolde, resulting in the death of its owner, Baron von Zedtwitz, whose loss will be greatly lamented by all yachtsmen.

It may be said that fifteen years ago yachting was unknown in Germany. There were owned at Hamburg a few cruising craft of British origin; but there was no racing, unless we count that of small boats on the Alster, and on the network of lakes that surround Berlin. In 1882, however, some German naval officers arranged a regatta on the fjord of Kiel so successfully that the Norddeutscher Regatta Verein took up the idea, and offered prizes for annual competition in the Baltic. This attracted a good many foreign yachts, especially from Denmark and Sweden; and five years later was formed the Marine Regatta Verein, out of which has developed the Imperial Yacht Club. The history of these two clubs is the history of yachting in Germany.

The Norddeutscher Regatta Verein was founded in 1868, primarily for rowing and sailing regattas on the Alster, Hamburg's picturesque lake. Later on it established fixtures on the Elbe, which remain to this day; and ultimately the matches on the Baltic at Kiel, and in the Bay of Lübeck at Travemünde, as the principal field of operations. The President of the club is Mr Adolph Burmester, a Hamburg merchant, known to all the world—to all the yachting world at least—as "Onkel Adolph." The Empress Frederick is the club's patron, and its only honorary members are Prince Henry of Prussia and the Hereditary Grand Duke Frederick Augustus of Oldenburg.

The commodore of the Imperial Yacht Club is the German Emperor, and Prince Henry is vice-commodore. The rapid growth of the club is due in great measure to the energy of the secretary, Geheimrath Professor Busley, Professor of Naval Construction at the Kaiserliche Marine Akademie

at Kiel, how for many years has acted as time-keeper and judge at the annual regattas. The Imperial Yacht Club, being composed chiefly of naval officers, has practically an unlimited use of torpedo-boats and swift-service launches. Further, it is domiciled within the building of the Akademie on the fjord at Kiel, and has at its disposal the lofty hall and large balcony, as well as the spacious and beautiful grounds, of that building. The Norddeutscher Regatta Verein, on the other hand, has its picturesque clubhouse built on piles on the Alster, where there are moorings for a number of small yachts, and where the affiliated rowing-clubs can lay up their boats; and during the Kiel regattas it has to make use, for banquets and prize distributions, of the Hotel Bellevue, situated beautifully on the wooded heights at the harbour's mouth.

The Baltic is an ideal yachting ground—for cruising as well as for racing. Practically, there are no tides to contend with. Germany's great naval station, Kiel, therefore, has unusually favourable chances of becoming a great yachting centre. Its large and sheltered harbour, the wide fjord and the open Baltic beyond, with plenty of ports for which to run in case of dirty weather, would tempt the most arrant land-lubber. Another great advantage it possesses as a yachting centre is its proximity to the Danish islands and to Sweden, in both of which countries the sport is strongly developed. Saving in 1894, when there was a temporary breach owing to some political misunderstanding, caused by the expulsion of a troupe of Danish actors from Hadersleben, Danish and Swedish yachts, well-built, beautifully kept, and skilfully handled, have taken part in Kiel regattas for many years, and have done much to

stimulate German owners. It is from Copenhagen, too, that the formula comes under which German racing yachts are measured and rated,—for Mr Alfred Benzon is domiciled at Copenhagen, and is a distinguished member of the Royal Danish Yacht Club.

For the nautical man, the chief object of interest at Kiel is the dockyard, by far the most important in Germany. On the north side of the harbour are the buildings of the Admiralty, the Naval Academy, and the old Schloss, the official residence of Prince Henry of Prussia, who has quite recently purchased Hemmelmack, on the fjord of Eckernförde, as a sporting estate. In addition to these, there is a harbour for the torpedo flotilla, consisting of 5 torpedo-destroyers, 10 large destroyers, 120 first-class, and 20 smaller, torpedo-boats. On the south side, again, are the Naval Depot, used for storing powder and shell, and the Imperial Dockyard. The latter contains a large building basin, with a depth of 30 feet, connected with an outer, or fitting-out, basin; while adjoining these are six dry-docks (two of them in course of building), a floating-dock and three slips, and a stone quay forming a small harbour for torpedo-boats. The fitting-out basin is surrounded by buildings containing gear and stores, and the many workshops are situate round the inner or building basin. On the north-western quay there is a crane with a lifting capacity of 60 tons, which can be supplemented by two floating-cranes capable of lifting 40 tons and 100 tons respectively. The floating-dock can take vessels up to 3000 tons; the length of the dry-dock varies from 300 feet to 360 feet. At Wilhelmshaven, near the western end of the Baltic Canal, is the other great dockyard of Germany, which has gained considerable strategic importance through

the cession of Heligoland to Germany. Before that, both Kiel and Wilhelmshaven were of use merely as points of defence; now, and especially since the opening of the Baltic Canal, they serve as the base for offensive operations. The light-draught vessels of the German navy can pass unmolested from the Elbe to Wilhelmshaven, skirting the sandbanks which line the coast of Hanover and Oldenburg; and unless a blockading squadron were to include ships of little draught, even if Heligoland might be ignored, a constant communication between the two naval stations could be maintained. Notwithstanding the thoroughness of the Teuton, however, the Imperial wharf at Kiel has one very serious drawback. The harbour at that point is too narrow. An illustration of the danger resulting from this was shown in January 1892, when the *Wörth*, a first-class battleship of 9850 tons, was launched. On leaving the ways the *Wörth* gathered so much impetus that it was impossible to stop her in time, and she shot right across the harbour into the stone landing-stage on the opposite side, where passengers are embarked on the steamers for Gaarden. Had not the *Wörth* had a pointed stern, she would certainly have received serious damage.

It was the Emperor's purchase on the Clyde of the renowned *Thistle*, the unsuccessful Scottish challenger for the America Cup in 1887, that gave yachting in Germany its first great impetus. At the same time, Prince Henry of Prussia placed an order with Mr G. L. Watson for the construction of a cruiser-racer of 40-rating, which resulted in the Clyde-built *Irene*, so called after its owner's consort. For a few seasons this yacht — a beautifully finished

model of which, presented by the designer to Princess Henry, is presently to be seen at the International Naval Exhibition at Kiel—had all her own way in the Baltic. In 1894, however, when Varuna and Lais hoisted their racing flags for the first time in German waters, when the Mücke made her *début*, and Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu started his 40-rater Carina, it became evident that Irene was no match for these more modern fliers. In consequence, she was not entered for last year's matches, and in the autumn was sold to Mr Fleming, of Glasgow, by whom she has been raced once or twice this season in handicap matches, against cracks of bygone days such as Marjorie, Samœna, Columbine, Thalia, White Slave, May. On regatta days, Prince Henry, who is an excellent helmsman and takes the keenest interest in the technicalities of the sport, is generally to be found at the tiller of his small 2½-rater Gudruda, which in British waters, under Mr Henry Allan's flag, and known as the Wenonah, carried everything before her. She is, indeed, a slippery little craft, designed and built by the Messrs Herreshoff at Rhode Island, New York, and was the nucleus of a class of 2½-raters on the Baltic which since has developed into a small fleet of racers such as even the Solent or the Clyde might be proud of. Of these yachts of 5 "sail-units," Gudruda's most formidable rival is Mr Bichel's Swan-hild, built last year from the lines of the Prince's boat. In the recent regattas, there was a daily duel between the two evenly matched and equally skilfully handled craft.

To return to the Thistle, renamed the Meteor when purchased by the Emperor. Shortly before the launch of the Emperor's present

yacht, Meteor II., she was handed over to Admiral Thomsen, in command of the naval station on the Baltic, in order to be used as a training-ship for yacht hands. At the British yachting centres there exists a distinctive class of yachtsailors, who have followed the same occupation for generations back; but in Germany, where the sport is still in its infancy, the production of a similar class is an important problem which will be helped far towards solution by such a scheme as the Emperor has started with the old Meteor (now known as the Comet). In the spring of last year another smaller racer was constructed for his Imperial Majesty at Kiel, from designs by Mr G. L. Watson. This craft, the Vineta, which under the old Y.R.A. measurement ranks as a 20-rater, is of composite build, and was intended to compete with what was known on the Solent as the "titled" class,—the late Prince Henry of Battenberg's Asphodel, Lord Dunraven's Audrey, Prince Batthyany-Strattmann's Stephanie, Lord Lonsdale's Eucharis, Lord Dudley's Inyoni, and several others. Unfortunately, owing it may be to a too light construction, the pretty little yacht, in one of her first races, was severely strained in the short, choppy seas of the "Stollergrund," a bank at the mouth of the fjord of Kiel, and no subsequent patching seemed to do her any good. Under the command of "Captain-Lieutenant" Arenhold, a retired naval officer, and, by the way, a very successful marine painter, the Vineta was entered and raced most pluckily in the regattas on the Solent, but without success. On the advent of Meteor II. the Emperor presented the Vineta to his brother-in-law, Prince Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein Glücksburg, who before then had raced a smaller craft, the Calma, and under his flag she

was entered at the recent regattas on the Baltic; but against so formidable an opponent as Baron von Zedtwitz's Herreshoff-built *Isolde*, to which, moreover, she had to concede time, she never had the ghost of a chance.

The *Hertha*, *Ellen*, and *Elizabeth*, each of 30·5 "sail-units," are a well-matched trio which owe their origin to the Emperor's influence. For the encouragement of the sport, he offered an annual money-prize, varying with the size of the successful vessel, for a craft from the board of a German designer, built with German material, and manned by a German crew. The first practical outcome was the formation of a syndicate of members of the Imperial Yacht Club at Kiel, who built the *Kommodore* in accordance with these conditions, and won the prize. At the end of her first season the *Kommodore* was bought by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who previously had owned yachts on the Riviera, where he keeps the 20-rater *Aranella* (*née* *Asphodel*), formerly the property of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. The second yacht built by this syndicate was the *Hertha*; but she was not a success in her first season, although she pulled up wonderfully at the late regattas. The *Ellen* was built on the Clyde for Count Douglas, a personal friend of the Emperor, who keeps his yacht in a little natural haven on his property on the island of Rügen in the Baltic. Count Douglas, who claims descent from the Black Douglas, owns large alkali works in Northern Germany, and was created a count by the Emperor Frederick. The third of the trio, the *Elizabeth*, belongs to Mr Robert E. Loesener, a partner of the large shipping firm of Robert M. Sloman at Hamburg. She was

built at Hamburg from the designs of Mr William Fife, jun., to compete with the *Vineta*.

It is worthy of note that of the four aluminium yachts in existence three are due to German enterprise. The *Alumina*, belonging to Prince zu Wied, is a *bonâ-fide* cruiser; the *Susanne* and the *Luna* were built for racing. The *Susanne* is the property of Professor Otzen, Germany's Sir Gilbert Scott, and *Luna* was built to the order of Mr B. Arons, a Berlin banker. It cannot be said that the results have been satisfactory so far; but it is a healthy sign of German yachting that these costly experiments—for an aluminium yacht costs almost twice as much as a similar craft of composite build—were carried out entirely in the interests of the science of naval construction.

There can be no doubt that the flourishing condition of yachting in Germany, and the great activity at Kiel, are due in a very great measure to the personality of the Emperor himself. No one who has flown his burgee at Kiel but will agree that his Majesty's frank intercourse with yachtsmen during the Kiel week has gained for the Baltic regattas their present popularity. The Hohenzollern has her moorings directly opposite the Imperial Yacht Club's headquarters at the Akademie, and every yachtsman in the harbour is honoured with an invitation to a reception on board. In Germany the good old custom still holds of formally distributing the prizes; and the Emperor is always present to give away those of the Imperial Yacht Club, with a friendly nod and handshake to each winner, and Prince Henry attends in person to receive his prize from the hands of his Imperial brother, or (in the matches arranged by the Norddeutscher Regatta Verein) from

those of some lady. To one Englishman, at any rate, the Emperor's energy during the Kiel week was a revelation. When not racing on his own cutter, he was following the matches of the smaller classes with the keenest interest from the deck of his steam-launch. His little blue pinnacle darted about the harbour on incessant visits to this yacht and to that. Within half an hour of the return of his cutter from a day's race, he was out in the garden of the club playing tennis with Herr von Krupp (of Ordnance fame) and some ladies of the Court. He hadn't left the tennis-court ten minutes before he appeared in the hall of the club, in full admiral's uniform, to distribute the prizes to the day's winners. Then he presided at dinner, and I have known him spend hours in conversation with the yachting men of all nationalities at the banquets of the Imperial Yacht Club, or at the Bier Abende at Kiel, Eckernförde, and Travemünde. He was, in fact, indefatigable. I remember that, at the last regatta at Kiel, some copper came off the Meteor's rudder, and the cutter was raised in a floating-dock for purposes of repair. An opportunity such as this was not to be missed by the Emperor, who got together the commanders of the various men-of-war in the harbour to view the yacht, and personally explained the points of her design.

When the Emperor is racing, invitations are issued by his command to such members of the Cabinet as may happen to be at Kiel. Herr von Koscielski, a Polish representative in the Reichstag who has made himself a *persona grata* by voting for the naval estimates, Herr von Krupp of Essen, and Count Douglas are among his daily companions. The Chevalier de Martino, marine

painter to her Majesty the Queen, and Mr Hans Bohrdt, from whom the Emperor received instruction in water-colour drawing, generally accompany the Hohenzollern on long cruises. Lord Lonsdale and Mr Richard Allan act as "yachting advisers" to his Majesty. The Meteor was constructed and raced in British waters under their personal supervision.

So much space has been occupied with an account of yachting in Germany that little room is left for a review of the sport in France. And, unfortunately, the picture there is not so rosy. If not actually on the decline, yachting in France at least makes little or no progress. With the exception of a few enthusiasts, no one does anything to encourage it. Even if, as we hope, the recent schism between the Union des Yachts français and the elder Yacht Club de France leads to beneficial results, these cannot be felt for some time yet. The great aims of the U.Y.F. are the encouragement of designing and building in France; and it seems possible that these may be accomplished, seeing that the club has the support of such men as the Comte de Chabannes la Palice, who is keenly interested in the experiments with aluminium in yacht-building; Baron Edward de Rothschild, from whom M. Chevreux, the French Watson, has received an order for a 20-tonner, although the Baron's large yawl *La Flèche*, launched recently, was built at Southampton; M. E. Billard, Hon. Secretary of the Société des Régates du Havre; M. L. Pilon, the owner of *Luciole II.*, who has just commissioned M. Le Marchand of Havre to design and build for him a new 20-tonner.

The principal regattas in France, of course, are those in the early

spring on the Riviera, and they are tempting to British owners. The wind, it is true, is generally disappointing: either it blows a violent *mistral*, upon which yachts dare not venture from their snug anchorage, or the wind blows not at all, and yacht races become mere drifting matches. But, on the other hand, there is an absence of tides, while the magnificent climate and the numerous and costly prizes offered by the towns on the Littoral are sufficiently attractive to yacht-owners, who, accordingly, while away the time very pleasantly in racing in these lovely surroundings at a season when the British climate is anything but inviting. By the time the Ostend and Hâvre regattas come round, all has changed. The season has begun in England with the Thames matches in the end of May, and only a few smaller British cruisers, built "for occasional racing," are to be lured from the usual round of the regattas on the coast. The very poor attendance which we had at Hâvre this year is to be explained further by the fact that the regatta there was fixed for the two days previously to the commencement of the Cowes week on August 3, so that yachts had not time to get back to the principal event of the home yachting season. Mr John Gretton's *Hester* did indeed race on the first day at Hâvre, where she took first prize, but she had to start for home immediately on finishing the race.

As in Germany, so in France the social side of yachting has caught on strongly. Luncheons, banquets, and balls follow each other with unhealthy haste,—functions which, though despised by the racing men, seem necessary to sustain popular interest in a sport, the intricacies of which—as, for example, when several classes

are started at once—are not to be understood of any save an expert. We were amused to find at Hâvre, too, the multitude treated to a kind of aquatic variety entertainment—races between pilot-cutters, fishing-smacks, lifeboat-crews, tub-hunts, and suchlike,—for all the world as if we had been in Cornwall. This much may be said for these diversions, that from the artist's point of view these pilot-boats and fishing-smacks, with their tanned or dyed sails, always more or less patched, and their brilliantly coloured hulls, produce an effect impossible from the immaculate white sails of the yachts. And at Hâvre, if not in Cornwall, these entertainments have other effects; for the winner is practically forced to fight every unsuccessful competitor, and the evening is spent in drinking away the prize-money in some little *estaminet* on the Grand Quai.

M. Faure is a native of Hâvre, and the Hon. President of the Société des Régates there. At the regattas last month he watched the matches from the deck of the French despatch vessel *Ste Barbe*; and in the evening Mme. and Mdlle. Faure accompanied him to the regatta ball given at Frascati's. But the President of the French Republic does not take an active interest in the sport; nor did the presence of the ubiquitous Li, who, after his round of Kiel, Hâvre, and Cowes, must be rather tired of yachting, help to brighten up the spirits of the meeting greatly.

I have accounted for it; and yet the absence of Britishers from the Hâvre regattas seems a pity. The old town is very quaint and interesting, the surroundings most picturesque, the bay affords a capital racing-course, and to while away an off-day there is Trouville within easy reach.

THE NOVELS OF MR BLACKMORE.

OF the many unscrupulous, or illogical, or unfortunate personages whom history has adorned with the conventional label of reprobation, scarce one has escaped in recent years the process of whitewashing. Catiline, Tiberius, Richard III., Henry VIII., Wolf Tone, and we know not how many more, have severally passed with serene triumph through the trying ordeal of justification without a single stain being removed from their respective memories. Yet, so far as we are aware, no historian or moralist has thought it worth his while to attempt a defence of that celebrated Athenian citizen whose unimpeachable claim to renown depends solely upon his having cast his vote for ostracising Aristides on the ground that he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." The reason of this omission is obvious. Whatever the dignity of history may compel us to pretend to think, every one at heart feels that the worthy fellow needs no defence. The motive which inspired his conduct finds a counterpart in every candid bosom. Do we not look with instinctive suspicion on any politician to whom the unlucky and dubious epithet of "honest" has come—no matter how—to be attached? Will the impartial historian be disposed to look more favourably on the foreign policy of Mr Gladstone's 1880-85 Administration because the late Lord Granville was universally supposed to possess these great requisites—the glove of velvet and the hand of steel—

without which the equipment of no diplomatist is complete? A sober-minded Scotsman even might, perhaps, be forgiven at the present moment, if, after suffering the delirious ravings of his native press for several weeks, he ventured to whisper a doubt whether B——s was, after all, indisputably both the greatest of poets and the noblest and most exemplary of men. We read from time to time in our morning or evening newspaper that the new story of one eminent author has been read in MS. by the most distinguished critics and found very good, or that another, now meditating his fifty-first novel, is the most conscientious, painstaking, and fastidious of "artists," and has an extremely ladylike and refined wife in addition to a tastefully furnished villa and an Irish terrier. The curious must needs have observed that the objects of this sort of adulation are invariably the same, and we really think it an emphatically pardonable tendency to turn aside from the limited and select band round whom the somewhat cloying fumes of this incense hover, and to devote our attention, in the first place at all events, to men who have required no such external assistance in their progress towards the goal of success and reputation.

Conspicuous among this class of writers must be reckoned Mr Richard Doddridge Blackmore. It is now more than thirty years since he commenced author; yet, though he has won a most substantial share of that popular

Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. Sampson Low & Co. The Maid of Sker. By R. D. Blackmore. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. And other Novels by the same Author.

applause which, if too often heedlessly bestowed upon works of little value, is rarely withheld in the long-run from productions of genuine merit, the details of his private life, being nobody's concern but his own, have never supplied "copy" to the gossip-hunter or the paragraph-monger. No puff of the familiar kind has apprised an inquisitive world of his habits or mode of living, nor has it been bruited about how many pence or how many pounds per word he can command in what is now with agreeable frankness not merely recognised but proclaimed to be a "market" and nothing more. He seems content that his literary merits should be judged, not by the range of his acquaintanceship with the great, nor by the balance standing to his credit in his banker's ledger, but by his works, and by them alone.

If, however, Mr Blackmore has been thus strictly—we are sorry to have to add, strangely—reticent about matters which are board and lodging (we trust also washing) to the "literary" Paul Pry, no novelist of our day has revealed his own tastes and opinions more frankly in his writings. Mrs Humphry Ward has not often been taxed with endeavouring to conceal her religious views, and latterly Mr Hardy has displayed more candour than fairness in habitually crediting his characters with all their good qualities and imputing all their bad ones to destiny or Providence. Yet Mrs Ward and Mr Hardy are reserved and impersonal beside Mr Blackmore, who makes a clean breast of all his prepossessions.

It is easy, for example, to infer from his novels that Mr Blackmore would be disposed to accept Cowper's statement as to who made the country and who

the town. Those passages which deal with London, or indeed with any town of greater pretensions or size than Exeter, are palpably inferior in movement, in freshness, in gusto to those which conduct us to the bracing air of moor and river and sea. Mrs Shelfer, for instance, the London landlady of 'Clara Vaughan,' is a comparative failure, and in general the description of Clara's life in the capital seems but a faint echo of Mr Dickens. But when Mr Blackmore revisits Devonshire, or even Sussex, or Kent, or Oxfordshire, or the "landward" part of Middlesex, he becomes himself again. His characters bear once more the true and genuine stamp of the Blackmore mint; and nowhere does the author seem more thoroughly to enjoy himself, and nowhere does he communicate more generously his rich and abundant appreciation of nature and all her works, than when he stands with Captain Arthur in his vinery pruning the vines, or assists Martin Lovejoy to pick the cherries on his fruit-farm in the Vale of Medway, or makes us long for the peaches and plums in Cornelius Orchardson's ancient garden at Sunbury.

It is no less easy to gather Mr Blackmore's views on politics and religion. He is heart and soul a Church and King man, with an intense distrust and dislike of bumptious and arrogant science, though not of science as understood and professed by his friend Sir Richard Owen. It is in 'Tommy Upmore'—singular and fantastic allegory—that his views receive fullest expression, but they crop up anywhere and everywhere. The other learned professions—medicine and the law—come in for a good many of those hard, though not ill-natured, knocks which for centuries have delighted the British

mind without hurting doctor or barrister, solicitor or surgeon, one whit. But "the cloth" is treated much more respectfully, though Mr Blackmore's conservatism is of too Georgian a type to permit him to regard the Oxford movement with much sympathy. In nearly every book there is a parson, and, putting aside the abnormal case of Parson Chowne, they are all—Short, Penniloe, Golightly, Rosedew, Hales, Twemlow, "Up-and-down," Hardenow, and Rambone (we leave all good Blackmorians to allot them to their respective works)—drawn with the kindest and most sympathetic touch, though of very divers sorts—some devout and learned, others sporting and athletic; and that touch could never have been attained save by a true and loyal son of mother Church.

For Mr Blackmore few propositions would seem to hold more true than that the former days were better than these. He longs for the times when the "good old English guinea, with his fine old face and jovial colour," had not yet been supplanted by that "poor weak - coloured and adulterated coin" the sovereign; when the tuneful blast of the guard's horn had not been drowned by the screech of the locomotive, bringing with it "all that is hideous and foul," and putting to flight "all that is comely"; when Englishmen drank honest ale and cider and "red wine," and had not learned to dilute their blood with the sour and shrewish light wines of France; when the cigarette, "that ragged mummy of the great King Nicot," had scarcely yet begun to "cast its dirty ash about"; before the pernicious doctrine of Free Trade, which "recognises everything except men," had been accepted, and our mar-

kets had been flooded with "poor foreign produce fair to the eye but a fraud on the belly, and full of most dangerous colic"; when Englishmen "did not spend their keenest wits upon the newest and speediest methods for robbing their brother Englishmen, and a native would really buy from his neighbour as gladly as from his born enemy." There is no shilly-shally about Mr Blackmore. "A discontented man," remarks Uncle Corny in 'Kit and Kitty,' "is as likely as not—unless he prays to God every morning of his life—to turn into a Liberal. I have known a lot to do it, and being nabbed on the nail by the shady lot who are always near the corners, never get any chance again to come back into honesty." Who can doubt that Mr Orchardson's sentiments would be heartily echoed by his creator? The statesman for his money is plainly one who, "scorning all shuffle of words, foul haze, and snaky maze of evasion," will "refuse to believe at first sight that his country must be in the wrong and her enemies in the right."

To such a mind all newfangled theories and crotchets are necessarily abhorrent. Particularly so is a great deal of the modern cant about education, which Mr Blackmore has unsparingly satirised in 'Perlycross' as well as in 'Tommy Upmore.' Indeed the only anachronism we ever detected in his works is a sneer at board schools which he puts into the mouth of a character in 'Kit and Kitty,' the action of which is supposed to take place in 1860-61, before school boards were born or thought of. Mr Blackmore, in short, is an inveterate and unbending Conservative or Tory of a school which was stronger sixty years since than it is to-day.

Separated by no very great gulf on the one side from the "Young England" movement, and identical in some respects with the political belief of Colonel Newcome, such a creed derives its chief inspiration from the period of the great Napoleonic war, and embodies many of the sound lessons which that momentous era impressed upon the healthy British mind. Indeed we shrewdly suspect that in Mr Blackmore's eyes the French, though gallant and honourable foes, come pretty near to being the enemies of mankind; and that every time he is compelled against his will to employ a French word, such as "physique," he fines himself a crown-piece, even as Admiral Darling fined his son Frank! Seriously, there is no mistaking the genuine and inspiring ring of patriotism in a sentence like this, which breathes the very spirit of the titanic contest: "Then the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum arose, and the thrilling blare of trumpet; the great deep of the night was heaved and broken with the stir of human storm; and the stanchest and strongest piece of earth—our England—was ready to defend herself." Though we do not consider it by any means essential for a good Tory to be *laudator temporis acti*, were it only for the reason that the more you attempt to fix the precise *tempus actum* the farther it recedes into the background, we are satisfied that Mr Blackmore's manly opinions, so manfully expressed, will do infinitely more good than harm in an age which has a tolerably good conceit of itself. That the craftsman should not throw too much of his idiosyncrasy into the work of his hands may be a true enough canon in the abstract; but, after all, it is no hardship to be "button-

holed" by a man of clear and straightforward views, especially when they agree with one's own; and for a few such patriotic outbursts as that just quoted, or as the song "Billy Blue" in 'Springhaven,' we would willingly be button-holed by a writer with not a tithe of Mr Blackmore's force and charm. So attractive, indeed, to our mind are his outspoken declarations, whether of matured judgment or of prejudice, that we cannot conceive of their spoiling the exquisite flavour of his writings, except perhaps for a Cornishman, or for the baser sort of political dissenter!

The habit of acting as chorus to their characters, and of commenting upon things in general as occasion offers, is not common with authors who depend much upon the ingenuity of their plots. Mr Blackmore is an exception to the rule, in so far as his fable is always elaborately and carefully constructed. While he seems to deprecate the charge of being "sensational," he has no liking for the humdrum round of everyday life, but boldly grapples with greater and more moving themes. Murder and abduction are the hinges on which his story constantly turns; and the primary passions, such as hatred and revenge, in their most violent manifestation, are no strangers to his pen. But, to tell the truth, plot is scarcely his strong point. The complication to be resolved and the mystery to be cleared up are no doubt presented with great vividness, precision, and effect. But unhappily, as 'Maga' has ere now pointed out, the untying of the knot and the solution of the puzzle are at times apt to be a little disappointing and unsatisfactory. As nothing could be more concise and striking in its way than the manner in which the crucial

problem of 'Perlycross' is set forth, so nothing could well be more irritating than the discovery at the end, after innumerable red herrings having been drawn across the trail, that all this great ado has been made about practically nothing, and that no body has been snatched at all. It is not that Mr Blackmore tires of his book and huddles up the conclusion as Sir Walter used to do; no such obtrusively loose end as '*Search No. 1*' will be found on any pin of his winding. Nor do we blame him for sometimes prolonging the arm of coincidence; for if that limb were to be unluckily curtailed, how could fiction, to say nothing of real life, be expected to go on? The characteristic defect, as it seems to us, rather is, that when the ultimate link of the long chain of cause and effect is reached, it proves to contain some more or less serious flaw which no amount of artifice can entirely hide. The motive which has prompted the concealment of another's misdeeds turns out to be almost Quixotic; the cardinal blunder of hero or heroine is discovered to be one which the exercise of a little common-sense might have avoided; the forgery, which puts every one on the wrong scent, is seen to be so transparent that it could have imposed on none but a very simple soul. 'Christowell,' 'Erema,' 'Cripps the Carrier,' and 'Kit and Kitty' afford sufficiently characteristic examples of this defect.

Apart, moreover, from the weakness of the chain at its critical point, a devil's advocate might urge with some plausibility that the plots are frequently too complicated, their component parts not always justly proportioned, and that the action does not advance to its inevitable conclusion with

smooth and unhesitating movement. That it is hampered alike by a superfluity of incident and by a superfluity of character is in some instances beyond dispute. The details of Erle Twemlow's life among the savages have no important bearing on the main theme of 'Springhaven,' and Watkin Thomas in 'The Maid of Sker' can only have been introduced in order to provide a mate for Bunny. The best of those of Mr Blackmore's novels of which the method consists in unravelling some tangled skein is probably 'Clara Vaughan,' though it was the first-born of his genius, and in many respects lacks maturity. Here are no such violations of probability as those which scarcely spoil the perennially charming 'Cripps the Carrier,' though they would have ruined any other book. Yet the story carries too much sail; the stage is too crowded; there is a want of concentration; the familiar expedient of the vendetta has to be invoked; and for want of singleness of purpose, as it were, a grim and gloomy power, which Le Fanu might have envied, is sadly dissipated.

But enough of fault-finding, ungrateful in every sense of the word. An author's defects may serve but as a foil for his excellences, and this is conspicuously the case with Mr Blackmore. Carried along by the impetuous and irresistible sweep of his narrative, we forget to weigh his plots in the scales of probability, and are only too happy to be allowed to participate in the innumerable adventures and escapes of his creatures. What thrilling moments he has given us! We have shuddered to hear the clank of Red Jem Hannaford's gibbet-chains as they swing with their horrible burden in the

wind; and crouched terror-stricken in the fog at the sound of the Doones' approach. Our heart has leapt with excitement when Clara Vaughan discovered the fatal dagger, or unmasked the ghost, or escaped from Lepardo's den. Our exultation has known no bounds when David Llewellyn knocked down Parson Chowne or carried off Harry from under his very nose, taunting him the while as Ulysses taunted Polypheme. With bated breath have we beheld Erema keeping watch on the mysterious Hoyle, or followed Frank Scudamore in his escape from a French prison. With ever-growing terror of something mysterious and supernatural we have listened to Erema's conversation with Jacob Rigg—a sexton not unworthy to shake the hand of him in 'Hamlet,' or of Mortsheugh in the 'Bride of Lammermoor'! The art of writing stirring narrative has assuredly not been neglected in recent years; but we may safely challenge any living author to match the scene in which Bill Brown of Grimsby gives the slip to the revenue cutters and beaches his bilander, in 'Mary Anerley,' or that in 'Cripps the Carrier,' where the rascally solicitor Luke Sharp comes in hot chase after Cripps's cart with its precious burden:—

"'Oh, Cripps, it is that dreadful man,' whispered Grace, with her teeth jerking into her tongue, 'who has kept me in prison and perhaps killed my father! Oh, Dobbin, sweet Dobbin, try one more gallop, and you shall have clover for ever!'

"Poor Dobbin responded with his best endeavour; but, alas! his old feet, and his legs, and his breath were not as in the palmy days; and a long shambling trot, with a canter for a change, were the utmost he could compass. He wagged his grey tail, in brief expostulation, conveying that he could go no faster.

"'Now for it,' said Cripps, as the foe overhauled them. 'I never was afraid of one man yet! and I don't mane to begin at this time of life. Missy, go down into the body of the cart. Her rideth aisily enough by now; and cover thee up with the bucking baskets. Cripps will take thee to thy father, little un. Never fear, my deary!'

"She obeyed him by jumping back into the cart—but as for hiding in a basket, Grace had a little too much of her father's spirit. The weather was so fine that no tilt was on; she sat on the rail there, and faced her bitter foe.

"'That child is my ward!' shouted Mr Sharp, riding up to the side of Cripps; while his eyes passed on from Grace's; 'give her up to me this moment, fellow! I can take her by the law of the land, and I will!'

"'Liar Sharp,' answered Master Cripps, desiring to address him professionally, 'this here young lady belongeth to her father; and no man else shall have her. Any reasoning thou hast to come down with, us will hearken as we goes along; if so be that thou keepest a civil tongue. But high words never bate me down one penny; and never shall do so, while the Lord is with me.'

"'Hark you, Cripps,' replied Mr Sharp, putting his lips to the carrier's ear, and whispering so that Grace could only guess at enormous sums of money (which sums began doubling at every breath)—'down on the nail, and no man the wiser!'

"'But the devil a great deal the wiser,' said the carrier, grinning gently, as if he saw the power of evil fleeing away in discomfiture. 'Now Liar Sharp hath outwitted himself. What Liar would offer such a sight of money for what were his own by the lai of the land?'

"'You cursed fool, will you die?' cried Sharp, drawing and cocking a great horse-pistol; 'your blood be on your head—then yield!'

"Cripps, with great presence of mind, made believe for a moment to surrender, till Mr Sharp lowered his weapon, and came up to stop the cart, and to take out Grace. In a moment, the carrier, with a powerful stroke, learned from long whip-

wielding, fetched down his new lash on the eyeball of the young and ticklish horse of the lawyer. Mad with pain and rage, the horse stood up as straight as a soldier drilling, and balanced on the turn to fall back, break his spine, and crush his rider. Luke Sharp in his peril slipped off, and the cart-wheel comfortably crunched over his left foot. His pistol-bullet whizzed through a tall old tree. He stood on one foot and swore horribly.

"'Gee-wugg, Dobbin,' said Cripps in a cheerful but not by any means excited vein; 'us needn't gallop any more now, I reckon. The Liar hath put his foot in it. Plaize now, Miss Grace, come and sit to front again.'

"'We shall have you yet, you d—d old clod!' Mr Sharp in his rage yelled after him; 'oh, I'll pay you out for this devil's own trick! You aren't come to the corner yet.'

"'Ho, ho!' shouted Cripps; 'Liar Sharp, my duty to you! You don't catch me going to the corner, sir, if some of the firm be awaitin' for me there.'

"With these words he gaily struck off to the right, through a bye-lane, unknown, but just passable, where the sound of his wheels was no longer heard, and the mossy boughs closed over him. Grace clung to his arm; and glory and gladness filled the simple heart of Cripps.

"Meanwhile, Mr Sharp, who had stuck to his bridle, limped to his horse, but could not mount. Then he drew forth the other pistol from the near holster and cocked it, and levelled it at Cripps; but, thanks to brave Dobbin, now the distance was too great; and he kept the charge for nobler use."

Be it recollected, too, that Mr Blackmore's novels abound with writing equally vigorous and spirited.

This, then, is one of our author's chief merits—the gift of alert, rapid, and animated narrative, embracing in its scope actions of every sort and not merely those which belong to the province of the more serious and dignified

muses, as is amply demonstrated by the inimitable chapter in 'Tommy Upmore' which recounts how Bucephalus repelled the attack of the Radical mob upon his business premises. But Mr Blackmore not only can depict action with appropriate vigour and movement; he can present a scene from peaceful or still life with the vividness of an impressionist and yet with a wealth of detail which might put a realist to the blush. It is a commonplace to say that the reader of 'Lorna Doone' can see the scenery though he may never have set foot in Devonshire; and what more admirable harvest-pieces could the most exacting of connoisseurs desire than that in the romance we have just named and its companion in 'Christowell'? Not the most devoted fisherman, we should imagine, could wish his subject more sympathetically or delicately handled than it is in the short story entitled 'Crocker's Hole,' or in 'Alice Lorraine'; nor could the most minute observer add a single touch to this description of the first frost of winter in 'Cripps the Carrier':—

"The slimy dips of the path began to rib themselves, like the fronds of fern, and to shrink into wrinkles and sinewy knobs; while the broader puddles, though skirred by the breeze, found the network of ice veiling over them. This, as it crusted, began to be capable of a consistent quivering, with a frail infinitude of spikelets, crossing and yet carrying into one another. And the cold work (marred every now and then by the hurry of the wind that urged it) in the main was going on so fast that the face of the water ceased to glisten, and instead of ruffling lifted, and instead of waving wavered. So that, as the surface trembled, any level eye might see little splinters (held as are the ribs and harl of feathers) spreading, and rising like stems of lace, and then with a smooth, crisp jostle sinking, as

the wind flew over them, into the quavering consistence of a coverlet of ice."

We might fill the rest of the present number of 'Maga' with other instances of this rare power of lifelike presentation, but must content ourselves with two more specimens which contrast strikingly with each other. The one describes the last occasion on which Clara Vaughan saw her father alive:—

"Before dessert I interred my queen doll, with much respect and some heartache, under a marble flag by the door, which had been prepared for the purpose. My father was chief mourner, but did not cry to my liking until I pinched him well. After this typical good-bye to childhood, I rode him back to the dining-table, and helped him and my mother to the last of the West's St Peter grapes, giving him all the fattest ones. Then we all drank health and love to one another, and I fell to in earnest at a child's delight. Dearest father kept supplying me with things much nicer than are now to be got, while my mother in vain pretended to guard the frontier. It was the first time I tasted Guava jelly; and now, even at the name, that scene is bright before me. The long high room oak-panelled, the lights and shadows flickering as on a dark bay horse, the crimson velvet curtains where the windows were gone to bed, the great black chairs with damask cushions, but hard and sharp at the edge, the mantelpiece all carved in stone, which I was forbidden to kick, the massive lamp that never would let me eat without loose clouds of hair dancing all over my plate, and then the great fire, its rival, shuddering in blue flames at the thought of the frost outside,—all these things, and even the ticking of the timepiece, are more palpable to me now than the desk on which I write."

The other is Grace Oglander's account of the associations that gather in her memory round the

name of honest Zacchary Cripps, the carrier:—

"His name did bring things to my mind so—all the parcels and good nice things that he carries, as if they were made of glass; and the way my father looks over the hedge to watch for his cart at the turn of the lane; and his pretty sister Etty sitting up as if she didn't want to be looked at; and old Dobbin, splashing along, plod, plod; and our Mary setting her cap at him vainly; and the way he goes rubbing his boots, as if he would have every one of the nails out; and then dearest father calling out, 'Have you brought us her Majesty's new crown, Cripps?' and Cripps, putting up his hand like that, and grinning as if it was a grand idea, and then slyly peeping round where the beer-jug hangs—oh, aunty, shall I ever see it all again?"

We have already quoted sufficiently to convey a fair idea of Mr Blackmore's style. It may be disfigured at times by prolixity, more rarely by affectation, and once or twice by a strange lapse into the terminology of science. In the earlier books, too, the captious might detect a tendency in the more ambitious passages to fall into regular rhythm, which is the ruin of good prose, and had so fatal a fascination for Dickens. These, however, are trifles, more than atoned for by consistent vigour and purity of idiom. We believe, indeed, from sundry not very obscure indications, that Mr Blackmore, had he thought it worth while, might have excelled in that knack of hitting upon some choice and curious word to give colour and distinction to a sentence which the late Mr Stevenson cultivated with such remarkable success. The trick (we use the word in no disrespectful sense) is a pleasant one, and, like most other things, was not unknown to Sir Walter Scott, though the critics are all agreed

that his style was "slovenly." In the description of Sir Henry Lee's last moments, for example, at the very end of 'Woodstock,' occur these words: "The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up and expired in one *exhilarating* flash." How thoroughly the felicitous epithet transfigures the whole sentence may best be learned by omitting it altogether, or by attempting to replace it with any other equally effective and apt. Now Mr Blackmore provides the ear and mind of his readers with precisely the same sort of pleasure when he says that it takes a gale of at least three tides "to deliver the true buffet of the vast Atlantic," or describes an old salt rejoicing once more in the spring of a vessel's buoyant timbers, and "the generous vehemence of the canvas." The man who can write of the sound of bells being borne to the ear on "the tremulous conveyance of the wind" need fear the competition of no man, however expert and dexterous in phrase. But Mr Blackmore has, rightly or wrongly, declined to imperil the whole for the sake of the part; and we are not disposed to call in question the soundness of the view that in rapid and exciting narrative, while each word must be duly picked with a view to contributing its due share to the total effect, none should be so conspicuous or singular as to distract attention from the important matter in hand.

We have said that Mr Blackmore is apt to overcrowd his canvas; and the inevitable consequence of the tendency is, that some of the multitude of characters are almost uninteresting, others are bare outlines, while others again turn up more than once under different names. Dicky

Touchwood in 'Christowell' and Kit Sharp in 'Cripps the Carrier' are admirable embodiments of the Boy at that important moment of his career when he falls in love with every pretty face, and is most prone to insist upon his prerogatives as a Man. But the two are indistinguishable from one another in essentials, nor are they readily to be differentiated from Bob Garnet in 'Cradock Nowell.' Again, we may not see our way altogether to acquit Mr Blackmore of the very common fault of failing to invest certain of his heroes and heroines with the interest which ought to be their portion. John Ridd, to be sure, engages the sympathy and warm wishes of the reader from start to finish, and Robin Lyth in 'Mary Anerley' possesses the same power. But Edward Waverley and Rose Bradwardine are monuments of individuality and character compared with some of the couples whom Mr Blackmore happily unites at the close of every volume. Annie Faggus (*née* Ridd) has always seemed to us an infinitely more affecting and powerful study of female character than the majestic Lorna Doone, though the latter towers above all her sister-heroines, with the possible exception of Alice Lorraine. Similarly we find as much vitality in Esther Cripps's little finger as in the whole of Grace Oglander's composition; and though we should not care to risk the experiment of being united for life to Miss Sporetta Perperaps, we have little doubt that she would prove a much more amusing and a much less monotonous companion than Rose Arthur. Certainly Julia Westcombe would, for she has inherited a share of her namesake's sprightly wit;—her namesake,

Colonel Mannering's daughter, of course, not the Julia of 'The Rivals.' Yet, for all this occasional hint of sameness and insipidity, the heroes are gallant, manly fellows, and the heroines maidens of no ordinary degree of beauty; so that, though they may not violently stir our emotions, we cannot withhold our hearty goodwill; and the test of it is, that we could not bear to face the possibility of their love-affairs not coming right in the long-run. For Mr Blackmore has done mercifully and well not to wring our hearts by a single unhappy ending. Nevertheless in one case we must refuse to respond when he calls upon us to love and admire; for if ever there was an interfering and upsetting minx, that minx is Miss Christie Fox in 'Perlycross.'

After heroes and heroines, the villains, of whom Mr Blackmore supplies two brands—those who are not born wholly villainous but have had villainy, as it were, thrust upon them by circumstances, and those who may be styled villains pure and simple, in so far as purity and simplicity may properly be predicated of evildoers at all. Of the former class, Harvey Tremlett in 'Perlycross' cuts a poor enough figure, turning out, to the reader's intense disappointment, to be no villain at all. But Hoyle in 'Erema,' and Bull Garnet in 'Cradock Nowell,' are extremely powerful pictures of men who, because they are bastards, think everybody base. Of the latter class, Lepardo della Croce, Caryl Carne, and Downy Bulwrag are as unscrupulous a trio as could be desired, prepared to forge, murder, and kidnap to the best of their abilities; but they must yield in strength of evil passions, as of bodily powers, to Carver Doone, in craftiness and

guile to the Counsellor, and in all-round devilry to Parson Chowne, one of Mr Blackmore's most masterly and impressive creations, and indeed as consummate and formidable a scoundrel as any honest man need wish to steer clear of.

Conventionality is a snare not easy to avoid, and once or twice, possibly, Mr Blackmore has fallen into it. Reuben Huckaback in 'Lorna Doone' is perhaps something more than the traditional cit and shopkeeper of his age, but Mrs Daldy in 'Clara Vaughan' merely represents the sane early-Victorian revolt against the tyranny of a dominant Evangelicalism which breaks out so savagely in 'Jane Eyre' and 'David Copperfield.' Farmer Huxtable, too, who can throw a man and a pony simultaneously over a hedge, is very nearly stagi, besides being conventional; and the same criticism applies to a character of a very different order—Lady Waldron in 'Perlycross.' But even the most determined attempt to avoid the dry ruts of fiction is no guarantee of success. So far from being conventional, Major Hockin in 'Erema,' and Rufus Hutton in 'Cradock Nowell,' are both meant to be eccentric—men of a marked and curious "humour"—men of catchwords; but both fall short of convincing the reader of their possibility, and must, we think, be pronounced failures. On the other hand, the few historical personages of whom Mr Blackmore gives us a glimpse—Judge Jeffreys, Lord Nelson, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington—are handled with great tact and skill: not made too much of, and not overloaded with a mass of those details which are so easy to pick up from biography or tradition, so difficult to keep in their proper place in fiction.

The type of character of course which usually calls forth Mr

Blackmore's best energies is that represented by John Ridd or Cornelius Orchardson—men of vast physical strength and sound common-sense, of considerable substance and good credit, with a long pedigree, it may be, but occupying a middling rank in life. Yet Mr Blackmore is the last author in the world who could justly be accused of being in the least "bourgeois"—unless a manifest prejudice in favour of honesty, straightforwardness, cleanliness, and constancy makes a man obnoxious to the charge. It is on the soil of England alone that his favourite characters are to be found; for Uncle Sam in 'Er-ema' is to all intents and purposes an Englishman. The few Scotsmen who flit across his pages might as well be Esquimaux; the few Irish—like Mrs O'Gaghan in 'Cradock Nowell'—are better passed over in silence; and the Frenchman in 'Springhaven,' though in keeping, is unimportant. The true John Bull element, which flourishes in the wheat-field and the orchard rather than the town, is of the essence of Mr Blackmore's most characteristic personages; and his host of hinds and gardeners, and of country folk generally, with their shrewd, if not ready, wits, and their pungent and vigorous speech, are the very salt of the nation. Yet Zacchary Cripps and John Fry are not better in their way than Zebedee Tugwell (a sketch of extraordinary merit), or those old sea-dogs Captain Carroway and Captain Stubbard—an excellently devised and most suggestive name this last, by the way, which makes one wish that Mr Blackmore had given us a few more specimens of his ingenuity in nomenclature, such, for instance, as Lady Clara Voucher, the daughter of that *nouveau riche*, Lord Clerinhouse.

But Mr Blackmore's two great triumphs in character-drawing are concerned with men of a more complex and romantic, and a less matter-of-fact, stamp than John Ridd or John Fry. One of these is Tom Faggus, than whom more gallant and fascinating highwayman never threw leg over horse. Had Mr Blackmore depicted no other character, this alone must have won him a high place among our writers of fiction for delicacy combined with firmness of handling. But the other—David Llewellyn in 'The Maid of Sker'—is even superior, and constitutes in our opinion one of Mr Blackmore's surest guarantees for the applause of posterity. The rascally old Welsh seaman, turned half fisherman and half poacher, at whom hares "rush like a lion," who brags about his exalted ancestry and his marvellous exploits, who is always telling stories, "many of which are exceedingly true," who in adversity professes to be self-confident, while in prosperity extreme affability and a native longing to give pleasure mark his deportment, so that he "almost never commits an assault"—in this truly admirable picture we see Mr Blackmore's art at its very highest, and that is a level which none but the very greatest masters can surpass. For the old villain is drawn with so kindly a touch that the more we know him the better we like him; we chuckle with him at the success of his petty knaveries, and share the glow of satisfaction which expands his breast when he has "scored off" Parson Chowne by burning down his ricks. Mr Blackmore's vein of humour runs poor and thin in none of his works. The visit of Mrs Marker to Mrs Cutthumb, for example, in 'Kit and Kitty,' is second only to a certain well-known scene in 'The Antiquary.'

But that humour is nowhere so abundant or of so rare and fine a quality as in David Llewellyn's autobiographical narrative. No selected specimens can do it justice; the book must be read through deliberately and at leisure, that so not one particle of the flavour may be lost. But we cannot resist a single extract which throws much light on the important question, how to sell fish.

"What I had seen that night upset me more than I like to dwell upon. But with all my fish on hand, I was forced to make the best of it. For a down-hearted man will turn meat, as we say, and much more, fish, to a farthing's-worth. And though my heart was sore and heavy for my ancient sweetheart Moxy, and for little Bardie in the thick of such disasters, that could be no excuse to me for wasting good fish—or at least pretty good—and losing thoroughly good money.

"Here were the mullet, with less of shine than I always recommended and honestly wish them to possess; here were the prawns, with a look of paleness and almost of languishing, such as they are bound to avoid until money paid and counted; and most of all, here were lawful bass, of very great size and substance, inclined to do themselves more justice in the scales than on the dish.

"I saw that this would never answer to my present high repute. Concerning questions afterwards, and people being hard upon me, out of thoughtless ignorance, that was none of my affair. The whole of that would go, of course, upon the weather and sudden changes, such as never were known before. And if good religious people would not so be satisfied with the will of Providence to have their fish as fish are made, against them I had another reason, which never fails to satisfy.

"The 'burning tide,' as they called it (through which poor Bardie first appeared), had been heard of far inland, and with one consent pronounced to be the result of the devil improperly flipping his tail while

bathing. Although the weather had been so hot, this rumour was beyond my belief; nevertheless I saw my way, if any old customer should happen, when it came to his dinner-time, to be at all discontented (which no man with a fine appetite and a wholesome nose should indulge in)—I saw my way to sell him more, upon the following basket-day, by saying what good people said, and how much I myself had seen of it.

"With these reflections I roused my spirits, and resolved to let no good fish be lost, though it took all the week to sell them. For, in spite of the laws laid down in the books (for young married women, and so forth), there is scarcely any other thing upon which both men and women may be led astray so pleasantly as why to buy fish, and when to buy fish, and what fish to buy.

"Therefore I started in good spirits on the Monday morning, carrying with me news enough to sell three times the weight I bore, although it was breaking my back almost. Good fish it was, and deserved all the praise that ever I could bestow on it, for keeping so well in such shocking weather; and so I sprinkled a little salt in some of the delicate places, just to store the flavour there; for cooks are so forgetful, and always put the blame on me when they fail of producing a fine fresh smell.

"Also knowing to my sorrow how suspicious people are, and narrow-minded to a degree none would give them credit for, I was forced to do a thing which always makes me to myself seem almost uncharitable.

"But I felt that I could trust nobody to have proper faith in me, especially when they might behold the eyes of the fishes retire a little, as they are very apt to do when too many cooks have looked at them. And knowing how strong the prejudice of the public is in this respect, I felt myself bound to gratify it, though at some cost of time and trouble. This method I do not mind describing (as I am now pretty clear of the trade) for the good of my brother fishermen.

"When the eyes of a fish begin to fail him through long retirement from water, you may strengthen his mode

of regarding the world (and therefore the world's regard for him) by a delicate piece of handling. Keep a ray-fish always ready—it does not matter how stale he is—and on the same day on which you are going to sell your bass, or mullet, or cod, or whatever it may be, pull a few sharp spines, as clear as you can, out of this good ray. Then open the mouth of your languid fish and embolden the aspect of either eye by fetching it up from despondency with a skewer of proper length extended from one ball to the other. It is almost sure to drop out in the cooking; and even if it fails to do so, none will be the wiser, but take it for a provision of nature—as indeed it ought to be.

“Now, if anybody is rude enough to gainsay your fish in the market, you have the evidence of the eyes and hands against that of the nose alone. ‘Why, bless me, madam,’ I used to say, ‘a lady like you, that understands fish a great deal better than I do! His eyes are coming out of his head, ma’am, to hear you say such things of him. Afloat he was at four this morning, and his eyes will speak to it.’ And so he was, well afloat in my tub, before I began to prepare him for a last appeal to the public. Only they must not float too long, or the scales will not be stiff enough.

“Being up to a few of these things, and feeling very keenly how hard the public always tries to get upper hand of me, and would beat me down to half nothing a pound (if allowed altogether its own way), I fought very bravely the whole of that Monday to turn a few honest shillings. ‘Good old Davy, fine old Davy, brave old Davy!’ they said I was every time I abated a halfpenny; and I called them generous gentlemen and Christian-minded ladies every time they wanted to smell my fish, which is not right before payment. What right has any man to disparage the property of another? When you have bought him, he is your own, and you have the title to canvas him; but when he is put in the scales, remember ‘nothing but good of the dead,’ if you remember anything.”

It would be an unpardonable

omission not to say a passing word in praise of some of the delightful dogs who play their honest and humble parts in many of the novels. Caldo and Wena in ‘Cradock Nowell,’ Regulus, or Ragless, in ‘Kit and Kitty’ (though somewhat too easily stolen), Grip in ‘Tommy Upmore,’ and Jess and Pixie in ‘Perlycross,’ are hounds that any one might congratulate himself on possessing. But for our part we covet most Parson Short’s Nous, an animal with instincts as noble and sagacity as keen as Sir Kenneth’s good dog in ‘The Talisman,’ or Bevis in ‘Woodstock.’

In the course of the foregoing remarks we have purposely abstained, so far as that was possible, from drawing our illustrations and examples from ‘Lorna Doone,’ believing as we do that the merits of Mr Blackmore’s other works have been somewhat cast into the shade by the extraordinary popularity which has fallen to the lot of that brilliant and enchanting romance. It is certainly hard that these should suffer, through no demerit of their own, but through the superior attractiveness of their more fortunate sister; yet when we call to mind the infinite variety and freshness of the incidents with which it teems; when we think of John Ridd’s visit to Doone Gate, of the rescue of Lorna, of the Doones’ attack on Plovers’ Barrow, of Sedgemoor and Kirke’s Lambs, of the “rabbling” of the Doones, of the bride all but murdered at the altar, and of the last great fight with Carver Doone, we cannot pretend to be altogether surprised that it should have carried off the palm. Of how many subsequent novels may the germ be found in ‘Lorna Doone’! How many writers of merit has

John Ridd—the *soi-disant*, slow, stupid, and ignorant man who brings to foolishness the counsel of the wise and cunning, and always chooses the right course in an emergency—how many, we say, has he supplied with a serviceable and ever-welcome convention! Both works may be looked at from many points of view, and both have countless excellences, but we venture to predict that a hundred years hence ‘Lorna Doone’ and ‘The Cloister and the Hearth’ will be looked upon as the supreme achievements of our literature in the school of historical romance subsequent to the death of Sir Walter Scott. Of Mr Blackmore’s own works, we are inclined to think ‘The Maid of Sker’ a “good *proxime accessit*,” as the journalist said, to ‘Lorna Doone.’

We have thus endeavoured by an examination of Mr Blackmore’s works to discover some of their salient features, and to reveal, so far as might be, the secret of the spell which they exert over no mean or unworthy section of the reading public. We have called attention to the fertile imagination which has crowded his tales with spirited and moving episodes described in spirited and moving language. We have touched upon his unique power of vividly impressing upon his audience a scene either from nature or from human life, and upon the minute and accurate observation without which that power might have been vain. We have dwelt at some length upon his insight and penetration into the character and hearts of men, and have not scrupled to express our opinion that in one instance at least he has fallen short only of the standard of a

Fielding or a Scott. We have said something of his humour, and ought to have said something of his pathos, which, sparingly employed, is never strained and never maudlin.

But though all these elements are present in his art, we cannot help feeling that there is besides some essential ingredient which defies analysis, and to which no adequate name can be given. It is a kindly, genial, sane, and wise ingredient,—but it is something more; and we cannot perhaps define it more closely than by describing it as the thoroughly English tone which pervades every paragraph and every chapter—instinct with those good qualities which Mr Burke ascribed to the English people. English rural life, assuredly, has no more faithful or impartial chronicler than Mr Blackmore. The picture he has drawn is neither all light nor all shadow. Good and bad are intermingled as we see them in the world. His farmers and peasants are neither angelic and universal philanthropists, nor besotted and abandoned fiends. They are, in short, human beings first, and rustics afterwards. This essentially English tone—so quiet yet so assured, so self-confident yet so free from self-consciousness—presents an instructive contrast to that aggressive, fussy, and provincial frame of mind which in other quarters of the island is sometimes mistaken for genuine patriotism. Long may the contrast continue; long may Mr Blackmore be spared to sound this noble and inspiring note; and long after his day and ours may a seed of writers be raised up both willing and able to perpetuate his grand tradition, for the sake alike of our literature and of our country!

MY PEASANT HOST OF THE DORDOGNE.

THE quest of game may often have led to curious discoveries. In my case, at any rate, the desire for sport made me acquainted with as original a section of humanity as one could wish to find; and the newness of my surroundings somewhat atoned for the scarcity of the lazy quail or too wild partridge.

Getting out of the train at Lamothe-Montravel, I was not disappointed to find a station utterly devoid of movement. This was the kind of place I had sought and expected. I asked the *chef de gare*, who was fumbling with some packages that had to go off by the next train, to direct me to Flaujagues, in which village lived my peasant-proprietor host of the Dordogne. His explanation that the little fishing village lay on the opposite side of the Dordogne was interrupted by the strident voice of Alain Lafarge himself. Two hundred yards off did the *blagueur* begin his nonsense.

"Yes, I am late. Well, I had the carriage out with four horses, but they couldn't get on to the ferry-boat, so I had to leave them on the other side. And," he continued, by way of welcome, "my wife is furious at you for coming now, as she has nothing ready."

In this strain he continued to harangue me until he had come within a yard or two of where I stood; then, stopping suddenly, he raised his hat or alpaca smoking-cap, and said drily, "*Bonjour, monsieur.*" It was an action peculiar to the Girondin peasant. He will talk to you for some minutes at a certain distance, but

on approaching will interrupt his conversation to bid you good-day.

Lafarge seized my somewhat heavy valise, carrying it with an ease which showed that although he was a small man, hard work had developed his muscles. On the way to the ferry—a walk of half a mile—he kept up an unceasing flow of badinage.

"I suppose you mean to stay two or three days with this bagful? I am glad you have brought more than one shirt. Now the hot weather has set in, I shall not be sorry to borrow one from you. The one I have worn all this time is unpleasant," and so on.

At length we got to the ferry, where an aged man was resting on the one oar with which all the fishing-boats on the Dordogne are propelled—from the stern, of course.

"You see this gentleman," said Lafarge. "He ferries people over all day, wet or fine, and he is sixty-five, and as strong as a young man. He is often very drunk," he added in an aside to me, "*mais un brave homme quand même.*"

I noticed in this the odd custom of the peasants of describing each other as *monsieur*, *madame*, and so forth. At another time Lafarge said to me, "You see that young lady (*cette demoiselle*) tending those sheep; she is a charming young lady." (She was indeed shapeless and ugly.) "Her family are very rich. They have perhaps twelve thousand francs. Still she has never found any one to marry her." And so on—an endless story.

A few strokes of the oar brought

us to the opposite side of the Dordogne, which at that season was very low. Flaujagues appeared a quaint little fishing village, with stone terraces and steps leading down to the water's edge; but behind the terraces were cottages only, not, as one expected to find, the loggia of a semi-Italian villa. Lafarge pointed out to me the only fairly decent house, calling it the *château*, and explaining that it belonged to Monsieur le Maire de Flaujagues, whose only daughter was passing rich, with certainly two hundred thousand francs *dot*. "*Et pas fière avec cela*. She talks to my niece and says *tu* to her. She does much good in the country."

By this time we had reached our destination. Lafarge had told me so much about his *terres*, showing me plans of his vineyards, and describing his two houses, that I was rather disappointed to find a two-roomed cottage standing in a tangled garden, the whole bearing every sign of discomfort. My cheerful host, however, continued his *blague*. "This is our town-house," he explained, after greetings had passed between his wife and me. "Our country seat is on the banks of the river; you shall see it to-morrow. Let me show you over the house." A table, already roughly laid for the evening meal, stood in the corner. Pointing to this, he continued—"There is the dining-room. Where the mud-floor leaves off and the bricks begin is the kitchen, which we have to use as a *salon* while the reception-rooms are being redecorated. That" (pointing to a huge linen-chest) "is where we keep a little ready money; the bulk of our fortune is in the Funds. This door is conveniently constructed to open into my wife's room, my

room, your room, the cellar, the kennels, and the granary." So saying, he threw open a door, revealing the only other room, and it also had a mud-floor and was furnished as a bedroom. My eye was immediately caught by the bed-hangings, which were made of a kind of print which turned out to be over a hundred years old. The pattern on it represented a village marriage scene of exceedingly quaintness.

Lafarge's description of the apartment had brought to my mind rooms I had heard of where whole families slept with their friends. But my fears were quickly dispelled by my host.

"You will be alone here," he said. "My wife and I are staying with Monsieur Noël, the grocer—a charming gentleman. You must not be frightened if you hear three knocks in the middle of the night. I cannot account for it—but it does no harm. My family have lived here for hundreds of years." And certain it is, I may say here, that one night I awoke with the half-consciousness of some one knocking. As it was Lafarge's habit to thump at the shutter to awake me, I ran and opened the window, expecting to find daylight; but the moon was high in the heavens, and no one was to be seen or heard. I was only disturbed in this way once.

We returned to the kitchen and living-room, and before dining I asked to be allowed to wash my hands. "Do so there," said Lafarge, indicating a stone sink built into the wall in a corner of the room. An opening in the wall allowed any water which was thrown there to flow into the garden. In the sink stood a bucket filled with fresh water, and near it an ingenious tin pan-

nikin furnished with a long tubular spout which served as a handle also. With this it was easy to fish water out of a half-empty bucket, and the spout enabled one to drink the water, or do with it as one wished. The first time I made use of this pannikin, the water went down my sleeve, but Lafarge took hold of it and allowed the water to trickle on to my hands while I washed them.

"We will have supper in the open air if you like," said he; "but first I will make a salad such as you delight in."

Having washed his hands, he proceeded to take several large tomatoes, which he peeled—an important factor in the making of salad—and sliced. Then he added thin layers of raw onions, chopped green pimentos, pepper and salt. He soused the mixture in vinegar to such an extent that I feared I could never eat it; but having left the vinegar on the salad for a few minutes, he poured it all off, and then added a few spoonfuls of oil. This is the best method of making a salad. The vinegar extracts the essences of the different ingredients and enables them to mix, a process which would be hindered by the oil. The salad was the saving clause of the meal, which otherwise consisted of a tough chicken and one or two messes. The wine of my host's own growing was good as a *vin ordinaire*, being, indeed, of the St Emilion district. The *blagueur's* chaff enlivened the repast. Being very thirsty, I drained my first glass of wine at a draught.

"In the society I have frequented," quoth Lafarge, solemnly, "it is considered better manners to drink little by little. But your action is excusable when you are

drinking Château Crabi, so called after my other estate."

Madame Lafarge declined to sit at table, but waited upon us with neatness and alacrity. From the garden in which we sat could be caught a glimpse of the street. Presently appeared a rather ghastly figure in a white smock or blouse covered with blood-stains, whom Lafarge hailed, explaining to me, "That gentleman is the butcher's assistant. He will help me with the boat to-night, for I want to get you a fine carp for luncheon to-morrow. I suppose you do not feel inclined to go with us?"

I assured my landlord that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see him catch some fish. He proceeded to give his instructions to the butcher's boy.

"You will go round to my brother's."

"Oh!" replied the youth.

"You will ask him for the key of his boat, if he does not want to fish to-night."

"Oh!" the youth ejaculated again.

"You will bring the boat down to the lower landing-place and clear it of water."

"Oh!"

"And you will wait there with the nets until this gentleman and I arrive."

"Oh! oh!" cried the boy, and turned away.

"He evidently dislikes the idea of coming out fishing," I remarked. "Could not we manage without him?"

"He! He is only too pleased! I will stand him an *apéritif* to-morrow, and he will be delighted. What makes you think he dislikes coming?"

"Well," I rejoined, "to all you said he only answered, 'Oh!'"

Lafarge laughed aloud and used a strong expression.

"Why, *O* is *patois* for *Oui*, yes. Did you not know that?"

I felt rather foolish at this explanation. By way of saying something, I asked, "What is the *patois* for 'No'?"

"Well," replied Lafarge, "that depends on whom you are talking to. If you are in the habit of *tutoyer* anybody, you would say '*Nou*.' But if you are not on such familiar terms, you would say '*Nani*.'"

I endeavoured to discover some other peculiarities of the *patois* of the district, but found it almost impossible, from the fact that the peasants themselves pronounce a word differently every time they use it, sometimes adding a final vowel, sometimes leaving it out, always availing themselves of the Spanish habit of indifferently pronouncing the *b* or the *v*, and of the equally Spanish peculiarity of using all verbs intransitively. "*Il l'a épousé à cette femme*," they will say for "He has married that woman"; "*Je l'ai oublié au fusil*;" and so forth.

At about nine o'clock we wended our way to the river-side, where the butcher-boy was waiting with the boat. Lafarge had provided himself with a thick fisherman's pea-jacket and trousers. Afterwards I regretted not having taken a similar precaution, for the throwing of the nets splashes the occupants of the boat. The boat, though rough in appearance, was light enough on the water. It was flat-bottomed, but, unlike our English punts, sharp at both ends, and higher there than in the middle. The net used was of the shape called *épervier*, or hawk—probably on account of the sudden manner in which it descends upon the un-

wary fish. When spread out, the *épervier* is several metres in circumference, and quite circular. It has a heavy circle of lead weights round the base. There is much art in throwing it. If it is properly cast, the whole circumference of the net should touch the water simultaneously; a violent splash is thus avoided, and the net, of course, takes in the largest possible surface of water. To achieve this end, the fisherman stands in the bows of the boat, holding the middle fold of the net at the centre, or apex, in his mouth; while the left half of the net is then spread over his left arm and elbow. With his right hand he now seizes the outer portion of the right half, and getting a swing on the lead weights, throws it with all his strength. As I have said, the net, if properly cast, describes a circle on the water, and the leaden weights sinking, envelops the fish in its meshes. A few yards of rope attached to the centre of the net prevent its being lost. The fisherman can feel when the leads have either touched the river-bottom or closed together, and pulls up carefully—and a mixture of fish is landed. There is a certain solemnity about the proceedings, for talking above a whisper is forbidden, and a skilful boatman makes no noise with the single oar with which he guides the boat from the stern. Fishing in this manner is only successful before the rising of the moon.

On this occasion great excitement was caused by a tremendous splashing and pulling on the net. Alain Lafarge declared that there must be a twenty-pounder of some species in it. With great caution he proceeded to haul up the monster, meanwhile creating much commotion and striking against

the sides of the boat. He had nearly got the fish to the surface when the craft drifted over some shelving rocks. The net was disarranged, and off went our prey! Such a volley of *patois* as followed this fiasco I never heard. A few small fish, however, had remained in the net. Of these the most appreciated was the *mule*, a kind of grey mullet of the river; a fish called *alose*, which tasted like salmon; a small barbel or two; a few small eels; a *carlet* or flounder; two or three bream; and some coarser fish. Before we went home we had a bucketful of fish, the largest of which were two carp weighing some 6 lb. each.

The Dordogne, which at this point, by the way, divides the Gironde from the Dordogne (departments), is full of fish. In February and March lampreys are quite an object of commerce, the earliest fish fetching 10 francs each, or even more. Lampreys are caught by means of baskets, resembling lobster-pots, stretched across the river from iron posts fixed into the rock. The fish are like large fat eels, of a tawny colour, and weigh up to 6 lb. When caught they are covered with slime, which if not removed by dipping in scalding water, imparts a muddy flavour to the fish. The peculiarity of the lamprey is that it has absolutely no bones, and can be cut straight across in rolls before serving. There is a smaller species known as the *lamproyon*, which, however, is not so good. On one occasion we had a good *friture* of gudgeon caught on lines baited with boiled oats. Lafarge was so keen a sportsman that he hardly indulged in any of his pranks while we were fishing. Once, indeed, he appealed to us for assistance: he was being

dragged into the river, he declared. The oarsman backed water, and we came to his assistance. The net was pulled in without difficulty, and was found to contain one small fish of the sardine species.

The next morning I was awakened at 5.30 by a loud knocking at my shutters. My host had come to take me out shooting. His dogs—a clever Irish setter called Jeannette, and a useless young pointer—were jumping round him, barking with delight: I could never understand why, for while out with their master they received more kicks than halfpence.

Lafarge had always told me that one could find quail close to his house; but it was certainly three-quarters of an hour before we turned off the highroad into some grass-meadows and maize-fields. I had already shot woodcock with Alain, and knew him to be a good sportsman; only his unfailing contradictoryness rather spoiled the enjoyment of the chase. If I had the misfortune to say, "See, there is a likely bit for a quail," he would be sure to answer, "Pardon, monsieur, it is too thick"—or too dry, or something. On one occasion we came upon a long ditch full of grass and weeds running through a meadow.

"That," I exclaimed, "is where we shall put up a quail."

"Pardon, monsieur; the quail will be running about feeding in the maize-fields or in the flat. They would not think of putting themselves in a ditch."

At this moment his setter pointed right into the ditch, and presently we had secured a couple of quail. "Tiens, c'est étrange," said Lafarge, in no way perturbed. As a matter of fact, he was well ac-

quainted with the habits of game. A little later on we had had a few days' rain. With my English experience, I expected that the red-legged partridges would be more wild than ever.

"After this rain," said Lafarge, "we shall be able to get much nearer the partridges in the vines. Their legs will be so clogged with clay that they will not like getting up."

We managed to shoot one or two which rose in the vines at a dozen yards, and, sure enough, their legs were trousered with yellow clay. Lafarge made me acquainted also with many facts about woodcock and other migratory birds, especially with the effect of the changes of the moon on their movements. I have since proved his statements to be true, but have no room here to record them.

This last summer was exceptionally dry, and the quail season a bad one. I need not, therefore, dwell long upon this sport. Perhaps the most amusing incidents of the day were Lafarge's remarks, and the way he apostrophised his Irish setter. She understood every word he said. When she was setting at a quail he would say, "*À présent si tu bouges tu remues*" (if you budge you move). "*Et pas de surprises,*" he would add. The climax in his anger was always reached when he called his dog "*canaille*." She would then lie flat on her back and shut her eyes as though waiting for the last trump. She was a wonderfully sagacious animal.

Sometimes Lafarge would drink a little too much at dinner, and then Jeannette would immediately disappear. If she remained near the table she was certain to be called upon to do disagreeable

tricks, one of which was to jump on to the table without upsetting anything. This often entailed a lot of cuffs, and Lafarge's shouting was irritating in the extreme. She was the best sporting dog I have come across in France.

Noël, the grocer, was a kind and pleasant man. Often he would come in to supper in the garden, and sometimes brought with him his little nephew, whom he had adopted. This youngster, who was about six years old, was as precocious as could be, especially in the expressions he used. On one occasion I had to swim across the river, and when I told him of this he shrugged his shoulders and said, "*Eh bien, mon ami!*" as one who would say, "I am glad it was not I." Again, he arrived on the scene while Lafarge was up in a fig-tree plucking the fruit—shouting and gesticulating as usual. Little Noël drew me aside by the sleeve.

"*Je crois qu'il est fou, cet individu là. Jamais je n'ai vu ramasser des figues comme cela,*" he said, confidentially.

He was sent to bathe the setter in the river, and the animal pulled him into the water.

"*Si je n'avais su nager,*" he afterwards remarked, "*j'étais f——*" using a coarse expression meaning he was done for.

There was a little girl of his age in the village who was hardly less precocious. One day Noël was given some new wine to drink, whereupon he became somewhat loquacious and quarrelsome.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the little girl, shrugging her shoulders, "*c'est le dernier coup qui lui a fait mal.*"

At this season the tobacco was being taken in. The growing of the plant, like its sale, is regulated by Government. The seeds, which

are dispensed gratis by the mayors of the different villages, have to be sown before a certain date, and at intervals one from the other indicated by the State. Only the first crop is allowed to be used, although when the first leaves have been gathered many more appear on the plant. These are removed and allowed to rot. It is forbidden to walk through a tobacco-plantation. All these precautions, however, do not make the French tobacco smokeable. Perhaps the best for the pipe is that issued to private soldiers in the French army. On joining they are presented with so many coupons which entitle them to purchase certain packets of tobacco at three sous for half a pound, or rather the sixth of a kilo. It is really very fair tobacco; but it cannot be purchased by the public.

Before I left Flaujagues I witnessed the gathering of the grapes, in which and in the manufacture of the wine, I must say, I saw nothing very picturesque or attractive. All the idle youths and women of the place turn out in their oldest clothes, the women wearing shovel-shaped black straw hats; and they are provided with wooden baskets in which they gather the grapes. These baskets are then emptied into the *comportes*, or tubs, through which is run a pole to enable them to be carried by two men. Carts are waiting to receive the contents of the *comportes*, and thus the *vendange* goes on. For days beforehand all conversation turns on this grape-gathering, and discussions arise as to whether the *merlots* (a species of black grape) should be gathered before the *semillon* (a white grape), and on similar points. Nothing very disgusting happens, however, until the grapes are

taken to the great vats. In the case of the black grapes, for red wine, when the vat is fairly full a couple of men are told off to crush them. They remove their boots and socks, and with bare feet (which in one case, to my certain knowledge, had not touched water for four years) they proceeded to *fouler* or squash the fruit. Then the mess is left to ferment. The fermentation is indicated by the bubbling and seething of the crushed grapes and their juice, and at this stage so great is the amount of carbonic acid gas engendered that a lighted candle held two feet above the tub is instantly extinguished. The juice is then drawn off and the grapes conveyed to the *pressoir*, where they are further crushed by means of a screw and levers. The process in the case of white grapes is different. Here the fruit is put into the *pressoir* without going through the treading process, and although the men who work the press are barefooted, the white wine, I think, is the cleaner of the two. People say that all dirt or sediment comes to the surface before the wine is drawn off. Let us hope that it is so. I was compelled, from fear of offending, to sample a glass or two of the new wine. It was indescribably disagreeable and cloying. Still, when I drank wine from the same grapes which had been a few years in bottle, I found it equal to any Margaux. Many a bottle of Lafarge's white wine have I drunk with him after a long day's shooting, and I do not think an Englishman has ever had better.

It is a curious fact that the village of Flaujagues is almost entirely Protestant. My host was Protestant, although his wife was Catholic. The mayor

and his family were Protestants. There was a Protestant church (temple, as they will call it), which on Sundays was well attended. As Lafarge's house was just opposite, I was able to watch the people as they went there — a dowdy lot. There were few men among them, but a little colouring was given the crowd by the village girls, who wore large sun-bonnets such as one still meets with in remote spots in England. On Sunday, however, these were of a superior quality, of mauve, blue, or pink *crépon*, embellished with many rows of embroidery and lace. They were very be-

coming to the wearers, who also covered their coarse hands with long *suède* gloves as fine as any lady's, and encased their feet in smart shoes. The cheap grey stays purchased at the village *mercerie* seemed hardly stout enough—but no matter: the village swains in their awkward coats and soft felt hats walked proudly by their side.

And with this pleasant picture in mind I must leave Flaujagues, in the hope that some day I may find my way to the sunny unspoiled village, and be greeted once more by the friendly voice of Alain Lafarge.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF PARTY HISTORY.

IF the course of the session which has just closed has been checkered and tortuous, the lesson which it inculcates is brief and simple, and written in large characters. What it tells us is this — that in the present state of parties it is in the power of any Opposition, however weak, to baffle any Administration however strong, if reckless of the means employed. This is what the session of 1896 teaches us. Some there may be who have thought as much before; but now we all know it, and the knowledge, in our opinion, is cheap at the price. Few would have believed such a thing possible except upon the evidence of their senses. And if forewarned is forearmed, Ministers should rather be thankful for what they have learned than mortified at what they have lost.

Here we see an Administration at the head of a commanding majority, conducted by men of consummate ability and great parliamentary experience, strong in numbers, strong in brains, and strong in their acquaintance with business, completely foiled by a feeble minority numbering only one man in its ranks who has any claim to be called a statesman of the first class. The fact itself is of immense significance. Nothing like it has ever occurred before. The Education Bill was the principal measure of the session. It represented a great body of public opinion, and was in answer to a demand based on indisputable necessities. The Government were thoroughly in earnest: they had almost staked their reputation on it. The second reading was carried on the 12th of May by a

majority of two hundred and sixty-seven—and on the 22d of June it was withdrawn.

No matter by what name we may designate the cause of this catastrophe, or what construction we may choose to place upon it, the fact itself is what we beg our readers to contemplate with a desire to realise its full import. If a Ministry of great intellectual power, matured political convictions, and long official training, cannot carry its leading measures with a majority of one hundred and fifty, so unprecedented a failure is suggestive of something more than the ordinary causes assigned for ministerial miscarriages. It is a unique phenomenon, marking, it may be, a further stage in the downward progress of party government, and more than justifying Mr Balfour's apprehension of some great impending change.

If the Opposition are right in saying that there was no obstruction in the last session, it only makes matters worse. No mere official mismanagement, none at least of the kind imputed to Mr Balfour, could have led to so disastrous a wreck had there not been something rotten in the parliamentary system to render its effects so much more fatal than they would have been in ordinary circumstances. If the leader of the House could not make a slight miscalculation, which at another time would have passed almost unnoticed, without bringing to the ground the most important part of the Government programme: if he could not make a single false step without precipitating such a crash, the machinery of Parliament must be in a very delicate con-

dition, if not totally deranged. If we discard the theory of obstruction, we must conclude that party government is suffering from some internal malady which will make itself felt more and more every succeeding session,—some latent mischief lowering its powers of resistance, and leaving it a prey to abuses, which in its full health and vigour could never have fastened on it.

That there is some truth in this alternative theory we believe: and we shall have a few words to say upon the subject before we lay down our pen. There may be—there can be little doubt, indeed, that there is—something wrong with our representative system which lends itself to these disorders. The weakness of Opposition is the strength of obstruction; since the leaders are not in a position to reject any kind of help that may be offered to them. But things are not so bad as, on the theory of the Opposition, we must necessarily suppose them to be. Whatever is amiss, it could not by itself have caused the mischief without the aid of those expert tacticians who were resolved to turn it to their own advantage. They knew their trade. They left the dirty work to subordinates, and now affect to come into court with clean hands.

On the threshold, however, we must clear away one misconception, though it may seem to have been sanctioned by our opening sentences. It often seems to be supposed that a majority of one hundred and fifty necessarily gives an immense advantage to the Government that wields it, and that it ought to make them almost omnipotent. But the truth is, that inside the walls of Parliament a majority of one hundred and fifty is no better than a majority

of half the number. We do not sufficiently distinguish between the moral power and the parliamentary power of majorities. The moral power of a great majority can hardly be overrated. It is the measure of public confidence; and the larger it is the greater the weight with which Ministers speak, and the less need they fear the effect of occasional reverses. But inside the walls of the House of Commons and when the division bell rings this element of power has no direct influence. A majority of one hundred on a division does not count for any more because of the moral force behind it. Practically, therefore, for the purposes of debate, and for defeating the attacks of the Opposition, a substantial majority is quite as good as an overwhelming one. It is impossible to draw the line precisely between an adequate and an inadequate majority. Lord Rosebery of course made the whole thing ridiculous by asserting that one was sufficient. But it has usually been thought that fifty, where the dominant party was homogeneous and loyal, was sufficient for all legislative purposes. Sir Robert Peel's majority was eighty. Mr Disraeli's in 1874 was fifty-one. And neither could have done more had it been double the number. We need not, therefore, lay so much stress on the great numerical superiority of the present Government. It is invaluable as a proof of the trust reposed in them by the people. But in their actual conflicts with the Opposition a majority of seventy or eighty would have served them just as well. It was necessary to point out this distinction, in order, if possible, to check a disposition on the part of the public to taunt Mr Balfour with not having done more *because* his

majority was so large. He deserves no additional reproaches on this score.

Sir William Harcourt is ready to maintain that there was no obstruction at all in the last session; that the outcry against it is mere nonsense; and that the Government was treated with perfect fairness. Their measures were overhauled, he says; and that they must have expected, but nothing more. This, we suppose, is what we must expect to hear repeated throughout the recess. It is difficult perhaps for any one not sitting inside the House of Commons, and practically conversant with its procedure, to say exactly what is obstruction and what is not. It is a Protean monster, and takes a great variety of shapes. But the outsider may rest assured of this, that Ministers of the Crown do not openly complain of such a system without carefully weighing their words, and least of all Ministers like Mr Balfour. It is not consistent with his character, with the character given of him by Sir William Harcourt, to make unfounded complaints of his opponents, or any complaints at all, without very grave reason for it. Yet on more than one occasion he has referred with marked emphasis, though with great dignity, to the character of the opposition which the Government has had to encounter, as going far beyond what they could possibly have expected. Now, it must be something quite out of the common which Mr Balfour has not learned to expect by this time from the politicians who confront him. He himself, then, be it remembered, attributes the failure of Government measures mainly to the unwearied and exceptional assiduity with which the obstructionists plied their weapons.

He admits that he may have erred in some of his calculations, but the only thing which made the error serious was the advantage taken of it by his opponents. Among his colleagues, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Goschen, Mr Chamberlain, Mr Chaplin, have all said the same thing in other words. We would call special attention to the speech of Sir Michael Hicks Beach on the Report stage of the Agricultural Rating Bill on the 30th of June last:—

“I have sat in this House as many years as the right hon. gentleman opposite, and for many more years than the vast majority of the hon. members who are now within its walls, and I never remember—and I defy hon. members to contradict my assertion—any measure being discussed in this manner upon its Report stage. What has been the course of business to-night? The right hon. gentleman opposite complains that time has not been given for the adequate discussion of clause 9. Why, the clause has been discussed half-a-dozen times over, and supposing it had not, it is because the time of the House has been occupied hour after hour, by the most miserable, ridiculous, and frivolous amendments that have ever been proposed in this House. Let me recall to the House one of these amendments, one which even the right hon. gentleman himself [Sir W. Harcourt] was ashamed to support,—I mean the amendment by which any one who bought an ounce of tobacco—as you yourself, sir [the Speaker] described it—should be entitled to an appeal against the assessment under this bill. In view of such a fact as that, I think that if there is one thing that we shall have to fear, it is not that the country will say that the bill has not been adequately discussed, and that the judgment of the House has not been pronounced upon it, but that the course which the Opposition are taking with regard to it is reducing the proceedings of the House of Commons to a farce.”

Only so recently as the 7th of August Mr Chaplin told Sir William Harcourt to his face, on his raising some imaginary difficulty about the Agricultural Rating Act actually after the bill had become law, "that never had the leader of an Opposition openly and avowedly thrown himself into the hands of the obstructionists in the House of Commons as the right hon. gentleman had done in the present Parliament."

When compliments like these are passing between Ministers and leaders of Opposition, we may be allowed to believe that more than ordinary provocation has been given on one side or the other. The gentlemen we have named are interested witnesses of course. But they are Ministers of the Crown, speaking under a great sense of responsibility, and fully aware that it does not become them to stoop to recriminations of this kind on any ordinary occasion. Let their testimony go for what it is worth. But the public must remember that Sir William Harcourt is an interested witness too. Supposing the occupants of the two front benches to be equally worthy of credit, their assertions do but cancel each other, the surviving fact being that Mr Balfour and his colleagues are restrained by their position from bringing such charges lightly, while Sir W. Harcourt has nothing to restrain him from denying them whether true or false.

Such, then, is the judgment of Ministers themselves on the nature of the struggle in which for the last six months they have been engaged. If we appeal to eye-witnesses of what has occurred, it is impossible to find one who is wholly disinterested; but men of any sense at all do not publish such statements as we are next

about to quote unless facts, which are open to every eye, to some extent bear them out. To do so would be simply suicidal. The following extract is from a letter written by Mr Redmond to the 'Irish Daily Independent,' dated 22d May. The subject of it is Mr Dillon's opposition to the Government measures in general, with the effect which it must necessarily exercise on the fortunes of the Irish Land Bill. We are not quoting it with reference either to that bill or to the policy of Mr Dillon regarding it, but only for the sake of the fact on which it incidentally touches:—

"Mr Dillon and his friends have voted against every motion to give time to the Government. They have voted against every motion of closure. They have voted in favour of every attempt by the Opposition to obstruct and delay public business; and, finally, Mr Dillon identified himself with the small knot of Radical cranks in their efforts last night to kill the Irish Land Bill, by extending indefinitely inane discussion of paltry points in the Agricultural Rates Bill."

Mr Redmond must therefore have supposed that there was sufficient evidence of persistent attempts to "obstruct and delay public business" on the part of the Opposition in general, and of the "inane discussion of paltry points" in the Agricultural Rates Bill, to make his words intelligible to every one without further explanation. Had he not honestly believed this, he would scarcely have written a letter which, if founded on fiction, could only damage himself. His complaint coincides exactly with that of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, which we have already quoted.

There are, as we have said, several kinds of obstruction. One consists in the persevering repetition of arguments out of which all

the grain has been thrashed, leaving nothing but the husks. There can be but a certain number of answers to be given to any argument, but a certain number of objections to be urged against any proposal; and when these answers and these objections have all been repeated several times by several different speakers, till they have been thoroughly impressed upon an audience, with what object can the repetition of them be continued, and by what name are we to call it? Again, Sir William Harcourt laughs at the idea of drawing any distinction between speeches on the second reading of a bill and speeches in Committee. It is a distinction, we are aware, which is too frequently neglected. Nor does the neglect seem to be any such breach of order as to warrant the interference of the Chair. Yet nine times out of ten such speeches can only be made for the sake of delay, and not with the slightest hope of reversing a decision at which the House has already arrived. When there is any such hope, then no doubt the practice is warranted both by reason and custom. If there is any chance of carrying an amendment in Committee fatal to the principle of a bill, a second-reading speech may fairly be made upon it, but not otherwise. Such was the ruling of the highest authority on the subject. Yet throughout the whole of this session this important difference has been constantly disregarded, and the disregard of it is openly defended and encouraged by the leader of the Opposition.

Again, there is what we may call indirect obstruction—that is, delaying the progress of one measure in order to delay the consideration of another. This is perhaps the most effective mode of all; and the

more so because it is unobtrusive, and not easily recognised by the general public. The prolongation of discussion on some minor questions for only one day longer than the Government contemplated, tells with great effect in the long-run, if only practised often enough. A day gained by the Opposition on six or seven different affairs, of little importance in themselves, makes up an aggregate of waste which may seriously interfere with ministerial arrangements. And it is this kind of obstruction we should say which was more frequently practised than any other during the late session. It is so little understood by readers of the debates only, that it is not uncommon to hear men say now that, after all, they do not see where this great obstruction has been of which they hear so much. Well, there was enough of it in the case of the Agricultural Rating Bill at all events: and this was direct obstruction, which the most perfunctory reader is obliged to recognise. But what really killed the Education Bill was not opposition of this kind. It was the gradual curtailment of the time at the disposal of the Government by wasting an hour here and an hour there, a day on one question and a day on another, which had no connection with the great measure of the session, but which could be made by these ingenious devices to block its progress. It is this kind of obstruction which is for the most part left to the practitioners below the gangway. A really powerful Opposition might possibly discourage it. A very weak one neither can nor will. Sir W. Harcourt has shown no disposition to make even the attempt. On the contrary, he has constantly come to the rescue when any effort has been made by the

Government to check it. The House of Commons will not have forgotten what occurred on the 31st of March last—a crucial instance of this kind of obstruction. It was openly avowed in the lobbies by members of the Opposition. On the motion for the adjournment of the House for Easter, and on the third reading of the Naval Works Bill, the prolonged discussion which ensued had for its sole object to prevent the Speaker from leaving the chair before the Easter holidays, so that the debate might be renewed when the House reassembled,—the object of course being to push off the Education Bill till after Easter. This attempt was defeated, but only by an all-night sitting. But many others of a like kind have succeeded, with the effect which the obstructionists intended, of upsetting Mr Balfour's arrangements for the remainder of the session.

Thus an ever-narrowing circle was drawn round the Government, though its contraction was too gradual to arrest general attention at first. This was the process by which, more than by any other, the ultimate wreck of the Education Bill was secured. That Mr Balfour allowed time to slip through his fingers rather too easily at the beginning and in the middle of the session may be allowed, and also that the Government overloaded themselves with more bills than were necessary. These were contributory causes, though in a very minor degree, of the astonishing result which followed; for we entirely deny that the Education Bill was too ambitious a measure. A Government like the present one ought to have been able to pass it without any extreme difficulty. They failed in doing so because they did

not count on their opponents having recourse to such incessant and uncompromising obstruction as they actually practised; and perhaps had not realised the full extent of the power which, in spite of all rules, an Opposition still possesses if resolved to assert it to the utmost without scruple or remorse. The one weapon by which they might have stopped it they generously declined to use; and we hope it will be remembered that if they have lost credit by the events of the session, it was voluntarily sacrificed to the dignity and independence of the House of Commons.

We thought it mistaken generosity both on public and on party grounds. On the one, because the public good ought to be the foremost consideration; on the other, because by extending their indulgence to their opponents the Unionist party will purchase no immunity for themselves. But the thing is done now. It is no use crying over spilled milk. We must wait for next session to show us whether better management alone can enable the Government to be equally lenient without being equally unfortunate. Sir William Harcourt has a high opinion of Mr Balfour. He considers him a singularly able man, and the best debater in the House. He admires the remarkable quickness with which he can make himself master of any subject when once he gives his mind to it. If he has been sitting in the House, and attending to what is going on, he is always excellent. But this is just what he cannot always be got to do. He is too fine a gentleman for the place, says Sir William. "He thinks we're a vulgar lot." In fact, according to the leader of the Opposition, he must be something like Waverley at the

Council Table. "You saw when Corrinaschian raised his voice in great passion," said Flora, "and laid his hand upon his sword, Waverley lifted his head as if he had just waked from a dream, and asked with great composure what the matter was." But he'll mend, says his critic. Next session, it is thought, he will do a great deal better. We hope Sir William will do the same, and in that case there may be some chance of parliamentary efficiency being restored.

It is fancied by some competent observers that Sir William Harcourt, by entering with such heartiness into the tactics of the extreme Oppositionists, is aiming at only one object, and that when this is accomplished he may possibly take his retirement. He is anxious, they think, to ingratiate himself with all sections of the Separatist party, and to show that he alone has the energy, earnestness, and fighting qualities necessary to set them on their legs again, in order that they may come to see in him their proper leader. If he can once get himself publicly and formally installed in this position, instead of Lord Rosebery, he will, it is supposed, be satisfied. If he can only pull down Lord Rosebery from his pride of place he will be ready to say, "Nunc me dimittas." This is one of the many rumours heard among the London clubs; and if such is Sir William's sole object it would account for much—for both the way in which he speaks of Mr Balfour and the way in which he treats him. It is probable that next session will clear up several doubtful matters, and this, perhaps, among the number. If the Opposition still persevere in their obstructive policy, we shall then see whether a different mode of arranging public

business is all that is needed to counteract it. We confess to having grave doubts on this subject; for in order to be successful the change must be greater than we believe public opinion is prepared to tolerate.

If we are not to witness a recurrence of the scenes which have made the last session memorable, they can only be averted by one of two plans. Obstruction might be told to do its worst: that Government only meant to pass a single measure of importance in any one session, and very few others: the supposition being that between the first of February and the first of August this much could be accomplished without debarring the Opposition from the fullest indulgence of their eloquence. It pleases them, and it doesn't hurt us, the Government might then say; and it cannot be denied that such a system would effectually checkmate obstruction. But what would the country say to it? Are not "programmes" a necessity of the age? And if programmes are announced, efforts must be made to carry them out. This morbid appetite for perpetual legislation, carefully stimulated for their own purposes by the Radical party, and fed with a lavish hand by Mr Gladstone, has perhaps been satiated for the time. The country certainly at this moment is in no mood for a blazing policy. What is wanted are quiet practical reforms—the gentle fertilising rain, and not the blustering tempest. For the moment the agitator's occupation is gone. But it is not extinguished. We must look out for its revival; and if minor measures are all that the country wants, political capital can be made out of them by practised hands as well as out of more "heroic" ones. Obstruction

could be employed against them in the House of Commons just as readily. Would the public then endure to see legislation cut down to one or two bills every session? That is the question, and one we are inclined to answer in the negative. And we would go even further than this, and ask whether the real and legitimate demands for legislation to which our social development gives rise could be satisfied on such conditions? It is for this very reason that we attach so much importance to the unparalleled defeat of a great public measure introduced by a powerful and popular Government which has just been witnessed. The people either care about the House of Commons, and the reforms and improvements which it is commissioned to undertake, or they do not. If they do, they will never endure its being reduced to impotence, and its proceedings made ridiculous. If they do not—if they have ceased to respect the House of Commons—neither will they care what becomes of it; and on either hypothesis it is no very extravagant supposition that some constitutional change, far other than the mere alteration of procedure, must be travelling towards us at no tardy pace.

On the other hand, were the Government to harden their hearts and go in for closure by compartments as a necessary and normal organ of parliamentary life, it could only lead to its being used in a spirit of retaliation, till at length it became unendurable. Each party as it succeeded to office would muzzle its opponent with increased severity, till at last all free debate was entirely extinguished. Then what would follow?

In an appreciative notice of our last political article in the month of June,¹ the 'Spectator' agreed that such a consummation was far from impossible, leading to consequences of great gravity. If obstruction is persisted in, we do not see how they can be avoided. Whether Governments cramp legislation in order to starve obstruction, or use the closure without mercy in order to stifle it, a condition of affairs will ensue in which the people of Great Britain will no longer recognise their old national Parliament, and will ask, Why cumbereth it the ground?

We have admitted the probability or almost certainty that the courage and success with which this species of opposition is now practised are due to some morbid condition of the party system. Mr Disraeli pointed out long ago that a powerful Opposition was almost essential to the effective operation of that system; and though it may only be a coincidence, it is nevertheless curious that obstruction began to appear simultaneously with the sweeping majorities and weak Oppositions which set in after 1868. But there is more than this to be said. Party seems to be in a transition state, between the old conditions which are effete and new ones of some kind which have not yet worked themselves out. The progress of this process towards completion, supposing that it ever is to be completed, is one to be watched with the keenest interest, as the most important public question of the day. Experience shows us that the break-up of either great party is always followed by a period of disorganisation, and as the ship has righted itself on previous occasions, we

¹ "The New Obstruction a Serious Danger."

must not too hastily conclude that it will not right itself again. Similar results were seen after the break-up of the Tory party in 1831-32; after the break-up of the Conservative party in 1846; and now they are seen again after the break-up of the Liberal party in 1886. If we read Sir Robert Peel's letters to Mr Croker during the first reformed Parliament, or Mr Disraeli's description of the House of Commons after the general election of 1847, we shall find very much that corresponds with the condition of that assembly during the last ten years. The last general election, and the combination of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives in the same Government, have gone some way towards restoring the only conditions on which party government, as understood during the last hundred and fifty years, can successfully be conducted. But they are not yet restored; the reconstruction rendered necessary, by the events of 1886, has not yet quite settled down: and till it does we fear that the temptation to obstruction will be almost irresistible.

We had been willing to hope that the last appeal to the country had destroyed the "group" system. But what has occurred since then shows, we are afraid, that it still survives. We have pointed out so often in previous articles that the party system and the group system cannot go on together, that we need not enlarge upon the subject now. It is an unsuspected weakness in the Government majority, and, unless rumour lies, had something to do with the ultimate fate of the Education Bill.

But a worse symptom, or we might say result, of the disorganisation which occurred ten years ago is the growth of that indiffer-

ence to the traditions of the House of Commons, to its recorded rules and its unwritten laws, which has attained so great a height within the period named. It unfortunately happened that the adoption of Home Rule by Mr Gladstone came immediately after an extension of the franchise, and that this great act of apostasy took place in a House of Commons composed largely of new men, many of them taken from a class not disposed at any time to think too highly of party obligations, of party discipline, or of political consistency. Their first experience of the House of Commons was not such as to correct this disposition. When Mr Gladstone broke up his party, it was an object-lesson which fell upon congenial soil. It lowered the whole tone of parliamentary life, and infinitely weakened all those ties which bind men together, and that whole system of cohesion which has been so well explained by Burke. The result is that the leader of the House, to whichever party he belongs, has no longer that firm hold on a great majority which he once had, and will, we hope, in time have again. He is never safe from the interference of those conceited busybodies who come into Parliament thinking only of their own importance as the representatives of some fad which is elevated to the dignity of a principle, and no longer as loyal supporters of a great political connection, to which all other considerations must be postponed. Thus the true position and functions of a member of the House of Commons as at present constituted have become gradually obscured. Both parties alike suffer from the innovation. It is impossible to rule a House of Commons as the men of old ruled

it—the Peels, the Cannings, and the Russells—as Lord Palmerston and Mr Disraeli ruled it,—when members have become totally oblivious of the conventions and understandings to which it was then obedient; when egotism passes for independence, when every crotchet is a creed, and every individual is a party.

Mr Disraeli saw this state of things in its infancy, and denounced it even then as “the plague spot” which, if suffered to spread unchecked, must ultimately destroy party.¹ It has made some progress in that direction already, and in so doing has made the work of legislation far more difficult than it was before; has opened the way to obstruction from a hundred different tributaries; and has obliterated that pride in the House of Commons as a whole which its various component parts now transfer to themselves. But the old forms of the House still remain unaltered. We still go on as if no change had occurred. We still fancy that new rules of procedure, framed in accordance with obsolete ideas, will repress the evil. We still go on pouring new wine into old bottles, and when the inevitable crash or explosion occurs, we try to make a scapegoat of the Minister of the day, and attribute the whole disaster to his not holding the bottle exactly at the right angle.

Before Parliament was prorogued public interest had become so much centred on the Irish Land Purchase Bill that the great scandal which will long invest the session of 1896 with an unenviable notoriety had for the moment receded into the background. But nobody who remembers Sir William Harcourt’s letters to the ‘Times’

of last April and May, and the boundless exultation of Opposition orators when the Education Bill was withdrawn, can doubt for a moment that this will be the *pièce de résistance* of Radical oratory throughout the recess. We make no apology therefore for bringing it to the front again. In ‘Maga’ for May² and June³ will be found all the details on which the charge of obstruction is founded; and the evidence to show that it was as deliberately planned as it was steadily pursued is simply overwhelming.

We would not, however, that our readers should lay down this article under the impression that we hold the late session to have been a failure. On the contrary, judged even by modern standards, it is certainly up to the average, in point of work done. The measures enumerated in the Queen’s speech are sufficient to prove this. Her Majesty mentions eight Acts, of which two at least belong to the first class, while the remaining six are all of great practical utility, and promise to be of the highest service to the working classes. Some of them were hotly contested, and the fact that Mr Balfour displayed on several occasions in connection with them a degree of firmness and resolution which he did not exhibit in the matter of the Education Bill, strengthens the supposition that it was not want of time alone which caused the latter to be abandoned. We give the eight measures in the words of the Royal speech:—

“I have given my consent, with much pleasure, to measures for completing the naval defences of my empire, for lightening the fiscal burdens which press upon the agricultural population,

¹ Speech, August 30, 1848.

² “From Top to Bottom.”

³ “The New Obstruction a Serious Danger.”

and for protecting the flocks and herds of these islands from the importation of disease. Important measures have also received my sanction for the settlement of trade disputes, for the prevention of explosions in mines, which have caused the loss of many valuable lives, for amending the Truck Act, for the construction of light railways, for the amendment of the Irish Land Laws, and for facilitating the creation, by purchase, of a larger class of occupying freeholders in Ireland.

The Naval Works Bill, being really a non-contentious measure, was passed through both Houses pretty easily, and received the royal assent on the 31st of March. But no such happy passage awaited either the Agricultural Rating Bill or the Light Railways Bill. The first was allowed to be brought in, after a long debate, on the 20th of April. The discussion on the second reading occupied four nights—*i.e.*, from the 27th to the 30th of April inclusive—so that five full nights had been given to it before it went into Committee. The debate on the first clause alone occupied five days; and the bill, consisting of only eight clauses, was not reported as amended till the 22d of May—an all-night sitting having been necessary to bring it so far. Its consideration as amended occupied four nights more—the last sitting being one of seventeen hours; and finally it was read a third time after another long debate, in which all the old arguments were repeated *ad nauseam*. Thus sixteen sittings had been given to it altogether, of which one lasted twenty-two hours, and another, as we have said, seventeen. And yet Sir William Harcourt could gravely pretend that no adequate debate had been allowed! There was not even a plausible case made out against it, as there might

have been against parts of the Education Bill. It was said that all the relief given would go into the pockets of the landlord; yet it was allowed at the same time that for the first few years it would go to the tenant, who would thus continue to receive the benefit of it till the whole system of local taxation underwent complete revision, when all such possibilities would be swept away. In other words, before the time came for the landlord to pocket the money, his chance would have disappeared. But the Opposition went on harping on the old string just the same: “the lie so oft overthrown” was repeated with a dogged pertinacity, which Sir William Harcourt calls legitimate criticism. The fact that the bill was only a provisional measure, merely an instalment of fiscal justice, meted first to those who wanted it most, was calmly ignored by the whole party, encouraged so to do by the example of their accomplished leader. But we are not to call this obstruction!

It was read a third time, and passed by the House of Lords without amendment on the 17th of July. The Light Railways Bill was read a first time, after debate, on the 20th of February, a second time on March 2, and was referred to a Standing Committee, after another long debate, on the 9th. When their Report was considered on the 1st of June, it was seen how little respect the House was willing to pay to the decisions of such a body. It was debated again for three days, and ultimately read a third time on the 30th of July. The Diseases of Animals Bill, read a third time on the 22d of June, encountered considerable opposition in its passage through the House, and finally became law in its original

form without any amendment having been carried. Now, whether these last two measures are to be styled "contentious" measures or not, they certainly were so in fact. But the Government showed no want of skill or firmness in dealing with them, any more than in the management of the Agricultural Ratings Bill. In passing the Scottish Rating Bill they had also to witness the waste of some valuable time. But we need not descend into further details, except to point out that, granting the major premiss on which the Government relied, their conduct of the Irish Land Bill through both Houses left nothing to be desired. It combined firmness with courtesy; and their sympathy with the Irish landlords, which they did not hesitate to avow, should have taken the sting out of measures which past legislation, not in conformity with their own opinions, compelled them to adopt. The bill was as equitable as circumstances allowed—circumstances for which the present Government are not responsible, and which we must all wish had been widely different. It must fairly be regarded as a great administrative success, and well completes the tale of legislation which her Majesty acknowledges. Mr Balfour's new Rules of Supply are allowed on all hands to have worked admirably, and will almost certainly be made a standing order. Though Supply is not

legislation, it often prolongs the session more than anything else, and in reckoning up the performances of the Government we are bound to include in them the skillful disposition of their finance business. Had the Education Bill never been introduced at all, the session of 1896 would have stood high in our parliamentary annals.

The causes of this one great failure we have endeavoured to trace with brevity. They are three in number: miscalculation, obstruction, disorganisation. The first was really very trifling, and without the other two would have done no harm. The second was the immediate and obvious agent in bringing about this unfortunate result. The third is a legacy from 1886, when a reconstruction of the party system became necessary—a reconstruction which is still in progress, and therefore necessarily the source of some embarrassments. Great allowances must be made for the leader of a party during this period of transformation. But it cannot go on for ever. Either it must terminate very soon, or some new way of carrying on the Queen's Government must be found. Deference to sections which are in the party, but not of it, may be carried so far as to make confusion worse confounded, and even perhaps to check the more complete amalgamation of other and more congenial elements.

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DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER I.—A NIGHTINGALE.

IF any man came to me, and said, "You are going to tell your tale, good sir, without knowing how to handle it," I should look at him first with some surprise, and anger at his impertinence, yet in a very few minutes, unless he wanted to argue about it, probably he would have my confession, and a prayer for his assistance. For every one knows how to do a thing, much better than the one who does it.

In spite of all that, I will declare in a truthful manner unabashed, whatever I know concerning the strange affairs which have befallen me; and perhaps if you care to look into them, you will admit that even now, when the world supposes itself to be in a state of proud civilisation, there

are things to be found near its centre of perfection which are not quite up to the standard of the Lord.

Towards the middle of the month of May, in a year which I never shall forget, I happened to be riding home from Guildford in the county of Surrey, after a long but vain attempt to do a little business for my father. For we were not, as we used to be, people of wealth and large estates, and such as the world looks up to; but sadly reduced, and crippled, and hard-pushed to make a living. And the burden of this task had fallen most heavily upon me, because I was the only son at home, and my father's mind was much too large to be cramped with petty troubles. So that when he had

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been deprived of nine-tenths of his property, and could not procure any tenants for the rest, it became my duty to work the best of the land that still remained, and make both ends meet, if possible.

To a young man this was no great hardship, unless he were spoiled for country life by ambition, or sloth, or luxury; and it seemed to me at first a welcome change, to be recalled from Oxford and from Lincoln's Inn, and set to watch the earth and sky, instead of ink and paper. And although there were storms and swamps of loss and disaster, to cross continually, I was always at the point of getting on, if only there came just a little turn of luck. But that which seemed to baffle mainly my most choice endeavours, was that when I had done good work, and made good staple—as it seemed to me—never a man to whom I showed it (at the most reasonable figure) would stop to look at it for a moment in a reasonable spirit; because, whatever I had to offer was, by strange coincidence, the very thing my fellow-creatures happened not to want just then.

What had I done, this very day, but carried into Guildford market, more than twelve miles from our home, samples of as fair, and fat, and thoroughly solid grain, as ever was grown to be ground in England? And what had the dealers said to me? "Tut, tut! what call you that? Not so bad for an amateur. Try again, sir, try again. Sir Harold must grow it cheaper." And they made me not a single offer, such as I could think of twice; while the farmers looked askance, and smiled very kindly and respectfully, yet as if I had no business there, and must soon discover my sad mistake.

"Never mind what they think,"

I exclaimed to myself, "or how they laugh at all I can do. Wait a bit, wait a bit, my friends. We are not come to the bottom of the basket yet. Hold up, ancient Joseph."

Ancient Joseph was the only horse now remaining with us, who could get along at all, without a plough or waggon at his heels or tail. Like us, he had seen better days; and like us he did not dwell upon them. Faithful, generous, and conscientious, he kept up to his own standard still, and insisted upon his twelve miles an hour, whenever his head was homeward. It was in that pleasant direction now; and much as I longed for a gentle glide of the soft May breeze around me, and a leisurely gaze at the love of the year, now telling its tale in the valleys, that old fellow (sniffing his oats leagues away) cared for nothing but a quick stroke towards them. Much as I wanted to think about the money that I ought to have got, but couldn't, this horse between my legs was so full of what he meant to be filled with, that I was compelled to attend to his mood, instead of giving rein to my own; lest haply a ditch should be our conclusion.

Without any heed we scoured past the loveliest views in England, as people in a train are forced to do; till Old Joe's wind became a gale, more adverse now than favourable. His four legs, which had been going like two, began to go like a figure of four, and he gave me to understand through the flaps of leather, that his heart was repentant of having its own way. On the ridge of the hills at the four cross-roads, I allowed him therefore a welcome rest, having the worst of the road before us, and the shadows growing deeper.

Perhaps I had prided myself too

much upon seldom indulging in whims and freaks, as my elder brother Harold did, to his great disadvantage and our own; and now at the age of twenty-five, I should have known better than to begin. But some strange impulse (which changed the whole course of my life from that hour) seized me, as I stopped to breathe my horse opposite that old direction-post.

"To Cobham and Esher" was on the left arm; the forward one pointed to a village near our home, and that was the road I had always taken. But the arm that would have pointed to the right, if it had been in its duty, was not there now; though a double mortice-hole gave token of its late existence. And the lane towards the right, of which it should have told us, seemed rather desirous of evading notice, and certainly had received very little for years from any road surveyor. Narrow, and overhung, and sinking into sleepy shadows with a fringe of old roots and dead bracken, it afforded a pleasant sense of passing into quietude and loneliness.

Time was more plentiful than money with me, and why should I hurry to tell my father the old tale of failure, so often repeated, but none the more welcome—as an old joke is—by reason of familiarity? I knew the chief outlines of the country pretty well, because an old fox had been fond of it, whom we never brought to book, when the hounds were kept at Crogate Park. How he had beaten us we never knew, beyond having fifty opinions about it, of which only two were in favour with the wise ones—the first that he sank into the bowels of the earth, and the other that he vanished into the clouds of heaven. And the place was lonely enough for him to have taken whichever course he

chose, leaving nothing but negative evidence.

Knowing that if I could cross that valley I should probably strike into a bridle-lane which would take me home at leisure, I turned my old horse much against his liking into this dark and downhill course, away from the main road, which according to the wisdom of our forefathers followed the backbone of the ridge. Soon we began to descend steep places broken with slippery falls of rock, while branches of thicket and sapling trees shook hands overhead, and shut out the sky. My horse, who had never been down on his knees, and knew perhaps by instinct the result of that attitude in the eyes of men, was beginning to tremble exceedingly; and in fairness to him and myself as well, I jumped off and led him. He looked at me gratefully, and followed without fear, though sometimes sliding with all four feet, and throwing back his head for balance. And perhaps he observed, as soon as I did, that no horse had ever tried that descent, since the rains of winter washed it.

When I was ready to think myself a fool, and wish both of us well out of it, the sweetest and clearest note, that ever turned the air into melody and the dull world into poetry, came through the arching bowers of spring, and made the crisp leaves tremulous. Then as a bud, with its point released, breaks into a fountain of flower, the silvery overture broke into a myriad petals of sensitive song.

"What a stunning nightingale," said I, as a matter-of-fact young Briton might, with never an inkling of idea that the bird meant anything to me. But he seemed to be one of those that love mankind (as the genial robin-redbreast

does), or at any rate desire to be thought of kindly, and to finish well what is well begun; for he flitted before me down the hill, and enlivened the gloom with vicissitudes of love.

Listening to this little fellow, and trying to catch sight of him, I was standing with Old Joe's nose in my hand—for he was always friendly—when the music that should lead my life, in the purest strain came through the air. It was not the voice of a bird this time, but a sound that made my heart beat fast and then held me in rapture of wonder.

Dew of the morning in a moss-rose bud, crystal drops beading a frond of fern, lustre of a fountain in full moonlight—none of these seem to me fit to compare with the limpid beauty of that voice. And more than the sweetest sounds can do, that indite of things beyond us, and fall from a sphere where no man dwells, this voice came home to my heart, and filled it with a vivid sorrow and a vague delight.

Sturdy as I was, and robust, and hardy, and apt to laugh at all sentimental stuff, the force of the time overcame me, as if I had never been educated; and as soon as I rather felt than knew that I was listening to some simple hymn, I became almost as a little child inhaling his first ideas of God. The words that fell upon my ears so softly were as unknown as the tune itself, voice and verse and air combining into a harmony of heaven.

Ought any man to be called a snob, for doing a thing that is below himself, on the impulse of the moment, and without a flash of thought? It is not for me to argue that; but I hope that fair ladies will forgive me, when I confess that I stepped very gently, avoiding every dry twig and stone,

across the brown hollow that is generally found at the foot of any steep fall of wood. By this time the lane was gone to grass, and I slipped Old Joe's bit that he might have a graze, while I went in quest of my Siren.

On the further brink of the spongy trough, a dark frizzle of alder and close brushwood was overhanging a bright swift stream, which I recognised as the Pebble-bourne, a copious brook, beloved of trout, and as yet little harassed by anglers. Through this dark screen I peered, and beheld a vision that amazed me. Along a fair meadow that bent towards the west, and offered a slim tree here and there—like a walking-stick for evening—the gentle light of day's departure came quite horizontally. There was, as there often is in nature, some deep peace of sadness, which rebukes mankind for its petty cares, and perpetual fuss about itself. And yet there was something in front of all this, to set the breast of a young man fluttering.

On the opposite bank, and within fair distance for the eyes to make out everything, was a niche of dark wall shagged with ivy, and still supporting the grey stonework of a ruined chapel-window, between whose jagged mullions flowed the silvery light of the west and fell upon the face of a kneeling maiden. The profile, as perfect as that of a statue, yet with the tender curves of youth, more like the softness of a cameo, was outlined as in a frame of light against the black curtain of the ivied wall. Beside the kneeling figure lay a head-tire of some strange design, removed perhaps when the hymn was followed by the attitude of prayer.

The beauty and rapture of this devotion made me hold my breath,

and feel as if I were profaning it. "Get away, you low intruder," said my better self to me. But it is all very well to talk. It was out of my power to go away. Under this spell I stood, until that gentle worshipper arose with a bend of her graceful neck, and gathered her pale grey robe around her. It was not such a dress as English ladies according to the fashion of the moment wear, with pumpkin sleeves, or with wens upon their shoulders, and puckers, and gathers, and frizzles and scollops, in a mangle of angles and zig-zags. What it was made of is more than I can say; I only know that it was beautiful; drawn in at the waist with a narrow belt, and following rather than trying to lead the harmony of the living form. But one thing caught my attention even so, and that was the flash of a bright red cross on the delicate curve of the bosom.

It appeared to me that tears were sparkling under the fringe of large dark eyes, as the lonely maiden glanced around, while preparing for departure. Then to my surprise—if anything could surprise me further—with a rapid movement she laid bare a gleaming shoulder, and set upon it the tip of a long straight finger. Her face was partly obscured to me by the bend of her arm, but I fancied that she smiled, and was opening her lips to pronounce some words, when suddenly that horse Old Joe, who had been doing his best to lessen the burden of his maintenance, gave vent to a snort of approbation, not of the fair sight across the water—for that was hidden by bushes from him—but at the juiciness of his graze. My guilty conscience made me start, for I fully expected to be found out in a thing I had never done before; and I felt ashamed to look

again, till I knew there was no suspicion. Then a breath of wind turned up a leaf; and who could help glancing under it?

I saw that the beautiful and mysterious damsel had taken some little alarm at the grunt of the greedy quadruped. From the foot of the old chapel-window she was taking something white like a crucifix—though I could not be certain about that; meanwhile she had placed on her head that strange affair which I had seen lying on the ground. To me it looked like an octagonal hat, with a long veil of gauze descending from it, resembling nothing that I had ever seen on a lady's head, to the best of my remembrance; although in stern fact they wear such strange things, and trim them anew so wondrously, that no man must be positive. Whatever it was, it looked very sweet—as the ladies themselves express it—but I grieved that I could see her face no more.

She placed that white object very carefully in the folds of her dress beneath the veil which covered her down to the waist; and then to my great disappointment she was gone, seeming rather to float on the air than to walk with a definite stride, as our ladies make their way. But the quivering points of some pendulous leafage showed that a bodily form had passed there.

I was left in a conflict of wonder, and doubt, and intense desire to know more, mingled with some self-reproach—though the worst of that came afterwards—and a hollow feeling in my heart as if I should never fill it with myself again. Something told me that the proper course, and the most manly and business-like, was to jump on my horse and make him climb the hill anew, and take the high road,

and get home at full speed, and never say a word about what I had seen, nor even think about it, if it could be helped.

But I assure you (and I hope again that allowance will be made for me, as a young man not much accustomed to the world, and hitherto heedless of feminine charms) that I found it impossible to do the right thing now. Instead of a lofty and resolute withdrawal, in I went for more of that, of which I had taken too much already. I stuck Old Joe's bit into the hungry leather of his most voracious mouth, and came down on his back with a ponderous swing, and girded him with a hard grip of his belly, to show me some more of what he had scared away. Much against his liking—for if ever a horse was totally destitute of romance, here he was and no mistake—with a grunt of remonstrance he plodded into the pebbly ford at the bottom of the hill.

But when we struck into the silence of the meadow, what was

I the wiser? Lo, the dusk was settling down in the most indifferent manner, the sunset flush was fading into a faint and chill neutrality, the trees had no shadow, and worst of all, no sign or even memory of any sweet passage among them. Only on the left hand some hundred yards away was a black door set in an old grey wall, which curved along leisurely as far as I could see, and offered no other entrance.

"I am not the sort of fellow to put up with this," I exclaimed to myself impatiently; and yet there was no way to help it just now. And if it came to reason, what business had I there? Still the whole of this land had been ours not more than a century ago, and a true Briton feels that he has his rights, however long he may have lost them. But it is not in his nature to lose sight of reason, though I am not quite so certain how that was with me, as I wandered home slowly along forgotten ways, and knew that my life was changed thenceforth.

CHAPTER II.—THE FAMILY.

It is said, and seems worthy of belief—though denied quite lately by a great Frenchman—that there are in the world no fairer damsels than those of our own dear island. Graceful, elegant, straight and goodly, gentle—which is the first point of all—yet lively and able to take their own part, eager moreover to please, and clever to obtain what they want by doing so, they have no cause to envy their brothers, or feel ungrateful to Providence for making them fair. If any of them do that sometimes, when led astray every now and then by feminine agitators, for the most part they will

come back to themselves, if left without contradiction.

My sister Grace, for instance, was one of the best and kindest-hearted English girls that ever blushed. Far in front of me, I confess, in quickness of apprehension, and perception of character, and readiness of answer, and I might almost say in common-sense; though I never quite conceded that, because I had so much need of it. Nevertheless she looked up to me, as her elder by five years, and a man. Therefore, it was my custom always to listen with much toleration to her, and often adopt her views in practice, after shaking

my head for the time at them. For she always finished her orations with, "Well, brother George, you are sure to know the best."

Now, if we had only had Grace to deal with, things would have been very different. Not that we could have retrieved our fortunes—of that there was no possibility; still, we might have carried on in our humble way, and kept my father, Sir Harold Cranleigh, comfortable in his old age, and even happy among his books and collection of minerals, and seals and coins. My mother also might have had all she could wish; for she was in truth a very quiet soul, bound up in her children, and fond of little else, unless it were county histories, and the fulfilment of prophecy. Sometimes she was grieved that we occupied now the old cottage in a corner of the Park, which had once been the house of our agent; also at having but a pony-cart, instead of what she was accustomed to. But the grief was not on her own account, and simply for our sake, as we knew well; and we kept on telling her that we liked it better so.

For after all, if one comes to think, those very wealthy folk have no true enjoyment, and no keen relish for anything good. In the first place, they can never feel the satisfaction of having earned, by honest work, their pleasure. It comes to them but as an everyday matter, wearisome, vapid, insipid, and dull. Many of them have a noble spirit, and that makes it all the worse for them. They see and they feel the misery of the poverty around them, but all they can do is of no avail. They are cheated and wronged in their best endeavours; if they show discernment, they are called niggards; if they are profuse, it

is ostentation. And if they are large enough not to be soured by any of these expressions, they begin to feel more and more, as time goes on, that the money should stop in the family.

Remembering this, we should have regarded with delicate compassion that very wealthy individual, Mr Jackson Stoneman. This eminent stockbroker claimed not only our sympathy for his vast riches, but also some goodwill by the relief afforded us in a cumbrous difficulty. My father had long been casting about, as matters went from bad to worse, and farm after farm was thrown up by insolvent tenants, for some one to occupy our old house, Crogate Hall, and the Park as well, for he could not bear to let them separately, and have the old place cut into patches. But there was no one left among the old families of the county, still possessing cash enough to add this to the homes already on their hands. There is much fine feeling and warmth of heart toward one another, among those who have never had much to do, from one generation to another, except to encourage the good people who love order, by punishing those of an opposite turn, and to keep up the line which has always been drawn between landed estate and commerce; as well as to be heartily kind to the poor—even though they do encroach a little on preserves—and above all to be hospitable not to one another only, but to people of business who know their position.

Our family, one of the oldest in Surrey, and of Saxon lineage, requiring no mixed Norman blood of outsea cut-throats to better it, had always kept its proper place, and been beloved for its justice, generosity, and modesty. Our

tenants had never made any pretension to own the lands they held of us, any more than a man to whom I had lent a thousand pounds at interest—supposing that I owned such a sum—would set up a claim to my capital. We were very kind to them as long as they could pay; and throughout their long struggle with the foreign deluge, we made every effort to keep them afloat, reducing their rent to the vanishing point, and plunging with them into poverty. But what can be done, when the best land in England will not pay for working, and is burdened as heavily as ever?

“Cut your coat according to your cloth,” is a very fine old precept; and we went on doing so, as heaven only knows. But when there is no cloth left at all, and the climate is not good enough to supply fig-leaves, where-withal shall a man be clothed? And for a woman, how much worse—though they sometimes exaggerate its trials. My sister Grace was as lovely a maiden as ever was born of Saxon race, which at its best is the fairest of all. To my mind she was far more beautiful than her sister Elfrida, the eldest of us, now the wife of Lord Fitzragon, who had children of her own, and very seldom came to see us, being taken up with her own world. And one of the things that grieved me most was to see my favourite sister dressed in some common blue serge, with a brown leather belt round her waist, and thick shoes on her delicate feet, like a boy elected by Twickenham parish to the Blue-coat School. For a boy it is all very well, and may lead to the highest honours of the realm; but with a maiden of gentle breed it is not so encouraging.

Notwithstanding this, I say that you might put a lady of any rank you please, and of any wealth to back it up, by the side of my sister Grace; and I know to which of them your eyes would turn. The Lord may see fit, for some good purpose, to set one of His children high and to pluck down another; but He never undoes what He did at the first, and His goodness remains in the trouble. Many girls lowered from their proper line of life, and obliged to do things that seemed hard for them, would have turned sour, and tossed their heads, or at the very least would have taken unkindly to what they were forced to do. And if anybody blamed them for it, the chances are that it would be some one who would have done the very same. But to see our Grace now, you would have thought that she had been born a small yeoman's daughter, or apprenticed quite young to a dairyman. What I mean is—unless you looked at her twice; and to fail of doing that would be quite sufficient proof that you care not for the most interesting thing in all human nature—except perhaps a loving mother—to wit, a gentle, truthful, lively, sweet, and affectionate young maid.

It is not in a man to be so good, and luckily it is not expected of him. Certainly I did speak strongly sometimes, and find fault with the luck, and the world, and the law, and above all with the Government, which every Englishman has a right to do. At such times my sister would scarcely say a word—which alone is enough to prove her self-command—but draw down her golden hair between her fingers, and look at me softly from her deep blue eyes, and clearly be trying to think as I thought. When any one, whose

opinion is at all worth having, does that sort of thing, almost any man is pleased with the silence he has created; and his temper improves, as he approves of himself. And so I always felt with Grace, that she might be right, because I was right; and it helped me more than any one might think, to know that my words made a stronger impression on another mind than they left upon my own.

Happy beyond all chance of fortune would be the man who could win such a heart, and be looked at with even deeper love than a sister has for a brother, and feel himself lifted more nigh to heaven than he had any power, or perhaps even any desire of his own to go. But no man so gifted had appeared as yet, neither did we want him to turn up, for the very good reason that Grace Cranleigh was the heart and soul of our little household, just as I, George, was the hand and head, for all practical purposes, though much against my liking.

Because my elder brother Harold, heir to the title and the dwindled heritage, was the proper person to come forward, and take the lead of our forlorn hope, and stand up bravely in the gap, and encourage the elders when thus stricken down and distressed. But as I have hinted before, we had a trouble almost as bad as mortgages, loss of invested money, and even the ruinous price of corn, and that was a Genius in the family, without any cash to support him. Truly in almost every family the seeds of genius may be found, but most of them are nipped in early days, or start in some harmless direction. But Harold's was not to be cured like this, for it started in every direction, with a force that left nothing to be desired, except the completion of some-

thing. There was no conceit in this brother of mine, neither any defect of energy. No matter what he took up, not only was he full of it for the time, but perfectly certain that nothing of equal grandeur had dawned upon the human race till now. Time would fail me to begin the list of his manifold inventions, for every one was greater than the one before it, and in justice to him I should have to go through all. While there were difficulties in the way, his perseverance was boundless. But the moment he had vanquished them, and proved that there was little more to do, as sure as eggs are eggs he would stop short, exclaim, "Oh, any fool can do that!" and turn his great powers to something even greater.

We all admired him, as no one could help doing, for he was a wonderfully taking fellow, gentle, handsome, generous, and upright, a lover of Shakespeare, a very fine scholar, as tender to animals as if he knew their thoughts, and in every way a gentleman, though not fond of society. But the worst of it was that we had to pay for him; and this was uncommonly hard to do, under our present circumstances. For inventors must have the very best material, as well as the finest tools for their work, and some one of skill to hold things in their place, and to bear the whole blame when the job miscarries. We were grieved, when instead of the untold gold which was to have set us staggering, a basketful of bills was all that came, with headings that sent us to the Cyclopædia, and footings that spelled the work-house.

"What is all this about letting the old house?" Harold had asked me, without indignation, but still with some sadness at our want of

faith, the very last time I had seen him. "You have so very little foresight, George! You forget altogether how easy it is to let a man in; but to get him out again, there's the rub; and how often the landlord is forced to take the roof off!"

"The rub has been to get him in, this time," I answered in my dry submissive way, for I never tried to reason with such a clever fellow. "The doors are scarcely large enough for a man of such substance. And as for the roof, it was taking itself off, after three years without any repairs, and no one to ask where the leaks were. I think it is a wonderful piece of luck that Mr Jackson Stoneman, a man of extraordinary wealth, has taken such a fancy to the poor old place. It was Grace who showed him round, for there was no one else to do it. And she says that although he may not be quite accustomed——"

"Oh, I don't wish to hear any more about him. I detest the idea of letting our old house, and the park, and the stables, I suppose he wants them all. And just when I am at the very point of securing a patent, which must restore us to our proper position in the county; for the model is as good as finished. No lease, no lease, my dear George. If you let him in, have a binding agreement to get him out at any time, with three months' notice. And when you speak of roofing, have you quite forgotten that I have discovered a material which must supersede all our barbarous plans for keeping the sun and the rain out?"

"Oh yes, I remember. You mean to let them in," I replied, without any attempt at sarcasm, but having a vague recollection of something.

"Undoubtedly I do, to a certain

extent; and then to utilise them. Every great idea must be in accordance with nature, instead of repelling her. Now the sun and the rain—but just give me that sheet of paper, and in two minutes you will see it all. It is the most simple and beautiful idea. All I fear is that some one else may hit upon it. But, George, I can trust you, because you are so slow."

With pencil and compass he was sure to be happy for an hour or more and come beaming to dinner; so I left him, and went to tell my father that his eldest son, whose consent he required, had given it to that most necessary step, the letting of Crogate Hall and Park to some eligible tenant. Not only was a very great burden removed—for we could not bear to see the old place lapse into ruin—but also a welcome addition was made to our very scanty income. For the great stockbroker paid [a handsome rent without any demur, and began for his own sake to put everything into good order. Once more the windows shone with light instead of being grimed with dust and fog; and the park was mown, and the deer replaced, and the broad expanse of lawn was gay with cricket colours and the pretty ways of women.

But we in our corner kept ourselves at a distance from such enjoyment. Not through any false pride, or jealousy of a condition which had once been ours; but simply because, as my father said, and my mother agreed with him warmly, it had never been the habit of our family to receive entertainment which it could not return. Our home-made bread was (for relish and for nurture) worth fifty of their snowy Vienna stuff, and a pint of the ale which I brewed myself was better than a dozen of their dry champagne, or a

vintage of their Chateau this and that. But they would never think so; and if Englishmen choose to run down their own blessings, as

they do their merits, let the fashion prevail, while the few who can judge for themselves hold fast their convictions.

CHAPTER III.—TOM ERRICKER.

Mr Jackson Stoneman was—so far as I could make him out, without having had six words with him—a very clever City-man, yet keeping two sides to his life, as he could well afford to do. At an early age he had come into the chief control of a long-established firm, one of those that venture little, but keep on rolling from age to age the ball of accumulating gold. This globe of all human delight was not at all likely to slip between such legs as his; though the wicked metal will do that sometimes, and roll away down the great hill of despair. He attended very strictly to the main chance of all humanity, the object for which we were born and die. That of course ruled his existence; but the people who met him outside the covert, or rode with him when the scent was hot, declared that he was a most excellent fellow, ready at an answer, intelligent of hounds, skilful of hand and full of pluck, neither showing off nor shirking work, and as courteous to a farmer as to the Lord-Lieutenant.

This was high praise for a man of his position. And we found before long that every one confirmed it. He took a large farm off our hands which had long been begging anybody to take it; and though his solicitor was keen enough to grind down the rent to the lowest figure, and insist upon many new conditions, we could not blame his principal for that, and were well aware that landlords nowadays must be grateful to any who will patronise them. In fact,

we had no other grievance against him, except that he was rich and we were poor; and I am sure that we were not so narrow-minded as to feel any grudge on that account. My mother especially—as behoved one of the most charitable of women—found many good excuses for a practice of his, which some might have taken as a proof of want of taste. Our cottage was beside the direct road from the Hall to the nearest railway station, for no line had cut up our neighbourhood as yet. Every morning, at least except on Saturday and Sunday, when we were sitting down to breakfast, a rattle of wheels and clank of silver harness would explain itself into Mr Jackson Stoneman, sitting bolt-upright with a cigar in his month, and flourishing a long tandem-whip, while a couple of glittering chestnuts whirled him along the smooth road, and a groom in white buckskins and top-boots accordingly sat behind, and folded his arms in contempt of the world. Grace, like a child, though she was dignity itself when any stranger looked at her, used to run to the window and exclaim, “Oh, what loves of horses! How everything shines, and how well he drives!”

“Who couldn’t drive a team of circus horses?” was the first thing I said, but she took no notice. And the next morning, when the thing came jingling by, and she stopped my sugar to stare at it—“Perhaps you long to be upon that spare cushion,” I remarked; for what man can put up with his

sister's nonsense? And after that, she never knew when the brilliant tandem passed, which made me feel a little ashamed of myself.

However, I will not blame the great stockbroker — "Stocks-and-Stones" was the name I gave him, without meaning harm, but the nickname spread, and gave him a little annoyance, I fear — what right has any man to blame another for a little bit of thoughtlessness, redressed at first perception? Somebody told Stoneman, or perhaps he found it out, for nothing escaped him, that I was displeased at his flashing by like that, not on my own account, as scarcely need be said; and the next week he took another road to the station, half a mile longer and much worse for his horses. And so we lost sight of his handsome turn-out, to which we were getting accustomed and began to set our time-piece by it.

All these things are small; but what is truly great, unless it be concerned with love, or valour, freedom, piety, or self-denial, and desire to benefit the world at large? And yet, as a rule, we care most about those who dwell little upon such big matters, but carry on pleasantly, and suit us, and amuse us, and seem to be rather below than above us, in mind, and ambition, and standard of life. Tom Erricker knows that he is of that class, and I am welcome to say what I like of him, without any danger to our friendship. And if I describe him exactly as he is, he will take the better part as a compliment, and tell me that the rest is of my imagination.

As he came to and fro from his chambers in the Temple, my friend Tom was a very bright young fellow, indolent yet restless, perpetually in love, though his loves were of brief continuity, light of heart,

impulsive, very eager to oblige, and gifted with a very high opinion of himself, and a profound scorn of everything that he could not understand. He was generous, bold, and adventurous, a keen judge of character according to his own idea, yet a thorough hero-worshiper, very fond of addressing himself in the mirror, and trying to give an impartial account of his own appearance and qualities.

"Well, Tom, my boy," I heard him say one day, for he was confidential to others, as well as to himself, about himself, "you are not looking quite the thing this morning. A few cigars less, Tom, would suit you better. And little crow's-feet already coming! What business have they there at five-and-twenty? It can't be reading too hard, or you would have got through, last time. Never mind, Tom, you are not a bad-looking fellow, though you mustn't suppose you are handsome. There is not enough of you; that's the great fault,—not enough of you to look dignified."

In all this he was perfectly correct, though he might have supposed himself handsome without any very great partiality; for his eyes were of a rich and lively brown, such as many a maiden might have envied. And his features quite regular enough, and short, and full of genial vivacity. He was right enough also in the observation that there was not enough of him to enforce the impression which such wisdom as his should create; for although not by any means a dwarf, he was of less than average stature, while exceedingly active and very well built. But he never said a truer thing in the purest of all self-commune, than that his crow's-feet, if any there were, could not have owed their origin to excess of

mental labour. Such is the sort of man one likes; because he can never put one right, when a plague of accuracy comes on.

Now what was my inducement, who shall say? And the reasons come too late to make much difference, when a man has done a very foolish thing. It may have been partly because I had never kept any secret back from Tom, after my long time at school and college with him, and I did not like to do so now; and it may have been also that I felt uneasy about my own behaviour, and longed for some encouragement. Be that as it will, when Tom Erricker came down, as he never failed to do at least once every month, to spend Saturday and Sunday with us, no sooner had I got him in my little den at the back of our cottage where the harness was kept, than I bundled old Croaker, our only stableman, away to his dinner, and with proper introductions poured forth to my friend the whole narrative of that strange affair which I had witnessed as above, but spoken of as yet to no one.

My friend's interjections and frequent questions need not be set down, for he was of the many who can never hear a story without interruption. But when I had assured him for the fiftieth time that there was nothing more to tell, his face, which had been a fine study of amazement, became equally full of oracular wisdom.

"Leave it to me," he said; "leave it to me, George. I will soon get to the bottom of it. I never speak rashly. You know what I am. There is something very deep behind all this. You, who live so near, and are only acquainted with country ways, must not move in the matter. I shall find the key to it. You can do nothing. I get about among

people so much; and I know nearly all that goes on in Soho. You have never done a wiser thing than to keep this dark and consult me about it. And a wonderfully lovely girl, you say!"

"Dark let it be if you please," I answered; though I had never even thought about that before, for I do detest all mystery. "Erricker, I told you this in confidence. It looks as if I was wrong in doing even that, when you begin talking in that sort of way. Is it likely that I would let you take it up? If I cannot myself, as a gentleman, pry into a thing I was not meant to see, do you suppose I would let a young fellow"—Tom was my junior by about three months—"a young fellow like you meddle with it?"

"Now don't be in a huff, George;" he spoke with a smile, as if I were making a fuss about nothing. "I have far more important things than this to think of. It was only for your sake that I said a word. But I always try to be straightforward. Why did I go down in the last exam.? They asked me to describe a contingent remainder; and I said it was a remainder that was contingent. Could anything be more correct than that? And yet the infernal old Q.C. said that I must pursue my studies. And now, if I don't get through next time, the glorious tinman will cut short my allowance. But, thank God, I have got a maiden aunt."

The glorious tinman was Tom's worthy father, the head of a great plating firm at Sheffield. Being perpetually involved in lawsuits concerning trade-marks and patents, and finding silver and gold enough for a month's heavy plating sink into the long robe, this gentleman had said to his wife, "Why not keep it in the

family?" And she had replied, "Oh how clever our Tom is! None of those councillors understand the trade." Therefore was Tom at the Temple now.

When my friend once began upon his own affairs, and the ignorance of his examiners, he was ready to go on for ever; and so I cut him short with the question which had chiefly induced me to unburden my mind to him.

"The point is this, my dear boy. Ought I to feel ashamed, do you feel ashamed of me, for acting the spy upon a young lady, who had no idea I was looking at her? Speak plainly, I won't be offended."

"If I ever get through, I am sure to be a judge," Tom Erricker replied, with a glance of deprecation at his rather "loud" suit of red-and-white plaid "Dittoes"; "my aunt Gertrude has said so fifty times; and I feel the making of it in me, though it takes a long time in development. And I sum up the merits thus, George Cranleigh. You had no right to begin; but when you had begun, I am blowed if I can see how you could help going on. And I should like to go on a lot further with it."

My mind (which was larger then than now, for nothing loses more by wear and tear) was relieved, much more than it would be now by even more valid pronouncement.

"Tom Erricker, you are a brick," I said; "and I don't mind showing you the place. There is plenty of time before dinner yet. Only you must give me your word of honour—not a syllable about it to any one."

"Hands up. That's what we say in our corps"—for he was a member of the "Devil's Own," and a very zealous one, for such a lazy fellow—"but I could not walk so far without a gun."

This difficulty did not last long;

for I ran to the door, and asked my sister to lend her pony Amabel to my friend Tom for an hour or two. Grace was the most obliging girl that was ever too good to be married, and although she felt some kind disdain, as it seemed to me sometimes, for Tom, her pony was heartily at his service, if he would promise not to whip her. Tom came out of our little hole, when this stipulation reached his ears, and he put on his hat for the pleasure and glory of taking it off again to my sister. Among his many tendernesses, the sweetest and biggest of all perhaps was one with our Grace at the end of it. But he knew, as we know such things by instinct, that she never would come in to share it; and though he fetched many a sigh, they were shallow, because hope had never been beneath them.

Off we set in the summer afternoon, for the month was come to June already, with everything going on as if we were nothing. Because I have not said much about it—as behoves an average young Englishman—if anybody reads this, he may think that nothing to dwell upon had come home to me, by reason of what I had seen that day when the millers made light of my samples. But this I can declare, and would have done so long ago except for some sense that it was my affair alone—the whole world had been quite a different thing to me, ever since I set eyes upon—well, there is but one to any man worth anything; and does he ever get her?

Tom Erricker was the last fellow in the world to whom one could offer any fine gush of feeling; because he was sadly sentimental sometimes, when his veins of thought were varicose, and when something nasty had happened to himself; but when his spirits were

up, you would think there had never been a tear shed in the world, except by some brat who knew not how to cut his teeth. He was now in great exaltation at having fetched me, as he thought, to his level; for I had always regarded his light flirtations with a pleasant turn of humour, and he could not see the difference between himself and me. So I rode Old Joseph, who was a good tall horse; and he on little Amabel looked up at me, with no more reverence than Sancho Panza showed to the immortal knight, who ever failed to elevate him.

"Give me an open country, not your slash and scratch-pins." There was nothing Tom loved more than talking as if he had followed hounds from his infancy, instead of growing up under a dish-cover; but romancing on such subjects would not go down with me.

"Surely you might have brought us by a better road than this, George. I have had my bad times, I don't mind them in a burst; but I'm blessed if I like being scratched to pieces, with nothing whatever to show for it."

"To talk about, you mean, Tom. Well, here we get out into as pretty a bit of firland as can be found even in Surrey; and that may challenge all England to equal it. But I never go in for the picturesque."

"To be sure, not. The ladies do it ever so much better. To own the land, or at any rate the shooting, is the chief thing for us to care about. And the shooting is worth twice as much as the crops, in the present condition of the market. Never mind, George, I won't talk about that, for I know it is a very sore subject. Do you mean to say that all this belonged to you, not more than fifty years ago?"

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire, as regards the subject," I answered with a smile, for I knew that he never meant to vex me. "But I am sorry that we cannot give you leave even to poke about here with your gun, and pot black-birds and magpies. There go two magpies! You don't often get so near them."

"Two for a wedding—don't they say? A good omen for you, George. But where the deuce does your nymph hang out? Aha! good hit of mine! A nymph means a bride, doesn't she, in Greek?"

"Shut up!" I said, for this talk was very paltry, and perhaps Tom Erricker's appearance was not quite up to the mark of a romantic moment. My chief desire was to gaze across the valley; down the further side of which, about a mile away, I could trace pretty clearly by its fringe of bushes the windings of the brook, which I had crossed that day on my return from Guildford. It seemed to be ages ago, whereas it was only four weeks; but I had thought about it enough to make a very broad space of time. And here was Tom chaffing, and eager to make fun, with his red plaid trousers forced up to his knees by his jerking about in the saddle, and his loftiest air of acquaintance with the world, and his largest smiles of superiority to women. For the moment I longed to deposit him in an ant-hill.

"Well, what can I see? Or what am I to look for?" He spoke as if he had paid me for a view and I was bound to make it worth the money. Whereas, though I did ask his opinion at a distance, it was the last thing I should think of now; and in plain truth, what business had he here at all, and spying about through a shilling eye-glass? But it was not for me to

take things as he did. Let him long to enter into them.

"All right," I said. "We will come another day. This may or it may not be the place. Look at your poor legs. They are fat enough; but what a sight for a lady! What a fool you were, not to take my straps!"

"Bless the fellow! Well, you are hard hit, or you would not carry on in this style." Tom turned his eye-glass upon me in a manner which might have provoked me, if I had been capable of thinking twice about him now. "In a blue study, George? Everything looks blue, even the mist in the valley. Has she got blue eyes? Ah! there is nothing like them."

"Blue eyes have no depth. What do you know about eyes?" I spoke with some warmth, as was natural. And then, just to show him how calmly I took his childish and shallow observation, I proceeded as if he had never spoken.

"You see that long mass of black ivy to the right, cutting a sort of jag, or perhaps it is a great curve out of the flat steep line of the meadow?"

"Yes, to be sure I do. Nothing could be plainer. A jag which is a curve at the same time; and a flat meadow which is also steep!"

"Never mind the meadow. You are not so stupid that you can't see the wall, and the ivy on it. Now, Tom Erricker, what do you suppose that to be?"

"How can I tell, about two miles away? Let us go on, and make it out, old chap."

"Not another step. I am not at all sure that I ought to have brought you so far as this. However, you can hold your tongue, I know; and you are upon your honour about all this. Well, that is the wall of an old monastery,

more than five hundred years old, I believe, and connected with that ancient chapel on the hills. Naturally, it is all in ruins now, and there has been an attempt to set a mill up in its place."

"The best thing to be done with it," Tom replied, for his nature was not reverent. "But a mill should have paid, if it had any water. Free trade has not had time to destroy the pounders yet, although it has killed the producers. But I don't want to hear about monks and mills. The lovely nuns are more to my taste."

"What nuns could there be in a monastery, Tom? You are even more abroad than usual. But though I have not been near the place, since the time I told you of, and we have nothing to do with that valley now, I have put a few quiet questions here and there, and I find that the old place has been sold to a foreign gentleman, whose name our fine fellows cannot pronounce."

"Oho! That becomes very interesting. He's papa of the beautiful nymph, no doubt. But you never mean to say that you left off there?"

"Certainly I do. How could I go prying? What Englishman would ever think of meddling with his neighbours? And a foreigner, too, who has come here for quiet——"

"Bother!" replied Tom. "If they have lovely daughters, everybody has a right to find out all about them. I'll bet you a hat it is some wicked old conspirator, a Nihilist perhaps, or at least an Anarchist, taking advantage of our stupid hospitality, to hatch some fiendish plot, and blow up some foreign monarch, with whom we pretend to be in strict friendship. Why, only a few months ago——"

"No more of that. I hoped to

have found a little common-sense in you. As if it were possible that that—that perfect——”

“Angel!” cried Tom. “You can’t get beyond that. And I am blessed if I ever could have believed that a sensible, slow-going bloke like you, George——”

I took hold of his bridle, and turned Amabel homeward, and gave her such a sharp little flick behind that my friend had as much as he could do to keep in the saddle, for the best part of the way back to our cottage. For we never grudged oats to our horses.

CHAPTER IV.—MR STONEMAN.

No man who has to contend with the world, and support those he loves against it, cares twopence about being taken for a fool by the people he has to contend with. Their opinion to this effect frequently is of some service to him, and very seldom hurts him, unless he wants to get into their employment, or to borrow money from them. And in the latter point it even helps him, when he has good security to give.

There is a certain worm, whose name I know not, being all abroad in natural history, whose habit it is to come out of the ground and give himself an airing late at night. And then if you moisten him from above, in September or October, so grateful is he—or if you deny him that lofty feeling, so sensitive—that he glitters like any glowworm.

With no less amplitude, perhaps, a man who has deep emotions, such as shy ambition, or literary yearnings, or passionate humanity, or true love of a woman, sometimes lets himself out at night, when small things are lost to the eyes, and the larger objects begin to assert themselves. For after all, what are the toys of the day, for which we sweat, and fight, and crawl, and rack our poor brains till they cry for the revolver—even if we get such gauds, what are they, to make up for the gentle delight we have

lost, of the days when we loved all the world, and the moments when some one tried to do the like to us?

Now nothing of this kind comes in here, for verily I had been cheated too often to rush into the embrace of the universe. But for the life of me, I cannot tell how to explain the behaviour of a man, keener by a thousand-fold, and harder than in my worst moments I could long to be, except by such principles—or (if they are not that) such want of principle, such backsliding, such loosening of texture, and relapse into nature, as we feel even in ourselves sometimes, and are more ashamed of them in voice than heart. However, let every one judge for himself.

It must have been close upon St Swithin’s Day, for people were watching the weather as they do, to keep up the fine old legend, when after a long turn among the hay, which was very late that year, I sat in my little den after dark, considering my pipe, or perhaps allowing it to consider for me, because I was tired with a hard day’s work, and fit for nothing but putting my legs up. While we were so busy with the only thing worth growing now in England, because it grows itself, the wisest plan was to dine, or at least to feed, among it, and be content. And to feed upon it is what the true

Briton must come to, whenever a great war arises. The man who has shut his eyes, must also shut his mouth, as the proverb hath it.

While I was nodding at every puff, and full of the sleepyscent of hay, the sound of a step, and the darkening of my open doorway, aroused me. "Come in, Bob," I said; "anything the matter?" For some of our ricks had been carried rather green, and we were still obliged to watch them.

"Excuse me for taking you thus by surprise. If you can spare me a few minutes, Mr Cranleigh, you will do a great favour. It is Jackson Stoneman."

Having seen this rich gentleman chiefly at a distance, and not cared much to look at him, I wondered at his coming in upon me thus, and was rather inclined to resent it. But the thought of my father and mother, and of the great help that his tenancy was to them, compelled me to drop such little points, and receive him with all civility. My snuggerly was but a very little place, forming a part of the harness-room, and resigned (whenever the door was shut) to a very modest share of daylight coming through leaded diamonds, which were certainly not brilliants. So I lit my candles, still having a pair, and offered him my one arm-chair, an ancient Windsor, with a cushion in the bottom, more cosy than most of the easy-chairs made now to be gazed at rather than sat upon. He thanked me, but took his seat upon an oaken bench, and looked at me steadily, as if to search my humour. Being of an equable and by no means rapid temper, I returned his gaze with interest, and left him to begin.

"First of all I must have this settled"—his voice was very clear and rather pleasant, though he showed some signs of nervous-

ness; "it must be understood that whether I am right or wrong in coming to you like this, you will not be annoyed, and turn against me."

"Very well," I said, for the promise was a light one. What harm could I do to a man of his wealth? And if a man offends me, I let him alone, until it is cowardice to do so.

"You attach much importance, I think, Mr Cranleigh, to questions of birth, and position in the county, and ancient family, and so on?"

"I am not at all aware that I do so. The fact is, that I am too busy now to dwell much upon such things. And their period seems to be over."

I knew that I was talking stuff, and that bitterness made me do it. One glance from his swift eyes showed me that he thought none the more of me for taking such a tone; although for the moment it was genuine.

"If you make little of such matters, I do not," said Stoneman; "neither will any one of common-sense, for many generations yet to come. At least if those who are born to such advantage have the wisdom not to overdo it. But I want to put a few plain questions to you; and from what I have heard and seen of you, I am sure that you will answer them plainly, when you know that they are not impertinent. And I give you my word that they are not that."

"Anything you please, to the best of my knowledge, of anything a stranger has a right to know."

"I am not a stranger altogether; though I have no privilege of friendship. When I tell you what I have come about, you may think that I should have gone to your father first. But I thought it

better to give you the chance of saving him from annoyance. In almost every way, you act as the manager now for the family. Am I right in believing that?"

"Yes, as regards all local business. My brother, Harold, would be the proper man; but he is seldom here, and he is not fond of business—business of a small kind, I mean of course."

My visitor smiled, as if he doubted that ever there could be any but small business here; and remembering what we must have been once, I regarded him rather sternly. He was tall, and strongly built, and straight, and plainly dressed, as a man should be, leaving beauty to the beautiful. Not that he was an unsightly fellow, but very good-looking in a certain way. His forehead was large and square, and gave the idea of strength and steadfastness, and his eyes, perhaps too deeply set, but full of vigour and decision. His complexion was dark for an Englishman's, and his close-cropped hair as black as jet, and so was his short moustache, the only growth allowed upon his face. A good clear countenance upon the whole, without any sign of weakness in it, neither of more hardness than a man of the world requires, to hold his own and enlarge it.

He saw that I was "taking stock" of him—as his own phrase might have been perhaps,—and he waited the result with confidence. Then he put me to some little confusion.

"Well, Mr Cranleigh, I hope that some of your prejudices are not confirmed. I know that my position here is not very likely to produce goodwill, especially with young men of high spirit. But I will not go into that question now, beyond asking you this as a favour. Have I done anything, since I oc-

cupied the Hall, that a stranger should not have done among—among the real owners?"

"Not that I know of. I may say more than that. I may say that you have shown us in every way very kind consideration."

"Thank you. I have tried to do so in everything round here. But now as to taking the hounds, I have given no promise, until I knew your opinion. Would it annoy Sir Harold, or any of your family?"

"Not in the least; especially after you have been so kind as to ask us. They have long left our hands, as you know. My grandfather kept them on, long after he could afford it; but my father never cared for them, and gave it up as soon as possible. As for my brother, he would have nothing to do with them, if he were made of money. And my liking matters of course neither way."

"That seems hard when you do all the work. You mean, I suppose, that you would like to keep them under different circumstances."

"If I were head of the family, and could afford it handsomely. As it is, I would not, even if I could afford it. I should seem to be putting myself too forward."

"Exactly so. And shall not I appear to be putting myself too forward, if I bring them back to the old place, just because I can afford it? Your candid opinion about that."

"Then I think not. No one could take it amiss but ourselves; and we are not so small as that."

"Not even the ladies? Sometimes ladies do not see things quite as we do. They might take it into their heads—I mean, they might think, not unreasonably, that I was of the upstart order."

"There is very little fear of that," I said; "in our family the ladies are never difficult to deal with. They have always been consulted, and therefore they are shy about forming their opinions. It is not as if they had no weight, as among the less solid Norman race. They know that what they say is something; and that makes them like to hear our opinions first."

"That state of things is most interesting, as well as rather unusual." Mr Stoneman spoke with a smile of calm inquiry, entirely free from irony, and evidently wished me to go on. But I did not see how it concerned a stranger; so I left him to his own affairs.

"He seems a very decent sort of fellow. But if he has come to pump me," thought I, "he will find that the water has gone from the sucker." And he saw that he could not pursue that subject.

"I have lately received a requisition, or whatever is the proper name for it, from several of the people about here, whose acquaintance I made last season, that I should take over the old Crogate hounds, as Lord Wiedeland has resigned them. It was signed by yourself and your brother Harold. That made me think more about it. It seems rather absurd for a busy man like me, who could never be out more than twice a-week, and very seldom as much as that. And I am not such a fool as to care two raps about random popularity; but I want to do what I ought to do; and I will, whenever I know it."

"Then I think that you ought to do this," I answered, seeing that he was in earnest. "You ride very well, you enjoy it thoroughly, and you know quite enough about it to keep things in good order. There is not a man in the neighbourhood who dares take any

liberties with you. Joe Stevens, of course, will come over with the pack. He is a host in himself. The kennels are as good as they ever were. And perhaps the hounds will recognise their duty to their ancestors, who lived so happily in the old place."

"Ah, there you touch me up; although I am sure that you never meant it. And that brings me to my second point. If I undertake this affair, upon the distinct conditions which I shall make, will you join me, and be in effect the real master, although my name is used? You are here always, I am generally away. Everybody knows and values you. I am a mere interloper. If you would only help me thus, everything would go beautifully."

Not being very quick of thought, which is upon the whole a benefit, while on the other hand I am uncommonly fond of hunting, I was not far from saying yes, when luckily my pipe went out. With that I arose to get another, and as I stood by the mantelpiece a clearer waft of mind came to me, and showed me the many objections.

"Your offer is wonderfully kind and tempting, and shows more confidence in me than I have earned." I spoke with some emotion, because I felt that last point strongly, having shown no friendship towards this man. "But I cannot accept it, Mr Stoneman. I will do all I can to make things easy, and to help you to the utmost of my power. But my first duty is to my father and mother. And I could not do this without neglecting that."

"You are right. I was wrong in proposing it. My stable, of course, would have been at your service. But the inroads upon your time, and the many derangements—well, never mind, so long

as you are not angry with me for proposing it. But if you will come out with us now and then——”

“Certainly I will, upon our Old Joseph. He ran away with me not very long ago. Some of your young cracks would find him not so very far behind; for he is wonderfully knowing.”

“Good for you, I know how that tells up; though I am not a ‘Parson Jack,’ who laid £5 that he would be in at the death upon his old donkey, and won it. Very well, all that is settled—not exactly as I should wish, but as much as we ever get things. But the next thing I shall never get. And it is the only thing in life I care for.”

“I should have thought that a man like you, resolute, very clear-headed, and wealthy, might make sure of everything that in reason he required. With life and health, I mean, of course, and the will of the Lord not against him.”

“We never know what is the will of the Lord, until we console ourselves with it. Not that I am a scoffer or even a sceptic, Mr Cranleigh. And in some of the greatest moments of my life—but I will not bother you with them. Only I may say that I look upon this as the very greatest of them all. I don’t want to make a fool of myself—but—perhaps the Lord has done it for me.”

He tried to make a little smile of this, and looked as if he wanted me to help him out. But I could only stare, and wonder whether any man ever born is at all times right in his head. For if anybody could be expected to know what he is about at all times, I should have thought that man would be Jackson Stoneman of the Stock Exchange. So I waited, as my manner is, for him to make good sense of this.

Then he got up from his bench and set his face (which had been quivering) as firm as the Funds, and looked down at me—for I was in my Windsor chair again—and his eyes seemed to flash defiance at me, although his voice was tender.

“George Cranleigh, you may think what you like. I care not a rap what anybody thinks. I love your sister Grace, as no man ever loved a woman, or ever will.”

My amazement was so great and sudden that I looked at him without a word. For a moment I was beaten out of time by this strong man’s intensity.

“I know all the stuff that you will say,” he went on with scanty politeness. “That I have not seen her more than half-a-dozen times. That I have no right to lift my eyes to her. That even a mint of money can never make up for the want of birth. That I am nothing but an upstart. That I may be a rogue for all you know. That she is a million times too good, and pure, and beautiful for such a fellow. Go on, go on; I would rather have it over.”

“But I have not begun yet, and you give me no time,” I answered very steadily, having now recovered myself, and objecting to have my arguments forestalled. “You seem to forget yourself, Mr Stoneman. There is no necessity for excitement. That a man of the world like you——”

“That is the very point. That’s what makes my chance so bad. There is nothing of romance or sweet sentiment about me. I don’t know anything about hearts and darts. I have no poetical ideas. I could not fling myself off a rock—if there was one. I don’t know how to couch a lance. I am pretty sure, though I have never tried, that I couldn’t do a sonnet, at any price. And if I did, and it

leaked out, it would be the ruin of my business."

"You can buy a sweet sonnet for five shillings, as good as they make them nowadays, but a little common-sense is better than a thousand sonnets; and of that, when you are at all yourself, you must have a very large supply. Now sit down, and let us talk this out. At first it came to me as a very great surprise. It was about the last thing that I could have expected. But I think you were wise in coming first to me."

When I look back upon this interview, it often astonishes me that I should have been able so quietly to take the upper hand with a man not only my elder and of tenfold experience in the world, but also before me in natural gifts, and everything that one could think of, except bodily strength and the accident of birth. Nevertheless I did at once, after that weak confession of his, take a decided lead upon him. Why? Because he was plunged into love—a quicksand, out of which no man attempts to pull another, being well aware what he would get for his pains, and rather inclined to make sport of him, whenever it may be done, without harm to oneself.

"Well," I said, after waiting to see whether he would make another start; but even his vigour was unequal to that, and he felt that he had trespassed over the British bounds of self-control—"well, let us look at this affair like men, and as if there were no woman in it." He lifted his hand, by way of protest, as if I were begging the question; but seeing how judicious my view was, and desiring perhaps to conciliate me, he pulled out a large cigar and did his best to light it. "You may take it," I proceeded, with

much magnanimity and some contempt, little presaging my own condition in less than a month from that very day, "that I look at these subjects sensibly. I have every reason so far to like you, because you have behaved very well to us. You behaved very handsomely and justly, long before—well, long before you could possibly have taken this strange turn."

"What a way to put it! But let everything be straight. I should never have taken the Hall unless—I mean if anybody else had been there to show me—to show me what a nice place it was."

"I see. Well, never mind how it began. But I will be as straight as you are. It is difficult for me to do that, without saying some things to offend you."

"Say what you please, Mr Cranleigh. Say what you will, I shall not forget whose brother you are, and that you mean to do your duty to her."

"To the best of my power. In the first place, then, do you know what the character of our Grace is? She is gentle, and shy, and affectionate, and unselfish as a girl alone can be. On the other hand, she is proud, and high-spirited, and as obstinate as the very devil. Of money she never thinks twice, except for the sake of those around her. She has the very loftiest ideals, which she cherishes, but never speaks of them. Can a money-maker realise them?"

This I ought never to have said; for it pained him very bitterly. He made no answer; but the expression of his face showed that I had hit his own misgivings.

"Not that I would make too great a point of that," I proceeded more politely; "for a woman is not like a man altogether, however consistent she may be. And Grace

is only a girl after all, so that no one must be too certain. She forms her own opinions to some extent, and nothing will work her out of them. She takes likes and dislikes at first sight, and she declares they are always justified——”

“You don’t happen to know, I suppose—I mean you have not formed any idea——”

“What she thought of you, Mr Stoneman? No. I was rather surprised that she never said a word that day she was sent for to give you the keys. The utmost I could get out of her was, ‘Oh yes, he was very polite, very polite, I assure you.’ And so it is still; as if your entire nature was politeness, and you consisted of good manners.”

“Manners maketh man.” My visitor spoke for the first time lightly, and the smile on his face was no small improvement. “But you will think that I cannot claim them, if I delay any longer to thank you. You have taken what I had to tell you much better than I could have expected; and for that I am very grateful. But I want to know this. I have heard a good deal of the importance attached by the Cranleighs to their very old lineage—Saxon, I believe. But my family has no such claims. We can boast no more than this—for three, or four generations at the most, we have been well educated and well off. All business men, no lords of the land, no knights with coats of mail, and legs crossed upon a slab. Now does that make you look down upon me from the height of Salisbury steeple?”

Without any knowledge of his wealth, such as most of us look up to, it would have been hard for any one to look down upon the

man before me. And sooth to say, there are plenty of men in his position, and of far lower birth than his, who would have considered themselves at the top, and me at the bottom of the tower. But before I could answer, a sudden flush came over his face, and he rose in haste—for I had made him sit down again—and he seemed to be trying very hard to look as if he were not where he was. Perhaps his conscience told him that he was caught in the attempt to steal a march.

But my sister Grace (who had just come in with her usual light step, to tempt me to have at least a glass of beer before despising everything), by some extraordinary gift of sight—though there never have been straighter eyes—Grace never saw that great stockbroker, who wanted her not to look at him.

“George, this is too bad of you again,” she began with a smile, almost too sweet for home-consumption only. “Work, work, all day, double, double, toil and trouble; and scarcely a morsel of nourishment!”

“Not a bit to eat, is what you generally say, and ever so much better English.” I spoke in that way, because I really do dislike all affectation, and I was sure that she had espied the stockbroker.

“Never mind how I express it,” said Grace, and I thought that rather independent of her, and it confirmed my conviction that she knew of some one too ready to make too much of her. “If you understand it, that is enough. But do come, darling George, you make us so sadly anxious about you. What should we do, if you fell ill? And your poor dear eyes that were so blue—the loveliest blue—oh such a blue——”

She knew that her own were tenfold bluer, and mine no more

than cigar-ash to them. Now a man can put up with a lot of humbug from a sister who is good to him; but he must be allowed to break out sometimes, or she herself will soon make nought of him. And all this unusual gush from Grace, because I had missed my supper beer. When she offered to kiss my poor lonely brow, it annoyed me, as I thought of being superseded.

"My dear child," I said, waving my hand towards the corner where Stoneman looked envious, "the light is very dim; but I really should have thought that you must have seen Mr Stoneman there. Mr Stoneman, allow me to apologise for my sister's apparent rudeness. I fear that she over-tries her eyes sometimes."

The stockbroker favoured me with a glance, as if he longed to over-try my eyes too; and then he came forward and offered his hand to my discomfited sister, with the lowest bow I ever did behold. All this was a delight to me; but neither of them for the moment seemed to be enjoying it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr Stoneman," said our Grace, recovering herself with a curtsey, as profound as his bow, and a thousand times more graceful. "Really I must take to spectacles. But I hope, as you have heard my little lecture, you will join me in persuading my dear brother to take a little more care of himself. He works all day long; and then at night he sits all by himself and thinks—as I thought he was doing when I came so in the dark."

After a few more words she left us, departing with a dignity which showed how wrong I must have been in suspecting her of levity.

"She is—she is——" Mr Stoneman stopped, for he could not find anything grand enough. "Oh, I wish I might only call you *George*."

"With all my heart," I replied quite humbly, perceiving a touch of bathos, which in human affairs is almost sure to mean a return to common-sense. "All over the farm they call me *George*, at any rate behind my back."

"Then, my dear *George*, I will leave you now. I have had a most delightful visit; and I wish to go and think about it. But do not suppose for a moment that I shall cherish any foolish hopes. I know what I am, and what she is. Did you see how she walked from the table? And my cigar was smoking on it."

"Shall I tell you what to do, my friend?" I answered rather pettishly; "you are famous for strong decision, as well as quick sagacity. Exert a little of them now, and put away this weakness."

"It is not my weakness. It is my strength."

Before I could speak again, he was gone. And verily, when I went out of doors, and saw the stars in their distant gaze, and felt the deep loneliness of night, it struck me that perhaps this man was wise—to set his heart upon a constant love, some warmth and truth not far to seek, and one at least who would never fail to feel his thoughts and endear his deeds.

IN DARK DONEGAL.

THE TOURIST ON THE CELTIC FRINGE.

"FWHAT'S thim?" said a Sligo *bouchal* the other day as the Royal Society of Irish Antiquaries rolled along on a dozen waggonettes through the rambling village of Grange on their way to the Cross of Drumcliff.

"Thim's the Antiquarians," said the stranger at his door.

"Is it by occupation or religion?" said Pat, perplexed, and with strong expression of distrust. "I suppose they'll be takin' it all down and printin' it. . . . Shee that island out there? William O'Brien lived on it wanst when he was writin' a book——" and then he fell away into some splendid irrelevancies upon Parnellism and the big "clift," and his ideas on Irish touristry were lost to the world for ever; for just as all roads lead to Rome, so all the channels of an Irishman's conversation ultimately find their way into the great sea of politics, and there is no return.

The Sligo gossoon's labels will serve the present purpose. Tourists "by occupation" would do well to keep clear of the Celtic fringe. The traveller whose ears are always pricked up for "the tocsin of the soul," who thinks more of what he shall eat and what he shall drink than of the scenes among which he is moving and the people he encounters, has really no business, and little pleasure, in Donegal or in Connemara. Truth to tell, the care of the body, the purely physical aspect of life, is of little moment there; the followers of Alcinous are sadly out of place amid bogs and boulders. Yet even in this connection it is well

to correct wrong impressions. There has been much wild writing of late on a wild subject. Since the meeting of the Irish Tourist Association at the Imperial Institute, some startling assertions have crept into the papers; and with the lofty condescension of a foreigner, the scribe in Fleet Street, who has never reached Holyhead, and garbles his "copy" from the pages of some out-of-date guide-book, assures a credulous public that on the main tourist routes in Ireland there are not half-a-dozen hotels where a man may dine and sleep in tolerable comfort. "Every one knows it; it is a patent fact."

The innocent scribe had better throw Baedeker and Baddeley and Black, and all his minor prophets, into the fire, and come and see. Then, if he is a fair man, he will go home and withdraw the cruel calumny in the next issue of his paper. The present writer has more than once made the grand tour of the Celtic fringe, and is now writing from one of its remotest points. He would extenuate nothing, but he makes bold to say that in the Donegal Highlands alone—which are at the back of the world—there are at least eight or nine first-class hotels, if first-class means all that a reasonable man expects. One cannot hope to walk into a Hotel Cecil on the slopes of Errigal. Would the dubious tourist question their existence? Let the places be set down in black and white: Buncrana, Portsalon, Rosapenna, Dunfanaghy, Gweedore, Glenties, Dungloe, Ardara, Carrick, and

Bundoran. Such comfortable hostleries as may be found at Donegal, Killybegs, Falcarragh, Milford, and Letterkenny will more than make up the dozen. No; if one has nothing to complain of in Donegal but the hotels, his grievances are purely imaginary. But there are other elements in the case. To do justice to dark Donegal, one must be a tourist "by religion," possessed of the enthusiasm which carries a man through league after league of waste places, over bleak mountain passes grey with a solitude that may be felt, of the stoic calm which can equably regard a succession of rainy days, of the callosity demanded by Irish jaunting-cars in the winter of their springs, rattling over roads that are surely the riddlings of creation. Yet if such a one endures to the end of his journey, he is blessed, and reaps a fair guerdon beyond the dreams of his luxurious brother, the tourist "by occupation."

Who that has ever stood upon the "One Man's Path" at Slieve Liag and watched the sun sink in his ocean bed, and the Atlantic thundering upon the cliffs 2000 feet below him, can forget the sight? From the top of Muckish, looking over Sheep Haven, Tory, and the northern headlands, there is a panorama for the equal of which one might search in vain from China to Peru. On the crags at Horn Head, on the corrugated cliffs at Bundoran, one breathes a pellucid air which exhilarates like good wine. Glenveagh Lough in a storm, Errigal at twilight as viewed from the Gweedore Hotel, the vale of Glen Gesh on a day when the sky is weeping Donegal Irish, when the water comes tumbling over the glen-sides in a hundred cascades—these are char-

acteristic bits of Donegal scenery which write themselves in indelible ink on the memory. The county affords other pictures less inspiring, deplorable examples of the sordid conditions under which body and soul may sometimes keep together; and for dirt—dirt that is unrelieved by any speck of cleanliness, dirt that is naked and unashamed—it is a bad place to beat. Of a truth Dirtiness is next to Donegaliness.

The men of the mud cabins are a strange conglomeration, and ethnology is of more than usual interest in these remote corners. The fishermen of the Rosses, the kelp-burners of the Bloody Foreland, the stark stalwarts of Fanad peninsula, the village communities of Keel and Dooagh and Dooega in Achill, furnish types which have stood still while the great world has been spinning down the grooves of change. Firbolgs and Fomorians and Tuatha de Danaans are hopelessly and helplessly woven together, with many a foreign thread tangling the skein. What a jumble of names, what a medley of languages! Stewarts and Harkinses, M'Faddens and Sweeneys, Gallaghers and Pattersons, dwell together in unity in the same town—any two or more houses on a hillside constitute a "town" in Donegal—Protestant M'Kinley delves in the same prairie patch with Roman Catholic M'Ginley, and for his corrupt Irish returns him a corrupter Scotch. The beehive houses of Achill are inhabited by—can one believe it?—Lavelles and Toolises and Mangans.

If poor in this world's goods, these dwellers on the fringe are rich in nature's endowments, which cannot be estimated in silver or gold. The two mighty voices of the sea and the mountain are ever in their

ears, and whether in storm or in sunshine they speak to them with majestic eloquence. It may be that the native ear is dulled by long association, but to the stranger eager with first impressions the voices are resonant. Rocking gently on the violet waters of one of the tortuous creeks of Sheep Haven, he dreams of Homer's *ιοείδεια πόντον*. On the slopes of Errigal or Muckish on an autumn evening he catches glints of that sapphire blue which he has been wont to associate with Italy and Italy alone.

The weather is the great problem in Donegal. To uncertainties of race and of language the tourist must add the painful uncertainty of climate. The American who said that in Ireland we had no climate, only "samples," must have landed on the Donegal seaboard. It is true that the tears and the smiles chase each other with astonishing rapidity over this corner of Erin's fair face. Even the weather is a compromise, and a continuous wet day is as rare as the great auk. Often fair is foul, and foul is fair, and the sou'wester of the morning gives place to the blazer of the early afternoon. On the worst of days one's asperity of temper is mitigated on observing the demeanour of the natives under adversity. A Donegal man is really in his element in a downpour. It is impossible to feel depressed in face of his friendly greeting, "Tha sha bug thranona sho!" "It's fine and soft this evenin'!" And all the while he shakes the water off what he terms his "polite scantlins" with duck-like glee.

Let us pay a vow, then, to Jupiter Pluvius, and set out on our journey. As it is essential above all things that we be Irish, we start at Derry, half of which lies

in another county, and the big half of whose inhabitants are by no means Irish, but fairly broad Scots. Londonderry was originally named Derry Columbkille, after that saint to whom, while in Donegal, the stranger must pay due reverence. Columbkille was as quick of foot as he was reputed to be quick of temper, or else he had the wings of a dove, for there is hardly a mile of the county from Teelin Head to Inishowen without some memorial of him. The history of Derry practically dates from the famous siege of 1688. Prior to that time it was happy in that its annals were almost vacant. For the last two hundred years it has been the scene of many heart-burnings and head-breakings, drum-beatings and fife-tootlings. If a 'prentice boy knows anything, he knows how to play his big drum and whistle "Derry Walls." The Maiden City is compactly built, and commandingly situated at the head of the broad estuary of the Foyle. "Its walls," to use Macaulay's words, "are to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians." Happily sectarian feuds are now of rare occurrence in the City on the Hill. On "the twelfth" the Orangemen drum and drink to William of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," and on the 18th of December they drum again and drink confusion to traitor Lundy, and "close the gates" with a bang and with all the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion. On the 17th of March and the 15th of August (Lady Day) the tune is changed, and green is the prevailing colour. The classic quarter of the city known as the Bogside parades in full kit, and the air is vocal with the strains of "St Patrick's Day," "Garryowen," and "O'Donnell Aboo." Both

parties are satisfied, and no one is much the worse for all the discord, unless it be a stray policeman. At such celebrations the muscular R.I.C. play the unenviable part of buffers to lessen the impact of two hostile bodies moving on each other from opposite directions. That big Doric column above the Bishop's Gate? The stray policeman will tell you all about it. "Shure now, sir, that's Walker's monument, and for all an that he's in his grave it's two hundred years sence, bad cess to the poor man, but he gives us more trouble be-times than all the rest of the town put together"; and then he adds in royal Irish, "It's shockin' hard for a dead man to live up to his reputation!" Hard by the monument stands a famous piece of ordnance, "Roaring Meg," which covered itself with glory and the enemy with confusion during the siege. It was remarkable for its loud report; but we shall meet later on in the land of Tyrconnel with a piece of nature's artillery, "M'Swyne's Gun," compared with which "Roaring Meg" is but a toy pistol.

The Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway drops us at Fahan, where a ferry is ready to convey us across the beautiful Lake of Shadows, and at Rathmullan we are fairly on the Celtic fringe. Before quitting the Inishowen peninsula an effort should be made by those who are so disposed to secure a drop of "mountain dew," for the natives declare that "divil a dyor's" to be found in any other part of Donegal. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Raphoe would have none of it, and in a few years—let the helmet yield to the mitre!—has done more to stamp out "stilling" than the R.I.C. could accomplish in a generation. But Inishowen is in another diocese,

and on its remote hillsides the blue smoke still curls up gracefully in the morning air.

"How is it the police never catch you, Dolty?" asked an inquisitive stranger from a veteran who had presided at the "cooler" for many a brewing.

"Ach, sir! God is good! When the Twelfth of July comes round it plases Him to send the peelers to Darry to quell the ructions, and it's busy we do be till the week's end."

Rathmullan, connected in modern history with the Flight of the Earls, is a drowsy little hamlet which wakes to life once in a blue moon when the Channel Fleet comes to anchor in its excellent roadstead. Then one may see some thousands of jolly tars rolling down Rathmullan roads with a lurch which is the despair of sober landmen. The place was not always obscure. Maclan's Fort was the capital of the ancient kingdom of Fanad, where the MacSweeney's bore sway centuries ago. The present generation of Fanad men is dour and unlovely. Far removed from all civilising and refining influence, they lead stunted lives, chilled by penury, unwarmed by any impulse beyond anxiety for the bare necessities of existence. They regard the stranger with suspicion. Too often he comes in mariner's guise from some stranded vessel, and leaves behind a heritage of fever. In Fanad no one should pass Port-salon by. Here Colonel Barton personally supervises one of the best-managed and best-equipped hotels in Donegal, in the midst of the most bewitching scenery. During August and September, when the golf season sets in with unusual severity, beds must be engaged a week beforehand. Golf is one of the great civilising fac-

tors in Donegal. The others are Mr Arthur Balfour's Light Railways, the Congested Districts Board, and Lord Leitrim. Golf has practically created Portsalon and Rosapenna, and it is on a fair way to make Bundoran the first watering-place in Ireland, a distinction for which nature has richly endowed that spot. At Portsalon the visitor is first subject to a strange feeling which frequently assails him in Donegal, a disinclination to proceed any farther, a Lotos-land desire to dwell for ever in the midst of his present charming surroundings. Yet he is only within sight of the Delectable Mountains. Those who linger at Colonel Barton's hostelry will find much to attract—a splendid beach, good bathing and safe, steamers twice a-day on the lake, sea-fishing towards Fanad Head; and for lake-fishing Kindrum, within easy drive of the hotel, bears a high reputation. To these add a fine 18-hole golf-course, and the most fastidious should be satisfied.

The main route to the highlands runs *viâ* Milford. A char-a-banc leaves Rathmullan at 1.30 daily for Lord Leitrim's Hotel at Rosapenna. The drive, about twenty-two miles, most of it along the shore of Mulroy Bay, through the mildest of scenery, gives little promise of the rugged grandeur that lies farther on. At Milford one is first aware of the happy blend of hill and lake scenery so characteristic of Donegal. The village climbs the slope of a steep brae in two rows of prosperous-looking shops ending abruptly in a fair green at the top. It is a happy retreat for anglers. Lough Fern, a splendid sheet of water more than a mile long and fed by the best of streams, the Leannan, is a mile from the village, and

fishing is free. At Baxter's Hotel—a true angler's rest—one may buy comfort, cleanliness, and good food at five shillings a-day. Milford is a place to be severely avoided at the time of the hiring fair. Then all Fanad and his wife, his horse and his ass, his pig and his dog, are turned loose in its streets, and locomotion is by courtesy. The village boasts four licensed houses; but what are they among so many? Each portal is blocked by a queue as it were the pit-door of a theatre, and the Piper's Hill is a seething mass of thirsty throats gasping and gulping for fire-water. A Fanad man's "drouth" is a sore drouth, and potent must the usquebaugh be that will quench it. The very temple of justice is turned into a tavern for the nonce, and while the magistrates mete out law from the bench, Bacchus is preparing a fresh calendar in the body of the hall. About two miles north of Milford a road branches to the left for Glen, a dilapidated road leading to a dilapidated village. Blank desolation stares us in the face. The straight way through Cratlagh wood to Carrigart is more inviting. Here the driver becomes communicative. You soon ascertain the cause, when at a gap in the fence he gets down off the car and with dramatic gesture indicates the "mortal shpot" where Lord Leitrim and his servant were murdered in 1878. He is voluble in details of the crime, and after a lengthy description of the supposed struggle as minute as if he had been an eyewitness, he assures you in a most matter-of-fact way that "the earl was a hard man to kyall." "Was nobody brought to justice?" you inquire. "No scars! Shure wasn't it the Fanad boys across the wather done it; and you know the

ould sayin', that a Fanad man'll niver die by the rope." That settles the matter.

We are now in the heart of the Leitrim property, and marked signs of prosperity are everywhere visible. The stereotyped mud-cabins, with the smoke issuing through a window or a hole in the roof, give way to neat slated cottages standing in trim gardens, and for bleak mountain patches or unreclaimed bottoms we have well-fenced, well-drained fields, "made blithe with plough and harrow." The late Lord Leitrim, nephew of the murdered earl, was a princely benefactor, and his untimely death three years ago robbed north-west Donegal of the best friend it ever had. A handsome Celtic cross erected in the village square at Carrigart perpetuates his virtues, but he has a memorial more lasting than marble in the hearts of a grateful tenantry. His good works began as early as 1883, when he established a weekly steamboat service between Mulroy, Derry, and Glasgow. They culminated ten years later, in 1893, with the erection of the Rosapenna Hotel, which, with the hotel at Portsalon, has been instrumental in opening up to strangers a hitherto unexplored country. Rosapenna lies low amid the silver sand-dunes a mile north of Carrigart. On alighting from the char-a-banc at the hotel door, the first feeling is perhaps one of disappointment; but a five minutes' stroll before dinner to the little hill above the first golf-hole overlooking Downing's Bay will make any one but the most callous swear eternal reverence for the spot. Sheep Haven winding in and out in enormous sleeves, Ards with its wealth of wood running down to the water's edge, the angry Horns across the bay,

and, towering over all, Muckish gloomy and majestic like a sleeping king,—here is a scene to send a man to bed, his brain whirling with visions of unutterable beauty.

From Rosapenna Lord Leitrim's steamer, the Melmore, makes two or three excursions during the season to Tory Island—written and pronounced Torry by those who know. Of those who set out with light hearts in the morning, some are sorry and more are sad on their return, for Tory is one of the most inaccessible places in the world. No steamer can approach within some hundred yards of its rugged cliffs, and a landing is generally effected in row-boats, or in cases of extremity on the backs of the Tory Anakim. The islanders are a striking illustration of the physical effects of low living. Fish is the staple article of diet, and flesh-meat must be as rare as Christmas; yet the men are splendid, strapping, six-foot specimens of humanity, and the women are pictures of robust health. They had a king on the island till lately, Jack M'Loughlin, a very broth of a boy, who stood about six feet four, but in due time he went mad—insanity is rife in the islands round the coast—and it took six of the strongest policemen in the county to convey him to the mainland. Excessive tea-drinking is assigned as the chief cause of the high rate of insanity in Donegal, and the theory would seem to be strengthened by the fact that there are three female lunatics to one male. Every day and all day long the teapot sits stewing in the embers of the hearth, and at each successive brew fresh tea is thrown in, but the old is never thrown out until the pot is choked. In the absence of solid food this poisonous decoction works its will directly

upon the nerves. A boy in the Rosses, when questioned as to his daily fare, summed up the *menu* laconically: "Shthirabout for breakfast and tay for dinner, tay av course at tay-time, and shthirabout for supper. Whiles we have tay for breakfast instead, and shthirabout for our dinner, and then another sup of tay before bedtime." The women do the bulk of the work in Donegal, and the men, like a more ancient race spoken of in history, stay at home and spin and weave. At Anagry strand on a Sunday morning one may witness a strange sight. At low tide more than a mile of a roundabout is saved by wading across a narrow bay. The men include in their Sunday's wardrobe shoes and stockings; the women by courtesy and custom wear "martyeens," footless stockings with a loop passing over the toe. Each goodwife takes her good-man upon her shoulders, and the heroes are conveyed across dry-shod.

Tory was a place of some importance in the days of early Christianity, and St Columbkille was very much at home on the island. The remains of seven churches may still be seen, and a round tower, the latter a piece of cyclopean architecture innocent of mortar. "Balor of the mighty blows," a fell pirate, had a prison there in old time, but Æolus now reigns supreme amid its crumbling walls, and in time of storm Aquilo and Notus and Eurus and rude Boreas rush howling through its deserted courts. It is worth enduring two hours' sea-sickness to gaze upon Tory's red granite parapets lit up by the summer sun, and whoever succeeds in squatting upon the Wishing Stone, with a sheer drop of 600 feet to right and left, has achieved the

acme of cliff-climbing. The islanders have their compensations. They burn their kelp and catch their fish and "kib" their potatoes, and laugh in the face of the sheriff's man, over twelve miles of stormy sea. Land Bills have no interest for them, and gale days no terrors. A Tory man's house is his castle, which he holds against all comers, paying never a farthing of rent. The Queen's writ has not run in the island for ten years. The last attempt to enforce payment was made in 1884, when the gun-boat *Wasp*, conveying a detachment of military, was wrecked with all hands on its precipitous cliffs. There is at least one Irish landlord whom Mr Balfour's Bill cannot despoil, and his name is Mr Benjamin St John Baptist Joule, the lord of Tory. If the traveller is so unlucky as to be storm-bound on this northern Ogygia—a contingency by no means remote—it may console him to know that there is a comfortable inn on the island, presided over by an agreeable host, Jack Ward, where his immediate wants will be relieved. There are worse hotels than the Abercorn Arms in more civilised places. At the signal-station, too, he may telegraph his circumscribed movements to his friends, and he will find the people kindly and hospitable, for all their savage looks and savage ways.

Rosapenna is a good touring centre, Lakes Salt, Glen, and Glenveagh, Doe Castle, and Ards being all within easy driving distance. Ganiamore, immediately above the hotel, should be climbed for the view, and on the top—the hill, like most Irish hills, has its legend—may be seen one of Dermot and Graine's beds. These lovers spent a twelvemonth on the honeymoon, seeking fresh quar-

ters every day, with Finn Mac-Coul in hot pursuit, and they showed a marked preference for the seaside, for there is hardly a hill or valley round the Irish coast where, as the tradition goes, they did not spread their couch. Lough Salt—a strange corruption from the Irish *Loc-agus-alt*, “the lough and the cliff”—may be reached by the mountain road through Glen, perhaps the most disreputable village in Donegal. They say there is good salmon and trout-fishing in the lake hard by. It would take a miraculous draught to redeem the place. Barnes Gap is a characteristic bit of scenery, weird and rugged. The desolation is oppressive, and for miles there is no sign of human habitation save a police-hut in the centre of the pass. One wonders what duties policemen have to perform in such a spot beyond bidding travellers good day and preventing them from committing suicide. Glenveagh demands a day’s excursion for itself. Here, again, the solitude is almost uncanny. In a district some thirteen miles by eight there are half-a-dozen houses and just thirty-seven human souls. But in the presence of such natural grandeur humanity seems almost an impertinence. There is not a lovelier lake in Ireland. Huge bastions of rock, their smooth sides scintillating in the sunshine, stand up on every hand. On an outjutting eminence, half-way along the southern shore, Mrs Adair’s Castle is enchantingly situated. One of the finest walks in Europe—it is not hyperbole to mention it in the same breath with the Great Scheidegg in Switzerland—lies over the top of the Col to the Poisoned Glen and Dunlewy on the other side of Dooish. Such unrelieved sublimity becomes overwhelming in time, and the well-

timbered demesne of Ards affords a pleasing contrast. Ards and Doe Castle may both be visited on the journey from Rosapenna to Dunfanaghy, the next halting-place. Doe Castle, the ancient stronghold of the MacSweeneys or MacSwines, has a long history, dating back to the twelfth century. It passed into the hands of the English in Elizabeth’s time, and through many English families it came at last in 1866 into the possession of its present owner, Mr Stewart of Ards. General Hart, from whose son Mr Stewart purchased, kept up a state of oriental splendour at Doe for some years prior to his death. Having served with distinction in India, and assisted at the capture of Tippoo Sahib, he brought Tippoo’s body-servant home to his Irish castle, where the Hindoo served his master faithfully, sleeping every night on the mat at his door armed to the teeth.

The Ards estate borders on the Leitrim, and Mr Stewart of Ards, no less than Lord Leitrim, deserves well of North Donegal, albeit he has been absentee of late years. While he was resident he scattered money in princely fashion. Ards House is one of the finest mansions in Ulster; the farm-buildings are on a corresponding scale of magnificence. He did much to improve the breed of sheep and cattle in the Creeslough and Dunfanaghy districts, and Creeslough fair is still one of the best in the county. Dunfanaghy practically owes its origin to him, and the several handsome ecclesiastical buildings which surprise the stranger in this remote village bear testimony to his generous hand. At Ards he maintained a lavish style, which far outstripped the Eastern extravagances of his neighbour of

a previous generation across the water at Doe. "How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!" The glory of Ards is departed, and save for a few months in the summer season, when a distinguished Dublin doctor seeks recreation from the labours of a busy life in this delightful retreat, the place is as desolate as the halls of Balclutha.

Dunfanaghy is a curious old-world place inhabited by a curious people, who are but lightly concerned with "the steamship and the railway and the thoughts that shake mankind." It is twenty-two miles from the nearest railway terminus at Letterkenny, and a long lonely road through Barnes Gap intervenes. For this reason it is practically unexploited, but there are rumours afloat that it will soon be Balfourised by a light railway running round the coast to Gweedore. Then the fishermen will get a market for their fish, and sightseers will pour in by thousands to visit one of the world's wonders, Horn Head, and old Dunfanaghy will pass away into the dim Celtic twilight of far-off things. Meanwhile Dunfanaghy is well worth the attention of the student of Irish life. Nothing strikes the visitor to Donegal more than the ever-varying appearance of the people in the different districts through which he passes. A Fanad Celt differs as much in looks and in language from a man of the Rosses as a Cumberland dalesman from a Cornish miner. The distinctions are even more marked at Dunfanaghy, where there is a strong infiltration of Scots. Another Stewart, who has the blood of the Darnleys coursing in his veins, reigns in Horn Head, and on that bold promontory itself there is a Protestant colony of about four hundred, consisting

chiefly of Pattersons, Stewarts, Algoes, Greers, Hendersons, and M'Kinleys, many of them rejoicing in such Scriptural *prænomena* as Ebenezer, Elijah, and Nehemiah. The inhabitants are wont to call the village "dear Dunfanaghy," but the adjective is merely a mark of affection, for living is cheap in the extreme. With the morning's milk seven baskets of fresh fish, "alive and keekin'," come to your doorstep, and Shane and Charlie stand spluttering their "arraah mushas," eager to catch your eye first. Black soles at 6d. a pair, a huge turbot for 2s., whiting, plaice, and haddock at twopence apiece, white trout at 6d. a pound, and herrings galore "for love"—there is a tariff to make the gourmand gnash his teeth, and the dweller in cities ask, Is life worth living? The fishermen are a primitive happy-go-lucky race who go down to the sea in their cockle-shell curraghs, and in calm weather draw from the teeming waters of Sheep Haven such stores of fish as almost break their nets. These curraghs are made of tarred canvas stretched upon sally-hoops, and, lying bottom upwards on the shore, look like so many black beetles. In such frail barks it is never possible to venture far to sea on this storm-vexed coast, and even on lucky days the fishermen can find no market for their big take after the handful of gentry in the neighbourhood are supplied and their own personal wants satisfied. The balance goes to manure the land! Such a hand-to-mouth existence is not ennobling, and dirt, laziness, and apathy abound. Close to the village there are some comfortable-looking farmsteads, but the mass of the people are poor, and apparently have no desire to better themselves. Nature certainly lends them scant encouragement. Nor'westerly gales

prevail for weeks at a time, during which gardens are levelled and rooftrees stripped, and no boat can put out. The streets are wind-swept as the plains of Troy, and sand from the reaches west of the town pours in at every open window. The villagers retire behind their half-doors and lounge and smoke, and accept this "act of God" with equanimity. Like most old-fashioned places, Dunfanaghy is rich in "characters," and one may study anthropology there with as much interest as in Piccadilly or the Rue de Rivoli. Every character enjoys a *sobriquet*, and when surnames and nicknames give out, as they often do in these congested districts, the elders label their progeny afresh with their own distinguished family titles. Thus the "Biddy Jacks" and the "Shane Peters" and the "Paddy Eelishes" tumble over each other in the gutter in sixes and sevens, all descendants of one common *stirps*, Robinson, Gallagher, or Sweeney.

Within a four miles' walk of Dunfanaghy there is some of the finest cliff scenery in the world, embracing the Horns, the Arch at Templebreaga, and M'Swyne's Gun. The Horn is seen to best advantage in May, when the birds are mating. Then the cliffs are alive with millions of every possible variety of sea-bird, for Horn Head is one of the largest breeding stations in the United Kingdom. The guillemot, the sheldrake, the merganser, the cormorant, shag, and stormy-petrel are to be found there. Little auks swarm on every ledge, and the pretty little puffin or sea-parrot, with bright red feet and bill, lends colour to the picture. Seals disport in numbers in the caves below, and play sad havoc with Mr Stewart's salmon-fishery. The more adventurous fishermen

supplement their exiguous incomes by shooting them from boats and selling the skins. From the signal tower on the Head the eye travels over a splendid panorama, from Malin Head and Slieve Snacht, in Inishowen, away to Cnoc Fola or the Bloody Foreland, the north-west point of Donegal. The cliffs stand up 700 feet, in places straight as a plummet-line; the wild goats, appearing no bigger than rabbits, bound from rock to rock; and the sea-gulls are mere white specks on the waves below.

"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the
mid-way air
Show scarce so gross as beetles."

The proper complement of the land excursion to the Horn is to visit it in a boat by sea—an expedition which those who are content to endure the tossing at the bar will not regret. The Arch lies a mile farther west, and from the platform on the top the visitor will have no difficulty in making out "M'Swyne's Gun" if a storm is blowing. M'Swyne reserves his big shoots for rough weather. When the sea is calm and the sun shining it is close season with him.

At Falcarragh (the sheepfold), six miles from Dunfanaghy, the stranger finds himself among other men and other manners. The surroundings are pure Celt. The big parishes of Tullaghobegey and Gweedore are the homes of the aborigines. You see the characteristics of race in the first man you meet in the street—high cheekbones, receding foreheads, hair stiff black or obnoxious red, stunted stature, and prominent paunch. These are the degenerate descendants of the ancient Firbolgs. Two out of every three

have the drooping under jaw and vacant stare indicative of mental imbecility. To see Falcarragh in the throes of a pig fair is an amusing experience. Whether carried in arms or in a poke, whether in crate or on foot, the pig is equally master of the situation, and Shamus and Nancy wander round helplessly humouring his vagaries as if he were a spoiled child. The maximum of noise for the minimum of money seems to be the basis of their bargaining, and piggy's squeaks are as intelligible to the uninitiated as Paddy's gibberings in Donegal *patois*. At Moyrabridge, a mile from the village, a road to the left runs up to the base of Muckish, where, according to the vernacular, one is on a "pig's back." It is well worth the climb, for although Errigal is the nobler mountain, Muckish commands far finer views, especially seawards. At Moyra also the Olphert estate begins, where the adoption of the Plan of Campaign some seven years ago created no end of a pother, left three hundred tenants on the roadside, turned a large tract of country into a howling wilderness, saddled the county with a regiment of soldiers and some hundreds of extra constabulary for nearly two years, and brought about some unpleasant and tragic incidents—to wit, the arrest of Father M'Fadden, the murder of Inspector Martin, and the Maryborough trials. Mr Olphert had time as well as justice on his side. It is a far cry to 1889, and if an angel from heaven now proposed a Plan of Campaign to his tenantry, they would hardly hear. Almost to a man they have recognised their error, the friendliest relations obtain between landlord and tenant, reinstatements have been continuous for the last twelve months, and of the several

hundreds originally evicted, a bare half-dozen are out of their holdings at the present time. One of these is the local hero of the campaign, Paddy O'Donnell, a white-faced, white-haired martyr, of cherubic expression, who held "O'Donnell's Fort" against a detachment of Rifles and a strong force of police for the space of twenty-four hours, until a stalwart constabulary man, Mickey More, stormed "the Fort" single-handed at the cost of three ribs. At the corner of Bedlam hamlet, fitly named, the four walls of O'Donnell's Fort are still standing, a dilapidated memorial of the Falcarragh evictions, and more pilgrims come to see and to admire it than ever visit the Horn.

About half a mile beyond Gortahork the main road for Gweedore turns left, but the straight road skirting the Foreland should be kept — albeit longer and hillier — if one would see Donegal at its worst. In the townlands of Derryconnor and Derrybeg a dense swarm of human beings, ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed, subsist in a state of primitive savagery. Insuperable ingrained laziness is writ large upon them. The land is all cut up in runrig, and the time which might more profitably be spent in making the best of a poor living is devoted to fruitless bickerings about trespass and right-of-way. A love for litigation is their bane, and "la' day" is their chief diversion. When two of these worthies confront each other in a petty sessions court-house before an admiring audience and deliver themselves of a half-hour rigmarole in irreproachable Gaelic about the particular locus of a dry well or the right to draw turf along an impassable boreen, to the consternation of the magistrates and the bewilderment of the interpreter, they feel that their day

has not been wasted. Their standard of comfort cannot be discerned by the naked eye. Their cabins are huddled together gable to gable in clumps of seven or eight, presenting the appearance of one long straggling village. In each of these pig-sties — only courtesy can affix any other name to them — a family averaging half-a-dozen, and the cow, and the pig that pays the rent, herd together in filthy fellowship. There is one apartment and one bed, and if there is any choice in the matter, the pig has the best of it, for,

“Stretched out all the chimney’s length,
He basks at the fire his hairy strength,”

while the younger members of the human brood wallow in the unsavoury accretions of weeks with which the floor is strewn. These wretched creatures are beyond the pale of civilisation, and adamant against all benevolent efforts. Only an earthquake would move them from their apathy. Round the Bloody Foreland last year — so valuable is the commodity — the kelp trade alone brought in £1500, yet the people seem not a whit the better for it. In the neighbouring parish of Gweedore the poverty is more acute, and the condition more excusable, for there is no kelp industry to fall back upon. Yet even here there is a different story to tell from that of fifty years ago. When Lord George Hill published his ‘Facts from Gweedore’ in 1846, it was no easy matter to find a man in the parish with a shirt on his back, the children ran wild upon the hillsides as innocent of clothing as the pygmies of Central Africa, and one set of delving tools — spade, shovel, and wheelbarrow — was shared by a dozen families. One of the most marked indications of improvement is the increased de-

mand for flour, and the corresponding decrease in the consumption of Indian meal. Lord George Hill’s Hotel at Gweedore is still one of the best halting-places in the county, although in point of style it is now o’ertopped by its modern competitors. The view from the hotel door is one of great beauty. In front, Errigal, most shapely of peaks, stands up and takes the morning. At its base Dunlewy Lake lies clear and placid, and away behind, the Poisoned Glen recedes into the hollows of the cliffs. Towards the sea the village of Bunbeg possesses a neat little harbour, Gweedore’s sole means of communication with the outer world, and at Derrybeg Mrs Ernest Hart has established the headquarters of the Donegal Industries. Weaving, knitting, embroidery, and dyeing are taught, and the factory affords striking illustrations of the genius of the Celt for colour and design. The chapel in the hollow was the scene of two tragedies in Irish life. In August 1880 a waterspout, bursting far up in the hills, came tumbling down the glen and overwhelmed the chapel, where morning mass was being celebrated, and many lives were lost. In February 1889, District Inspector Martin was murdered on the steps leading to the chapel-yard when endeavouring to arrest the parish priest, the Rev. James M’Fadden.

After traversing the bleak and barren coast road from Gweedore to Dungloe through Anagry, the stranger feels that even Donegal can go no further in the way of undiluted misery. Templecrone, the heart of the Rosses, is a mere rugged mass of granite boulders, where, to borrow their own expression, the natives can hardly find enough land to sod a lark. The district is the most congested

in Donegal ; it literally teems with humanity and nothing else ; there are no adventitious aids for the people, such as light railways or kelp-burning ; there is no money to buy fishing-gear. And yet it is always the unexpected that happens in Ireland. This inhospitable tract produces perhaps the finest peasantry in Ireland, a marked contrast to their wretched neighbours at Gweedore and Derryconnor. The men are tall and lithe, and of splendid physique, with handsome clean-cut features ; the women are among the loveliest of Erin's lovely daughters. Robust health is written on every face ; and if the beauty of a London season would see what nature unaided, and under the most adverse conditions, can accomplish, she might spend a week studying the complexions of the colleens of Lettermacaward and Templecrone. Dungloe is hardly a place to linger in, unless one is a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton. For such Hanlon's Hotel provides comfortable quarters. The numerous islands about here have an interesting history of their own, and are well worth exploring, Skull, Cruit the humpbacked, and Owey, being easiest of access. Aranmore is the largest and most fertile on the seaboard. It has a population of over a thousand, a kindly soil, an unusually plentiful supply of turf (on most of the islands fuel must be secured from the mainland), and a delightful climate, the roads being bordered by fuchsia hedges in full bloom right into winter. All through the Rosses groups of Paddy Clearys may be met with, their bundles on their shoulder, making their way to the coast *en route* to England and Scotland in search of work. Thus and thus only can they keep the wolf from the door. Every

adult in the district crosses the water in the summer season and brings back a hoard, varying from £7 or £8 to £15, to tide the old people and children over the dark winter.

On the road to Glenties the mountain views — with Slieve Snaght and Errigal, and the Derryveagh and Glendowan ranges in evidence — are really superb ; but description of such scenery becomes monotonous. Glenties, on the Marquis Conyngham's property, is an excellent fishing centre, and less expensive than Gweedore. So is Ardara, and the Nesbitt Arms at the latter place is well spoken of by anglers, its host being a keen sportsman and full to the finger-tips of native Irish courtesy. Between Glenties and Ardara it is worth while to make a detour to Narin and Portnoo, where there is one of the finest strands in Europe, first-rate bathing, magnificent cliff scenery, and all that is requisite for a favourite watering-place, save only a ready means of access. If once the light railway were extended thither from Glenties, Portnoo may have a great future before it. In one of the farmhouses in this locality the late President of the Royal Academy used to seek retirement for many summers. The best thing between Ardara and Carrick is Glen Gesh, the vale of weeping ; and as the prime essential of a vale of weeping is that it should weep, the tourist should pray for a rainy day for this part of the journey, although in all probability he has already had more rain than he wanted. Everything else in West Donegal pales its ineffectual fires before the stupendous grandeur of Slieve Liag, the mountain of flags. It is worth travelling all the way from London for the

sake of standing on the Irish Striding Edge—the “One Man’s Path.” To start from Mr Musgrave’s comfortable hotel at Carrick, and, proceeding by Bunglas, cross over the One Man’s Path and return by Glencolumbkille, is to have accomplished one of the two finest cliff walks in the United Kingdom, probably in Europe. The other is round the summit of Croghan in Achill, by way of Keem Bay. From Bunglas Point Slieve Liag is seen to best advantage,

“Planting his steadfast footsteps in the
 sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,”

and wearing on his face all the brilliant colours of the rainbow. The knife-edge of the One Man’s Path is no place for timid pedestrians, but those who succeed in reaching it may well congratulate themselves. Apart from the precipice of 2000 feet over which they hang, the view, which embraces Benbulbin, the Stays of Broadhaven, and Croagh Patrick to the south, and northward the whole range of Donegal mountains as far as Errigal and Muckish, height after height looming up in endless vista, is enough to make the eyes dance and the brain reel. On the other side the road is regained at

Malinbeg, and from this point it is but a short walk to Glencolumbkille, a spot which the saint chose for his peculiar home. His house and bed and well are all still to be seen on the hillside, and are held in peculiar veneration by the peasantry.

After Slieve Liag everything else is in the nature of an anticlimax. Killybegs boasts a pretty little harbour completely landlocked. At Donegal, the home of the Four Masters, the O’Donnells’ ancient castle attracts the antiquary. On the bridge at Ballyshannon one may watch the fish springing in the famous salmon-leap for the length of a day. However early the tourist is out of doors, he will probably find that Piscator has anticipated him. By long-established custom the man who is first on the bridge retains his coign of vantage for the day, and some ardent anglers solve the difficulty by taking up their quarters the night before and sleeping out. Bundoran is our Brundisium, a place which, with its league-long rollers from the broad Atlantic thundering on a splendid strand, its new golf-links, fine bathing, and excellent hotel and lodging accommodation, bids fair to become the queen of Irish seaside resorts.

THE LOOKER-ON.

I WAS about to begin by making several mournful reflections, not perhaps very novel to the reader, upon that outside aspect of "the banquet-hall deserted" which generally impresses itself somehow upon the centre of all the jollity that is over, Hyde Park—when the wide expanse of green-sward once so refreshing and pleasant to the eye becomes like the hide of a worn-out donkey, or that curious integument which covers the bulk of an elephant. The donkey is the better comparison, as being lighter in colour and ornamented with a certain amount of imperfect fur, to the semblance of which what was once grass comes so easily after the rains have refused to rain upon it, and hundreds of human feet have trodden it down. But it happened that, in my capacity as the last man left in town, I took a stroll in Hyde Park itself, the subject of these dolorous reflections, before putting them down; and lo! this desert of which I had been thinking, instead of bearing the dismal traces of revelry departed, literally bloomed and blossomed like the rose. The turf was emerald—nay, not emerald, which is a hard simile, but delightful, soft, elastic grass-green. The flower-beds were blooming much more brightly than they ever do in early summer, the only time at which it really matters how they look. Growth had come to disturb the primness of the too orderly parterre. Nature, though still carefully clipped and pruned down, had got at least a finger in, to the confusion of art. She had thrown up spikes of white campanula to shake their bells upon the air. She had flowered out in

something blue (I do not like to suggest the word *plumbago*: what a name to load a beautiful light rambling creature withal!), which floated over the masses of pink and red. Even the very geraniums had broken bounds.

I have a dislike to stiff flower-beds, and love the ample and gracious border, where everything that is sweet and fair has hospitality and a free welcome; but still one is forced to allow that the stiffness and symmetry are proper and befitting in such a place as Hyde Park, where every vagabond may now enjoy at his leisure the well-considered effects of the best gardeners, and congratulate himself, if he is anything of a cynic, that in May, when the proper people were here to profit by them, they were not half so successful. No doubt there are many cynics and some philosophers among those strange figures which herd upon the garden seats, sometimes in groups of two or three, oftener alone, sometimes munching a crust or reading a cheap paper, often sleeping upon the benches, turning the top of a battered hat or the shoulder of a greasy coat upon all the flowers. Is it, one wonders, some curious poignant sense of contrast between their misery and this beautifulness which brings them here amid all the luxury of trim gardens and delightful trees? In St James's Park they lie in clusters on the grass, so that the trim and smiling country cousin who has come to see London, can scarcely get down to the water to feed the birds for this ill-omened crowd. Shall the social reformer turn upon us indignantly, and ask why they should not have their

share, this infinitesimal share which conventional law, &c., and the oppression of the great, &c., cannot forbid them? It is hard to say. The Looker-on is not great, nor does he consciously oppress anybody; but he dislikes to see the pretty nurserymaid with her charges, or the clean and tidy mother with her baby whatever slum she may come out of, sitting upon the same bench from which these filthy wretches have risen.

The moral of all this is that Hyde Park has not at all the air of a banquet-hall deserted, though the carriages and the riders and even the bicyclists have all drifted away. To be sure, these are only the outskirts of the Park; but even in the open the subtle rain, for which we longed and thirsted in July, has come at last, and searched into the roots of the grass: and, like a wash of colour on an aquarelle, a greenness has come over the brown waste, as if everything was trimming up for another show. It might be a popular measure to fill up these deserted haunts of the fashionable, as Oxford fills up the deserted Colleges by amateur students in the long vacation, and let the good country excursionists, or the people who cannot get out of London, play at fashionable life as the others play at learning. It might not make them fashionable, but it would amuse them very much, which is, I think, rather better, and which University extension certainly does to those who take it up as they ought. I remember at this moment a certain delightful drawing-room in Grosvenor Place which I should like to have the power of handing over to some of my friends, as the undergraduates' rooms are handed over—with a loan of a carriage or two to complete the enjoyment, as Lord Lonsdale's

carriages were let with the house, so to speak, for the comfort of Li Hung Chang. My friends would spoil nothing; they would adore the *bibelots* and the pictures, and dust the china with their own fair hands. With a delightful elation of mind they would drive into the Park, and feel as if they were the great folks whose place they had taken, yet all the time with a sense of superiority—that intense half-conscious superiority of the inferior who has none of these things, yet flatters himself he is as fine a fellow without them as any lord. I beg pardon for the inadvertent twist of the metaphor. It was the ladies of whom I was speaking. Still more deeply they to the bottom of their gentle hearts would feel that superiority of the inferior. “None of these fine things have we, yet I hope we are as good members of society, as worthy of respect—if not——”

Ah! there shows the cloven hoof. If not better—that is what we all say instinctively under our breath. This compensation of nature for all deprivations, if a trifle ungracious, is good in its way: for it really lessens to most of us the sense of injustice in the inequalities of life. Is it not really a fine thing to be just as good a woman (if not better!) than my lady Grandmaison, without all the aids she has to make her so? and quite as honest, patriotic, and useful, in the manufactory or the workshop, as her lord is in Parliament looked up to by the crowd? This sentiment ameliorates even hardship. We ask ourselves whether, if So-and-so, much better off than we, had been placed in our circumstances, he would have done as well as we have done with none of his advantages? Perhaps even those dismal vagabonds who lounge or drowse on the benches

in the Park have something of the same consolation. Had I been prudent and minded my p's and q's as that fellow has done, I might have been just as great a swell as he. The people who have not been prudent nor minded their p's and q's are always disposed to plume themselves upon it as an attribute of a superior kind of being.

This is one of the things that makes me always a little slow to concur in the sentimental compassion which is usual nowadays for the inhabitants of the slums. Material miseries of hunger or cold are a different matter: but they have so little pleasure—no amusement or recreation in their lives, it is common to say. Dear ladies and curates, you never were so mistaken in your lives. Have you never seen the little Parliament at the street corner, where the men hunch their shoulders and smoke their pipes, and discuss the sporting news, with all the excitement of their betters? Is not that as good as any club? and very much the same sort of thing. I do not speak of the public-house, which is criminal I know, but yet not so very much different either from the club. And the women who sit at their doors, with the children playing round—there is a sound of the idyllic in these words, and there are writers who could make you a very pretty picture out of them, if it was the fashion to dwell upon the advantages and not the disadvantages of the poor. I allow, however, that it is not idyllic; but it is the oldest form of recreation in the world. No doubt Eve sat at the door of her tent with her sons' wives (wherever they came from), and talked Adam and his sons over, and commented on the foolish things they did "just like men," before

any tragedy had come. It is the entertainment which nature has provided from the beginning of time, and contains that true principle of the division of the sexes which we try to ignore in our version of society, but which always comes round all the same.

For except in the season of youth when there is lovemaking to do (which, philosophically speaking, and upon the basis of a large experience, I conclude to be the highest diversion of all, and common to all classes), the sexes fall apart instinctively by inspiration of nature. The primitive woman is, I think, as well content with this arrangement as the primitive man. She prefers her gossip as much as he prefers his chums. In more highly organised society a different ideal prevails; and it is thought to be the right thing, and indeed the only possible idea of Society, to combine the two: which certainly is an arrangement more satisfactory to the eye, and often very agreeable to the mind. A dinner-party of men alone is an ugly thing, though pleasant. I don't know, I must allow, what a dinner-party of ladies would be like. It might be too, too—the dresses too obviously important, the jewels gleaming fire at each other, however delightful might be the manners and charming the talk. But I think this separation makes itself more and more apparent as manners grow more artificial and young men almost as a matter of course drift out of their fathers' houses into chambers and independence. I do not say anything about the revolted young ladies (of whom happily one hears less for some months back) who desire to achieve an equal independence, and set up in "flats" with (or without) the female friend of their bosom: for

that too, like so many other things, is fashion and not nature; but many circumstances concur to cultivate the habit among men. The club, that now indispensable organisation which gives even to men of scanty means and not more than middle-class pretensions the semblance of a luxurious and dignified house, large rooms, and smooth attendance, and so many of the luxuries of conventional existence, makes them more and more independent of the home which has to be shared with women. This of itself changes much in the outlook of both.

If the same thing were to become popular among women, I do not know what would become of our old-fashioned theories of life. For my part I doubt the possibility of this. There may always be rash and youthful speculators in existence to whom that mockery of independence which is idealised in the flat, the latchkey, even the club, will be delightful: and there has come to be a class of women forced by circumstances into the struggle for life to whom that independence has become a necessity; but women in general, I think, will always prefer their own home surroundings, tempered by the hope that some one will come in during the afternoon for tea, to any temporary lodging or the stiff, unflowered, undecorated, unsympathetic rooms of a club. Without this fundamental change, however, it seems to me that men and women, even under ordinary circumstances, are drifting more and more apart. The man has not only his club, but he has his study or his library at home where he spends his evenings. He may never have studied anything in his life, or read a book which he could possibly avoid, but still it is supposed conventionally that he

must have the means of doing so—and a retirement in which his superior mind may be free to develop itself; and there he sits, and is not to be disturbed, while his wife in all probability is equally solitary up-stairs. This makes the household life a very much less beautiful one than it ought to be, and often very dreary for both parties. I don't know why men do this so universally. I find my own library dull enough sometimes: very dull fellows abound in my club. I like to have it in my power to walk into a pretty drawing-room in the evening and talk to my friend's wife: but my friend probably would be in his room down-stairs. Not that he does not love his wife. I am bound to say I don't know the reason why.

For some things it might be well if the women were more disposed to follow this example; but, so far as I can see, they have no desire to find amusement for themselves in their own diggings, so to speak. They have no wish to be left alone. They prefer a mixed society, which, according to a deep-rooted prejudice in the minds of the simpler at least among them, they believe to be the best. It was once quite usual with clever women, or women who wished to be thought clever, to proclaim quite openly (with a perhaps unconscious appeal to the gratitude and the vanity of men which was not without its pathos) that they preferred to talk to men, as only with them was true conversation, intellectual and philosophical, to be had. This, however, is much changed. It is the women who have become the conversationalists, as indeed is natural; and intellectualism, profound and conscious, is far more general among them than among men, who seldom, when they

are worth listening to, make in society any exhibition of their special gifts in a marked or conspicuous way. But when a few clever women meet together the conversation becomes sublime. I have sat and twiddled my hat in a London drawing-room, meekly endeavouring to put in an Ah! or an Oh! in appropriate places, while the ladies talked over my head on subjects much too high for me. But that is a simple matter, seeing that no clever woman, so far as I know, ever selected me, even in the old days, as an enlightened being with whom she could converse upon superior things.

This, however, is one indication that, as we have deserted of our free will the task of instructing and keeping up the character of superiority with which they most charitably endowed us, they have accepted the position and taken the matter into their own hands—thus making another stride towards the separation of the sexes. But it is only of a small section that this can be said. And at the present moment, while the man puffs his cigar and pores over the evening paper in his "study," the woman is left alone: but does not like it—yet. And in the meantime the fact has produced a great deal of disturbance in the atmosphere, affecting many things upon which it does not directly bear, and especially producing that great agitation in the minds of women, which has come to so many curious demonstrations. The revolting of the daughters, for one thing, I take to be clearly attributable to the fact that the boys are never at home, and that papa sits in his study all the evening. When the ladies at Fair Oaks saw that Mr Arthur Pendennis preferred to lounge about the garden with his

pipe, or indeed any other way of spending his time, rather than to join them in the drawing-room, the high-spirited Laura, not then so weakened by love as Mr Thackeray's ladies generally were, revolted—though far before the day when revolt became fashionable. It has gone so far now that I am sorry the ladies do not invent some way of enjoying themselves at home when they are thus left alone to do it. That they should go out as much as they can stands to reason; but they cannot always go out. The pretty, comfortable, well-lighted, well-warmed drawing-room, where mamma and the girls sit all the evening, having nothing very new to communicate to each other, becomes, I believe, very dull in those sacred hours between dinner and bedtime, when no profane foot is supposed to enter save by invitation. Women I believe are seldom philosophers, though often poets and other superior things: but I wonder that pride, if nothing else, does not stir them up to make themselves content without the men, seeing the men make themselves so content without them? The revolted daughters do, or attempt to do so, and we all of us hold them up to scorn. But the middle-aged mother, who is just of the age to enjoy society, and the modest maidens who stay at home, it is upon them that this desertion tells. Papa probably would be a great bore if he came up-stairs (he is, I know, when one meets him at the club), but that does not make any difference in the fact that his preference of his study is an offence to the house. I think they ought to do something to set the balance straight, and emancipate themselves somehow from the tradition and prejudice of mixed society, as the other half of the world has done. Then we should

probably cry out against them that they were never at home: or the curmudgeon in the study will growl that he is driven out of his own drawing-room by the eternal cackle of a band of women. But let them never mind: there must surely be some middle way between the dulness and stillness of the female family stranded in the drawing-room—macarooned, as it were, upon that secluded island while the father and brothers sail the seas—and the revolvers of the flat and the latch-key. There must be some practicable compromise.

The poorer folk whom these ladies patronise are not troubled by any such problems. Mixed society is not thought of among them. Except on such great occasions as Bank Holidays, when the whole family, if the money can be scraped together, go forth in a band and enjoy together the overwhelming fatigue of a day's pleasuring, the social amusements of the two halves of humanity are taken separately as a matter of course, and without any of the heart-burnings which arise on the subject in another section of the world. The wives on the door-steps and the men at the street corners enjoy society in its most primitive, and, I am sometimes disposed to think, its most satisfactory form. The humours of the street go on before their eyes, and they discuss them on the spot, with the aid of all the light that can be thrown upon them by experienced neighbours right and left. All the diversity of individual opinion and those cut-and-dry conclusions which are so much more satisfying than any philosophy are at the command of both, without any restraint upon one side by reason of the other; and it does not occur to either of them that more is wanted. Yet these are the people

over whom we mourn that there is no amusement in their lives!

The uppermost classes, I must also add—those who make up the whirl of fashionable life—do still better than the poor folk. On the lower scale the separation of the sexes is frankly accepted; on the higher level it is really more or less overcome. Fashionable men and women do actually secure that conjunction of men and women which is the ideal of society. They are abundantly abused, let us for once do them justice. In the midst of their multitudinous engagements they live together more than any other class of people succeed in doing: perhaps because what would otherwise be a whirl of nothings requires all the variety that can be had to make it endurable, and the drawing-room is a relief to the club, just as the club is to the drawing-room. Men, I believe (I have but little experience of those sublime circles), cannot keep their footing in Society without conciliating the women. The round of incessant invitation which makes the felicity of a man about town could scarcely be kept up without proper attention to all the punctilios. And then they meet everywhere, twenty times a-day, which promotes a kind of intimacy not practicable when the men are busy at offices or studios, and have only the evening for entertainment. At all events, Society with a capital letter is really society much more on these highest levels than anywhere else. No separation of the sexes can justly be attributed to it. On the contrary, they flow together wherever they go. The evening assemblies, where so much of the business of life goes on, are far from being the only meeting-ground. The women are as much a part of the show when the Four-in-hands em-

bellish the Park as the horses or their drivers: they superintend even the shooting of pigeons. The men are in the Row, in every fashionable parade, even at the tea-tables, as much as the women. They do in reality solve this problem, which is a more interesting part of the Sex problem, in my opinion, than all the doings of improper females. Improper females, after all, can form but a very limited portion of the population. The decent portion of the difficulty is the more important to decent people, who always remain the majority, let us thank heaven.

It is upon the unfortunate middle class, accordingly, that its heaviness lies. There was a time when the middle class was glorified above all others as the salt of the nation, the sound heart of the race, and so forth. I do not quite know what was then understood by the term. It had something to do with the ten-pound householder, but rose up from him through all the rich shopkeepers and the poor professional classes, and the well-to-do who were nothing in particular, up to the edge of the county families and the "old nobilitie," who were sung in those days as the height and crown of all things. Still less do I know what the term means now. A middle-class school, for instance, means something quite inferior, contemned of all; and there is less distance between a parish school and Eton than there is between Eton and the educational establishment branded by that name. The consequence of this is, that hundreds of people who cannot really be said to be anything but middle-class persons, send their sons to Eton and to the Universities, and thus are included somehow, vaguely, as belonging to the upper class in the shifting, shadowy nomenclature of

position—they, or if not they, at least their sons after them. And accordingly the term upper middle class has been invented for them, which the young ones, I think, do not like, having had the same education as the greatest "swells," and feeling in noway inferior to them. And it is on this class that the brunt of the social troubles falls. It is they who have to expatriate their sons whether they will or not, sending them out in shoals to the colonies, and wherever standing-ground is to be had. It is they who, not being rich enough to be fashionable, yet sigh after fashion, and stand like the Peri at the gate, weeping to hear the heavenly music within.

But above all it is upon the women in this strata, which produces most of the people who know how to express their sentiments by the pen, that the trouble I have been setting forth chiefly falls. In the earlier part of their lives at least, probably all through, the wife has harder work than the man, whatever his profession may be. I know one couple of this kind where the man is a public-school man, a University man, &c., &c., and therefore eligible to the best society, and one who has kept up his club as a matter of course, and belongs to an intellectual profession, and is *crème de la crème* in his habits and feelings, though no better than upper middle at the best in his position. His wife has not the learning, but was born as good if not a little better than he. She is kept at home by the many cares of the household—by the children, by the endless frocks and other articles to be made for them, by other troubles incidental to the situation of a still youngish wife. She sits upon the nest all day

long. She is not sufficiently at ease about the expense to go out much in the evening. What does her mate do for her? The mother-bird gets great attention from hers. He keeps his best trills and cadences for her amusement: he sits within sight and says cheerily in his music, "How are you getting on, my dear?" from time to time; or else flies off to secure the fattest worm procurable for her and the babies. But the man-husband when he leaves his work in the afternoon turns in to his club. No harm does he do there: he reads the papers, perhaps he is tempted to a game of whist, perhaps a whisky-and-soda tempers the drouth of the afternoon. But he gets home in time to dress for dinner, cheerful and satisfied. In the evening he retires to his study to read over his briefs, to write out his notes, whatever he may have to do. The wife all the time has been alone; she has been very busy—the children perhaps have been troublesome. The evening for her is the same as the afternoon. The little ones have been got to bed; but all their mending and their making is on her hands, and she must not take up the novel which is her diversion till she has made the pinafores presentable and finished the darning of the stockings. Her partner has sung no song to her, attempted nothing for her recreation. If she had been French, some one else would probably have come in and consoled her: but not a spark of Madame Bovary is in this Englishwoman; though there gets to be a little bitterness sometimes and many reflections in her heart.

What a pity! what a pity! The man loves his wife: he means no harm: he would be astounded, beyond all words, if when he had

a cold or a headache she went out and deserted him. In such circumstances he would feel himself the most ill-used of men. He does not think of the question from the other point of view. If he provides for his family, surely he does his duty, and he has not the least desire to quarrel, and hates dispeace at home. But to sit on the nest is her business; and he, to be sure, requires a little recreation after the labours of the day.

I do not think this separation was half so marked a generation ago, perhaps because the necessity of the man's room apart was not then considered such a fundamental fact in the household as it is now—and of course the club was not such an inevitable part of a man's life. One who is without any of the responsibilities of life can no doubt talk *à son aise* about the habits of the married man; but still a Looker-on, even if it should be a little unhandsome to comment on the mistakes of those who have assumed duties which he has kept clear of, cannot but make his observations. These are some of the most curious phenomena of civilised existence. Cannot the women do something by themselves to equalise matters? We know what is the first vulgar expedient of compensation which is to be found fully set forth in any French novel, the first that comes to hand. But Madame Bovary, as I have just said, is not an English type. They ought to do something, these abandoned ladies. It is not for me to advise what, nor does a man know what would answer, or perhaps, if it is very expedient to suggest anything that would answer, for the absence of the other head of the house. If they could but sit by their doors like the poor women, and talk to their neighbours while they

did their sewing in the fresh air and sunshine, it would possibly reconcile them to the fact that the husband is talking to "his men" at his club, or perhaps, abandoned wretch, playing whist. But alas! the woman of the upper middle class cannot sit at her door: that cheerful outlet is forbidden to her, though he is quite free to stand at his street corner and laugh and joke with his fellows.

Nobody can suspect the Looker-on, who has hitherto entirely thrown himself on the woman's side, to be in any respect a misogynist or hater of women. The society of women (in moderation) is a very good thing in its way, and affords a variety not always to be found on the other side. I would not even echo the cynical speech of our late visitor the Heathen Chinee, that he would rather talk to the young ones than to the old ones, though it is a common sentiment. An elderly man, however he may like a pretty face, is scarcely prepared to skip about after a young lady, either physically or mentally. He might manage croquet perhaps, now that this sober game has again ousted the athletic lawn-tennis; but it would not be so easy to pursue his ideas to the furthest end of the lists, where her active arm would probably before ten minutes were over send them spinning. He has no longer the agility necessary for such a feat, and may reasonably be allowed to be a little dismayed when his convictions are croqued away with smiling dexterity by the superior judgment and experience of twenty years. When this is the penalty, he prefers to fall back on the dowagers, who, if not so delightful to look upon, have at least abstained from Herbert Spencer,

and are not so awfully clever. The real old dowager—not your fictitious ones of sixty or so, who profess old age with a smiling challenge and hope to be contradicted—is often the best of company, and knows more than any of us.

But having preceded my remarks by an assertion that I was not a misogynist, it is evidently my duty to say something disagreeable. I think if ever there was a time when the monstrous regiment of women might properly be commented on it is the present. John Knox, no doubt, spoke in a sense which does not now attach to the word. His subject was the rule, the sway, the reign of women as queens: and with Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland to deal with, the Reformer had doubtless good reason for his strong remarks. We have now but one Queen, and her regiment we are all ready to acknowledge has been the best of all reigns. But I use the word in its modern sense, and I use it with a certain awe and bating of breath. We have all been taught that there were half a million more women than men in these islands; but to judge from the appearance of every public place, that half million must have quadrupled at the least. I do not detest, nay, I like women; but there is a limit even to the best things, and I am obliged to allow that there are too many of them now. The petticoat is everywhere. I have heard a lady say that she was ashamed of being a woman, such floods of her kind were about, solidly bearing down upon all available space, and pushing every one else out of their way. The 'St James's Gazette,' which is a newspaper conspicuously superior to the vulgar subjects of holiday discussion, has lately been entertaining us with

an inquiry: "Why do not people go to church?" I have been surprised to see that no man has had the courage to reply—Because there are so many women there. Wait a little, dear ladies, till I have said out my say. I will tell you an experience of my own.

I am not one of those who do not go to church, so I deserved better things. As I sat quietly in my corner awaiting the beginning of the service, there suddenly entered and sat down in front of me a young lady. She had sleeves which made the upper portion of her person about six feet in width, and she had a hat nearly as large, with all kinds of curious things standing up from it. In a moment the chancel, into which the choir were settling themselves, and the reading-desk, and also the pulpit, though on the farther side of the chancel, disappeared from me as if they had never been. I saw—the flowers, feathers, and strange, oblong, perpendicular stalactites on the hat, which had suddenly become my whole world of observation—but nothing more. Was not that (almost) reason enough to be lazy next Sunday, and refrain from going to church? I could not but study the hat while it thus filled up my horizon. The flowers, one of which was a tall red rose nodding with every movement of the fair wearer's head, and even the feathers, which were not unlike the Prince of Wales's feathers, were explainable, and are, I know, recognised forms of decoration. But what were the stalactites, and what was the meaning of them? They were things which stood bolt upright and did not wave—like small mile-stones or gravestones, as if to mark the distances. These occupied my mind very much with the attempt to make out some mean-

ing for them. It is true the brim was so spacious that fly, or gnat, or wasp hovering over it might well have occasion to lose its way; but I could not imagine that the milliners would be so courteous and considerate of the convenience of a fly. What were they for? They stood up against the spot where the sermon was, when we came to that portion of the proceedings, and its sentences came to me between the little blocks, and across the nid-nodding of the red rose. Looking round me despairingly, I perceived that my hat was not the only one, but that the church was full of such head-gear. The roses nodded, the oblong blocks stood up on every side. I wonder how many of the men present saw anything except the hat in front of him.

Now there is, we all know, a period in life, and a concatenation of circumstances, which might make a hat, however preposterous, adorable, as encircling, like the poet's ribbon, "all that's good, and all that's fair." "Give me but what that thatch overshadows," may some fervent spirit exclaim; "I'll ask no more in earth's great round." But that is no reason why we, who have passed the period referred to, should have the world shut out from us by any young lady's adornments. This, you will perhaps say, is accidental, a vagary of fashion which probably will be altered to-morrow; but the number of these fair wearers is not accidental. There is everywhere a crowd, a mob, of women. A friend of mine, the lady whom I have already quoted, confided to me the other day, with tears in her eyes, another branch of the same difficulty. "I have a habit," she said, "of going to church for the early service before any of you are out of bed; and this,

I allow, not from any high sacramental principle, but specially because of the great quiet and stillness and opportunity of undisturbed devotion. I had done this one summer morning in a little country town where if anywhere tranquillity should have been found. A few people like myself knelt in the quiet place, which was full of that special brightness and sweetness which belongs to a summer Sunday: when lo! there sounded in my ears the tramp as of a regiment on the march, and a flood of young women and girls came in. It would be terrible in me to feel unkindly to the children, or to be unmoved by the thought of youthful piety; but I and the rest of the poor quiet people were swept away by this shining, sparkling stream. It was life itself—robust, all energy, and capability, and youth; and what a good thing, I tried to think, that they should have these early associations, this beginning of devout thoughts! But the quiet was over, the church was full, the soft voiceless sanctity of the morning was dispersed in the involuntary hum and rustle of a crowd. After the regiment had marched out again, rousing all the echoes, I slipped away unrefreshed."

Perhaps this lady was exacting, and not tender enough; but still it is an aspect of the question like another. The old people even in that sacred place are flooded out by this pretty, delightful (in other aspects) invasion. I hear that the young men in Oxford, when there is a popular lecturer, are sometimes flooded out of their benches. The men, for whom he was supposed to lecture, could not get to hear Mr Ruskin. This, perhaps, was not much harm for either party, and I have no doubt the professor preferred his amateur

audience; but still it is somewhat overwhelming, and not perhaps quite just.

The same thing which has been said of the churches is also to be said of assemblies bearing a very different character (though, by the way, I am told that the "Sign of the Cross," where all the actors say their prayers, or pretend to say their prayers, under the delighted gaze of the audience, is more edifying than any church). At matinees I am informed the audience is chiefly composed of ladies, as indeed it is very proper and natural it should be; but the ladies are in their morning dresses, which makes the great convenience of the mid-day performance, and their—hats. Now, if it be unpleasant in church, where sight is not an absolute necessity, what must it be in a theatre, where to see is indispensable? One wonders at the ineffable patience of women where fashion is concerned,—for no doubt they must incommode each other in this way, as much as they incommode men; yet they bear it as those who know the impossibility of resisting, and who also wear upon their heads the same tremendous accoutrements. In Paris I believe there is a special *chapeau de théâtre* to answer this need; but Frenchwomen are always more open to reason in this respect than Englishwomen, and though even more devoted to the fashion, do not follow it blindly, but adapt and select with a certain regard for circumstances. I wish there was here a *chapeau de théâtre*, and I also wish there was a *chapeau de l'église*. I sigh, indeed, for the modest bonnet of my earlier days, which came sweetly round a fair face, and disturbed nobody save by the natural attractions of the countenance

within. If the ladies could be induced to keep their hats for out of doors, what a happy revolution would it make in many churches, concert-rooms, and other places of public meeting!

This is one, but only a small part, of the monstrous regiment of women. Worse even than the hats is the number of their wearers. To say that their name is legion is nothing. Twenty thousand legions, mostly young, very frequently fair, and tingling with life to their finger-ends, would be more like the fact. Unless we are to be swept away altogether by this fine, healthy, temperate, well-behaved horde, I don't know what is to be done with them. A few colonies strictly limited to "ladies only" might afford at least a temporary relief, and we have no doubt that these energetic young women would perfectly know how to contend with the difficulties of that new position. Such colonies would no doubt attract another class of colonists like bees round a honey-pot: but that is no concern of ours, and would indeed be an advantage to all parties, and much to be desired.

I heard a curious story the other day which illustrates the position of youth, and of female youth in particular, with an extraordinarily graphic touch. Two little girls, as I should be disposed to call them, of fifteen or sixteen, were sent, presumably by their parents, to a distinguished clergyman in London with the purpose of being instructed for confirmation. But first they instructed the clergyman, giving him a sketch of their own personal views in regard to religion, and of what they could and could not believe. Their views, I need scarcely say, were far from orthodox; and as they were held with much certainty and convic-

tion of being right, the astonished clergyman was deeply bewildered, unwilling, I imagine, to be silenced on the threshold, and not at all clear what to make of these two little doctors in theology. I believe he ended by declining the attempt to instruct persons so little in need of instruction. But how strange is this glimpse into the arcana of modern life; the children's opinions, poor babes, gleaned no doubt from the talk which they were in the habit of hearing, but boldly set up in the face of their legitimate teacher before commencing operations, so to speak, as the standard of a different and more enlightened camp than his. No wonder that he was non-plussed. I doubt whether boys of the same age would ever have the same courage and confidence. They would not have been so sure of their own opinion, for one thing—at least, had they ever encountered the wholesome taking-down of a public school: nor would they probably have given so much attention to the talk of the most superior circles. But girls have no fear of anything, and know they are right in a way seldom attained by their brothers. The astonishment and disconcertment of the clergyman has in it a seriocomic touch. The pair of ingenuous faces opposite to him, sublimely and impartially willing to hear what he had to say for himself and his views, but already so firmly established in their own, made probably one of the strangest experiences in a life which is full of experience. But it seems he was stricken dumb, and acknowledged the invincibleness of that angelic simplicity of doubt and superiority. I think he showed himself, if not brave, yet a wise man.

It has awakened a great curi-

osity and wonder in my mind to be told of numbers of people whom I know more or less, that they have gone to Bayreuth. It is perhaps impossible now to imagine the existence of an individual who does not know what Bayreuth means, or why people should hurry, as soon as the shutters are closed in their London houses, to that obscure place. It is not obscure now, but the very Temple of Music, the shrine of Wagner, where he is yearly commemorated by the performance of all his operas in the sublime succession which he intended, had other larger capitals had the time, the patience, or the love to follow him from end to end. But in Bayreuth they have all these things, and there accordingly flock the Connoisseurs and the Critics from every corner of the world. This is all very right and befitting for the Critics and the Connoisseurs, and all those for whom music is the breath of their nostrils; but what do the Smiths and the Browns there in that metropolis of art? I did not know they were so musical, say I, surprised, remembering the strains which I have heard in the houses of these good people. Musical! they are not at all musical! but to go to Bayreuth is the right thing to do. A few years ago it was the Passion Play to which all the world hastened; but now there is silence there,—no further performances for a number of years. And the crowd which is able and desirous to do the right thing goes to Bayreuth instead. How wonderful, how self-denying, how nobly virtuous, is this devotion to the Right Thing! It will be in their heart of hearts an unspeakable weariness to my poor friends. Some of them would, I am sure, like a ballad

concert much better, or perhaps the "Trovatore," which is short and familiar, and calls for no lingering tension of the nerves or even the ears. But to go solemnly out of broad daylight into the darkness of the theatre, to sit quiet as a mouse, not daring even a clandestine whisper, to do nothing but listen, listen, while the slow hours roll on—— Imagine a weary chaperon just relieved from the formal labours of the season, and yet brave enough to encounter that! These are the unsuspected martyrdoms which fill one with awe. They will have to do more, these self-denying souls: they must simulate enthusiasm and study the right things to say upon the too abundant magnificent feast provided for them. No sign must appear in their faces, much less in their words, that it is not the very longing of their souls which is satisfied in these protracted enjoyments. I remember being present once at a concert in Oxford where the most elevated music was performed for hours on end, one piece more intricate, more mathematical, than another, and not such a poor thing as a tune to be heard of anywhere. Sitting very solemnly, getting through the time as best I could, for I am not a musical man, I suddenly perceived one of the ladies of the party convulsed by secret laughter, her shoulders heaving with the effort to restrain it. Afterwards she explained that to see me and many other people sitting like ghosts or judges, our long faces sicklied o'er with an air of absorption, had been too much for her. Not to everybody is it given to understand Brahms or Rubenstein. I confess that I have myself an unholy yearning after a tune.

The spectacle which entertained my friend had indeed a most curious aspect, ludicrous, philosophical, bewildering, and full of suggestions, such as delights a Looker-on. Why did so many of us endure in that sad and sober fashion that the *élite* might enjoy? In most cases we successfully resist doing what we do not wish to do. A young man refuses to dance, though he knows that it puts his hostess out, and disappoints the probably pretty and engaging young person who had calculated on being his partner. But we are all led to the altar of Music, and sacrificed thereupon in hecatombs without uttering a groan. It is emphatically *plus forte que nous*. It is the Right Thing. It is as much as our social salvation is worth to own that our savage breast is not soothed by it. It is the Art which is in the ascendant in the present age, and woe be to us and all our pretensions if we do not bow down to the idol.

It used to be rather a favourite speculation and inquiry what it was which constituted the power of Music,—was it association, was it memory, was it suggestion? All these discussions are as dead as herrings which are red. There are no more discussions on the matter. The idea of a reason being needed for the universal sway of Music is an insult to the Heavenly Maid. Professor Huxley was almost led to believe that the existence of God was possible because he found himself in possession of the faculty of enjoying music, a faculty which was not in any way necessary to the struggle for life. It is now the dominant Art, and kings bow down to it. I am not worthy even to approach the question whether Wagner is or is not the highest exponent of its powers. I have a foolish (and ignorant)

inclination towards Wagner, because of his acceptance of the idea that meaning is an excellent thing, and that Music is the better for a conjunction with it. But that is all I know. Yet it is curious to perceive how the world has changed in this respect, and how much enthusiasm, true or false, has been called into being in one lifetime. A hundred years ago the introduction of operas into this country was the object of sneers and contempt. "Strange what a difference should be, 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee," said the wits. Fifty years ago the heroines in all the novels delighted their friends by their performance of the simple ballad, and it was the naughty young lady who attempted more elaborate music and was thought the worse of for her exertions. Our fathers stoned the prophets, and now we build their sepulchres: that is to say, we hasten to Bayreuth.

There is, however, something attractive in the idea of being able to walk out between the acts of an opera into a forest of firs, and there to linger at your pleasure in the sharp sweet odour of the trees, for a whole hour, until the theatre "goes in" again, as we say of the kirk in Scotland—which is what may be done at Bayreuth. Or you may expend your restrained energies in talk, or smoke, or even restore yourself in that interval, as the Germans always supply you with so many opportunities of doing. And then back again into the dark and hushed Temple of Music to hear another act. There is a leisureliness, a calming of excitement, a feeling of devotion in such a method, which must help to make the heroic adventures of Lohengrin and the devious career of Tannhauser more instructive

and solemnising than ever. But, at the same time, the singing is very bad, says an enlightened critic, whose strictures upon Music seem the last word of criticism. "German singing is a shameful abuse of the vocal organs," says this gentleman, "and an unbearable torture for the unaccustomed ears of listeners. I have never described the noises made by the Bayreuth heroes and heroines as my artistic conscience urges me to describe them, because I know that no sane editor would dare to print my criticisms." There is compensation for all fine distresses of this kind. I reflect with pleasure that probably my friends the Browns and Smiths. will never find it out. They will be quite satisfied to know that it is Sucher who sings, and will ask no more questions — how much happier therein than the critic to whose delicate soul every harsh note is torture, and who, alas, finds every note harsh! That critic has long been the delight of the *Looker-on*. We earnestly hope that he is not going to abandon the congenial pages of the 'Saturday' for organs of a less decided tone. His deliverances are so clear, so broad, and so sweeping, and he adds so much to our enjoyment of the weekly papers, that disruption with his former medium of utterance would be afflicting and spoil the fun. And it is very refreshing to hear him denounce Bayreuth. "The excellence in singing and in acting supposed to be found there is," he tells us, "wholly a hallucination."

"Some day the world will realise that it is a hallucination. And in that day the prestige and popularity of Bayreuth will drop like a stone to the ground: the fourteen hundred seats at equal prices will be deserted: the lodging-house keepers will mourn.

. . . Their world has no relation to, nor even any correspondence with, the real world, which moves on, leaving them further and further behind. Their philosophy is sham, their art criticism sham, even their enthusiasm mostly a highly-cultivated sham. And the sham is apparent the moment we compare their work—such as the singers and actors trained by them, with singers and actors who are not sham, but have honestly earned their positions in the real world 'Outside,' as Bayreuth charmingly terms it. Well may Bayreuth call the real world 'Outside.' There are humbugs there, every one will admit. But Bayreuth has its dark foundations in humbugging, and there is a world of humbugs within the circle of its walls."

Bad news this for our aspiring country folk who have spent so much money and borne so much fatigue in order to do the right thing; but consolatory for those who have been obliged to stay away, not having, perhaps, the money to spend.

The other great art which is in a sort of subsidiary position at the present moment, continually abused both by competent and incompetent authorities, and evidently in a very unsatisfactory position, so far as regards this country, is so much associated at present with funerals and melancholy ceremonials, that it is almost impossible to look at it otherwise than through an atmosphere of gloom. Twice over, well within the year, has the Academy marched solemnly to the side of the grave after the coffin of its President, a thing which has never occurred before, although it must have been foreseen from the moment when Sir John Millais succeeded Leighton. Nobody but Millais could have filled that place, and it is right that he should have held it, even if only for six months of weariness and pain; and yet it is impossible to persuade ourselves

that Millais has been for many years anything that we dare call a great painter. Neither of these illustrious brethren have been great painters for many years past. Their triumphs were all in the earlier part of their lives, and blight came upon their genius long before their health or strength was undermined. The splendid processions of Leighton, magnificent decoration if not more, have died away for a long time into the single figures made of wax and honey, exquisite perhaps in drawing, yet no more impressive than so many oleographs, which have lately distinguished his name. The recent curious vulgarities of Millais, the muscular model for instance whom he made to stand for John Baptist, the Voice crying in the Wilderness, in last Exhibition, brought down his reputation to a very much lower level than that on which he began.

We have been brought much in mind of his pre-Raphaelite work by many recent reproductions. One in particular, the medieval dinner-party of Lorenzo and Isabella, has been restored to our remembrance by half-a-dozen prints. And what a dinner-party it is! The group in front, the rival lovers and the lady, though wanting in beauty, and therefore forming less of a relief than it should have done to the most living and real ugliness of the line of personages on either side of the table feasting with such complete unconsciousness of any spectator, is a perfection of pictorial art which it would be difficult to equal. It is life itself, a transcript of those unconscious individualities which make every human creature interesting to every other. And they have this in addition, beyond many other pictures of the kind, that these personages do not know we are

looking at them. In the great Marriage of Paolo Veronese they are not in the least unconscious. It is evident there that they are all aware of being looked at; the circle of spectators is implied in every arrangement of the picture, which is spread forth upon the line that we may miss nothing, that the formation of every group and the drawing of every limb may be apparent, and all for our delight. But young Millais' dinner-party is completely different. They are all absorbed there in what they are doing themselves, not careful or even aware of us. We look up the long table with a little difficulty, only coming to see by degrees the wonderful things that are on it.

Millais' second phase, the phase in which he acquired his great popularity, was of quite another kind. The "Huguenot" and the "Black Brunswicker" were for the public, so ready to be thrilled by such subjects; and so was the "Rescue" and the "Order of Release." In both these last the expression is that of a moment of extreme and passionate emotion, inexpressible, yet so indicated that the simplest can recognise it. The rapture of the woman speechless, all one glow of overwhelming gratitude and thanks, on her knees before the man who has saved her children; the fierce meaning, also inexpressible, of the other, dumb with fatigue and the long strain of anxiety, defiant in the power of her order of release, thrusting it at the jailer who now has no force to resist her—are both memorable things. Poetry itself would be obliged to leave that moment of the unspeakable, but Art here took it up and showed what can be in the face of a woman instead of words to mark the supreme sense of deliverance. I do not say that

either of these two pictures is perfect as a picture, or that it is even within the sphere of Art to express the inexpressible. But Millais certainly succeeded in doing it with a force which took away one's breath. The interest of the "Huguenot" was even higher. Both the women were delivered in the others; but this woman knew that she was not to be delivered. Her pathetic gaze of entreaty, the force which she would fain use but cannot and knows she cannot, to make the man accept that sign of safety, the despairing gentleness of his refusal, the softness of the tender resistance with which he restrains her attempt to force it on him, are full of restrained passion, full of suggestions which it is the height of literary art to disclose. It may not be equally adapted to pictorial art: but of this there was no doubt that it accomplished its aim, and bound the world of spectators to Millais with a bond which has never been broken. These are not the pictures which please the critics: but they conquered the great public, that greater public which overmasters criticism. I can see them over the long level of the years, shining upon those walls, catching the heart, stopping the breath on one's lip. It was Passion at a white heat, still, not disturbed by movement or sequel. The spectator did not ask what happened after, which is a result that literature demands. He was content with the moment, saw in it everything he required: which, I take it, is what Painting desires, unlike the other art.

I do not think that the child pictures, from the "First Sermon" down, down to the artificial beauty of the poor little "Bubbles," which was degraded into an advertisement, were ever of so high a class.

They were all very pretty pictures, such as the British public loves, and the painter's reputation and success grew by them. But Millais has given certain portraits, a few grand images of men, to the world which will not easily be forgotten. The portrait of Mr Gladstone will immediately occur to every one: but that was not alone in excellence. A recent critic, whose admiration for what the painter succeeded in doing, considering that he knew so little, is sublime, recently examined, in the pages of the 'Saturday Review,' the portrait of Millais himself, which is in the Pitti among all the painters, and found it wanting in everything that should make a portrait. But yet, when you walk through the room so rich in noble heads, the head of Millais shines among them characteristic and strong, if not subtle and learned, a face which gave the world assurance of a man. And in this particular he was eminent, a painter of men—not of women at all, which is a different matter. We do not say he was a Velasquez or a Titian, or even a Moroni. He was John Everett Millais, an Englishman more vigorous than learned, more careful of effects than of methods, but excellent of his kind.

The landscapes are not always successful: there are some in which there is foaming water which does not flow, and heathery moors which are as flat as a tea-tray; but some of them are very good. It is difficult not to shiver and feel the cold which breathes out of "Chill October," where the bare trees are cold against the sky, and the water cold as if the North Pole were in it—that mysterious Pole which eludes every search. I remember another picture—a snow picture—which is not cold at all, where little old Murthly Castle shines

with the light of the domestic fire in the windows, and the big trees stand silent in the ruddy sunset under the spell of the strong frost, which bears no unkindly aspect in that cheerful scene. It cannot be denied that he was a very uncertain painter, of whom one never could be sure whether his next production was to be a noble picture, or one of those indifferent affairs which the world, with a wise apprehension of the necessities of modern life, call pot-boilers. Many a pot-boiler did Titian paint. There is no harm in that humble but useful art. He, too, like Millais, suffered under the inevitable evils of constant production, which nobody can elude. It is a sin constantly flung in the teeth of the unfortunate novelist, who is held up to public scorn by all the critics if his works are many: but the painter is so much the more open to temptation in this way that his absence from the catalogue for a single year is reckoned against him, a dereliction from duty, an absence which must mean something mysterious and disagreeable, a failing hand or eyesight, or other misfortune inconsistent with his craft. Nay, the Academy has a right, I believe, to cast out the member who does not pay his kain of pictures to the yearly show. Yet a great picture, one would think, must require as much work and consideration as a novel. Sir E. Burne-Jones, if I remember rightly, gave up his tardy associateship because it did not please that fastidious painter to fulfil this condition. Therefore one cannot wonder if the pot-boilers are many. Their existence is almost a necessity.

But now the painter, as to whom there could exist no doubt, he upon whom it was certain and inevitable that the choice of the

Academy should fall when his predecessor's reign was over, is gone in his turn; and who is to succeed him? There is no one now who is inevitable and indicated by every sign, but only a number of men from among whom a choice will have to be made, who are all good painters and favourites with the public, but not one of whom stands up head and shoulders above his fellows. Perhaps the one man who, from height of fame and the qualities of a true painter, could be so described is Mr Watts. But I suppose that no one has ever believed that he could be persuaded to accept the vacant office. His habits, his age, the very characteristics of his genius,—fastidious, *capricioso*, voluntary, doing what pleases him, and indifferent to common appreciation,—are all against any idea of the kind. Yet what a benefactor he is to his country, and how nobly he has deserved any tribute she could give him in return. The line of noble portraits in the National Portrait Gallery are such a gift as no painter we know of has given to the public—and if there were nothing else, would secure the Victorian age from oblivion, so far as its greatest writers are concerned: though almost the finest of all is that of the Chancellor, the wonderful old face of Lord Lyndhurst, with those dulled and mysterious eyes of old age, the mystic blue, never brilliant, retired in the deep hollows worn by years, inscrutable in long experience and knowledge of the world.

Curiously enough, the failure of the group is Carlyle. Yet perhaps this is not strange after all, for his countenance does not belong to the highly cultured kind which comes natural to the painter. It is the grand head of a peasant. But even Mr Watts lacks the insight to see that the peasant, though so

visible, was not the predominant individuality in Carlyle's face. Feeling profoundly with his fine artist's perceptions the difference of that head from all his other sitters, in almost every case the highly educated offspring of many generations of educated people, he has made this exceptional member of the group a peasant only, the man who smoked his pipe with his old mother in the smoky little farmhouse kitchen by the fire, without remembering that the visionary child who looked from the garden wall at Ecclefechan away upon the blue distance of the world was the same and no other, and that the vehement genius within that large brow had at least as much to do with the face as the humble origin from which it sprung. The farmer's son of Ecclefechan is always exaggerated in the portraits of Carlyle: the painter, much perplexed and not knowing what to make of it, has invariably made this mistake—even Mr Watts, from whom we should have expected better things. Consequently none of Carlyle's portraits are like him. This forcible head, leaning forward a little in a characteristic pose which shows its great size and grandeur, is wanting in the finer qualities which were there. Perhaps it is difficult for a man of a higher class, accustomed to all the outside graces and instinctive self-restraints of society, to understand what delicacy could lurk under the roughness, and what a pure flame of intellect and meaning that is which kindles, when it does kindle, in the spirit of the son of the soil. It is more pure, more disinterested, more omnipotent in itself, the less it is mingled with the secondary motives and constant emulations of civilisation. But there is nothing of this even in Mr Watts' portrait, and how much less in any

one else's. Millais' picture hanging above makes Carlyle look like an honest old shopkeeper in Ecclefechan, keen about the news and what is going on. Mr Whistler's picture is that of a decrepit old man, which Carlyle was, no doubt, when it was painted. But the real man has never been painted. Perhaps, after all, Mr Watts' picture is the best, as it ought to be, seeing the hand from which it came. The old sage, True Thomas of his generation, eluded every effort to make a picture of him. Probably he closed himself up instinctively, put shutters to his windows, and locked his door, when he knew that it was about to be done.

It is almost inconceivable that so astute a man as Manning should have permitted the pictures to be made of him which he has left behind, to confirm all the plain-speaking of his biographers and everything that his enemies can say. He must have seen those unresponsive eyes tightly enclosed in their narrow openings, and that set thin mouth, in his glass, if ever he looked into a glass. But there is nothing in which vanity overmasters vanity so much as in the ways of men about their portraits. Though you know that the view given of you must be an unfavourable one, you still permit it to be given, with a strange consent to show the worst of you to your fellows rather than to be banished from their recollection altogether. And Mr Watts does not spare the Cardinal. Another Cardinal, less adorned either by the official dress or the skill of art, sits facing him. I cannot think that this is a good portrait of Newman—it is too feminine, looking like an old woman; and the harsh features, rugged to ugliness, have been softened almost out of recognition: but at least it forms

a most striking contrast to the other, the enemy who looks severely away on the other side. Newman, too, is not looking at his adversary or any one, but "glowers frae him" with uninterested gaze. It is most strange to turn from one to another and to think what sensations would have arisen in their breasts had the men met here and taken a turn round the room together, and talked of Tennyson and Browning and Taylor, and Matthew Arnold and his criticisms. No doubt there would have been plenty to say of all those well-known figures, and nothing at all of the deep dissension of which they speak so frankly in their letters. It is altogether a very curious sensation to stand among all these men whom we have known and talked with, it seems so little time ago, and to realise that they are here for posterity, not for us, for the future ages to which their fame now belongs, and which may yet, for aught we know, make new arrangements and transitions of place and name.

This sudden visit to the National Portrait Gallery, which we advise every reader to make also without delay, does not enlighten us, however, as to who is to be the new President, Mr Watts being not at all likely to accept this office, nor perhaps sufficiently appreciated by the multitude to be called to it. There are at least half-a-dozen with something like equal claims, and there is perhaps no one of them with whom the public would not be equally contented, whatever the community of artists might be. It is a post, we must allow, which requires other qualities than those exclusively of art—qualities which were perhaps more eminent in the case of Lord Leighton than the art of his later days. But it would be a pity to consider this too much in the

selection. A great painter is, after all, of more importance than a suave and skilful man of the world. How many (if any) great painters have we left? To my mind Mr Orchardson comes nearest in his delicate and reticent art to all the suggestions of that name. He is the only one I remember who seems to have much more to say than he ever says, which is of itself a great attraction. Mr Alma Tadema is not an Englishman: perhaps this does not matter legally; but it seems out of character that the head of a great national institution should be a foreigner. There have been already suggestions in the newspapers to meet the difficulty of choice, that the office of President should be, as was suggested a little while ago in respect to the Laureateship, abolished; but this is an indifferent way of meeting a difficulty. There have been very poor painters in the one office, just as there have been very poor poets in the other; but yet it is worth while to have the wreath handy to place upon the worthiest head, when that is to be had for crowning.

It is remarkable that we should have so many foreigners among our closest circle of painters. Is Mr Sargent a foreigner? Formally no doubt he is; and what a grand opportunity would that be of conciliating America, for which high purpose we do so many foolish things, if we had an American President! Why in the name of reason did we fête and cheer the respectable old gentlemen of the Artillery Company when they made their trip to England? They were neither beautiful nor brave, so far as we have any means of knowing; they had done nothing to deserve so warm a reception. Our own Honourable Artillery Company might have done very well to give a welcome and a banquet

to these citizen-soldiers: but why England in general should be moved about the matter, or the Queen and the Prince of Wales be made to exert themselves for the honour and glory of these old fogeys, who can say? It was to show our goodwill to America, to draw closer the bonds, &c., to show the everlasting sympathies of race which unite us. If Mr Burchell had been there, he would have said Fudge, in very big letters. Is America such a simpleton as to be cajoled by petty arts like these? We placed Longfellow in Westminster with that same noble object, and erected somewhere in the precincts a memorial (I forget where it was) to the admirable and delightful Mr Lowell, a man to charm any society, but not a great man. Does America love us any better for these attentions? It has been made very clear that she does not, nor is it a dignified attitude on our part. If two great nations can only be made to be satisfied with each other by petty and transparent artifices of this kind, they had better fight and be done with it, in my opinion. Nor is cajolery ever a successful instrument with great or small. It increases the self-admiration of the persons cajoled when it is most successful, which it very seldom is save for a time; and it hurts the self-respect of every one who condescends to exercise those arts. The old attitude of ridicule, though not commendable, was almost more successful. It had a real and excellent effect on the other side of the Atlantic, and no doubt had a great share in the alteration of manners and the substitution for the awkward Yankee, whom we laughed at, of the exquisite, too highly accomplished aristocracy of the States, who look down on us. But, so far as one can judge, the America

which we have flattered in so many social ways, and whose poet, not a great poet, we have made conspicuous in Westminster, is less well inclined towards us now than in the days when Mrs Trollope goaded that continent into fury. A war between us would be a horrible, impossible, unpardonable war; but I doubt whether it would be unpopular in England. War indeed, I suspect, is never unpopular. It is the greatest stimulant known to national life. The people will never be against it, though the classes (we thank thee, O great old man, for teaching us that word!) may hold back and the authorities hesitate. It is they who will be the greatest sufferers, but it is they who are always moved to enthusiasm by the thought of fighting. Even the idea of facing the whole world in arms would give to the nation no alarm, but a thrill of excitement, pleasurable rather than painful. Let who will talk of deficient armaments and cadres not filled up, the multitude would entertain no fear. All their traditions are of beating, not of being beaten. Dr Jameson was for a moment the darling of the crowd, for no reason in particular but that he had fought, though no one knew exactly, nor still knows, for what; but if it should turn out, as there are indications it possibly may, that it was for the British flag and the imperial rule that he set out on his unfortunate enterprise, what a roar of applause will meet him when he comes forth again from the punishment which he and his followers take so manfully.

Notwithstanding all this, it seems to the Looker-on a very doubtful question whether, say, in such a case as the election of an American painter as President of the Royal Academy, the disability of a foreigner would tell, as

in the case of Mr Alma Tadema or Mr Herkomer. I do not know, indeed, whether these gentlemen, naturalised in England for so many years, would as a matter of fact be ineligible on that account. But the feeling would be different if Mr John Sargent attained that enviable distinction—not this time, but on another occasion perhaps, when that able young painter has become such a potent, wise, and reverend seignior as the place demands. There would be an outcry, no doubt, but not the same sense of the unnatural and inappropriate—less recoil than from a member of another race.

Is Mr Henry James a foreigner,—that lover of London, that master of language, in whom it is difficult to find out the faintest tinge of an Americanism? Formally, I suppose he is; actually, there is no trace of it. These traces are very amusing sometimes, but give one a curious sense of wrong as well as of oddity and disagreeable accident. I read a book not very long ago which was the work of an American lady, Miss Blanche Howard Willis: and a very clever book too (though not a new one), a story of Brittany, setting forth with considerable power the fisher population of a salt-water village, with all its roughnesses and strong individualities, and storms and dangers. The heroine, Gwen, was a most spirited young Bretonne, full of character, and as salt-water, stormy, and sunshiny a little person as could be. But her talk was pure American. It was not the impersonal smooth language of translation, which makes no accent perceptible, but had all the peculiarities very distinctive of the American variety of speech. And the effect was extremely odd. But Mr Henry James does not speak American; seldom, if ever, does he betray the faintest

peculiarity. One doubts whether he remembers his native language, or if he starts a little, as we do, at the queer American spelling of his stories when they come out in an American magazine or edition.

But in one of these stories which is now going on in a periodical, and doubtless will soon present itself in a volume, we feel a more delicate trace of the influence of his country still existing. The name of this story is 'Old Things,' and its leading fact is the removal by a mother of a most marvellous collection of *bibelots* out of her son's house when she leaves it before his marriage. She and her husband have been collectors, and had filled the house with such a wealth of rare and beautiful things as have made it the show-house of the county. But Owen, her son, is about to marry a woman who cares for none of these things. The mother lives in a state of anguish, thinking of the desecration of her beloved furniture and embroideries and decorations, and will not for some time consent to leave the house, thus keeping back his marriage. At last, on his willing consent that she should take such things as she specially loved with her, she goes away; but takes everything with her, and leaves the house empty and desolate. Then there ensues a struggle over the old things: for though the young man's promised bride has no real love for them, she knows that the house is brought down to absurdity by their absence, and without them will not consent to fulfil her engagement. In the struggle, which is desperate on both sides, Owen is urged by his fiancée to appeal to law, and to have the furniture brought back by the police: while his mother on the other hand will not give up a scrap of it. During the course of the struggle Owen

falls entirely out of love with his unreasonable bride, and into love with a girl who is his mother's champion, and whom she has intended for him all the time; but that is a common incident, not unheard of before. The original part is the fury of determination with which the mother clings to her collection, as to that which is most dear to her in the world. Would an English mother deeply impressed with the importance of the family-home, and of her son as the successor of his father in it, and that continuance of the race which has so much power over our imagination in this country, have done so? We think not: it is a New York mother in a house that belonged to somebody else a few years ago, and will belong to somebody else again in a few years more, and not a county lady with all the English ideas about heirlooms, and the importance of the family headquarters. This is a more subtle sign of race than to spell defence with an s. The story is most interesting all the same, with a sharper note of individuality in it than Mr James often gives us the pleasure of now. He is usually more taken up with selecting his words, and giving the last perfection to his style, than adding to our knowledge of human nature. The young man perplexed out of measure by these three ladies is very good. Mr James loves perplexity as a subject; but the mother is, we feel sure, an American without prejudices or associations, and not an English-woman deeply laden with both.

There are few more curious things in the history of literature than the luck of Mr George Meredith. Always caviare to the general, always the admired of the

literary classes, he suddenly came, for no particular reason that any one could see,—for some of his greatest works are among his earliest, and no new publication of surpassing merit had appeared to bring his name more conspicuously before the world,—to a sort of universal acknowledgment all at once, a recognition which no one could have expected, and which, though rather confused and puzzled so far as the crowd goes, has enough of the air of unanimity to make his triumph complete. He was, I think, to make the wonder more complete, rather at the ebb than at the high tide of his genius when this revolution occurred, and wearing something of the aspect of a man giving up the struggle and throwing himself back doggedly upon the intricacies of language and the involvements of narrative which had been the obstacles in his way; and it was notwithstanding this, that the voice of the expert, the opinion of the critics, at last and suddenly prevailed. I entertained a young man once, who was one of these critics, a journalist and editor of a country paper, and who was strong for Meredith. He pushed all the other fiction of the period contemptuously away. It was Meredith who had the cry; but my young journalist showed a painful haziness when questioned about Meredith's books. "No, I have not read that—but——" I gave him the 'Egoist,' which is one of the best works of the author. He brought it back to me next morning, pale with effort. "I cannot read it," he said, with faltering voice; "I didn't know he ever wrote like that." I do not say that all the critics are of this kind.

Now here is a book¹ which

¹ The Amazing Marriage. By George Meredith. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

is not at all, except by intervals, written *like that*. It comes into the world without any note upon its title-page to signify that it is a new edition; and several authorities seem to have received it as a new book. It is the story of an amazing marriage indeed, performed between the richest and most fantastic of noblemen, and a girl whom he has met once at a ball,—a rustic maid, English of origin, but brought up a mountaineer among the German hills, and taking him with sublime simplicity at his word when he proposes to her in the midst of a waltz. Now his word is Lord Fleetwood's god; and having pledged it he carries it out. The girl is an orphan, with nobody to protect her except a miserly old uncle, who pushes her into the arms of the unwilling and angry young lord; and the bride is carried away on the top of the four-in-hand which her husband drives to a prize-fight in the first place, and then to a roadside inn, where he leaves her, going off to a ball, to all appearance with the intention of seeing her no more. The high-spirited girl gradually comes, through the mazes of her total ignorance and incapacity to understand or believe in the brutality of her lord, to a just perception of the circumstances: and the struggle which ensues, until Fleetwood, ashamed and repentant, is brought back to her as a suppliant, only to be firmly rejected in his turn—is the subject of the story. It is supplemented by the shadowy adventures of a still more shadowy brother, whose name is Chillon John, as hers is Carinthia Jane—marking the localities in which each was born,—a device more whimsical than there is any need for, since Carinthia by any other name might have been equally determined, courageous, and sweet.

Except in the confused and sloppy end of the story, when Mr Meredith must have tired of it, and all the characters melt into water, this book is written with much greater simplicity than usual, and wants no dictionary—which is rare among the author's recent books. Its beginning in the walk down from the mountains of Carinthia with her brother, and their adventures on the way, especially the meeting with the philosophical vagabond which has so much effect upon her fortunes, is wonderfully brilliant and strong; and the image of the dead father, dimly but forcibly indicated, whose book, 'Maxims for Men,' is the guide of her conduct in all emergencies, adds a high and powerful touch to the character of the girl, who under such guidance is half man half woman, as well as incarnate Youth in all its rashness and daring. The episode of the mad dog, however, which finally crushes Lord Fleetwood, is a little melodramatic, and the paralysed condition of all the bystanders while the heroine risks her life, too little flattering to human nature; for even if it had been, as the old Buccaneer in his wisdom decided, the safest thing to allow such a maddened brute to worry a woman's gown instead of making a snap at undefended flesh, it is inconceivable that the men should stand by and suffer it. The position, however, of a heroine of this sort, who must always be the principal figure in the fray, her valour and readiness throwing every other into the shade, is a little difficult, and must involve much depreciation of the subsidiary personages, particularly the men around her, who must, even though we feel the spectacle of her heroism to be the finest, have interfered to take the burden of the action upon themselves. It is, alas! one of the disa-

bilities of women, which cannot be removed by Act of Parliament, that the heroine cannot be always foremost without much belittling the men, who are bound to rescue her from her position of danger, however inexpedient in the matter of art or confusing for the needs of the narrative that may be. We may be poor creatures, but I do not think a number of men, with several gentlemen among them, could have stood by to see the mad dog tearing at Carinthia's gown, by whatever words of wisdom she might have justified it. Now the feats of the old-fashioned hero never belittled any woman, which is an argument for the maintenance of the ancient standard of the male which is worth considering.

Here is a little volume called 'Fellow Travellers,'¹ which is one of the most agreeable of the many volumes of short stories now flying about the world. I do not myself think they are generally agreeable reading. I like to read a volume through, when I get one fresh and hot from the press—but the reader has a sense of dissipation when he reads through half-a-dozen stories on end. They are like a succession of falls and risings again—the recurrent waves that are so fatiguing a part of a sea-voyage. They tire the head in something of the same way, except, to be sure, when now and then, very rarely, there occurs an exquisite one, after which we close the book. Graham Travers has not been extravagant, however, in the number of the stories, and it is, of course, by no means necessary to read them all at a sitting. The medical portion—the story of the old doctor, who gives gratuitous and very profound advice to the girl travelling with

him, whose looks and movements convey to his experienced eyes the certainty that nerves and over-excitement are carrying her into an illness, is very good indeed. It is a pity that this old doctor gets a fretful sickly wife, who does not take his advice in such good part, and that he becomes so very poor, gets shabby in his clothes, and has melancholy struggles with the butcher and the baker: for it is very difficult nowadays, when the situation has been used so often, to make it altogether original. His conversation with his accidental patient, however, is good and characteristic:—

“‘In the first place, let me set your mind at rest,’ he says gruffly; ‘you are not going mad—this time. In the second place, do you mind telling me why you did not eat a proper breakfast this morning?’”

“‘He half expected that she would be angry, but she was obviously too much in earnest for that. ‘I can’t eat,’ she said shortly.

“‘That’s what fools say. When a wise woman can’t eat, she rings the bell and asks for a glass of milk. Did you do that?’”

“‘No.’ He had succeeded at last in arresting her attention.

“‘So I thought. And you have given up beef and mutton—such gross brutal diet; all very well for mere men! But a cup of tea fits one so much better for work, doesn’t it? That is one of the economical discoveries that we owe to your sex.’”

“‘She was almost laughing now, though rather resentfully. ‘I suppose I have given you the right to assume that I am a silly girl; but it is scarcely the case. I am a working woman.’”

“‘He bowed. ‘I am not surprised. It seems to my old-fashioned eyes that the one class shades imperceptibly into the other nowadays.’”

He finds that she is a painter, and that her despair arises from the

¹ *Fellow Travellers*. By Graham Travers. Third edition. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

fact that she has failed in her first great picture. "Rest!" she cries, in reply to his advice. "How can I rest, when I am haunted by the conviction that I have begun to decay?" The young lady is in her twenties, and this despairing suggestion is of course quite simple and natural. The doctor, however, braces her up with kind severity. He bids her "go teach the village child to" draw, *en attendant* the moment when the great picture may become possible. And the story ends a dozen years later in the success of the year, the picture surrounded by a crowd in the Royal Academy, and in which our good doctor appears, unknown to himself, as the chief figure, and finds relief to his poverty from the liberal hand of the great painter, Miss Beauchamp, whose mind diseased he had ministered to in the third-class carriage as above related.

"The Examiner's Conscience" is a very pathetic little story, showing how an examiner was beguiled into passing a poor lad who had been already four times plucked for his final medical examination, and the sad end to that venial crime. But perhaps the most powerful story in the little volume is that called "A Great Gulf," in which is narrated the clinging of a poor little beautiful soiled dove to the plain and very strong-minded young woman whom she meets from time to time in the chances of travel. They are absolutely unlike each other; but the unfortunate creature clutches at the other whenever they meet, which no doubt is a much more true piece of womanly insight than is often to be met with, and very interesting in its way.

Graham Travers, however, brings us back to the woman question with which we began, as indeed so did Mr Meredith in his extremely different method. Ex-

cept on one more or less accidental occasion, when, partly by merit, partly by the Prince of Wales, Miss Thompson, now Lady Butler, found herself famous, I do not think any picture by a woman has ever yet taken the chief honours of an Academy exhibition. And I should, for my own part, give a very wide berth to a young lady who took Mr John Morley 'On Compromise' out of her travelling-bag for light reading on a journey. 'Fellow Travellers' would be much more like the appropriate thing; and unless it was in order to look very superior, it is hard to imagine why the plainest of young women should read philosophy on a journey. It must be allowed that the surroundings are not congenial to that study; and I am morally convinced that Mr Morley himself would no more choose a philosophical work for his amusement in similar circumstances than would the Looker-on. Women must be gentle with us; they must not press their superiority in this bewildering way. There is a correspondence in one of the weekly papers, or the beginning of a correspondence, on this subject, which is full of edification. A lady, it appears, who is a contributor to that intellectual journal, lately wrote some sufficiently sensible remarks "On Being a Woman," which one of the now numberless band of hot-headed Women (the word is used here professionally, as denoting a class, not the sex) has taken great objection to. This lady—I am sure I am quite wrong in using the conventional title, and that the correspondent of the 'Spectator' would scorn it—is good enough to give us in her comment a true view of the female character and position, as now conceived by her sect. It is clear and satisfactory as a statement, and we cannot any longer assert,

after reading it, as some of us are apt to do, that we do not know what women would be at. Here are the views of the vanguard women, the professionals, so to speak :—

“To be a woman is, to a true woman of to-day, a blessing beyond all price. Her womanhood alone links her truly to the mother of the human race, but moreover to the mother of our Lord. It links her to those true and noble souls who never forsook Him and fled, and almost guarantees to her a knowledge of the eternal verities that is utterly unknown to a man, except in so far as he obtains such knowledge from a woman. The world as God made it was very good; the world as it has become under man's direct power is not good; the world as it may become under woman's indirect, and, I predict, direct power too, is yet a thing of the future, though it will come in spite of man's refusal to acknowledge his utter failure, and recognise that the old order of things is rapidly passing away never to return; that the woman of to-day does not exist merely to perpetuate the race; that she is an individual soul possessing an individuality as highly organised and as great as man's; that she is man's equal, though no comparison between the complementary parts of a perfect whole be possible, and as all-powerful in this world, which she invariably recognises to be God's world, as man, who unfortunately too often endeavours to make it his own world, and is even blind enough to believe that he is master of it, and all that therein is, woman included—sad mistake, which he invariably has to acknowledge in sackcloth and ashes.”

There is an outburst for you, made with panting breath, all in a rush of hurried rhetoric! Does Miss Edith Sharp (for this is the Woman's name), we wonder, forget the share the mother of the human race had in its undoing? Adam, poor man, has been much censured for not taking all the blame on himself, but Eve's action does not look altogether like the possession

of “a knowledge of the eternal verities that is utterly unknown to man.” It was the eternal falsities certainly to which she was the first to lend an ear, in requital of which her daughters are supposed to have had certain penalties laid upon them, not rewards of superior enlightenment. And as for their invariable recognition that this world is God's world, I am afraid the critic is reckoning without her Regiment. Very few of the young ladies in novels believe anything nowadays. “I try to live well,” says one of Graham Travers' heroines, eluding a question about religious subjects; and it is to be supposed that the writers of the said novels, who are generally women, share these ideas. It is the prevalent and fashionable one in light literature for the moment,—therefore, perhaps, the guarantee of that knowledge of eternal verities is not so trustworthy as we should have hoped. But the ladies—no, I beg their pardon, the Women—at least do not fail in putting their pretensions very clearly before us. The time when they will have their day is drawing near; the hour of our feeble reign is passing over. It is quite true that we have made a sad mess of the world, and we sincerely hope they may do better. But judging from the first mother to whom this lady appeals (and, by the by, is it proved that a daughter is a nearer relative than a son?—we doubt the fact), there is great reason for anxiety on that point. We must all allow that she was very easily led away. But I hope that when her reign officially begins there will be a Looker-on there to see. Not the present impartial observer, for it is to be feared it will not come soon enough for his time. There will be peace in our day.

A SAMOAN ELOPEMENT.

STEVENSON says somewhere that "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." Here is the story of an adventure which I did not seek,—most beautiful because most novel. It cannot fall to the lot of many men to assist as a third party in a Samoan elopement, to be present at the preparation, and to witness the *dénouement*. Yet this is what actually happened to me.

The preliminaries of marriages in Samoa are conducted upon somewhat the same lines as those of the suitors in the 'Odyssey,' with the important difference that the suitor provides the lady with food and raiment up to the estimated value of the importance of the proposed alliance. Three embassies are sent—this is indispensable—each with a larger number of pigs and other eatables than the preceding, before the suitor himself appears upon the scene. This custom is most expensive, as each embassy or *anmoenga* in the case of a proposed alliance between persons of consideration entails the present of 100, 200, or even 300 pigs, and it is competent for the lady, even after this palpable earnest of her suitor's sincerity, to "declare off" without any further ceremony. The natural result is that even the highest chiefs in the country hesitate upon embarking in a courtship at once so hazardous and so expensive, and the "natural selection" of the chief can be gratified in a manner more expeditious and less costly, by the so-called *avanga*. It was of a run-away match of this sort that I was a willing and interested spectator.

I had been staying in a village in one of the Samoan Islands with

a chief of the most exalted rank, a great personal friend of mine, and a most cultivated and well-educated man. He had confided to me shortly after my arrival that he was much smitten by the charms of a lady, the daughter of a chief in one of the other islands of the group, some forty miles away. The old men and old ladies of his village, however, had other and more ambitious views about the matter of his marriage; but, fortunately for him, these alliances necessitate an immense amount of talking, and during these preliminaries he proposed to take time by the forelock, and carry off the lady of his choice.

He wanted to wait till I took my departure; but upon my entreating him to allow me to assist in the enterprise, he readily consented, and we at once set to work. These things are consecrated by immemorial custom in Samoa, and the matter proceeded by regular steps, like a "siege in form" in the eighteenth century. The lady, at their last meeting on neutral ground, had given a half assent to the proposal of my friend; and the next thing to be done was to select a trustworthy ambassador, a diplomatist and orator, who, appearing by chance, as it were, in the lady's village, should veil his purpose from all but her, and convey the intelligence that she was to hold herself in readiness for the flight. Nothing was written, since in Samoa letters, like all else, are common property. The right man was found after a little delay, who was to be entrusted with this delicate and even dangerous mission. For it was a foregone con-

clusion that if he were found out he might be killed, and would certainly be beaten almost to death, by the friends of the lady. It will be readily conceded that no little devotion and infinite discretion must be exercised in a mission of the kind. Devotion to the chief is a virtue still extant in Samoa, although the old feudal feeling which permitted the exercise of the most absolute rights—among others the power of life and death—to their recognised chief, is unfortunately fading under the missionary influence at work upon all the old traditions of the race. Of the discretion of this envoy the successful termination of several like missions afforded conclusive proof. His orders were simple. He was to tell the lady to hold herself in readiness at any time to join the chief, who would come in a boat, and send her word by another messenger of his presence.

If his mission was not apostolic, his equipment was ; for he set off with nothing but a *lava-lava* (loincloth), a necklace of red berries, a knife, and a piece of native tobacco. How he was to explain his arrival in the village without exciting the suspicion of the inhabitants, was left entirely to himself—nor did we ever hear how he effected it. We waited about three days after his departure to allow him time to deliver his message, and then the retainers having cooked food for the journey in the night, we started in a great boat for the capture of the Samoan Helen. We pulled twenty oars a-side, and must have presented an imposing spectacle. What I saw as I sat at the tiller beside my chief was so picturesque that it can never fade from my memory. As we shot out through the narrow passage in the reef into the open sea, the sun, bursting

from behind a bank of cloud, illumined the whole scene. On each side, the orderly march of the great ocean rollers, checked by the obstruction of the reef, became a clamorous rout of foam and froth. Behind us rose the beautiful outline of the island, with its swelling mountain-lines diversified here and there by some peak that soared into the azure sky, clothed to the summit with the luxuriant growth that clung to its almost perpendicular precipices. There was not a discordant note in all this magnificent harmony of nature, and the song which the boys sang to their oars, as they flashed in the morning sunlight, seemed as fitted to the music of the reef in its curious rhythm, as the winds were to the purpose of our journey.

The boat itself was a beautiful sight. A great awning of some canvas-like material, striped with red and white, stretched from stem to stern—some 80 feet—fastened at either end to a flagstaff, from which floated long streamers, swallow-tailed, also red and white. The boys themselves were all clad in the picturesque native cloth, or *tapa*, with its quaint patterns of dog-tooth and zigzag, and round eye-like marks stamped in brown upon its creamy surface. Most of them had blossoms of scarlet hybiscus stuck in their black or bronze-coloured hair, or perched coquettishly behind their small and shapely ears. Their splendidly developed bodies moved in unison to the rhythm of their song, with its shrill recitation and deep, almost gruff, refrain. At our feet, in green baskets woven from the leaves of the palm, lay the eatables for the journey—bread-fruit, taro, fish, and the curious little leaf parcels which contain the greater delicacies, such as fresh water-prawns, or *palusami*, a vege-

table made from young taro-leaves and cocoanut milk. One felt the inhabitant of a younger and a fresher world. I remembered a charming article in, I think, the 'Fortnightly Review,' called "Anima Naturaliter Pagana," which appeared some years ago, in which the writer¹ laments the impossibility of living over again now this life of the bygone pagan ages. And I thought how like this very expedition that I stood committed to was to the journey of some ancient sea-robber. Just so may Paris in his beaked ship have winged his way to the sound of the chorus of his Trojan companions past the rocky promontories of Greece in his quest for Helen.

As we sped on our way with a fair wind, opening up bay after bay of the beautiful coast—now skirting close to the boundary reef, now standing farther out to sea to weather some promontory—the song of the crew never faltered as they chanted the lives and deaths and loves and great possessions of chiefs; or lapsed every now and then into a missionary hymn set to one of their own curious airs. We passed many people fishing on the reef, for it was low water, and saw their graceful canoes flitting swiftly through the tortuous channel in the lagoon. We saw the lazy porpoise tumble his shining length through the azure of the sea, and schools of flying-fish vanishing in flight before his onset, in gleams of purple and green and iridescent gold. The snowy tropic bird² alighted on the water for a second, to rise again and resume his lofty flight, having given us a brief but beautiful glimpse of his mottled head and the two long tail-feathers

which are his glory and his bane. And once or twice the black triangle fin of the hated shark rose menacingly, and the swirl of the water as we approached the spot showed where his crescent tail had shot him far below into the twenty fathoms of water, through the green transparency of which we saw the fantastic coral-floor.

So, with song and laughter, we sped all day long, and at evening, just before dark, came to the island of our quest. Here we passed through a narrow opening in the reef, and came to an anchor just as the sun set, outside the village next to that in which lay the object of our journey. In order to make clear our movements, I must explain that all—or nearly all—the villages on these islands lie on the sea-shore, and that they are built in every case opposite an opening in the reef. The village we stopped at was about three miles from our ultimate objective. Here we disembarked and ate our evening meal, parrying the inquiries of the hospitable natives with imaginary accounts of the duration of our journey. After supper, it being then about eight o'clock, the chief and I went aside, he having first called to an elderly "boy" to come with us. Here was the ambassador selected for a mission the most delicate of all. He was to come with us till we had nearly reached the next village, was then to swim off and announce to the lady that the "hour had come and the boat," and also to warn the first ambassador, while dissembling his purpose, to be ready to join with him in instant and precipitate flight the moment the lady had gone to join the boat. At about ten o'clock, all things having been

¹ Professor J. B. Bury.

² *Phaëton æërius*.

arranged, we again took ship, and rowed slowly down outside the reef to the opening opposite the village. Here the second ambassador, wrapping his loin-cloth round his head turban-wise, slipped quietly into the water, and soon was lost to sight, although we could now and then hear him as he swam, or mark the sparkle of the phosphorescent water in his wake.

And now began a weary watch. The natives took it in the coolest imaginable manner, lying down in the boat, lighting their cigarettes with due precaution, and not talking above a whisper; but to my nerves, unused to such tension, it was a time of some anxiety. However, the splendour of the night made up in some degree for the suspense: there was no moon, but the stars were miracles of brightness. By the curious chance that all dwelling "by reef and palm" must have often observed, the sea was inexplicably silent; it seemed to be caressing with low murmurs the very enemy it had roared against so savagely in the daytime. The land-breeze carried to our ears the crowing of some dissipated cock, the barking of some uneasy dog, and the noisy jibber of the great bats. It carried out to us in fitful puffs a waft of the good smell of the earth, of sweet tropical flowers and trees, and perhaps now and then the savour of a fire that we could not see; while overhead hung the "great stars that globed themselves in heaven," Orion, Sirius, and ruddy Mars, and low in the horizon the shimmer of Venus made a track across the black waters.

I talked to my chief of many things—of the old fashions of the land before the white men or missionaries came, of the idols they

used to worship, made from the stuffed skins of their dead chiefs, with wooden heads, and rude images of men and dogs and other animals. He told me of the immemorial rights of some chiefs to make certain noises when they drank *kava* with the king,—of how one must cough ten times, one stand and utter piercing cries, another lie flat on his face, while another has the right to have a gun fired as he lifts the cup to his mouth—a modern custom, but one which succeeds the older one of the universal clapping of hands which in earlier times saluted his drinking. Then we talked not inappropriately of Samoan marriages *en règle*; of the feasting and lavish expenditure that precedes these ceremonies; of the impossibility for the girl to refuse any one whom her village has settled upon as a suitable *parti*; of the innumerable fine mats that form her dowry, and of the curious ceremonial that takes place at the wedding,—for the bridegroom and bride are seated in different huts at opposite sides of the central space in the village, and the bride passes three times from her house to the bridegroom's, and at the third passage her relations take all her clothes off her, and she has to walk again thrice backward and forward clothed in nothing until the last time, when she finds shelter in her future husband's house. All this and much more did my friend tell me as we sat in the great boat, and marked the time only by the changing places of the stars and the changing of the watch amongst the crew.

At last, it must have been about three in the morning, the look-out men announced in a whisper that some one was swimming out from the shore. My chief did not even

pause in the lighting of his cigarette, nor did the flame of the match show me that a muscle of his face had moved. We waited about ten minutes, and then coming slowly towards the boat I saw a dark object, but it came so noiselessly that I could not believe it was a human being. At last a shapely arm caught the gunwale just beside me; it was followed by the head and shoulders of this Samoan fair. All at once bustle reigned supreme: from the silence and deep peace of that still tropic night there arose the chatter of forty voices, the clash of oars falling into the row-locks, the cry of the look-out man from his place in the bows, where he stood silhouetted against the starry sky, pointing now to port, now to starboard with his outstretched hand, to enable the helmsman to avoid the coral patches in the passage. Scarce a word of greeting passed between Paris and Helen, for the latter settled down to sleep almost immediately, and did not awake until the sun rising beyond our own island turned the ripples into flakes of gold, and shot four great bars of amber light into the vault of heaven above.

Into the glories of this sunrise we rowed to the sound of the chant of the oar. And as the new day broke resplendent, our heroine stirred among her wrappings of

tapa, and with a smile bade us "good morning." We reached home that evening tired and sunburnt; but my friend had got a helpmate to whom he has been constant ever since. This being about three months, is considered quite a long time in Samoa; and unless anything very unexpected happens, it is probable that she may continue to reside with him for perhaps a further like period of time. Of the two ambassadors we saw nothing for a week, until at last they returned as they had gone, one by land, and the other by a boat which had given him a passage. They told me that they had pretended to sleep, but when the lady had left the house they had slipped out singly after her, and had lost no time in putting at least ten miles between them and pursuit before the next day.

Such was my adventure,—a curious one to have taken part in, yet of almost everyday occurrence here, where not only is it sanctioned by custom, but it is indeed sometimes the only method of getting a wife, for those who do not wish to mortgage their lands, and impoverish themselves for life by subscribing to the elaborate system which surrounds the more regular form of marriage.

ARTHUR MAHAFFY.

APIA.

CAVALRY STABLING.

THIRTY years ago, cavalry horses, as a rule, led a very steady and uneventful life from one year's end to another. They might live through their whole period of service in a regiment without ever spending a night anywhere but in a more or less comfortable stable; and unless the corps to which they belonged happened to be sent to Aldershot or the Curragh, they did not know what it was to stand picketed in the open. The work which they were called upon to perform was never excessive, and it was seldom indeed that they did not get rid of their saddles and plunge their noses into their mid-day feed before the early afternoon. Then, commanding officers prided themselves on their troopers being as round as apples; and old soldiers will easily remember one or two corps whose horses always looked blooming and comely, but hardly ever were moved out of a trot, and were so plethoric that when they attempted to charge at a field-day, they did so at a very mild canter. Now, the troopers in a cavalry regiment share with the officers and men in the general "waking up" which is being administered all round. It is quite certain that, in the course of the year, they will have to turn out into camp once, twice, or even oftener; and, both in barracks and camp, they are asked to get through an amount of exertion which in old days would have seemed impossible, and which, even to-day, some not bad judges think is often inordinate. Condition has to be constantly maintained, for except in the depth of winter there is no saying when small manœuvres may not be ordered which involve extreme ex-

ertion. In the spring of this year two cavalry regiments found themselves starting from widely separated quarters, and operating against each other over a great extent of country. As their horses had in no sense been prepared for the unexpected turn-out, and as in many instances sixty miles a-day were covered by individuals, to say nothing of their remaining saddled and on the alert during the performance of night outpost duty after a long day's marching and patrolling, the trial was found to be rather severe, and on its return to barracks at the end of a week, one regiment found itself with several horses dead, and more than a hundred on the sick-list. Whether it was prudent to exact from horses, at the time of year when they are generally softest, a sudden effort as great as might be necessary at the crisis of a campaign, may be a question to old-fashioned minds. The fact remains, however, that presumably competent authority is satisfied that troop-horses must always be in condition to meet similar trials; and it becomes an important matter to consider whether the present system of stabling our military animals may not be revised, with a view to keeping them always in harder condition than they are in at present, and possibly eliminating to a certain extent many complaints from which they now suffer. The question of economy is also involved, and may assume peculiar importance in the near future, when, it is understood, cavalry will be more concentrated than they have been in the past, and large new accommodation must be provided to replace that in the

small barracks which will be given up.

Presumably many people, and certainly all cavalry officers, are quite aware of the drawbacks of the present system of stabling, even when all the newest ideas about space, ventilation, and draining have been carried out. When young remounts first join a regiment, is it not the fact that their first introduction to stable-life is invariably attended by disease more or less acute? They at once develop colds, coughs, and other affections, as the result of the change from the rough, principally open-air, life which they have hitherto led, to the existence in the heated foul air of a troop-stable, which now falls to their lot. The acclimatisation to a life in stables may be reckoned one of the severest trials which a remount has to undergo, and it not unfrequently, in spite of every precaution that is taken, leaves results behind it which follow the animal through life. Of a similar nature, but of course minor in degree, are the ill effects which invariably attend the return of a regiment to barracks after having, for any reason, had its horses in the open air for some time. When the animals are turned out of stables and occupy picket lines *à la belle étoile*, they never catch colds or coughs however rough the weather; but when they again return to stables a very large proportion at once begin to suffer, and it takes some time before the whole again become accustomed to the influence of a closed-in sleeping-place.

Besides the actual atmospheric effect of the confined building in which they live, what a large number of casualties to troop horses are the result of the usual construction and fittings of stables! The stalls are divided from each

other by heavy swinging iron bales, slung between the wall and upright posts. How frequently is it the case that horses acquire a habit of kicking at these upright posts, and how often do they seriously damage themselves in so doing, in addition to disturbing the repose of all their companions by the noise which they make! How many thick hind-legs may be seen in any casual inspection of a barrack-stable! And when the origin of them is asked for, the almost invariable answer is, "Oh, kicking against the posts." Of course many plans are tried to mitigate the evil. Furze-bushes are hung up, in the hope that the acute pain of the prickles may prevent a horse from kicking at them, and this sometimes has a good effect. Just as often, however, the furze seems to excite the habit to greater virulence than before. The horse is not a reasonable being; and when he finds an object near him which gives him pain, he is as likely as not to persevere in attacking it in the only way in his power. Then, again, the posts are sometimes bound round with straw ropes or they are otherwise covered, and this expedient has a good effect in preventing injuries; but it is only a palliative, not a safeguard. The swinging bales have attached to them their own peculiar class of accidents. Horses often kick over them, and unable to withdraw the leg, are hung up and entangled. The bales are so arranged that they can easily be unhooked; and if the stable sentry is doing his duty and is on the alert, he unhooks the bale and releases an entangled horse before any serious damage is done. But one sentry has necessarily a good many horses to look after, perhaps distributed in two or three stables. He may not come at once to the horse's

assistance, and in the meantime the animal is cut, bruised, or perhaps seriously injured. Nothing can be done to prevent horses from hurting themselves on the bales; and if the use of stables on the present system is to be maintained, it might be worth consideration whether something like the plan which was in use in Austrian cavalry stables some years ago (whether it is still used is not known) might not be adopted. There the horses were separated by large thick straw mats suspended from the ceiling. There were no solid posts, or anything against which the animals could hurt themselves. If they kicked at the mats, these swung a very little, but offered no resistance. The mats entirely prevented horses from kicking each other, and were slung so high that no horse could kick over them.

The arrangements for feeding and tethering horses in troop-stables are by no means free from the chance of producing accident. The feeding is generally done in an iron manger, which is fixed to the wall, and this looks very harmless. So it is in a general way, but horses not infrequently grope on the ground below the manger in search of some stray corn or hay, and, if suddenly disturbed by any circumstance, throw their heads up and hit them on the most vulnerable part with great violence against the iron bottom. The tethering is by a steel collar-chain fastened to the horse's head-collar, which passes through a ring on the manger and is weighted at the end by an iron log, keeping the chain always in a state of tension. Unless the length of the chain is very accurately adjusted—a result not always easily attained—there is often considerable risk of a horse getting his leg over it, and so cutting himself

or tying himself up in its coil. The system of fastening is by no means absolutely secure, for any horse, if he likes, can slip his head out of the head-collar, and many contract the habit of doing so at their pleasure. The fastening can of course be made effectual by attaching the collar-chain to a strap buckled closely round the neck; but this expedient again has its drawback, for the neck-strap may fray or cut the horse's neck, and will certainly wear away a great deal of the mane. The constant rattle of the collar-chains running through the manger-rings is a peculiarly sharp, disturbing noise, and must do a great deal towards interfering with the quiet and repose which horses require if they are to be kept in thoroughly good health; and the weight of the log, which is always supported by the horse's head, though not a very serious matter, still forms another item of discomfort, and is therefore objectionable.

In good truth, much as has lately been done in improving cavalry troop-stables by giving more cubic space to each horse, by more careful ventilation, by drainage and by better paving, laying flat roughened stones instead of the old round cobbles, the whole subject still requires very careful consideration. If any one doubts that it does so, let him join a stable sentry for a couple of hours during his tour of duty at night and hear the clatter of collar-chains, the monotonous “bang,” “bang,” “bang,” which tells of some horse kicking against the posts, and the prolonged disturbance made by some struggling animal which has got over the bale or fallen into other difficulties, from which your companion must go and release him. Then at *réveillé* on the following morning let him be one of the first to enter

the stables and to inhale, in all its strong acrid impurity, the foul air which has collected during the past night. Then let him induce the veterinary surgeon to give him a detail of the cases under his care, with their probable origin. After these experiences, it is more than probable that his doubts as to the desirability of some change will be very thoroughly removed.

If, then, it is conceded that our present system of keeping horses is defective, if it is tolerably certain that it leads to the appearance of many diseases and nourishes others which might have otherwise remained in abeyance, if it does not provide all the conditions required to keep animals in the greatest comfort and therefore in the best condition, is there any alternative system, presenting possibly fewer drawbacks and more advantages, which might be adopted? There can be no doubt that there is such an alternative, but whether it will commend itself to many people as being worthy of consideration and of a practical test remains to be seen. It is now suggested that horses should no longer be called upon to adapt their constitutions and habits, as they do at present, to a sort of dual life—a life whose two conditions are utterly unlike and incompatible with each other. Now, a troop horse passes the greater part of the year in barrack stables and the remainder more or less under the conditions of active service, picketed in the open, and surrounded by the free air of heaven. The first is a state which has been shown to be not altogether satisfactory; it is no good preparation for the supreme trial of war, and, during that trial, can certainly never be maintained. The second is, as far as the animal is concerned, a representation of war under favourable circumstances,

teaches the horse a number of lessons of the utmost value, and moulds his constitution and instinct to the endurance of experiences which have no part in stable-life.

It would be undesirable, of course, for obvious reasons, and indeed impossible, to keep horses throughout the year picketed altogether without shelter; and there are certain sanitary conditions, such as good dry standing ground, susceptible of thorough cleaning and drainage, which are indispensable in a horse quarter that is to be permanently occupied. But there does not appear to be any very valid reason why horses should not be kept in places of much simpler construction than the present barrack stables, and more approximating in all details to the places of repose which will be provided for them on service or on the frequent field-mancœuvres at home. It is therefore suggested that they might find all the requirements of health and condition if for elaborate stables were substituted long roofed-in sheds, closed at the ends but open on one side. The only part of these sheds which would require careful construction would be the floor, which should be properly paved, with every allowance made for drainage and facility of cleaning, so that it should be always pure and dry. There should be no fittings of any kind, no mangers, partitions between the horses, or rings for collar-chains; but the horses should always be picketed in the same manner as if they were in the field. The roofs of the sheds should extend at least 22 to 24 feet, so that, when horses were picketed with their heads towards the inner wall, there might be ample covered space behind them, both to shelter themselves from driving snow or rain,

and to protect those officers and men who are on stable duty. The upright posts supporting the roof should be so placed that they are nowhere near the horses' heels, and the roofs themselves need not be more than 9 or 10 feet high. The sheds should, in fact, very much resemble the horse-lines of cavalry regiments in India, with some such small modifications as may be demanded by the different circumstances of English service.

Horses would, of course, always be picketed, and the pegs or rings for fastening head and heel ropes might be permanently fixed in the flooring. The animals would thus, throughout their service, be tethered on one system only, and would not, as at present, feel any novelty when required to go into the field, —a novelty which causes many injuries to legs and fetlocks, from straining at the unaccustomed heel-ropes. The fastenings both of head and heel do not admit any chance of a horse entangling himself in any way, however fidgety and uneasy he may be, nor do they make such a noise that he can, by his wakefulness, disturb his neighbours who may be disposed for rest and sleep. Another great advantage would be that, if a horse is ill-tempered and difficult to groom, the man who has to attend him has much more elbow-room than he has in a stall in stables, and is not cramped by bales and posts, nor, when one hind-leg of the horse is picketed, is he so liable to be kicked. One addition would have to be made to barrack equipment —a supply of rugs for all horses. Each animal would require one, and, in very severe weather, probably two might be necessary. It is to be remembered that the occasional fast work that the trooper does and the constant grooming that he receives increase the action of the pores of the skin and render

a certain amount of extra covering indispensable, if he is to be kept sufficiently warm and in a condition to benefit thoroughly by his supply of food. It may be said that in severe weather the amount of vital heat which is required to preserve condition could not be maintained in any animal standing in the suggested open shed, even with the assistance of rugs. But various forms of experience seem to show that this is not the case. In some Indian stations the nights at certain seasons are bitterly cold, with a severity that is all the more felt on account of the sudden change from the sun's heat during the day, and yet the horses do not perceptibly suffer from the lowness of temperature. Again, in Algeria the French cavalry stables, at stations a considerable height above the level of the sea, are constructed on the principle which is now suggested. There, in the coldest weather, when the snow is lying deep on the ground and a bitter wind is penetrating everywhere, the horses of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are stabled in open sheds, and yet their percentage of sickness is generally ridiculously small, amounting only to about two per cent, and they are in the best condition, able to perform a great amount of work. Many other instances might be collected and cited of horses thriving and keeping in hard condition under the slightest of shelter, as long as they are well covered with rugs and well fed. The one climatic influence which ever seems really to affect them seriously for ill, is exposure to long-continued rain, and this appears absolutely to have the effect of washing the flesh off their bones. As long as they are dry, however, and their vital parts are protected by good wrappings, they are able to endure great extremes of temperature

without in any way being affected by their influence.

The supply of bedding should of course be maintained in its present proportion, for it would be as essential as ever that the horses should have, whenever possible, a soft, warm, and dry bed, and it would probably be found that the present supply would go further in littering open sheds than closed-in stables. In the connection of the necessity for a warm bed also, it might be advisable that the open side of the shed should be boarded or otherwise closed up for about two and a half to three feet from the ground. This would prevent a rush of cold air on the horses when they were lying down, and they would sleep, undisturbed by a suddenly rising wind, in perfect comfort. In the absence of mangers, feeding would be done in nosebags, and here again the horse would become accustomed in his daily barrack life to a method of consuming his rations which is a necessity in the field. The difficulty, now felt whenever horses are deprived of the use of mangers, of inducing some of them to feed out of nosebags would at once disappear, and the sight of corn poured out on the ground or spread upon a towel, because the animal which should eat it will not receive it in a nosebag, will no longer be seen at feeding-hour in the horse-lines of a camp.

It is not to be supposed that horses stabled as we have suggested would have the glossy coats that are now the pride of English cavalry soldiers. They would possibly be somewhat rougher in appearance than the animals which now come out of barracks. But even if this should be the case when the weather is very severe, in summer-time at any rate they would look just as bloom-

ing as ever, and it is believed that they would gain an amount of hardiness and constitutional vigour which would have the best effect on their general appearance. The days of mere show in the army are past, and the great aim of everybody who is concerned with our military administration is the highest possible efficiency. No one can tell how soon a war may break out, and when the excellent horses provided by the remount department may have to show all the high qualities which are latent in them. Will it not be well that, as long as complete health is secured, they should be accustomed to every condition of active service, and should have no habits or requirements which are inconsistent with the stress of a campaign? Even in the necessary instruction during peace of the soldiers who ride them their trials are sufficiently severe—in fact, as far as they are concerned, nearly as severe as they would be in war-time. It has recently been shown what a tremendous amount of loss in horseflesh has occurred in all modern campaigns, and it is more than probable that this has been caused to a great extent by the lack of condition, as represented in large measure by an unfamiliarity with campaigning habits before the animals took the field. If the propositions which are now brought forward should be found to be practical, as it is pretty confidently believed they are, the losses in horseflesh of an English army in the field should have the chance of reduction in a great degree.

It may very likely be said that no owner of private horses would think of putting his animals into an open shed. It is not quite certain that he would not be right if he did do so; but in any case there is a vast difference between the

conditions of the life led by the horses of a private individual and those used to mount a regiment of cavalry or a battery of artillery. A private owner's horses, besides having many advantages in their stables which troop horses can never enjoy, lead in every way a different life. Their work is different in character, they are not liable to be called upon to bivouac for prolonged periods, and, certain of having the same accommodation from year's end to year's end, they are never called upon suddenly to adapt themselves to new habits in feeding, tethering, and shelter.

Perhaps one of the most powerful arguments that can be urged in favour of the system of stabling military horses in the manner now suggested would be its economy. Instead of the elaborate and expensive buildings now provided, having doors, windows, iron fittings, and appliances for ventilation, simple and cheaply erected sheds would be all that is required. The only part of their construction which would demand careful attention is the paving, and this necessity they share with the barrack stables now in use. It would be necessary also to provide separate saddle and harness rooms, for the horse's kit could no longer be hung, as it generally now is, on a rack fastened to the post supporting the bale. This would in itself be an improvement, for a great deal of the cleaning and polishing would be done in the saddle-room instead of the stable; and, after the horses were groomed, fed, and made comfortable, they would be left to quiet and repose, instead of being disturbed by every man who has not finished his work at the stable hour, and has to come in later to arrange and polish saddle, bridle, &c., &c.

The principal items of expense

involved, extra to that now incurred in the present system, would be the wear and tear of rugs, nosebags, and picketing gear; but these articles are now required every year at some time or another for every horse, and, in view of the large saving effected in the construction and maintenance of stables and stable fittings, the expenditure in replacing them more frequently than is now necessary may be considered very trifling.

It is very possible that the idea of keeping army horses in open sheds, and altogether throwing over customs which have so long held sway, may, at first sight, seem to be extravagant and revolutionary. The more it is considered, however, the more it appears to have no small amount of practical value. It might be well worth the while of our military authorities to give it a fair trial at several different stations. At each place a wing of a regiment, a squadron, or even a half squadron, might be placed under the proposed conditions, and the general health and condition of the horses compared at the end of a year or two with those of the animals which remained in the old stables. It would be of advantage, also, if the test was applied to some remounts which have never felt the influence of a stable, so as to ascertain whether they grow and thrive as well as others which are treated according to the old routine. It is tolerably certain that these would, at any rate, escape many illnesses from which they must otherwise undoubtedly suffer, and their early development would be so far accelerated. The diseases inevitable to youth, such as strangles, would run their course in a milder form, and without leaving, as they do at present in many instances, a legacy of broken wind or impaired constitution.

TEA-TIME IN THE VILLAGE.

IF one were bidden to choose a single hour of the day as that best calculated to show the different aspects of village life, one would, I think, name five o'clock. Five o'clock in the afternoon, be it understood. The hamlet is, indeed, awake and on foot when, in the early morning, the hands of the tall "grandfather's clock" boasted by nearly every household point to the same hour. Then busy matrons are already astir, raking out grates and sweeping kitchens; sleepy lasses, with warm rosy faces, come yawning down-stairs, tying their aprons on the way; little children in their attic-nests are twittering like swallows under the eaves; and the bread-winners, still curled up under their piles of blankets, hear the morning clatter and bustle and know that their hour is at hand. Soon the crackling and spluttering of the newly kindled wood will be succeeded by the singing of the kettle and the hissing of bacon in the pan; "th' missus" will come to the foot of the stairs presently, and shout; and if she does not at once hear the thud of bare feet on the floor, she will mount to give her "gaffer" a wifely shake and to pull the bedclothes off the lads. It is not altogether a cheerful hour this, especially in the dark cold mornings when the outer world is as yet invisible, and the little world within is lit but dimly by a single candle, or an evil-smelling paraffin-lamp. "Feyther's rheumatiz" is apt to "catch him awful" as he prepares to sally forth, and the young folk grumble while their stiff frozen fingers fumble with button or brace.

But when the aforesaid clock-

hands, having jerked and clicked round their circle, take up the same position in the afternoon, things have a very different aspect. Even from afar the hamlet wears a cosy and jubilant look that must gladden the hearts of the toilers who plod homewards. Especially is this the case when the days are light enough to show the glow of time-worn brick and yellow stone, the glint of hay- and corn-stacks, the golden-green of sun-warmed leaves and lichen-bespread roofs. Matrons are gossiping in their open doorways while they await the advent of the men-folk; they have "cleaned them" after their day's work, and hair is shining and faces are aglow; their fresh aprons hang in crisp folds, and the little ones, clinging to their skirts, or balanced on their arms, rejoice in clean "bishops" and "tie-ups" of various hues. But the neatness of these small fry, too helpless to break away from motherly control, is not imitated by their elder brothers and sisters. Yonder a group may be seen playing hopscotch or marbles: sturdy well-grown lads and lasses, with hands comfortably grimy, and round rosy faces smeared with reminiscences of recent excursions to the sweet-shop. Now and then an irate mother will make a descent, and seizing "our Teddy" or "our Maggie" by the arm, desires him or her with a vigorous shake to "give over that nonsense"—"Goo an' clean thyself, do. For shame of thee—thou's ha' no tay, if thou mak's sich a seet o' thyself!"

But a more tolerant parent will perhaps allow her scapegrace to enjoy his game in peace, and even

present him with a "traycle-butt" to munch the while.

Out of this open gate come Farmer Prescott's milking-cows, making for the field, sedately threading their way through the children. A whistling urchin follows them, looking very important and cracking a broken cart-whip; occasionally he interrupts his shrill and rather quavering music to utter a gruff admonition in a manner copied from "Feyther," and to bring down his whip on the sleek flank of the hindmost; whereupon she breaks into a clumsy trot, and, with deep-toned remonstrances and tossing of horned heads, the company proceeds in transitory disorder. Here comes a team of horses newly released from plough or harrow; the head of the labourer who walks beside them reaches only to the leader's dappled shoulder; the great shaggy limbs move slowly, the immense hoofs ring on the hard road; the tails and manes are plaited and fancifully decorated with ribbons and straw, and perhaps a green branch or a bunch of flowers is fastened in their bridles; their well-groomed skins gleam in the sun; the brass and iron mountings of the harness glitter again: our North-country folk are proud of their animals, and treat them well.

Now there echoes from afar off the clatter of a string of waggons returning from the town. Some time before the long row comes in sight the crack of the drivers' whips and the sound of their voices can be heard, even above the roll of the wheels, which, at certain moments, when the train reaches a turn in the road, amounts to a kind of roar; and now little bands of labourers make their appearance, walking leisurely, though they are "sharp set" and ready for their tea. These, emer-

ging from this door-way in the high wall which forms the right-hand boundary to the village, are all employed at "the Hall." Here are the two carpenters and the boy who holds the nails and the pots of paint; there are the mason and his assistant, and the herd and his underling, and the gardener and his men—one remains behind in the "bothy" to see to the hot-houses. After a short interval the keepers come; the hindmost, a taciturn stern-looking old man, has a large piece cut out of his boot: he has long been "under the doctor" for that foot of his, but no earthly persuasion will induce him to forego even one hour of his daily tramp. There was a question recently of finding him some lighter work, but the head-keeper, who knows him better than any one else, gave it as his opinion that he would "dee straight off" if the question were so much as mooted; so until the *other* foot is in the grave the old fellow will somehow hobble round his beat.

At last the waggons are actually lumbering through the village, each drawn by two, or even three, horses, harnessed in single file; empty baskets are piled on some, and others are laden with manure, a yielding and odoriferous bed for such of the drivers as are drowsy after their long day, and, perhaps, frequent calls at divers places of refreshment. Now there is a stir and a bustle indeed: children shouting and climbing on to the waggons as the horses plod on—mothers giving a last distracted scream to their progeny, ere they return to their fire-lit kitchens to lay the table and make the tea. Hens begin to draw near to the back-doors; dogs emerge from their kennels, with a sudden rattling of chains, and cast amiably expectant glances in the same

direction; puss leaves her place of ambush among the gooseberry bushes, and steps daintily across the threshold; there is much squealing and grunting and running to and fro in the pig-sties; all the dumb things know it is tea-time. The kettle bubbles on every kitchen-hob. The table is spread in the warmest corner—summer and winter alike—with preparations for a good solid meal. After a hard day's work in field or garden the men-folk are not to be put off with a mere snack, and the children can always do "wi' a bit extry." The teapot is set down on the hob; the contents, well stewed and bitter, and rendered still more palatable by a dash of spirits, will make the good-man of the house feel he has had the full worth of that portion of his wage which went to purchase a pound of "best mixed" last Saturday. On the shining fender lies a smoking dish of buttered toast, or it may be a home-baked cake, very solid and pale, with but few raisins imbedded in its stodgy depths, but exceedingly satisfying. Possibly a slice or two of cold bacon is set forth to give a relish to the crusty loaf on the table; and in the houses of the more well-to-do a knuckle of ham or a goodly piece of beef invites the attentions of the farmer and his men. "Eh, I cannot do wi' clemmin' folks," observed a sturdy old housewife once, on being laughingly taken to task for extravagance. "As mich mate as ever they can hey—an' good drink to 't I give em' at meal-time—an' theer's allus a bite o' summat an' a loaf set yonder o' th' dresser as they can come an' cut at if they'n a mind." The quantity of the food set before them concerns these big-framed hard-working rustics more than its quality; though some of the older men are

"a bit 'tickle an' dainty" at times, and upset the equanimity of their "missuses" by calling out for applesauce with their pork, and grumbling at the scarcity of gravy with the Sunday beef. Not long ago a portly and red-faced old farmer was observed to lay down his knife and fork at a certain rent-dinner, and, after rolling a dissatisfied eye over the well-spread table, was overheard to remark that this wasn't what he called "a gradely do."

"Why not?" asked his neighbour, pausing with his mouth full, and casting a slow and appreciative glance at the solid viands. "I dunnot see aught amiss. Theer's plenty an' more nor plenty, an' th' yäale's noan so ill neither." This was tantamount to enthusiasm in a North-countryman; but the sense of injury was strong upon Farmer Frith.

"Ye dunnot see aught amiss?" he cried, witheringly, "an' theer isn't a single mince-poy!"

As it happened to be a sweltering July day, the absence of this particular dainty might not have been considered astonishing; but now that their attention was drawn to it, the rest of the guests began to feel aggrieved. This was a pretty sort of do! No mince-pies! Healths were drunk with a gloomy air, and when Farmer Frith remarked towards the end of the repast that he wouldn't say but what they'd known "jov'aler meetin's," it was felt that he expressed the general opinion.

But to return to the village.

A few minutes after five every table is surrounded. "Feyther" divests himself of his coat (if he has been wearing one) and his boots; which precaution, besides suiting his own idea of comfort, falls in with his wife's notions of economy and cleanliness; he eats

hugely and gulps down cupful after cupful of tea. When the inner man is partially restored he begins to notice external things. He has a grunt in answer to the "missus's" sigh about "yon tax-man as looked in again this arternoon," and tells her he saw Squire drive past, or that "owd Tommy Latham seems to be warsenin';" or, if he has been to "town," he will perhaps announce that "taters" is down again. By-and-bye his rugged face will crease itself into a slow and good-natured smile, and leaning forward he will uplift the chin of one of the little folk so busily at work with tightly-clenched spoons, and inquire how is our Annie to-day? or what mischief has our Willie "agate"? laughing loudly at the lisped response. One or more of the babies will be clambering on his knees presently, and the others will gather round to search his capacious pockets and be regaled with sweets, or "bracelets," as the little girls call the strings of bright-coloured beads he brings them, though the chubby wrists are not to be adorned by them, but the round sunburnt necks. Perhaps if "feyther" is of a literary turn he will produce a newspaper from his pocket, folded into a square and greasy little slab. When "th' missus" has "sided" the tea-things, and washed up, and fed the chickens, and put the children to bed, and got through the remainder of her "odd jobs," she will sit down and spell out its contents for the edification of herself and the elder members of her family. Politics are not considered entertaining, nor accounts of the doings of Royalty; though a transient excitement is perceptible when it is mentioned that the Queen is indisposed, and some one will observe "hoo's gettin' into years same as th' rest on us,"

with a pleasurable sense of triumph at the discovery. A shipwreck or a good burglary is what the family circle finds most exhilarating—unless it be, perhaps, the announcement of the birth of triplets somewhere. Even toothless granny in the corner wakes up to cackle and clap her hands over *that*.

"Eh, dear 'o me! to think on't," says the missus, meditatively. "An' th' Queen sent her three pounds! Fancy that now! Hoo'd be pleased I doubt, poor soul. Eh, but however would hoo manage wi' so many? Three on 'em! Hoo'd be very nigh druv mad wi' 'em, I reckon. All skrikin' an' yammerin' together, an' two on 'em wakin' up as like as not, soon's iver hoo'd gotten th' third to sleep."

"Happen they'll not live," says "feyther," after ruminating for a moment. "It's a'most to be 'oped not," he adds, casting a sudden anxious glance towards his good dame, who, as the other matrons say, "is nobbut a young woman yet an' hasn't finished wi' her fam'ly." There is no knowing what may yet be in store for him. But granny presently reassures him by giving it as her opinion that "they twins an' sich-like seldom grow up same's other childer." Then, searching her memory, she begins to relate how she heard once as a bricklayer's wife up Bootle way had three babies at a birth—"or were it four?"

"Ho ho!" chuckles her son "weren't it five now—or happen six! Put a two-three more to't while yo're at it."

"It were four," cries grandma, doggedly. "Theer's no need to laugh. I mind it well. It *were* four. Mrs Clark as tow'd me heerd it fro' her cousin as lived at Bootle—an' hoo said they was all put together in a clothes-basket

—mich same as kittens they looked, hoo said—an' folks was tramplin' in an' out fro' morn to neet to look at 'em. An' the mother charged a penny a-piece, for hoo couldn't do wi' sich a many strangers comin' in, yo' known, an' pullin' blankets off th' childer an' handlin' 'em. But they didn't live so long I don't think."

"Feyther" is struck dumb; but mother and the children are much interested, and Granny is plied with questions anent this remarkable occurrence for the remainder of the evening.

But it is long past five o'clock when these discussions take place; the tea-hour is never unduly prolonged, though it is comfortable and restful. There is still much business to be got through before people have time to read newspapers. The pig is to be fed, and sticks for kindling have to be chopped, and "th' garden is gettin' shameful weedy," the missus complains, and "they cabbages mun be thinned out"—she will find plenty of jobs for her gaffer to do while she is busy within.

In certain seasons many of the larger farmhouses are almost deserted at tea-time: the men sit down to their "baggin'" in the field. The meek horses stand by the hedges, swinging their tails and extending tentative tremulous lips toward the sweet new hay beneath their hoofs, or the long grass on the bank beside them, or even the leafy thorn boughs. Ned and Jack roar at them occasionally between their lumps of bread and cheese, but they nevertheless contrive to snatch a delicious mouthful from time to time, and are in some manner refreshed when they go on again, plodding up the furrow, or rattling the noisy machine. The brown fields take on wondrous tints of copper and purple at sun-

set-time, the green plain is a very sea of gold, every upstart hair on Boxer's or Smiler's back is a-glitter with its own tiny aureole; the homely figures of the labourers are transfigured in the evening glow. And when Maggie or Jinny leans over the hedge with the breeze ruffling her hair, her rosy cheeks look rosier than ever, and her whole commonplace little personality is invested with glamour and poetry. Indeed it is perhaps in this enforced recognition of the magic and the glory of common things that lies the chief charm of country life. With this light, these free open spaces, this air—never languorous here in our bonny north—there is beauty and savour everywhere: even when we find no blossom in the hedge, are there not red-brown buds, or curled baby leaves, or red points of light making gleaming outlines to the thorny twigs, or, best of all, delicate glittering frost tracery? And when the hay and clover are "carried," and the lime-trees are hung with seed-pods in knotted fringe, the damp earth has a sweetness of its own, and the russet sea of dying bracken yonder, under the yellowing woodland, sends forth waves of curious spicy fragrance pleasant to the nostrils.

The tillers of the soil, incapable though they may be of giving voice to the impressions produced on them by their surroundings, are nevertheless strongly, if unconsciously, affected by them. As a labourer tells you it is "nice and doweey" when he sets to work at four o'clock in the morning, you see by his contemplative eyes that he is recalling the wonder of the dawn: he is actually feeling the cool moist freshness, he sees the glory of the sun behind the trees. When he wanders with his lass beside the pleasant hedge-

rows or through the teeming fields, do not the sunshine and the green leaves and the singing of the larks add zest to his courting? And when the old man spins yarns in the chimney-corner about the galling days of his youth, will they not abound in details as to "th' time o' year" and the aspect of the country?

All unawares indeed, these, our horny-handed brothers, are moulded by their contact with the outdoor world; nevertheless their hopes and sympathies are bound up in the hopes and sympathies of the Nature that they know: they belong to it in a special manner; this earth which they cultivate is connected with every phase of their lives.

The first conscious sensation of the peasant-babe is that of rolling on the sunny sod, the smell of the crushed herbage in his nostrils, his tiny fingers clutching at clover-blossoms. Next, he proudly sallies forth to carry dinner to father or brother, with little head scarcely reaching mid-way up the hedge, and round eyes wandering over a brown wilderness till they descry an expectant figure leaning on spade or plough-handle. Later

on, promoted to share the labours of the elders; guiding the horses up and down the long furrow—small heavily-shod feet sinking deep at every step, short arms aching as the day wears on; later still, "delving"—spade glittering in the sunlight, breeze fluttering unfastened shirt-sleeves and exposing muscular young arms, young blood leaping with sheer joy of life.

In a few years comes marriage; and the husband and father looks to the soil, his providence, bountiful and kind, for bread for the little mouths at home.

The seasons come and go, and the man's back grows rounder, and his limbs stiffen. Nearer and nearer the earth stoops he, and at last she clasps him to her bosom. He has laboured all his days for hire: now he shall possess land of his own. Early and late has he toiled, hard and long; now he may fold his hands and rest. O, ye visionary reformers, behold the realisation of your dreams! behold in this lord absolute of six feet of soil your peasant proprietor! Here, even here, in this city of the dead, he has found Utopia!

M. E. FRANCIS.

LI HUNGCHANG'S VISIT.

WHEN taking leave of our shores Li Hungchang expressed a hope that he had made an impression on the people of this country. In this he certainly succeeded, although, like most general impressions, this one no doubt varied in kind and intensity according to the degree of knowledge and experience possessed by those influenced by it. To a large majority he was a disappointment. The undue hopes and ill-defined expectations which were formed concerning him have all proved illusive. In vain builders of ships, makers of guns, and constructors of railway engines displayed their skill and the latest outputs from their yards. The visitor admired some things, sneered at others, and failed altogether to encourage the idea that he was a customer for their wares. Great political personages also must be conscious that his visit has certainly not had the effect of magnifying their offices; while those few who have followed his career through its various phases have been left confirmed in the belief that during the last thirty years he has neither learned anything nor forgotten anything.

The whole episode is an interesting illustration of the strange glamour which is thrown over everything Chinese in the eyes of Europeans. What can be more curious than to reflect that the object of the recent adulation almost of Europe was the representative of a nation which had just emerged from a disastrous war in which its armies had been defeated in every battle, its main fleet had been either sunk or captured, and its executive had

been proved to be weak, corrupt, and individually cowardly? The strangeness of the situation was heightened at Berlin by the almost simultaneous arrival in that capital of Li and the Japanese Minister, who had been sent to Moscow on a mission precisely similar to that entrusted to his Chinese colleague—the one being the representative of the conquering people, the other of the defeated enemy. At Berlin, if anywhere, it might have been expected that the military equation would have been respected. But such was not the case. While every extraordinary token of respect was showered on Li, the Japanese Minister was obliged to put up with the ordinary attentions commonly due to his rank. If, after the Franco-German war, Monsieur Ollivier had visited the European capitals, would he have received a tithe of the respect and honour which have been meted out to this equally discredited Chinese official?

If anything could add to the inappropriateness of this and other effusive welcomes which Li has met with in Europe, it would be the fact that, in spite of his mission, he is regarded as being in disgrace in his own country. Until the outbreak of the Chinese and Japanese war he was Viceroy of the Metropolitan Province of the empire, and the trusted adviser of the Throne on all foreign affairs, as well as on all matters connected with the defences of the country. For about a quarter of a century he had been the mouthpiece of the Government in all the vexed questions which had arisen with the "outer barbarians"; and dur-

ing the same period he had been allowed to spend many millions in fortifying the strongholds of Port Arthur and Wai-hai-wei, and in equipping an army and navy. It is impossible, therefore, to imagine any man in a better position to warn his Government of a coming danger, or to protect the empire from the consequences of war. In both respects he signally failed. In common with the other members of the Government, the clash of arms came on him quite unexpectedly; and history tells us how completely he failed to organise any effective resistance to the enemy. No wonder his yellow jacket was taken from him; and though, when he went to Japan to arrange the peace, the Emperor rehabilitated him so far as that honour was concerned, he was still deprived of the Viceroyalty which had been the main substantial evidence of his Imperial master's favour.

Many years before he had been rewarded for the suppression of the Nienfei rebellion by the rank and title of *Chung'ang*, which is commonly translated "Grand Secretary"; and here it may be well to mention that the functions attaching to this office are purely nominal, and that Li enjoys the dignity with three other high officials in the empire. With his yellow jacket, and this last remaining evidence of his former greatness, he retired to Peking, where, unless rumour is more than usually mendacious, he was plundered of a considerable portion of the gains which he had gathered during his Viceroyalty, and had to submit to the frost, the killing frost, of his master's displeasure. "Weary and old with service," he now found himself at the mercy of his enemies—during his long career he had made not a few—

and those ears which had always been open to his advice were closed against him. Wêng, a former tutor to the Emperor, and one of Li's bitterest opponents, was then, and is still, the ruling authority in the capital; and though Li was not precluded from offering counsel, he found himself obliged to submit to slights and contumelies such as he had often inflicted on others, but to which he had never before been subjected.

Among the prominent questions discussed at Peking were those connected with the payment of the indemnity to Japan, and while one Minister urged one plan and another another, Li advocated the opening of negotiations with foreign Powers with the object of raising the import duties from 5 per cent *ad valorem* to 10 per cent. It was pointed out to him at the time by Sir Robert Hart and others that this was an extremely doubtful method of raising the revenue, and that a far better way would be to foster trade by opening the country rather than to check traffic by the imposition of extra duties. But throughout his whole career Li has shown a lamentable ignorance of even the elements of political economy, and regardless of the future has always preferred to grasp at schemes from which immediate cash profits might be expected. Such was the case in the present instance. Sir Robert Hart's arguments fell on deaf ears, and Li continued to advocate his panacea.

It not unfrequently happens that when uncongenial advice is offered to the Throne, the official tendering it is, unkindly, called upon to carry out his own recommendations. Some years since the well-known Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung, who then held sway at

Canton, memorialised the Throne, recommending the construction of a trunk line of railway from Hankow to Peking. At that time Chang's enemies, among whom was Li, were in power at Peking; and as the scheme was regarded by them as impossible of accomplishment, they determined to aim a blow at his influence by calling on him to prove in his own person the folly of his advice. At their instigation a decree was issued transferring him from Canton to Hankow, with instructions to make the railway at once. The plot was successful. Not a length of rail has during these several years been laid, while Chang has suffered both in credit and pocket by his vain endeavours to carry out his avowed project. It is a similar ordeal through which Li is now passing. He had the temerity to declare a certain course feasible, and he has now been called upon to assume the courage of his convictions. This is the secret of his mission to Europe, and the result has shown that he entered upon it with too light a heart.

Chinamen are proverbially lavish of professions and promises when anything is to be gained by them, and Li is a proficient in the use of these illusory compacts. But the time has gone by when the cajolery and vain aspirations which used to pass current with diplomatists in China are held to be of much value, and Li was, we are told, saddened and disappointed by the practical businesslike attitude assumed by Lord Salisbury in the preliminary discussion of the increased import duties. No diplomatist of any other nation with such an international record as that of China would have ventured to offer such futile equivalents for the favour asked as those which Li advanced with such unction. The argu-

ments on which he relied were justice and expediency, and he enforced the first by calling upon us to act towards China as we have lately acted towards Japan,—that is, to revise the import duties, though not, as he stated, without compensating advantages; and the second, by assuring us that if this were done a new heaven and a new earth would be created by the opening up of the whole empire to foreign trade, by the adoption of a network of railways throughout "the Eighteen Provinces," and by the cementing of an eternal friendship between the people of the two nations. These are the strings on which he harped perpetually at the countless dinners and luncheons which were given in his honour. At the reception offered him by the London Chamber of Commerce he said through his interpreter:—

"Thanks to my visit to England and to my stay in London, I can now assure you that I fully reciprocate the feelings expressed by the President and the Chairman of East India and China Trade Section, and that I am just as much desirous as you are of the expansion of the unlimited trade between England and our country, because I know positively that it will benefit both. A statesman ought not to make promises conceived at those times when his heart is moved by feelings and sentiments, because it is only too often that the unexpected will interfere with the will and desire. However, for once I will act contrary to worldly wisdom and caution. Accordingly, I will say that, as long as my life lasts I shall make myself the advocate of progress, industry, and commerce, and, on account of the lessons which I took in the course of my journey in Europe, I will make it a special object of mine to raise always my voice in favour of, making the remotest corner of the empire of my august Sovereign accessible to traffic, by the introduction of a sensibly

planned and honestly executed and managed system of railroads, the invention of which England has the best reasons to be proud of."

These are excellent sentiments, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Li may have health, strength, and power to carry out his beneficent scheme. But we have heard something of the same sort before. It will be remembered that the late Marquis Tsêng, when resigning his post of Minister at this Court, wrote an article in the 'Asiatic Quarterly Review' on the awakening of China, in which he drew an attractive picture of the halcyon days of progress and reform which were dawning on his country, and implied his determination to do all in his power to foster and further so desirable a consummation. Those who have followed the course of events in China will also recollect the cold douche of opposition which was poured on the well-intentioned aspirations of the Marquis on his return to Peking. Indeed, if report is to be relied on, the arguments of his opponents were of so convincing a nature that before his death he had to a great extent gone over to their ranks. But, after all, the Marquis wrote out of a full heart, after a study on the spot of Western civilisation extending over some years. Li's conversion, on the other hand, to the belief that the opening of China to British trade would be an advantage to both countries, is new and startling. During his whole career he has acted as though convinced of the wisdom of limiting foreign trade as far as possible. In his heart of hearts he mistrusts foreigners. He recognises their mechanical skill, and their superiority in the art of war. He is willing to use them and the appliances which they command for the pur-

poses of his country's defence, but if he spoke his whole mind he would oppose to the utmost of his ability the yielding of any concession beyond the four corners of the foreign treaties.

But even if Li were zealous in the cause which he now professes so ardently, there are, unhappily, physical and political reasons which make vain the hope that he would be able to give effect to his desires. He is in his seventy-fifth year, or in his seventy-sixth, as the Chinese reckon age, and, as has been stated above, his enemies at Peking are both numerous and powerful, or, as it was put in a semi-official *communiqué* lately addressed to the 'Times,' he has powerful influences to contend with, and is without any general support outside his own *yamèn*. With the most benevolent desire to accept all that Li professes, it is impossible not to discount largely his prospects of success, unless it should happen that Wêng, the present supreme authority at Peking, should bring about his own fall by his supreme ignorance of European affairs. Nor is it possible to fail to recognise in his crude proposals another instance of "an old man in a hurry." If he had shown less haste in arriving at a cut-and-dried remedy for the emergency, he might have seen that he had only to bring about the further opening of the country to foreign trade, which now in his new-born enlightenment he recognises would be an advantage to his country, to produce the increased revenue which he desires to secure. A glance at the returns of the Foreign Customs would have shown him that though no change has been made in the tariff, with the exception of the dwindling

item of opium, the revenue from this source has risen from 8,000,000 taels in 1864 to 21,000,000 taels in 1895. If this increase has accrued in the green tree of restricted trade, what might not be expected from the dry tree of unfettered commerce? If the country were really thrown open to foreign trade, inland transport facilitated, the means of communication improved, and, above all, *likin* taxation abolished, Li would have no reason to fear that the country would not be able to meet its obligations. Its National Debt of £40,000,000 would be paid off in a few months, and there would be an abundant surplus to be expended on the army and navy, or any other branch of the public service. In this relation and in a very small matter, the advantage to the people of the adoption of foreign appliances may be illustrated by a fact. Mr Jameson, H.B.M.'s Consul at Shanghai, in speaking in his report for 1895 of the steam filatures for reeling silk, which have lately been introduced into Shanghai and the neighbourhood, says:—

"The silk produced at these filatures is very much superior to that reeled by the native processes, and consequently it commands a higher price. The gain to the country resulting from these filatures may be set down at not less than 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 taels during the past year—that is to say, the export value of the silk crop as a whole has been at least 1,000,000 taels more than it would have been if manipulated by native methods."

A complete change will, however, have to come over the council of the empire before any such wholesome advice as that which Li might have advanced will find favour at Peking. And this brings us again to the mistaken notion that Li, old and bankrupt

in reputation, would be able to effect any liberal move in the direction of progress. He is one in 300,000,000, and he might as well try to heap Ossa upon Pelion as attempt to move the huge and inert mass of his countrymen. That they have no inclination to be led in the direction so enthusiastically advocated by Li in his after-dinner speeches is obvious from the course of recent events in China. It might be supposed that, after the long series of defeats which have lately overtaken the country, any military help from abroad would have been eagerly welcomed by the people, more especially if the help came from one of the three nations who banded themselves together to preserve the Liaotung peninsula for China. But this is evidently not the view of the people in the neighbourhood of Nanking, the ancient capital of the empire. A German officer, a Mr Krause, was there engaged in drilling the native ragged regiments, and in striving to instil a little military spirit into their faltering ranks. On a certain day he marched his men on to the parade-ground immediately behind the Viceroy's *yamén*, when, without any notice, the Viceroy's body-guard set upon the unfortunate officer, "who was struck off his horse to the ground by a blow on the head from a spear-headed bamboo, and was immediately surrounded and cruelly beaten, kicked, and stabbed. His revolver was taken from him, and one of his assailants tried to shoot him, but did not know how to fire it." Fortunately he was able to escape with his life, but so strong is the anti-foreign feeling at Nanking that it has been considered wise to remove all the other German instructors to forts in the neighbourhood of Shanghai.

When such conduct can be meted out to an officer who had come to help the country in its time of necessity, it need not surprise us to learn that a traveller in Szechuen—and in this case a lady, and therefore defenceless—has been lately brutally mobbed and stoned. Mrs Bishop in her many adventurous journeys has had various experiences, but it was reserved for the Chinese to subject her to gross insult and outrage. Such facts as these are curious commentaries on Li's professed friendship on the part of the people, and promised "union of hearts." Even at the time when he was uttering his illusory forecasts, the anti-Christian literature, which has been a standing disgrace to the country for years, was still being circulated in the empire, and crimes too black to mention, and too base for humanity, were being currently attributed to the men and women who have given up home and country to attempt to raise the people above the dead level of their national life.

It may be said that these crimes and misdemeanours were the acts of individuals, and that the Government had no complicity in them. It might be shown that such was not the case; but for the moment we may let the question pass, and point out several directions in which the Government has shown an unfriendly attitude towards foreigners. For years our merchants have, through our Ministers at Peking, protested against the almost daily infringement of the article of the treaty which provides for transit passes. Contrary to the letter and spirit of the treaties, illegal dues are constantly levied on foreign goods on their way from the ports to the inland markets, and in a vast majority of cases neither restitution nor re-

compense has been granted by the Government for the wrongs done by its agents. So rare are the occasions on which justice is accorded in such matters, that lately, when an instance occurred in which a British merchant, Mr Andrew, was recompensed for a very gross infringement of treaty rights in this respect, the circumstance was considered worthy of a special telegram to the 'Times' newspaper.

This was a more than commonly flagrant case, because it occurred on the West river of Canton, which lately, after lengthy negotiations, the Chinese Government agreed to open to foreign trade. On one excuse or another the ratification of this concession has been evaded; and unless stern pressure be brought to bear on the obstructives at the Tsungli *yamén*, there does not appear to be any prospect of the immediate fulfilment of the agreement. The Hongkong Chamber of Commerce is now once again urging on the Government the importance to British trade of opening this river to traffic; and if Li's protestations are worth anything, we may at least expect that he will urge his Government to fulfil its promises, even if he fails to induce it to undertake any new departures. In some other directions matters are in an equally unsatisfactory state, as is forcibly illustrated by the following telegram, which was reproduced in the 'Times' of September 4 from the Paris 'Temps':—

"The French Minister in Peking, after long and laborious negotiations, has succeeded in obtaining reparation for all the acts of violence of which the missionaries of Kweichow have been the victims during the last ten years. Christians who have been im-

prisoned since 1886 have been released, the priests have been allowed to return to certain towns from which they had been expelled, the mission is to receive an indemnity, and its persecutors are to be prosecuted."

All's well that ends well; but things being as they are, we are at a loss to understand on what substratum of kindly feeling towards foreigners, on the part of either the people or the Government, Li proposes to raise the superstructure of peace and good-fellowship which he foreshadows in his speeches. It cannot be denied that in this matter he has laid upon himself a herculean task, and one which entails nothing less than the complete reversal of the whole policy of the Government, and of the conduct pursued towards Europeans by all official ranks from the Emperor downwards.

Turning for a moment from the political to the social aspects of Li's visit, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that his manners, on occasions, and his obtrusive questions, have given rise to some misconceptions. Many apparent *gaucheries* may fairly be put down to his ignorance of European manners and customs; and it is more than probable that he found refuge from the necessity of saying things which might possibly have been perverted by his enemies, in showering questions on those with whom he was expected to talk. This has always been his habit. As has been said of him in a recent biography, referring to the time when he ruled at Tientsin, "Foreign Ministers and distinguished officers who have gone to his *yamén* expecting to learn something from him have

come away without any addition to their previous stock of knowledge, and with the consciousness superadded that they have been "pumped" most exhaustively by their astute host."

We naturally connect orientals with courtly manners and dignified diction, and more especially do we look for such amenities from the Chinese, who attach so overwhelming an importance to rites and ceremonies. But much allowance must, in recent circumstances, be made for Li, who was placed in a position of great political difficulty, and whose most innocent utterances would have been in danger of being misinterpreted to his disadvantage by intriguers at Peking.

To the hope which he expressed on leaving Southampton that he had made an impression on us, he added the assertion that we had made a deep impression on him. What was the nature of that impression? It is impossible to imagine, otherwise than that his gracious reception by the Queen and his private intercourse with Lord Salisbury have inspired him with abiding feelings of respect and gratitude. There was a dignity and courtliness about his audience at Osborne and his visit to Hatfield that cannot have failed to have profoundly gratified his national instincts. His welcome by the non-official classes, with all its spontaneous and, on occasions, almost hilarious, effusiveness, also pleased him greatly; and on the whole he may be expected to have carried away with him a truer appreciation of the sterling qualities of the people of this country than had ever been dreamed of in his philosophy.

A PRODUCT OF THE POOR LAW.

DEAR MAGA,

From one of the vast barrack schools in which our poor workhouse children are gathered together I have lately had intrusted to me a workhouse girl. Having some experience in the training of poor children, I readily undertook the charge for a time of this forlorn creature, out of health, friendless, and unable to help herself,—who was old enough, being nearly seventeen, to go out to service, but was not able for it. She came to me at the desire of one of the lady guardians of the poor, with a very suitable outfit of clothes, and, what is more remarkable, a tolerable amount of education; for she could read and write well, better than a school-board girl usually does, and was in her way fond of reading—though even this gift and learning had not sufficed to awaken any semblance of a soul in her.

So heavy, stolid, dull, and unemotional a countenance I never saw. She was evidently of the lowest pauper type, sullen when spoken to, idle and secretive in all her ways; her face like putty, her eyes without intelligence; walking heavily and slowly, as if little assured where to put her feet, and reluctant to move them at all. She came straight from a large Poor Law school of about 800 children, girls and boys.

For the first few weeks she did little but stare, scarcely answering any question, gazing with dull astonishment at the simplest accessories of life, at the gardens full of unknown things growing, the lively movements and games of the children, and all the comings and goings about her.

I say the unknown things in the

garden, for even the cabbages were wonders to her, and she had no notion that they were things to be eaten; while salad, rhubarb, and the commonest herbs were unknown and regarded with suspicion, a suspicion which she did not surmount for a long time. She did not know what an egg was; such luxuries, as well as vegetables (everything but potatoes), being unknown in the monotonous daily care of the great prison-like house in which she had been bred. All that she knew of fruit was represented by half an orange which she had been used to receive on Christmas Day. She had never eaten bacon. In fact, the very commonest actions and sights of the poorest home-reared child were quite strange and unknown to her.

She was very suspicious, and always on her guard against those over her. She was months in our pleasant country home before she moved freely about it or spoke openly to the children. Her mind was quite undeveloped in every way, though she was very fond of reading, and would slink away into a corner with a story-book whenever she could. What she gathered from it I cannot make out.

The smallest daily event was a surprise to her. It is impossible to express the feeling of apartness, to coin a word, that there was between her and the rest of us. The home she came to consisted of nine or ten other young people ranging in age from six to thirteen—boys and girls mixed—a motherly nurse, my husband, and myself. We were only with the children on Saturdays, Sundays, and all holidays.

They went to the parish school, or the smaller ones to an old

dame's school, taking lunch with them and coming home to dinner at five: a noisy, healthy, happy crew, whose demeanour and behaviour were a continuous astonishment to this poor young child of the workhouse. The little ones could not understand her at all, and they shrank a little from her, not knowing why. One little paralysed boy of six knew far more of life than she did at sixteen, and had seen and felt far more.

I was very hopeless of this one dull and speechless member of the family, an alien among our cordial, genial little crew, who feared nothing. She asked no questions; perhaps a slow-growing perception of her own disabilities and unlikeness to the rest adding to rather than diminishing at first the apparent torpor of her soul. And no signs of awakening were to be seen in her for two or three months. Work she disliked and shirked, preferring to sit on a stool with her hands on her knees to any exercise or diversion. And she was not capable of doing ordinary work. Her way of making a bed, which, of course, she had been obliged to do, was to straighten the counterpane neatly over the disorderly clothes and pillows beneath. When reproved, her answer was, "They never looked under the quilts at the school." But this I don't believe, though of necessity the supervision of the making of 800 beds must be very perfunctory.

Everything was done in the same way. It seemed impossible to rouse any interest in her mind or any sense of responsibility. It was very difficult to get her to taste or eat vegetables, and we have not yet been able to induce her to touch rhubarb, or salad of any kind, though she took kindly to gooseberry tarts and puddings. It seems that the diet of these barrack schools never varies with

the season. Every week, year after year, the same food. Tuesday in December the same as Tuesday in July! So foolish and unhealthy a system seems almost incredible, but such is the case in these terrible crowded warrens of children, where change and variety are even more needed than in the natural conditions of a child's life. And indeed my poor girl, with her dull pasty face and slow inanimate movements, did not speak well for its results.

Worse than all, her habits were very dirty; and at last, after long endurance, I felt that something must be done to remedy this. I took her to her room and explained to her that if these offences were continued, I should have to send her back to the school. Then, indeed, the flood-gates were opened, and she broke out into the most piteous wail, "Oh! don't do it. I will try, if only you'll let me stay in this lovely place;" and she threw herself on her bed in a passionate fit of crying. It seemed as if this had broken down the wall between us, for she began to improve in all ways from that time.

Three weeks later the change was evident to every one. She ran! she actually ran about; she occasionally volunteered isolated remarks, a thing she had never done before. I went on now more hopefully, and suggested an improvement in her manners. The other girls were smiling and pleasant with their little curtseys and eager rush to meet us on our arrival—why should not she follow their example? She looked sullen and made no reply, but next Saturday met me shamefaced with a smile and a curtsey.

My nurse reported at the same time great improvement in her work. She had come, as I have said, with a good outfit enough,

comfortable ugly clothes with no colour or brightness, and as my girls were most unorthodoxly gay on Sundays in white frocks and pink ribbons, I determined that she too should have something pretty—a nice light print dress and hat for “outings.” “Shall it be blue or pink?” I asked her. The girl stared at me without answering. That she should have a pretty dress, and that she should be consulted about it, and her own taste considered, was a possibility which this seventeen-year-old girl, even in her partially awakened state, could not comprehend. Finally a blue print was decided on, with a hat to match. But, happily, this was a point upon which enlightenment came quickly.

We had been staying with the children for about ten days, seeing them constantly, and there had been some pleasant expeditions, and she burst into tears when we said good-bye. To cheer her up, I asked what colour her next frock should be. This time she unhesitatingly answered, with a bright and hopeful smile, “Pink, please, for a change.”

So it has gone on, little by little; the poor sullen, dull, putty-faced lump of humanity has become a girl who speaks—still very little—who smiles, and now has actually views of her own as to her future. She wishes to go to service to be a cook; and at the end of two or three months, if she goes on improving at the same rate, I shall be able conscientiously to recommend her as a kitchen-maid. But I shall be very careful where I send her.

But the terrible fact remains—at seventeen this girl knew nothing! She could do no kind of work but the merest scrubbing of floors. She could not make a bed; she could not sew; she could do

none of the things required of a servant or a workman’s wife. She had never been treated with respect, and she had never been taught self-respect; and in this state of ignorance and irresponsibility she was to be turned out to make her way in the world. What must be the result of this mode of training?

It is admitted that the Poor Law schools are expensive. I never heard any one say they were satisfactory. I cannot conceive a training more calculated to destroy all self-respect, all natural feeling, and all ambition—to make more thoroughly useless and incompetent servants, wives, and mothers—than the present system.

As for wives and mothers, as many of these poor girls will be, one shrinks from the idea altogether. What misery is involved in the very suggestion! Nothing can exceed the importance of this subject except the indifference with which it is regarded. How few either know or care how many thousands of children, ill-fed, ill-taught in every essential of life (except reading and writing, poor substitutes for the arts of living), we are turning out yearly, without any fit equipment to meet those difficulties which are hard enough even for the best and most carefully trained.

The diet alone is most unsatisfactory. I make bold to say it is not healthy, nor even sufficient for the elder children. Will any one say that a “plateful” of barley-broth is a sufficient dinner for a healthy boy or girl of thirteen to fifteen? Yet it is the dinner on every Monday in the year at the large school from which my girl comes: no green vegetables, no fruit, only potatoes; no jam, not even golden syrup on their bread. A breakfast of half

a pint of cocoa and a roll of bread with butter (½) or dripping, and an evening meal of the same, but with tea instead of cocoa, make up the day's dietary, week after week, year after year,—and this in a country where cabbage and rhubarb, and often fish, are drugs in the market, and where jam and golden syrup are far cheaper than either butter or dripping.

The elder girls walk out with teachers once a-fortnight two and two. This is all the change from the playgrounds provided for these young things, who ought to be full of life and interest and curiosity, if they are to do any good in later life. Twice during her long and monotonous childhood did my poor specimen go for a "day out"—once to the Albert Hall and once to Hampton Court. On the latter occasion only those went who could pay their own railway fares! My poor child was never once visited by any friend or relation during the many weary years she spent at the school. Before coming to me she had been some time in the infirmary with a bad knee, commonly called housemaid's knee. How came she by this at her age? It was by the kind care and attention of the lady guardians that she was sent to me to recover and be strengthened. Usually these girls are considered fit for service at fifteen years old, when some lady (?) comes to the school and selects one, after a general inspection of those ready to go out. The terms are arranged with the matron, and as soon as her clothes are ready she goes out into a world of which she is quite ignorant, and with which she is quite unprepared to cope. She is entirely dependent on her employer; and we all know, or ought to know, how little the employer of workhouse boys and girls is to be depended on. The poor children can of course write

to the matron, and go back to the school till another place is found for them, if their ground of complaint be judged sufficient; or they may find another place for themselves, which is much more common. But the wretched badge of a "workhouse girl" clings to them all through. Their employers know they have no friends, and if they go where there are other servants, they are looked down on, and unless the secret can be kept, never rise to any equality with them. But it is seldom these girls rise beyond the lodging-house slavey, who will put up with anything, and who wants no holidays, for she has nowhere to spend them if she had them. If she marries—which she is ready enough to do, for she can hardly change for the worse, and hope being strong, even in the dullest youth, she thinks it may be for the better—she goes to a man who will probably never remember that she was a workhouse girl with any tenderness, but very often with much contempt. She has never been taught economy, nor anything that makes the home comfortable. She has no one to advise or help her; and so he soon tires of her and her home, often deserts her, and back she drifts to the workhouse, trailing after her the puny, half-starved, generally diseased, offspring of the imprudent union.

No one who knows the working of our present English Poor Laws will say that in the main this is an overdrawn picture.

How can the result of our present system be otherwise? The poor children are separated from all they love just when the need of love is strongest.

Let the reader picture to him or her self the feelings of a little child plunged suddenly among this crowd of unknown faces and left

there all alone. At first it must be suffering of the acutest kind, all the greater because it finds no utterance, which, as all hope and even the desire for freedom and affection dies away, becomes insensibility and callousness. The child has nothing to cling to in the present, nothing to hope for in the future. All the highest and tenderest feelings of our human nature perish for want of exercise, and the poor boy or girl goes out into the world without a tie or love of any kind to help them or brighten their weary lot.

The best matron cannot be a mother to 800 children, and the school from which my girl came had one of the very best.

No woman in the world can thoroughly look after more than twenty children at the very outside, and we all know the failings of irresponsible underlings. No so-called Home can ever be a real home where a greater number is received; for to be a home, it must be a place where the sick or sorry boy or girl will willingly return for help and counsel in difficulties, feeling sure of a loving sympathetic welcome. I am of opinion—and I speak with experience—that the home is more cheerful where the children are of various ages, and where boys and girls are mixed—as mixed they must be in after-life. With such a home, when an inmate goes to a place, correspondence will be naturally kept up with those left behind, for the children will regard each other as brothers and sisters. The bigger will take care of and pet the little ones, and so their hearts will be kept full of love. They will all help with the housework of all kinds, making and mending their own clothes, doing their own cooking; and so a good observant matron—or I should prefer to hear

her called “mother”—would be able to say for what sort of place each child would be best fitted when the time comes for starting in life. There should be no uniform or badge of any kind to separate these poor little creatures from other little ones. They are heavily weighted enough in all conscience, without adding to their burden. Orphans or deserted, with bad blood in their veins, and mostly with wretched constitutions, it is only by the tenderest treatment and the most strenuous encouragement of the good that has survived their unsatisfactory and often evil parentage, that there is any hope of making them worthy citizens.

Let any one read the last Poor Law Schools Report; let any one hear what Miss Louisa Twining and Miss Davenport Hill, ladies whose lives have been devoted to such work, have to say on this system of barrack schools for pauper children,—and then let them close their eyes to its evils if they can.

Surely in this matter, in the bringing up of the young left to the charge of the State, women ought to have the predominant voice; it is woman's work indeed, and there is plenty of it. I cannot do better than quote Miss Louisa Twining's words on this subject. In a recent letter to the ‘Times’ she says: “These two fundamental principles of family life, and the right of the control of women in all matters relating to children, are the two points which have induced me to ask you once more to allow me to address you on a subject in which I am as deeply interested now as I have ever been in the past.”

Not only do the minds of the children suffer from being herded together in these large schools, but their vitality is lowered in

every way, making them more liable to diseases of every kind. Mr Nettleship, one of our highest authorities on the subject, testifies to the harmlessness of ophthalmia in the poorest homes as compared to its effects in these large institutions. America, Australia, and other European countries are far in advance of us in this matter, and have abandoned the system of barrack schools. Why do we lag behind, clinging to an institution which has proved so unsuccessful? Is it a small thing that our treatment of thousands and thousands of the desolate children left to the care of this enormously rich and thriving State should be so complete a failure? that the

boys from whom our best sailors, soldiers, and workmen ought to come, and who should be the bulwark of the country that has reared them, are, as a rule, a pitiful set of ne'er-do-wells? that the girls, instead of being good, well-trained servants, should be the poor, useless, awkward women they too generally turn out to be? It is surely time we all roused ourselves to protest against this mismanagement of the children committed to our care, for whose welfare we as a nation are responsible, lest we lay ourselves open to the appeal of the prophet, "Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by?"

AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

[We could wish to think our contributor had fallen upon an unfortunate specimen, but the recent Report of the Local Government Board's Committee forbids the charitable assumption. The girl in question was plainly an example in the individual of the vicious system which the Blue-book surveys and condemns in the mass. The aggregation of children in large institutions is disapproved, as tending to disseminate bodily disease and a dull and sullen habit of mind. "The child," says Miss Brodie Hall, "has no means of doing anything that it likes; it has to do everything by rule, and becomes a mere machine, and can therefore never develop any sense of personal responsibility." The work they do at the schools is of a nature rather to dull their faculties than to develop them. The labour is so severe—sometimes it extends to ten hours a-day, merely with a view to save money that should go to hire workmen—that the children are too done up to attend school after it with any profit. The boys in many instances are taught industrial work by instructors but poorly qualified, and when they go out as journeymen their masters complain that they have to be untaught all they had learned. The girls are set to the drudgery of scrubbing, sewing, and laundry-work, all in the most monotonous form. Miss Davenport Hill speaks of little children of ten and eleven scrubbing enormous corridors and dormitories; "it must have seemed an endless task to them, and they must have hated the work." The handiest—that is, the most promising—are therefore the hardest worked and the soonest brutalised. These girls go out to domestic service, but all accounts agree that they know nothing of domestic work; and "they have a special kind of bad temper," says one lady, "at times amounting almost to insanity. Other faults are laziness, slowness, dirty habits, picking and stealing." Another witness found a girl who could not be made to understand the purpose of a postage-stamp. They think that all through life they ought to have everything provided for them as in the schools—that is to say, they become so utterly pauperised as to have no conscience that they are paupers.

When girls go into service they are under the supervision of a relieving officer, whose visits show their fellow-servants at once that they are paupers; even this supervision ceases at sixteen. Several witnesses agree that the class of mistress to whom such servants are attractive is far from a good one. The only point, in short, whereon our correspondent's statement is not more than borne out by the Blue-book is the matter of food: this appears to be sufficient in quantity in most cases—though defective and monotonous in quality—and in many wastefully excessive. "They are taught," says Miss Davenport Hill, "three times a-day to leave food which, if they were in their own houses, it would be a difficult matter for their parents to supply even in an adequate quantity." The sum of the whole matter is that rate-payers spend £29, 5s. 11d. per child per annum in unfitting these children for any place on earth but the workhouse.

It is of course useless to condemn this system unless there is to be found another which may be set up in its place. No doubt something in the right direction can be done by enlarging the outlet for pauper children already provided by the Exmouth training-ship and by emigration to Canada. The Exmouth lies in the Thames, and has accommodation for 600 boys: she is described by naval inspectors as "a model training-ship." It is satisfactory that over one-third of the boys from this vessel pass direct into the Royal Navy. It is hoped by the committee that, by extending the powers of guardians to send orphan boys to sea without waiting for them to volunteer, it may be eventually possible to appropriate a second ship for nautical training. But this expedient plainly does not cover the whole problem, as each boy on the Exmouth costs over £32 a-year. Emigration affords the advantages of cheapness (costing about £12 per head) and of removing children from all pauper surroundings; but as no child is sent to Canada under sixteen years of age, emigration also fails to meet the whole case. There remains a most promising experiment, which has been tried in Sheffield: this takes the form of establishing from fifteen to twenty children in separate homes under the care of a foster-mother. In these homes, naturally, interest is taken in each individual child, and they learn to think and act for themselves. Boys, girls, and infants are united in the same home, as in any artisan's family; and the children attend the public elementary schools. This is economical, and it removes the stigma of the workhouse, while contact with other children has an excellent effect. The elder girls have each an infant to take charge of, and the care of the younger children develops responsibility and unselfishness in boys and girls alike. At thirteen the boys go to boys' homes, where there is still a "mother" as well as a "father." At one of these boys' homes the father is a tailor; at the others a carpenter, a shoemaker, a groom, and a gardener are kept. One of the great merits of the Sheffield system is, that it removes all religious difficulties: out of nine children's homes at present at work, two are entirely Roman Catholic. The average cost of each child under this arrangement is about 6s. per week, or £15, 12s. per annum. But the saving to the town and—should the system be extended, as surely it might profitably be—to the country of producing human individuals instead of professional pauper machines, is not to be measured in pounds, shillings, and pence.—*Ed. B. M.*]

NAPOLEON'S VOYAGE TO ST HELENA.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE RIDOUT BINGHAM, K.C.B. and T.S., the writer of the following diary, was born July 21, 1777, the son of Colonel Bingham (Dorset Militia) of Bingham's Melcombe in Dorset, which has been held by the family from the time of Henry III. In his sixteenth year he entered the army as ensign in the 69th Foot, and served with that and other regiments in Corsica, on board the fleet in the Mediterranean, at the Cape, and in Minorca. He went through almost the whole of the Peninsular War and the campaigns in the south of France, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d battalion of the 53d Regiment, and, from August 1812, in command of the brigade, taking part in the battles of Talavera, Salamanca, where he was severely wounded, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and the Nivelle. For these services he received a cross and one clasp, was allowed to accept the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, and was nominated K.C.B.

When Napoleon was consigned to St Helena, the 2d battalion of the 53d was selected to accompany and guard him. Colonel Sir George Bingham commanded the troops employed in this service, and continued in the island as second under Sir Hudson Lowe till 1819, when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. From 1827 to 1832 he was in Ireland in command of the Cork district, an appointment which he was about to relinquish when he died of heart complaint in London, January 3, 1833. In 1831 he had been appointed Colonel-commandant of the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

He had married in 1814 Emma-Septima, youngest daughter of Edmund Morton Pleydell, Esq. of Whatcombe, Dorset. She survived him forty years, dying in 1873. The papers here printed were left by her to her nephew, Arthur Edmund Mansel, late Captain 3d Hussars. They were placed by Captain Mansel in the hands of Captain C. W. Thompson, 7th Dragoon Guards, who has edited them for this Magazine.

DIARY OF SIR GEORGE BINGHAM, K.C.B., WITH EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN FROM ST HELENA BY SIR GEORGE AND LADY BINGHAM AND LIEUT.-COL. MANSEL.

1815. *August 6th.*—Having embarked at Portsmouth, and working down channel in the North-umberland, with the wind at west, we perceived at eight o'clock in the morning three large ships apparently coming out of Plymouth. Signals being exchanged, they proved to be the Tonnant, 84, having Lord Keith's flag on board, Belerophon,¹ and Eurotas frigate.

On their coming up with us, Admiral Sir George Cockburn went on board the Tonnant. We made all sail towards the land, and anchored west off Berryhead on the outside of Torbay, and on the Admiral's return, heard that Napoleon Bonaparte was to be removed the next day at ten o'clock.

Monday, 7th.—Early in the

¹ The spelling of the original MS. has been retained throughout.

morning the baggage of Napoleon came on board, and several servants, and persons of his suite, to prepare the cabin that was to receive him. About two o'clock he left the Belerophon and came alongside the Northumberland, accompanied by Lord Keith. The guard was turned out and presented arms, and all the officers stood on the quarter-deck to receive Lord Keith. Napoleon chose to take the compliment to himself. He was dressed in a plain green uniform, with plain epaulets, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, with stockings, and small gold shoe-buckles, his hair out of powder and rather greasy, his person corpulent, his neck short, and his *tout ensemble* not at all giving an idea that he had been so great or was so extraordinary a man. He bowed at first coming on deck, and having spoken to the Admiral, asked for the Captain of the ship. In passing towards the cabin he asked who I was. The Captain introduced me. He inquired the number of the regiment, where I had served, and if the 53rd was to go to St Helena with him. He then asked an officer of Artillery the same questions. From him he passed to Lord Lowther, to whom he addressed several questions, after which he retired to the cabin. The Admiral, who was anxious that he should as early as possible be brought to understand that the cabin was not allotted to him solely, but was a sort of public apartment, asked Lord Lowther, Mr Lyttleton, and myself to walk in. Napoleon received us standing. The lieutenants of the ship were brought in and introduced, but not one of them spoke French; they bowed, and retired. We remained: Mr Lyttleton, who spoke French fluently,

answered his questions. After we were tired of standing, we retired. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck, and entered into conversation with Mr Lyttleton: he spoke with apparent freedom and great vivacity, but without passion. He rather complained of his destination, saying it had been his intention to have lived in a retired manner in England, had he been permitted to have done so. He replied freely to several questions Mr Lyttleton put to him relative to what had happened in Spain and other parts. This interesting conversation lasted at least an hour, at the end of which he retired. At six o'clock dinner was announced. He ate heartily, taking up both fish and meat frequently with his fingers; he drank claret out of a tumbler mixed with a very little water. Those of his attendants who were received at the Admiral's table were—Bertrand (Grand Marshal); the Countess, his wife; Montholon, General of Brigade and A.D.C.; and Las Casas, in the uniform of a captain in the navy, but called a Counsellor of State. The discourse was on general and trifling subjects, after which he talked to the Admiral of Russia and its climate, and of Moscow, without seeming at all to feel the subject; he spoke as if he had been an actor only instead of the author of all those scenes which cost so much bloodshed. We rose immediately after dinner, and the Admiral begged me to attend Napoleon. He walked forward to the forecabin: the men of the 53rd Regiment and the Artillery were on the booms; they rose and took off their caps as he passed. He appeared to like the compliment, and said he was formerly in the Artillery. I answered, "Yes, you belonged to the Regiment De la Fère," on which he

pinched my ear with a smile, as if pleased to find I knew so much of his history. He walked for some time, and then asked us in to play cards; we sat down to *vingt-un*. He showed me his snuff-box, on which were inlaid four silver antiques (coins) — Sylla, Regulus, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar—with a gold one on the side of Timoléon. Madame Bertrand told me he had found these coins himself at Rome. He did not play high at cards, and left about fifty francs to be distributed amongst the servants. The latter part of the evening he appeared thoughtful, and at a little past ten he retired for the night.

Tuesday, 8th.—The weather was squally, and there was a heavy sea. Most of the party were affected by the motion of the vessel. Napoleon did not make his appearance.

Wednesday, 9th.—Napoleon at dinner asked many questions, but appeared in low spirits. He brightened up afterwards, and came on the deck. He asked if amongst the midshipmen there were any who could speak French: one of them had been at Verdun and understood it a little. The captain of marines (Beatie) appeared on deck; he inquired who he was, and where he had served. When he told him he had been at Acre he appeared particularly pleased, and took him by the ear, which I find he has always been in the habit of doing when pleased. He talked a good deal with this officer, walking the deck with his hands behind him. At eight o'clock he retired to the cabin. He lost at cards, and observed that good fortune had of late forsaken him. About ten o'clock he retired for the night.

Thursday, 10th.—Napoleon did not appear till dinner-time. He was affected by the motion of the ship, and said very little. He made an

attempt to play at cards, but was obliged to give it up and retire early.

Friday, 11th.—Blowing weather, and Bonaparte invisible the whole day.

Saturday, 12th.—Napoleon made his appearance early, and looked better than usual; he walked the deck supporting himself on my arm. How little did I ever think, when I used to consider him as one of the first generals in the world, that he would ever have taken my arm as a support! He spoke but little at dinner, but conversed for half an hour afterwards with the Admiral, in the course of which conversation he denied having had any knowledge of the death of Captain Wright, and said he had never heard his name till mentioned to him by an English gentleman at Elba; that it was not probable that, having the cares of a great nation, he should interest himself in the fate of an obscure individual. This reasoning, I own, appears more specious than solid. Of Sir Sidney Smith he also spoke, and said that he had once (when commanding the army in Egypt) inserted in his orders that he was mad, as a means of checking the intrigues he had attempted to carry on with his generals. At cards this evening he was evidently affected with the motion of the vessel, and retired early.

Sunday, 13th.—The chaplain dined with the Admiral. Napoleon asked a number of questions relating to the Reformed religion; he did not display much knowledge of the tenets of our Church, or of the English history at the period of the Reformation. He played with his attendants at cards as usual; the English did not join.

Monday, 14th.—Napoleon asked at dinner a number of questions relative to the Cape, and whether

any communication was carried on by land with any other part of Africa by means of caravans. His information on these, as well as on other topics connected with geography, appeared very limited; and he asked questions that any well-educated Englishman would have been ashamed to have done. The evening passed off with cards as usual.

Tuesday, 15th. — Napoleon's birthday. The Admiral complimented him on the occasion, and his attendants appeared in dress uniforms. After dinner a long conversation took place, which turned on the intended invasion of England. He asserted that it was always his intention to have attempted it. For this purpose he sent Villeneuve with his fleet to the West Indies, with orders to refresh at some of the French isles, to return without loss of time, and immediately to push up the Channel, taking with him the Brest fleet as he passed (it was supposed that this trip would have withdrawn the attention of our fleets); 200,000 men were ready at Boulogne (of which 6000 were cavalry) to embark at a moment's notice. Under cover of this fleet, he calculated he would have debarked this army in twenty-four hours. The landing was to have taken place as near London as possible. He was to have put himself at the head of it, and have made a push for the capital. He added, "I put all to the hazard. I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return; I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned. Conceive then my disappointment when I found that Villeneuve, after a drawn battle with Calder, had stood for Cadiz—he might as well have gone back to the West In-

dies. I made one further attempt to get my fleet into the Channel. Nelson destroyed it at the battle of Trafalgar, and I then, as you know, fell with my whole force on Austria, who was unprepared for this sudden attack, and you remember how well I succeeded."

At cards this evening he was successful, winning nearly eighty napoleons; he evidently tried to lose it again. He was in good spirits at the idea of his success on his birthday, having been always of an opinion that some days are more fortunate than others. It was nearly eleven o'clock before he left the card-table.

Wednesday, 16th. — Bonaparte did not appear till dinner-time; he was in good spirits, and asked as usual a variety of questions. After dinner, in his walk with the Admiral, he was quite loquacious, having, besides his usual allowance of wine (two tumblers of claret), drank one of champagne, and some bottled beer. He said he apprehended that the measure of sending him to St Helena might have fatal consequences. He hinted that the people of France and Italy were so much attached to him and his person, that they might revenge it by the massacre of the English. He acknowledged, however, that he thought his life safe with the English, which it might not have been had it been intrusted to the Austrians or Prussians. Of this life he appears tenacious; one of his *valets de chambre* sleeps constantly in his apartment: nor does it appear, either from his own accounts or those of his attendants, that he was very prodigal of it at the battle of Waterloo, certainly the most interesting one of his life, and on which his future destiny turned. Not one of his personal staff was wounded; and had he been in the

thickest of the fight, as Wellington was, they could not all have escaped. But to return to his conversation, he said that, after the Austrian war, Beauharnais and the people about him told him it was absolutely necessary that he should marry again, to have heirs, for the sake and succession of France. The Emperor of Russia offered him the Archduchess Ann. A council was held on the subject, and in taking into consideration this marriage, a clause providing for the free exercise of the Greek religion, and also that a chapel should be allowed in the Tuileries for the worship of that faith, was strongly objected to by some of the members as likely to render the marriage unpopular in France. At this moment Swartzenburg offered a Princess of the house of Austria. Napoleon replied, it was quite indifferent to him, so they gave him no trouble on the subject: this business was speedily settled. This was at ten o'clock at night; before midnight the copy of a treaty was drawn out (copied nearly word for word from the marriage contract between Louis the XVIth and Maria Antoinette), signed by him, transmitted to Vienna, and Maria Louisa became the new Empress.

Thursday, 17th.—Napoleon did not make his appearance till dinner; he conversed a little, and retired early to the after-cabin; he remained but a short time at the card-table. In a conversation last night with Sir George Cockburn it turned on Waterloo; he said that he should not have attacked Wellington on the 18th, had he supposed he would have fought him; he acknowledged that he had not exactly reconnoitred the position; he praised the British troops, and gave the same account of the final result as in the official de-

spatch; he denied that the movement of the Prussians on his flank had any effect; the malevolent, he said, raised the cry of *sauve qui peut*, and as it was already dark he could not remedy it. "Had there been daylight," he added, "I should have thrown aside my cloak, and every Frenchman would have rallied round me; but darkness and treachery were too much for me."

Friday, 18th.—Napoleon in good spirits and looking well; he conversed after dinner for a considerable time with the Admiral; he mentioned Maria Louisa, and said she was much attached to him; she was asked by the Queen of Naples (at Vienna) why she did not join her husband in Elba? she replied her inclination led her to do so, but she was prevented by her parents. The Queen replied, that if she loved a man nothing should prevent her following him, if there were windows in the house, and sheets to enable her to let herself down from them. He spoke with interest of his boy, and appeared pleased to relate that when the Queen of Naples said to the child, "Well, my boy, your game is now over, you will be obliged to turn Capuchin," he replied, "I never will be a priest, I will be a soldier." In Germany he said he had intercepted a letter written by the young Prince of Orange, in which he said the Prince was not very lavish in his praises of our Royal family, but that a lady at Dresden, who had either been mentioned in it, or had some reason for wishing that it might not be made public, entreated him so earnestly not to send it to the 'Moniteur,' that he withheld it.

Saturday, 19th.—At dinner Napoleon talked of Toulon with animation; he said the only wound he had ever received was from an English sailor (by a pike) in the

hand, at the storm of Fort Mulgrave, the possession of which led to the evacuation of that town. This led to talking of the navy; he said the only good officer he had was one whose name he pronounced Cas-mo, who, when Admiral Dumanoir was acquitted by a court-martial (having been tried for leaving the battle of Trafalgar, and for having afterwards surrendered to Sir R. Strachan), took the sword that was delivered to him by the President and broke it. The Admiral asked him for some other naval character, whose name I have forgotten; he answered, "He behaved well in one action; I made him a rear-admiral on the spot; the consequence was, the very next year he lost me two ships in the Bay of Roses" [Rosas]. In conversation with the Admiral before dinner he made the following remarkable observation: "I was at the head of an army at twenty-four; at thirty, from nothing I had risen to be the head of my country; for, as first Consul, I had as much power as I afterwards had as Emperor. I should have died," he added, "the day after I entered Moscow; my glory then would have been established for ever." The Admiral replied that to be a truly great character it was necessary to suffer adversity as well as prosperity. He assented, but said, "My lot has been a little too severe."

Sunday, 20th. — Napoleon at dinner again began to question the clergyman respecting the Reformed religion, whether we used the crucifix, how many sacraments we used. Grace was said, and he asked whether it was a Benedicite. He walked for a considerable time by moonlight, and, seeing that the Admiral did not play at cards, refrained himself. He talked of Egypt; he said the "Mamelukes

ought to be the first cavalry in the world; no Frenchman is equal to them. Five Frenchmen could never stand against the same number of Mamelukes, or even one hundred; but three hundred Frenchmen would, by manœuvring and having reserves, beat an equal number or even a greater." He continued to say that "Kléber was a good general, but not a politician sufficient to prosper in that country. Having landed in Egypt with a small army, and cut off from any reinforcements, he was obliged to practise every artifice to gain the goodwill of the people: for this he and his followers professed the Mahomedan religion," which he made no scruple in acknowledging he had done himself. He had great difficulty in bringing the sheiks to waive what is considered both by the Jews and Mahomedans an important part of the religion. The next difficulty to be obviated was that of drinking wine. He said the Franks were natives of a colder climate, and for so long a time had been accustomed to it, that they could not relinquish it, and proposed they should be allowed a dispensation. A consultation was held. The result was, that the Franks might certainly drink wine, but that they would be damned for it. Bonaparte replied that they by no means wished to enter the pale of their Church on such terms, and begged they would reconsider it. The next answer proved more favourable: it was decreed that they should be allowed to drink wine, provided every day before they did so they should resolve to do a good action. On being pressed to know what was considered a good action, it was answered, either almsgiving, building (or contributing towards building) a mosque, or digging a

well in the desert. Having promised faithfully to comply with these terms, he concluded by saying, "We were received into the mosque, and I derived from it the most important results."

December 6th. — Longwood is now ready for the reception of Bonaparte, and I called yesterday at the Briars to accompany him thither. He received me with some apologies in his *robe de chambre*, and excused himself from going on account of the smell of paint. He appeared to be in unusual good spirits, having on the table English papers to the 15th of September. The greater confusion there is in France, the greater chance he fancies there is of his being allowed to return, as he thinks the English Government will be obliged to recall him to compose the confusion that exists in that unhappy country. I have just seen Captain Mackey, the officer who has the charge of him; he appears to wish to remain another day. There is no knowing what he is about. He does not know his own mind two minutes together.

December 21st. — Since I last wrote, Napoleon has been removed to Longwood. He appears in better health, and has been in good spirits. I called on him on Monday and had a long audience, in which he was very particular in his questions relating to our mess, entering into the most minute particulars, even so far as to ask who cooked for us, male or female, white or black. On Friday I met him as I was marching with my regiment.¹ He rides now every day within his bounds (but never

exceeds them), with a British officer, which he cannot yet reconcile himself to. His attendants are, as usual, split into parties, and they have procured the removal of Bertrand (who has at least the merit of being his oldest and most faithful servant) from the superintendence of the household.

1816. *January 1st.* — Last Tuesday I introduced all the officers to Bonaparte; it was evidently an effort on his part, although the proposal, in the first instance, came from himself; he asked a number of questions, which were exceedingly absurd. He has been in great spirits since the last arrivals; he has heard that "all the virtues," with Sir Francis Burdett at their head, are to advocate their cause and his recall, and he sanguinely looks forward to the result.

January 8th. — Since I wrote last I have dined with Napoleon; it was a most superb dinner, that lasted only forty minutes, when we retired into the drawing-room to play cards. The dessert service was Sèvres china, with gold knives, forks, and spoons. The coffee-cups were the most beautiful I ever saw. On each cup was an Egyptian view, and on the saucer a portrait of some Bey, or other distinguished character. They cost twenty-five guineas, the cup and saucer, in France. The dinner was stupid enough; the people who live with him scarcely spoke out of a whisper, and he was so much engaged in eating that he hardly said a word to any one; he had so filled the room with wax candles, that it was as hot as any oven. He said to me, after I had entered the

¹ Sir George Bingham had not at this time received intimation of his promotion; nor was he informed of his appointment of Brigadier-General on the Staff till the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. His commission was dated the 21st of October.

drawing-room, "You are not accustomed to such short dinners." He has generally one or two officers of the 53d to dinner, or rather supper, for it is half-past eight before he sits down.

February 14th.—I send you a little pen sketch of the house at Longwood, as it appears from my tent. It does not look here much like an imperial establishment; it has, however, great depth, and more room than there appears. The trees about the camp are gum wood, of a bluish-green colour, and at a distance give you the idea of an old umbrella; you see Fehrszen's marquee and servants' tent amongst the trees in the foreground. Those trees are full of a species of canary bird, that sing as sweetly but are not so handsome as ours. There are also amadavats, and Java sparrows, with red beaks, and these are the whole of the small birds on the island. When it was first discovered it had not a living creature on it. Partridges are now plenty, and there are a good many pheasants—more like the golden pheasant of China than our English birds; and some peacocks, which are rather smaller than our tame ones. I saw two the other day; they rose very majestically to fly away when disturbed; they are not allowed to be shot; and the pheasants are reserved for the Governor only. Yesterday I went to call on Bonaparte; he was going out in his carriage; he insisted on my going with him, and we had a drive together of three miles. He always asks after you,¹ and to-day, when he heard a packet was arrived from England, he said, "Now the Colonel will hear from Lady Bingham."

April 19th.—I called on Bona-

parte last Sunday before the Phaeton had anchored, to announce to him the arrival of the new Governor. He received me in his bedroom, in his *robe de chambre*, and a dirtier figure I never beheld. He was pleased with the compliment. He received Sir H. Lowe last Wednesday with marked attention, behaving at the same time in a manner pointedly rude to Sir George Cockburn. You have no idea of the dirty little intrigues of himself and set. If Sir Hudson Lowe has firmness enough not to give way to him, he will in a short time treat him in the same manner. For myself, it is said I am a favourite, though I do not understand the claim I have to be such. Cockburn has certainly used great exertions to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and for this, and for the care he took of him on board, he did not deserve to be treated as he was on that day, which was nothing more or less than insulting. When he was going to introduce Sir Hudson, and to say, "My charge ends; I beg to introduce my successor," they shut the door in his face, saying, "It is the Emperor's orders that the Governor goes in alone."

There has been the usual fracas continued in the family. About a week since it was intimated to Madame Bertrand that she was so fond of the English and partial to their society that she might save herself the trouble of attending at dinner. The Emperor had dined in his room the day before, fearing he could not have kept his temper and have displayed a scene before the servants. Madame then made known that Napoleon was frequently in the habit of using language neither

¹ Lady Bingham.

kingly or even gentlemanly towards his attendants, and that the ladies even were not respected in these fits of rage. The interdiction lasted a week, at the end of which time it was signified that "the Emperor *permitted* her to come to dinner." Napoleon received the intelligence of the death of Murat and Ney with the greatest indifference. Of the former he observed that he was a fool, and deserved his fate. He said he had behaved very ill to him, and had refused to lend him money when at Elba. Of the latter he said he had done him more harm than good, and did not appear to care the least about either.

[*Letter from Lady Bingham.*]

"May 30th.

"On Tuesday last I went with Sir G. Bingham and Colonel Mansel to pay a visit to Buonaparte. When we first arrived he was out airing with his attendants, and after waiting for some little time in Captain Poppleton's¹ room, we were informed of his return, and were shown into a small ante-room, where, at an inside door, stood his footman, dressed in green and gold, to open and shut it when necessary for his imperial master. When he was quite ready to receive us, we were ushered into his presence. I think him much better looking than I had expected, though his complexion is exceedingly sallow. The likeness Mr Still brought home with him from Plymouth, etched by Mr Planat, is a very just representation of him. He was extremely facetious, and in excellent humour, and after asking me a few frivolous questions, he desired me to walk into the garden, handed

me out, and did me the honour (as I afterwards found it was) to walk with his head uncovered. He told me I had an excellent husband; that I ought to be very happy, as he loved me dearly; that he was also a gallant soldier, and that soldiers always made the best husbands. He asked me several questions about Louisa,² and made some remark about her husband³ and herself; but this I lost, as, owing to his speaking so *remarkably* fast, it is sometimes with the utmost difficulty he can be understood. Notwithstanding the constant rain, I take a great deal of exercise on horseback, and as I have a most quiet animal, I ride without the least fear up Ladder Hill and other tremendous places, to the astonishment of the St Heleneans. I assure you I pass here for a very superior horsewoman, which gave rise to a question from Napoleon, whether in England I often went a-fox-hunting? having a vast idea that the English ladies are exceedingly fond of that amusement. I told him it was one *I* was by no means partial to, or ever took part in. Napoleon has been much out of spirits of late, I *fancy*, from the little probability he sees of ever being able to make his escape from this island. He has within the last few days taken to play at skittles. Of all his followers, Madame Bertrand is the one for whom I feel the most interest. She is, poor woman, so thoroughly unhappy that it is quite melancholy to see her. She is extremely pleasing and elegant in her manner. Just before I arrived, the French attendants had an offer made them of returning home; but they preferred signing a paper which now precludes

¹ One of the officers of the 53d Regiment in attendance at Longwood.

² Mrs Mansel.

³ Colonel Mansel.

all future idea of leaving the island. Bertrand, it is said, agreed to this from an *honourable* motive, having *promised* Napoleon to remain with him during his captivity. Poor Madame, I fancy, would gladly have laid aside all the *honour* had it been left to her arrangement.

“EMMA BINGHAM.”

[*Letter from Lieut.-Col. Mansel.*]

“DEADWOOD CAMP,
June 14th.

“We neither hear or see much of Buonaparte now. I fancy he confines himself much more than usual to the house, which will tend to increase his corpulence. He appears to be dropsical, and his complexion is very sallow ; in short, he looks exceedingly out of health. I understand the Governor is rather desirous to move him nearer to Plantation House (his own residence), being suspicious of his attempting

his escape, which makes Sir Hudson uneasy and feel somewhat alarmed. This he has not the slightest cause for, as he is perfectly secure both by sea and land. I should regret his removal from Longwood, as there is not on the island so beautiful a spot of ground as this. I have an excellent suite of barrack-rooms, from the windows of which is seen a very grand and noble view, comprising sea, wood, a fine extensive plain, immense heights, rugged rocks, fortifications, barracks, tents, and people of all colours, &c., the whole making a pretty panorama. I went to fish one day last week, and met with good success ; the fish we caught weighed from one to two pounds, some of which I sent to Buonaparte. He was much pleased with them, and said they were the best he had eaten since he was on Mount Cennis. J. MANSEL.”

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

THE post-office was a little bit of an iron house, a police-hut dating perhaps from troubled times. There was a piece of deal across it for a counter, and behind that shelves and pigeon-holes for the stamps and the modest supply of stationery and post-cards which the village of Gurnalacken required.

The postmistress was a brown-eyed, clear-skinned woman. She was very short-sighted; and that gave her eyes a look of question, a look of wonder, which made her face youthful and innocent, though she was no longer a young woman. Her eyes seemed to ask constantly "When? when?" and any one coming towards her at a little distance made her pale with expectation. She would peer at you with parted lips as you came up her way, and then when she recognised you as a Tom or Larry of her daily life, her air of excitement would settle to a dull languor, as if it were but one of many disappointments.

She lived in a cottage in the village, which after all was not so far, once you rounded the turn; but from the post-office, looking down from its rough hill-path over acres of stones and boulders to a little rust-coloured rivulet in the ravine, there was no sign of human habitation.

The postmistress had stayed late at the office. She liked the loneliness of her glen, and was sorry that she could not make her home there; but the iron hut was only provided for a sentry on duty, and there was no sleeping accommodation within its four grey walls. She picked her scanty bit of dinner there, taking scarcely more than would keep a bird

alive; but her breakfast she had at her lodgings in the village, and her supper when she returned at night. She would not have been afraid to walk back to the village alone—not she. There was nothing more terrible to be met with than the black-faced mountain sheep. The dark shadows cast by the boulders did not trouble her. She was innocent and unafraid. To-night Larry, the boy, who used to run with the bag over seven miles of brown bog twice a-day to intercept her Majesty's mails at Mulla Cross, had come to escort her home, but she had not needed him.

She looked tired as she set the place in order, took the key from an upper shelf, and turned out the light. It was no wonder she was tired. So many years she had been waiting for a letter that never came. Every day when the bag came in, her heart would begin to beat with dull, heavy throbs, foreseeing its own disappointment. Every night ere she slept she would whisper courage to herself, since no one knew what the new day might bring; every morning she awoke a little blithe because of the same expectation. Many years of disappointment had not taught her hopelessness.

She turned the key in the door and locked it, and stepped into the dark night. Larry was trotting along companionably on his bare feet. There was light up in the Castle yonder over the wood and the sea. Old Lady Conyers was dying there—a proud, insolent old woman who had held that the world was for her caste and her creed, and who now, perhaps with amazement, found herself called

upon to die like any clown of them all.

A man was stepping up the mountain road towards them. It was too dark to see his face, but his step stirred in Mary's heart a wild irrational hope. A moment more, and his shoulders loomed darkly, shoulders wider than most men's; and the man stopped. Mary stopped too, with a sudden quietness now that the thing she had been expecting all these years had happened.

"Mary!" he said, in a low voice.

"It is you, Geoffrey, at last."

"It is I at last, Mary."

"Go on a little way, Larry, and wait for me while I speak to my friend."

The urchin trotted away into the darkness, and the man and woman were left facing each other. He did not offer to take her hand, and she scarcely felt that she expected it. She looked up at him in a puzzled way.

"I knew your step, and your voice is the old voice. I should never have known your face."

"You were never good at seeing, Mary."

"I can see that you are changed."

"It is twenty-five years since we said good-bye, Mary. Many things change in that time."

"I have not changed."

"No. You have thought of me morning and night. You have lived in the hope of hearing of me again. You became postmistress when old Mrs Barry died, so that if a letter came you would be the first to handle it."

"How did you know?"

"No matter; I knew. You might have been a happy woman, with a home and love, with a man to work for you, and children on your bosom. And you gave it all

up for me. And after we had parted at Cratloe Bridge I made no sign nor token for twenty-five years. You were not wise, Mary."

"If it were to do over again, I should do it."

"You have no regrets, then?"

She lifted her eyes to him, and they were full of light. She held out her hands, but the darkness perhaps hid them from him, for he made no movement to take them.

"I would rather have had you for an hour, and afterwards the years of loneliness and longing, than have married a man of my own people and been happy with him."

"You kept our secret well, Mary."

"Very well. None ever suspected it. Our one summer in the caves and the islands was our own. Scandal has never touched me. None ever knew that I had a gentleman for my lover, and he the wildest of the wild Conyers."

"I have come a long way to look on your face, Mary—a long, long way. I thought I had forgotten you, that I had drowned your eyes in those years when I lived and sinned. But I never forgot you: you were the one woman for me: I was an unhappy and doomed wretch the hour I shut you out of my life."

"At your mother's bidding."

The man started.

"My mother! I was forgetting. She is dying now, and I should be with her. You know she is dying?"

"They said this morning she would not last the night. Good-bye, Geoffrey."

"Good-bye, Mary. We shall meet again."

He went off quickly in the direction of the light among the trees, and Mary went soberly on towards

the village. Little Larry stole out from the shadows of the hedge and shivered.

"'Tis late, miss. My mother'll think we're lost."

"We shall soon be home now. You saw the gentleman, Larry?"

"I saw some one, miss. The night is powerful dark. Half the time I could ha' swore you were talkin' to yourself."

That night old Lady Conyers died. There was a deal of excitement in the village; and gossip in some form or another makes the post-office one of its centres. There were many stories about the great lady's death, to which Mary listened with a faint show of interest. If her lips were blanched, and a faintness sometimes compelled her to put her hand to her side, it was because she was listening for one name; but it was never spoken. The silence had closed about him that had lifted for one short quarter of an hour, and she was not able to break it.

She listened with dilated eyes and parted lips to the details of the death and the funeral and the reading of the will.

"She died in her bed," said one, "that left many a one to die in the ditches."

And another, "She grudged to the poor, and after all, her money goes to them she hated. The cousin from England takes it all, except the little bit that goes to Miss Eva. 'Tis a pity for the poor that Miss Eva isn't rich. She's a good lady, God bless her, an' no Conyers at all."

"But there is a son," Mary ventured at last.

The gossip looked at her with a smile of compassion.

"Sure, where are your wits wanderin' to at all? Sure, he was gone to Australy an' lost in it years ago, when you an' me was girls."

Mary said no more. She knew better. For some reason or other they were keeping Geoffrey's return a secret, or else the news of it had not reached the village. The Castle and the village had little kindly contact. Old Lady Conyers was not the Lady Bountiful sort; and the way through the village led nowhere. The servants at the Castle were English. Except when Larry brought the post-bag to the Castle gates, there was no direct communication.

But Geoffrey had said they would meet again, and Mary never thought of doubting his word. She spent all her days at the post-office now, not daring to be absent for a minute, lest in that minute he should come, and not finding her should go away, perhaps for another quarter of a century. She stayed late at the post-office. It was after eleven that night when she met him. He might choose the same hour to come again. All day the sound of a foot on the road brought her heart into her mouth; and so many times she had to endure the sickness of disappointment. Every night as she slowly made her preparations for returning to the village, her heart listening in her ears for his foot, she thought that when she went out into the dark she would again see his figure stepping up the mountain road towards her. She grew pale and scared-looking with the constant strain; but still he never came.

The days turned round and round, and Lady Conyers had been two months in her grave. The gossip about it was dying out now, though Mary, whenever a neighbour dropped in for a talk, stealthily turned the conversation that way. She had not dared again to hint at Geoffrey; yet it was strange that none of them

had heard that he had come. She never allowed herself to think that he had come and gone; he had said he would see her again. To that promise she held greedily, despite the years of his silence before.

His sister was still at the Castle, had indeed been seen in the village, where she stole like one ashamed to offer help and comfort. She was likely to stay in the Castle. The English cousin was not anxious to dispossess her; and what would she do in the world, who had always been as a little child under the heavy hand of her mother? Freedom to fly out in the world was as of little use to her as it would have been to an unfledged bird. Her only gain was that now she might minister to the poor and the sick, after whom her heart had yearned all those years. Scraps of gossip about her came to Mary's ears. "She's as shy as a birdyeen, and if a bit of a gossoon even looks into her face she's all one blush." Or, "'Tis she has the compassionate heart; an' where did she get it at all, at all? The tears is ready to her eyes for the laste bit of a tale o' distress. Sure, 'tis a fairy changelin' she must be, for it isn't in the Conyers' breed."

Mary listened avidly to such things. Sometimes on a Sunday, when the post-office was closed, she would climb the hill and wander through the Castle woods, hovering on the skirts of them, where she could get a glimpse of the Castle itself, and the winding roadway up to its great doors. But no such figure as she looked for ever came forth. She saw the lady of the Castle pacing the terrace with her dogs, and reading from an open book in her hands. She saw that the lower rooms were all shuttered, and from the chimneys the faintest, thinnest thread

of smoke issued; the house might have been uninhabited. The horses had been sent away to be sold, all except Miss Eva's shaggy old pony, which she drove in a low basket-chaise about the roads. The place surely had no sign of a man's presence.

One day Miss Eva herself called at the post-office. It was the busy time of day, and the people were all out in the fields. She and Mary had never before been face to face; but as Mary looked at her she recognised with a sharp pang the sweet and handsome mouth and the fine thin nostrils. The eyes, too: his eyes had been gay and coaxing, and the light in his sister's faded eyes was not of earth, yet once the hue must have been the same, and the dark curling lashes were still the same.

Mary felt herself growing paler, and the perspiration came out thick and cold all over her face. Her lips went blue, and a mist hid from her the lady's face. She heard the sweet appealing voice—

"I am afraid you are ill. Pray sit down, and I shall fetch you some water."

"I am not ill," she answered, dragging herself back to earth, yet her hand held on by the counter to keep her from falling. She was nerved all at once by a sudden wild resolution.

"Miss Conyers," she said, "I humbly beg your pardon for asking the question. Is it true that Mr Geoffrey has come home?"

The lady looked at her with an air of shocked surprise.

"I am afraid you are very ill, my poor woman. What can you know of my brother?"

"Is it true, miss? I heard he was home, and I wanted to know."

There was an anguish of appeal in the voice to which Miss Conyers responded, "It is not true."

Her voice fell, and the ready tears came into her eyes.

"If you ever knew him you must pray for him. He is dead."

"Dead! he is not dead. I spoke with him two months ago, —the very night your mother was dying,—at the door there, not a yard from where you stand."

"My poor woman, it was a delusion. He died in Melbourne on Christmas Eve. Pray for him; he needed all your prayers."

"He said he had come home to —to—see his mother, who was dying——"

"He died on Christmas Eve."

"It is a mistake. He is not dead. He hurried away to be with his mother. He talked of many things, things of long ago."

Miss Conyers looked at her curiously, almost shrinkingly.

"I did not know he knew any one in the village. But if you knew him, be glad that he is dead. It is better to think of him in the hands of God, than as a lost sheep caught in the thorns of sin."

"I tell you he is not dead."

Miss Conyers looked at her mournfully, and turned away.

"What a strange delusion!" she said to herself. "Poor woman, she is evidently a little crazy! She must have been a very pretty girl once."

A slow flush crept over her still fair and soft skin, and she walked with her eyes downcast.

"No," she said to herself again. "I pray he may not have *that* to his account. There are too many women to bear witness against him before the Throne."

And then her thoughts took another turn.

"My mother raved of him when she was dying. Question and answer; it was as if there was some one we could not see or hear present, and speaking with her.

Her eyes always gazed the one way, as if some one stood by her bed, towards whom she looked."

But Mary, still trembling from the shock Miss Conyers' words had been to her, sat in her wooden chair wiping her clammy face, and smiling faintly.

"How could he be dead?" she said, "when he talked with me there for a quarter of an hour, and little Larry waiting all the time. He neither kissed me nor touched my hand, but I saw him and spoke with him. And he said he would come. I waited twenty-five years before to see him; and it's not in two months my patience is giving out this time."

Yet still her hands were cold and clammy, and still the perspiration came out on her face in great chilly drops. About three o'clock Larry came for the bag.

"Larry *acushla*," she said, coaxingly, "you remember the night old Lady Conyers died, how I met a friend at the doorstep, and talked with him?"

"An' I went down the road a bit an' waited. It was mortal dark, an' I heard you talkin', talkin', with bits o' silence between."

"But you saw him, Larry?"

"Oh, ay; I saw him right enough. A big dark man in the night."

"Yes, yes, Larry. If any one told you you didn't see him, what would you say?"

"I'd say I seen him all the same."

"You're a good boy, Larry, a very good boy," said Mary, passing her handkerchief across her lips. "Now, run with the bag. And here's a penny for you for yourself. You won't forget you saw him, will you, Larry?"

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE VERDICT OF OLD AGE.

THE position of an old man is not what it used to be in the world. When the young Elihu arose among the friends of Job to confound their arguments, it was with a rush of indignation which alone he felt could justify him in interposing his word in the face of those so much better able to judge than he. "I am young," he said, "and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." "But," he adds, as with the fervour of one who has stood by to hear erroneous or imperfect doctrines while his heart burned, "there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Only on this ground would he venture to interrupt the greybeards who surrounded the suffering patriarch. We are afraid that this wise Eastern sense of the importance of experience is not now very common among us; but it is all the more a fine and touching spectacle to see two old men of many gifts and accomplishments standing up, each in his place, to bear their testimony to that which, whatever his faith or his want of faith may be, every man must feel to be the most important matter in life. That an old man should retire into the sacred privacy which is so becoming to old age, to give up his remaining time to the study of those problems which affect every one of us, and to help those who have neither time nor capacity for thought, with a matured judgment upon the great questions which move our souls—is so natural, so befitting, so admirable a use of the

trained faculties and mind which do not decay along with the body, that only a very presumptuous or a very foolish critic could feel anything but respect for such a study and its products. Happy are the old men who can give themselves to this noble work—how much happier than those who have to carry on the trivial occupations of everyday life to the edge of the grave, and drop at last with the last toy they have constructed in their hands. There is conscience, no doubt, in the making of toys as well as in the elaboration of the most important arguments; and the old woman who sweeps the floor may "make drudgery divine," as much as the highest intellect in its questionings after truth: but the man is privileged and happy who can employ the last years of life in this noble way. To the most of us such thinkings are almost as unattainable as the groves of Hawarden or the majestic retirement of Inverary. We have neither the learning nor the fine seclusion, the remoteness from common care and labour, which they imply. Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, according to the poet, should be the attendants of old age. Alas! they are not so in many cases any more than the noble leisure, the freedom of the mind or its capacity. Yet there is no finer thing to dignify humanity than the sight of such an old man here and there, bringing all the training of life, as well as the capabilities of genius, to the task of justifying the ways of God to man, or opening up, as far as may be possible, the clouds and shadows that hang about our common end.

The Duke of Argyll is not by a number of years so old a man as Mr Gladstone, neither can he be strictly said to have retired from the excitements of life as the elder man is supposed to have done. It is not so long, indeed, since his speech in a debate called together all the wandering lords to hear it, and everybody who had the privilege of entry, in admiration at once of the *grand style*, the eloquence of a day that is dead, and of the vigorous hold of his subjects which this veteran of parliamentary warfare possesses as stoutly as ever. Nor is it the first time that he has devoted his faculties to the defence of Religion. It is true that in the many changes that have passed over us, our dangers too have changed, and that the Christian faith nowadays is supposed to hang upon the breath of a critic, and to be saved or lost by a conjectural date or the conclusion of a wise man as to what was, or was not, likely to be the possible sentiments of a poet many hundred years before the Christian era: and that these are not the subjects upon which the Duke employs himself. Indeed, it is very curious in an age which holds contemporary criticism in so little esteem, and in which every poetaster moves heaven and earth with outcries against the careless critic who never understands him, that we should allow ourselves to be persuaded that all our faith and hopes depend upon the decision of a gentleman, or gentlemen, of this order, whose word we would not take for a novel, yet who dispose of the most ancient of manuscripts with the most light-hearted confidence in themselves. But the day

of Darwin and the Biologist, if not quite so assured as it once was, is still strong enough to make such an examination of its pretensions of much service and interest, especially as coming from the hand of one who does not hesitate to accept its treatment of nature, while seeing much more in it than its authors intended in unconscious and involuntary testimony to Nature's God.

'The Philosophy of Belief'¹ has so much in common with the work of Mr Gladstone² that the author, though trained in no scientific way, at least follows the patient method of that great thinker whose work is the subject of Mr Gladstone's essays—without timidity, with a serious confidence that no discovery can lessen the force of truth, and that only by close and long investigation into the very depth of the heart of nature can the knowable and the unknowable be defined. Nothing is more interesting in the book than the sketch of the writer's own education, which is prefixed to it. He is one of those examples of the exceptional which are said to prove a rule, owing nothing, as a boy and young man, to the usual forms of culture, without the training either of school or university, yet the pupil of enlightened minds and brought up in habits of serious thought, from his earliest years. The first religious influence of which he was sensible was that of the well-known Mr Campbell of Row, in Dumbartonshire, the minister of the parish in which his father's house was situated: and other guides, of less exclusively evangelical character, trained him in the observation of nature, with

¹ The Philosophy of Belief. By the Duke of Argyll. London: John Murray.

² Studies subsidiary to Butler's Works. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

a constant reference to the higher hand by which all the forces of Nature are formed and controlled. One of these, the well-known Mr Smith of Jordanhill, a very eminent name in the West of Scotland, seems to have been among his first leaders in these all-absorbing studies. But the story is best told in his own words:—

“The spirit and conversation of this oldest and earliest friend reinforced all the tendencies of my own home. I had myself an intense love of external nature, and especially of ornithology; and this led me by an accidental concurrence of circumstances to the habitual contemplation of some special problems which rise out of the region of mere science to the higher level of philosophy. My father had a keen interest in every branch of physical inquiry, but his favourite pursuit was mechanics. Only a very few years before he had seen steam navigation rise and become established on the waters which spread beneath the windows of his ancient castle. I have often heard him describe the hideous noises made by the rude machinery of the first steamboat started by James Bell—noises so loud that it was difficult to hear conversation on the deck. He was himself a very highly skilled workman, making with his own hands many beautiful articles in wood, in ivory, and in metals. The most perfect workmanship was with him a passion—joinings close to a hair’s-breadth, surfaces of perfect smoothness, structures strong and solid for any work they were designed to do. Then from the mechanics of human invention he passed by an easy and natural transition to the vast subject of organic or animal mechanism, and especially fixed his attention on the highest and most typical example of the principles involved in them—namely, the machinery of flight. Thus I was brought first, to appreciate the mystery and the wonder of the results; and then secondly, taught to consider how these results were mechanically achieved. The final cause—that is to say, the purpose—of a wing was obvi-

ous. It was the function or the power of flight. The proximate causes of that power in the working of adapted structures were almost infinitely complicated and obscure. I well recollect hearing one of the most distinguished men who have held the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, the late J. D. Forbes, afterwards Principal of the University of St Andrews, declare that to him the theory of flight was one of the most inscrutable of all problems, so that he was sometimes inclined to regard it as approaching the miraculous. He knew, he said, that it must be done somehow by ‘the resolution of forces,’ but how ‘resolved’ he could not understand. Yet the confidence that these proximate causes were the mere servants and instruments of intention and contrivance was a confidence that was absolute and unconditional. I was accustomed to hear it explained how weight or gravitation, which seemed the insuperable difficulty to be overcome, was compelled in spite of itself to be one main agent in enabling heavy bodies to accomplish in the air the most easy and beautiful evolutions. I was accustomed to hear this great triumph of Purpose, traced and explained through the finest mechanisms, not only in the bodies of birds—not only in the structure of the whole wing—but in the position and structure, also, of each and of all its separate feathers. Thus the great doctrine of the intelligibility of nature and of the certain truth of our so-called ‘anthropomorphic’ explanations of the Creative Mind was a doctrine borne in upon my convictions.”

The conjunction of the father, whose mechanical tastes made the mechanism of the heavens and earth so profoundly interesting, the genial friend in his yacht or on the hillside finding new wonders of the operations of God in the beginnings of Geology, Marine Zoology, and other corresponding branches of knowledge, and of the Professor, perplexed yet always confident of being able one day to penetrate into the profoundest

mysteries by patient and constant investigation, trained the boy to that certainty of finding the truth, when it was sought with sufficient zeal and earnestness, which is the highest of sustaining forces—

“So was it when I was a boy,
So is it now when I am old.”

There was never any better example of the days “bound each to each by natural piety” of the poet’s aspiration, nor of that Happy Warrior in the same poet’s description, “whose life is wrought upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.” After all that has come and gone, the increase and the diminishment of life, the troubles and experiences that come with years—experiences which include the larger cares of a statesman and such a knowledge of life as only the rulers of the world can acquire—the heart of age thus comes back satisfied to the thoughts and wishes of boyhood, the confidence which has never wavered nor varied, that “these proximate causes were the mere servants and instruments of intention and contrivance”; and that “the great triumph of Purpose” was to be traced through the finest mechanisms. This is what we have ventured to call the verdict of old age. Many things during that long interval have been weighed and found wanting, and there are few men who have not found their highest hopes go down and their aspirations fail; but this has remained through all steadfast and unbroken, though almost all the discoveries of modern science and those supposed to be most damaging to revealed religion have been produced in the meantime. Here is one man who is as calmly certain as ever that patient investigation is as infallible as faith, and that he who waits most closely

upon nature will always find amid the hubbubs of discovery that it is God who has the last word,—a conclusion which we take to be slowly dawning in the chill of doubt which succeeds discovery ever proved not to be final, upon the most scientific of worlds.

We will not attempt to give here any summary of the Duke’s book. It is the third of the works already dedicated to the analogies of earth and heaven—the higher and the lower philosophies: none of which, however, the writer, any more than the men of science, would acknowledge to be less interesting than the others, though those which deal with the spiritual part of us must always be more important to our own anxious and questioning minds. The Duke rejects nothing in recent discovery: he accepts the philosophy of Darwin, and scorns no contribution towards the clearing up of the processes of nature. His aim rather is to point out how every step of these reasonings discloses more clearly a regulating Mind which works through everything. He has a very good and telling stroke at the scientific gentlemen which might have been highly satirical had not everything in the book been serious, admitting no irreverent interposition of fun or ridicule—in the chapter upon “Intuitive Theology in the Structure of Language,” where he points out the effort of the scientist, often so laborious, sometimes abandoned in despair, to refrain from using that common language of mankind in which design and intention are always so clearly implied in the description of natural operations. No small exercise of self-restraint must have been necessary to prevent the launching of one keen-pointed arrow at Mr Herbert Spencer’s definition of life as a change from “homogeneity into

heterogeneity," which is far more ludicrous in its dead solemnity than any joke ever aimed at that philosopher. Except by the invention of monstrous phrases of this kind, which are not intelligible to three-parts of the world, and convey no idea to the simple mind—certainly not a gospel to be preached to the poor—there is no way of speaking which does not lead to the suggestion of a Maker behind all that wonderful machinery of construction. That very word begs the whole question at once—for what is construction without a constructor? and how is any one to describe the changes and developments of nature without mentioning the adaptation of different parts, the purpose of certain modifications, the plan of progress and developments? We want a new language to make any other theory comprehensible, and every word of every tongue, those emanations of the mind of which we are proudest, and which contain more assurance of our divine birthright than any other known thing, breathe of the foregone conclusion, even when they are forced into philosophies that labour to deny it. The Duke permits himself no smile; yet it surely is difficult to deny oneself such an indulgence over the wonderful diction of the Sage. A break-jaw language truly, as ill-favoured as it is unsatisfactory, and fitting very badly into verse; yet it has been tried by an enthusiast disciple, as the reader shall see:—

"Homogeneity, water unboiled,
Still in the kettle, untroubled, unspoiled;
But when Polly puts on the kettle
The homogeneous changes its mettle.
Homogeneity! homogeneity!
Lifeless and blank without change or
variety;
But vulgar life, as we all may see,
Comes in with heterogeneitee."

This is all very well; but the

anonymous poetaster does not explain who is the mysterious Polly who puts on the kettle. Such is the difficulty of words, even when so melodious and perspicuous. There is always a something unexplained behind.

This, however, is open profanity, and would not at all be countenanced by the Duke. He gives us a remarkable illustration from Huxley of the manner in which words come short of the intended sense, or rather exceed that intended sense, and raise it into regions never contemplated by the speaker. The biologist is explaining the course of development of an egg: "A well-defined shallow straight groove . . . indicating the position of the future longitudinal axis of the body of the chick. Soon the lateral boundaries of this groove in what will become the anterior region of the body grow up into plates; the dorsal laminæ, at length uniting, enclose the future cerebro-spinal cavity," &c., &c. This description the Duke points out is full of teleological language. Indeed one can scarcely conceive an ignorant person reading it, without supposing that it was of the work of some intelligent workman that the writer was speaking, like the "Building of the Ship," or the "Song of the Bell." The line is drawn for "the future longitudinal axis" before our eyes: "what will become the anterior region of the body" is formed. "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect," says the Psalmist: "and in Thy book were all my members written; which day by day were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." Strange! that the anatomist who believed nothing should use words almost identical in meaning with, though so different in diction from, those of the unscientific Hebrew who lived and sang praise to God (even

on the showing of the Higher Criticism) considerably over two thousand years ago. Had the sweet Singer of Israel examined the processes in the egg, or how did he know? We may not be sure of his name or anything else about him; but that he was not a scientific biologist we may with certainty conclude.

We do not remember, however, to have seen before such a statement and description as that which the writer gives of that something more than design, more than plan, which these investigations into Nature bring forth to the soul that is worthy of them. It is a view which at once silences and overawes, and strikes the mind with that surprise of suddenly revealed ineffable truth which bears us to the noblest heights of speculation. It is not only the revelation of a great mind in creation but something more intimate still, of a Personality not so much above us but that it can be recognised, working in ways which we understand, as we might ourselves do were we great enough, — a power which we can feel to be like ourselves, as a generous child might see his greater self in his father. "This appears to me," he says, "to be the summit level in the path towards religion to which we are carried by the certainties of direct and immediate perception."

"Again, we must recognise the fact that one self-evident truth does not constitute religion. It does not in itself include any further and more definite conceptions or beliefs in our own relations with that personal mind, of whose existence we are so well assured. Yet it is, in such further conceptions and beliefs that religion properly so called alone consists. On the other hand, let us not mistake the breadth and solidity of the foundations, which are laid in

and by the assured apprehension, as a fact, that in Nature, ourselves included, we are in the presence of a mind which has all the elements of what we know as personality in ourselves. It at once illuminates Nature with the light of an impression and dominant conception. It involves the idea, not as a consequence reached by reasoning, but as part of its own nature and contents, that we are always in presence of a mind which has some such close relations with our own that we can recognise at least its constructive powers as analogous with our own; and can identify these as exerted in our own organism as the highest type known to us of their working and effects.

Again and again let it be repeated that this powerful conception does not in itself and undeveloped constitute religion. But it does raise to the high level of a self-evident truth that one fundamental fact with which all religious feelings and beliefs must begin, and on which alone they can, and always do, repose. The moment the truth is apprehended in its fulness it becomes impossible to set religion aside as belonging to a region of mere fancy or imagination with no substance in it. The very first inference that follows from it, hardly less self-evident than itself, is that there must be some other relations between us and the universal mind than that only of our being a product of its constructive skill. There must be some spiritual and ethical relations corresponding to the spiritual and ethical faculties of which we are conscious in ourselves. For these too, like all others, we know to be gifts inseparably connected with our special organisation. The subject, therefore, of these other relations rises upon us not only as a region in which facts must abound, but as a region filled with the very highest class of facts which we can ever reach. In their very essence they must be the supreme facts of the universe. They must be the facts on which some fuller knowledge is most to be longed for, by all to whom the quest of truth is the one pursuit of supreme interest and importance. This is a consideration of high significance. For as there is no kind of

doubt so paralysing in any subject of inquiry as any, even the very least, suspicion that perhaps after all there is nothing to be inquired about—that the very pursuit of it is in itself a delusion, a mere dream, a phantasy,—so, on the other hand, there is nothing so inspiring as the certainty in any such inquiry that we are dealing with veritable realities and are handling problems which concern facts indisputable, and, if indisputable, then all-pervading. And when this certainty is perpetually receiving, as we have seen it is receiving, ever fresh and accumulating illustrations from the analysis of all around us, it silences and extinguishes for ever any suggestion that in theology we can possibly be dealing with mere subjective phenomena the unsubstantial product of our own imaginative faculties. Whether this extreme form of doubt is widely prevalent it would be hard to say. But it clearly forms a large ingredient in the philosophic scepticism of many writers, both old and new. It is under the influence of this extreme form of doubt that such vehement antagonism exists to the recognition of purposiveness in Nature, and that so many attempts are made to resolve it, and dissolve it into such deceptive ambiguities as those which are hidden under the phrases of development and evolution. But no element of fact which does really exist in those phrases is incompatible with, or even antagonistic to, the one great fundamental perception of the universal purposiveness of Nature.”

Now, we have often heard the argument from the lesser to the greater. The fact that man, however degraded, is still made in the image of God, and, consequently, that broken lights of the Maker are yet to be found in the most debased of His creatures, is familiar enough. But it is seldom that the other side of the subject is thought of—the argument from the greater to the less. The great Unknown Being, upon whom we all depend, whom no man hath

seen at any time,—how strange, how overwhelming, is the suggestion that in His work we may find something, much, by which we can recognise that image, the great glorified prototype of ourselves, the Original from whom our poor faculties came,—to think that thus we too might have laboured had we the power, and that in the hand of the Father, so infinitely greater, there are—wonderful thought!—resemblances to that of the son. We know no more elevating, no more amazing thought. The writer leaves the great suggestion to our minds without attempting to adorn it with eloquence, or to stir up anything of the emotional. He asks simply if in this one portion of His work our hearts recognise Him, how is it possible that there should not be other and more assured meeting-grounds between us? But these unadorned words thrill the reader more than eloquence. It is a higher argument than any we remember to have heard upon this great subject. To perceive design in nature is a great matter, though it is but as A, B, C to this. To find ourselves thus suddenly in front of a mind infinitely greater, yet, in its superlative height, *like* our own, recognisable, “its constructive powers analogous,” is a situation which moves the whole being.

“Darwin,” the author tells us “never takes the least trouble to avoid this language (that which recognises plan and design), and, as he himself told me in conversation, the presence of those mental elements in organic development was often borne in upon him with overwhelming force, although at other times,” he added, “it seemed to vanish from before his eyes.” Nothing can be more interesting than such a passing light upon the

man who anatomised and dissected himself at last, according to his own statement, out of every consciousness of beauty, art, or human interest. Huxley, with a different meaning, and no recognition of any such impression, yet describes himself as interested chiefly in "the mechanical engineering of living machines." "What I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business—the working out of the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modification of similar apparatuses to serve different ends." Behold the difficulties into which human language brings a philosopher! No ignorant person reading this could imagine that there was no living inquirer in Huxley's thoughts, no power which had arranged the "apparatuses" to serve their purpose, any more than that the elaborate structures in the egg were "laid down" by no hand. It is very puzzling for the writer, who has nothing but this supply of old-fashioned words to express his meaning in them; and when he begins to invent new ones, the effect, as we have seen, is more painful still.

We doubt whether the reader will follow with as much ease and satisfaction the continued thread of analogy between external and spiritual things which the Duke essays to draw between the unparalleled history of the visit of Christ to this world, and all its wonderful effects, and the abiding laws of nature. He does make this effort, often with great skill, and in many admirable passages from the first of those Hebrew previsions which indicated that coming, in the early beginnings of known history and literature, down to the final fact itself, the mystery of which no man can penetrate.

It is but, we think, within the last fifty years that devout minds have begun to feel, or at least to permit themselves to say, that the Atonement is wholly wrapped in mystery, and that the reason why that sacrifice should have been demanded is beyond the researches of man. How it is "that all the great effects attributed to it on the characters of men, and on the acceptability of their worship by God, could not have been secured at less cost, or without any cost beyond some omnipotent exercise of the Divine will"—is, without any tinge of unbelief, always present in our author's thoughts. Yet we think, so far as it is possible to be impartial on such a subject, that it is comprehensible, and that no mere proclamation of an exercise of the Divine will could have been effectual with us. A mere change, or apparent change, in the mind of God towards us, a free pardon costing nothing, would that ever have affected the minds of men in the way which the sacrifice of our Lord has done? We think with all humility that it would not. "It costs more to redeem their souls," says the Psalmist, groping amid the dim greatness of truths which he could not understand. Whether necessary for God or not, it was surely necessary for us that the gift should be attended by some such great convulsion.

There would be nothing revolting to human nature, there would indeed be many things that would appeal to us in the very depths of our being, should some generous young man for example, some king's son, with all the prestige of his rank and greatness—take up the cause, say, of such a fine but savage race as the Matabele, and throw himself among them, accepting without reserve the risks of that position, and whatever dangers it might in-

volve. Even if it involved slow torture and a hideous death, the world around, little capable of any such sacrifice as it is, would yet understand. In the heat of indignation there might be protests against the folly of the victim, or of those who permitted him thus to risk himself; but at least a universal human understanding would attend upon his act. And the tremendous cost to himself, all envisaged and foreseen, before he devoted himself, would not only seal his sacrifice in the way most satisfactory to our minds, but would be instinctively comprehended wherever it was told. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It is stated as a thing not impossible, comprehensible even by human faculties. "Peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." It is not a strange suggestion, arbitrarily imposed upon humanity, but such as humanity unassisted could at least understand: we cannot but feel that this is a most striking instance of those reflections of the mind of God, from whence came originally that sublime expedient, which are conscious and apparent in the mind of man.

It would be less remarkable and less significant if such a book as this were framed upon those old-fashioned tenets, or, at least, methods of explaining the ways of God to man, which were still prevalent fifty years ago; if the balance of debit and credit, the sacrifice of Christ in one scale and the salvation of men in the other, had still been the principle which a man of that generation saw in the supreme sacrifice; and if the so-called inspiration of the Scriptures, minute and verbal, as of something written to dictation, had been the foundation on which

he established all things. But this is not at all the position of the Duke of Argyll. He has accepted all the recent teachings of science. Darwin does not alarm him, nor Huxley irritate. His love of investigation into nature, and conviction that nothing contrary to truth is ever to be found there, have made him an eager and delighted student of all the new ways and new lights—which reveal to him only new and beautiful details of the Maker's way of working, and no failure but only increase of loyalty to one supreme and all-inspiring Mind. His view of inspiration is as different as can be from the old doctrine, which would scarcely allow the possibility of an inadvertent word, even of the scribe hundreds of years from the fountainhead, having slipped into the sacred text. "Inspiration," he says, is a word "rarely used in the sacred books, either Hebrew or Christian."

"The mere word is, as it were, too external, too material, too much isolated or separated from the common facts and experiences of life. It does not accurately or adequately express the kind of influence which the prophets and apostles were conscious of in themselves, and which they evidently regarded as so perfectly natural that they did not habitually associate it with any special name. They thought of what they occasionally called inspiration as simply an unusually direct impulse from the living God to some one or more of the million living souls which could only live in Him. 'Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' That moving might be more or less definite or distinct, more or less consciously understood by those to whom the impulse came. But in all cases it was but a special exercise of an influence perfectly according to the natural constitution and course of things. It is indeed impossible so to define that which we mean by in-

spiration as to separate it in kind from all those instinctive perceptions of self-evident truth on which the whole structure and power of our reason depend."

The difference thus so distinctly apparent between the writer's standing-point and that of the reign of Theology under which he was born, gives all the more force to the strength of his conviction and assertion of the power of God, which every new discovery increases and strengthens to his eyes. To him all Nature moves harmonious, in all her secret works revealing the sole and magnificent Workman who pieces every joint together and adapts each subtle line of all the mechanism to its use: and in His work, whether great or small, gives us hints and indications innumerable of that link below Himself and us, which makes His work comprehensible and natural to us, born as we are with the power of understanding Him; formed as we are in a lower and lesser way, as He is, the children of His supreme mind as well as of His creating hand. It is this that gives the testimony of a witness its fullest force—for it is the testimony of an expert, not of one ignorant; of a man who knows good and evil, who has gone through all the experiences of this world, who has outlived the common age of man without ever losing his hold of the great interest and occupations of life. The aged philosopher and statesman here sets to his seal that God is true.

One wonders sometimes whether the discoveries of Science, so constantly held to be hostile to God and to the idea of a Divine operation and supervision in the world, might not be perhaps only another "day of grace" and opportunity to the wise of learning the lesson

so often re-bestowed, put forth in so many forms. The gazers at Jerusalem were called upon to look at the works that were performed there, such works as no man ever did before, and to believe, but did not, their foolish eyes being darkened. Who can say that the men of this generation have not been called again to see and believe the amazing revelation of God, as discovered by them in what we call nature? The discovery of buried cities, and the primitive works of art in them, bring our minds with a leap to the conviction that the poet wrote no fable when he sang the wars of Troy. The other discoveries are of far more vast importance, and reveal one greater than Agamemnon; but again the eye is darkened that it cannot see, and the ear hardened that it cannot hear.

The labours of Mr Gladstone's old age are of a different character. They are not so independent or self-suggested as those of the Duke of Argyll. They are chiefly dependent upon and related to that great monumental work, of which he has with love and care set forth a new edition—which will probably bring Bishop Butler within the reach of a new generation of the ordinary reader not student, in a form more merciful to human weakness than the unbroken paragraphs of the original work. But it is in the accompanying volume, which is at once a commentary, a defence, and an elucidation of the philosophy of Butler, his methods, and the fashion of his mind, that we find his own original work, and also the evidence that he himself has looked upon it as we do—as a final word, the winding up of all his own extensive and varied experiences. "I feel it incumbent upon me, bearing in my advanced old age my latest testimony to the

world upon matters that touch the deepest interest, to add a few words——” which, though in the first place they are upon Butler and his methods and philosophy, are at the same time the conclusions of much research, and the reflections of a lifetime, in which, upon these great subjects, if no other, there has never been a false note. It does not perhaps seem a lofty conclusion to decide finally that Probability is the guide of life; but the philosophical idea involved is neither so thin nor so cold as its statement. Bishop Butler, as does his expositor to a great extent after him, leaves out of his arguments all the statements of revelation, and the views to be drawn from them, and takes the all-important question, in particular of the future life—as it might appear to reasonable creatures, without that light which is stronger and more illuminating than anything our own minds can suggest. It is on the analogies of nature that he founds his argument, and according to those broken lights that he forms his lamp of investigation; so that probability in his system means the action of reason, as we bring it to bear on the ordinary dilemmas of human life, unrestrained and also unenlightened by any special tidings from the spiritual world after which man goes groping all his life long, not only as among worlds unrealised, but without so much as a search-light or an occasional flash of lightning to make their mountains visible. It seems a poor thing to be confined for all our hope to that which is probable only: and we find it in the concerns of this life but a poor substitute for the certainty after which we crave; but yet it is to the greater number, and in some respects to all, the law of existence—which pro-

mises us nothing unconditionally, and the highest hopes of which are always held in check by the possibility of that sudden utterance, “Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee.” But when this doctrine is used to show us that there is no certainty in those gloomy theories as to the cessation of life, which so overburden the soul that many go in bondage all their life through for fear of it, any more than there is in the facts of mortal vicissitude; and that in truth, judging as we judge our chances for this earth, a strong probability in favour of continuance and survival remains,—a likelihood as strong as that upon which we build all our plans for the life on earth,—the argument warms and lightens. The illumination is not from heaven; but it is, if from a much dimmer, at least from an unquestionable source—the same light as that which enables us to believe that a healthy man will in all probability live to attain maturity, if not old, age: which is the probability on which most of our schemes for the present existence are founded. In this aspect probability becomes an auxiliary to truth of the most consolatory and supporting description. Faith may waver, and hope fail: their responses to the unknown, and evidences of things unseen, are liable, like sun and stars, to be veiled with many a passing cloud. At the ebb-tides of being we may seem to lose sight of them for a time, as mariners lose sight of those heavenly bodies by which all their calculations are framed; and at such moments the low and friendly line of a dim coast stretching away into infinitude, free of dangerous cliffs and breakers, though indefinite in itself, is something to guide and sustain our spirits which the worst tempest

cannot obliterate, nor the wild waves of a troubled mind confound.

His attachment to this subject, and chiefly to Bishop Butler as its exponent, limits the scope of Mr Gladstone's reflections, and restrains them from any attempt to go over the whole field of Christian philosophy as his distinguished contemporary has done; and we are disposed to regret that this attachment and connection deprive us to a great degree of his own views in respect to the very important questions which he treats, which would be to the general reader more interesting than the exposition of Butler to which he devotes his faculties: and this especially when the subject in question is that which is most deeply interesting to all of us, and one peculiarly appropriate to a man standing upon the heights of age, and whose pronouncement would naturally be all the more interesting from that fact, and from the retirement and halcyon land of thought out of which it would come. Sometimes, however, Mr Gladstone does leave Butler aside, and speaks in his own person. He calls our attention to the darker side of the future life, the punishments which await the impenitent, of which he speaks with a force and candour almost harsh in this day of universal smoothing down. The present writer cannot deny that his own feelings are on the side of those perhaps too charitable, too sentimental, authorities who would fain make out that eternal punishment, the doctrine at which the mind of this time shudders, is little more than a farce, almost a juggling of the Almighty to frighten the sinner, with no real intention of carrying the issue to so bitter an end: but there can

be no doubt that Mr Gladstone's remarks on this subject are, as he says, "of weight," and that these gentle expositors go too far:—

"There are two compartments, so to speak, in the vast regions spread out before us, which appertain to the future of the righteous and unrighteous respectively. With regard to the first, men have been content to leave it in the main much as they received it from our Lord and the apostles, and have respected the declaration that 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' But there has been an activity certainly remarkable, perhaps in part feverish and morbid, in exploring the *domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna*, and where the New Testament was sparing or silent, it has been bold, eager—nay, even dogmatic. This thirst for information on punishments, as to their nature, the classes that are to undergo them, and their duration, does not seem to be founded on the persuasion that there beyond the grave is our home, and that as if it were an earthly home, we desire to know all we can about it. The result is, that we seem to call the Almighty to account, and undertake on the foundation of our own judgment to determine what He can or cannot do, because we have concluded that He ought or ought not."

This is a modern tendency which cannot be doubted, and which is equally foolish and presumptuous,—many persons, in perfect good faith and without any intention to offend, thinking themselves entitled to call God to task and suggest to Him other treatments of matters very imperfectly understood in the nature of things by themselves. There was something pretty and touching in the sudden passion of the child who was found weeping in a corner with suppressed outcries, "Why would he not let them in?" when the once favourite song, "Too late, too late," with its refrain, "Ye cannot enter now," was sung; but such objec-

tion rose to the sublime of absurdity when, some woman having remarked upon the shock which the conditions of marriage gave to a girl in her ignorance, an indignant critic interposed with the question, "Why did not God guard against that?" There is no one of His creatures so continuously at the bar as the Maker of us all. But Mr Gladstone's protest, after this very true statement, in favour of the reality of future punishment and its probable duration, is remarkable. It has been for many years a sign of enlightenment to wish, to hope, to conclude that this reality must be exaggerated, and in fact would be eluded—a reaction, no doubt, from the other extreme of dwelling upon its imaginary details as if they were chief among the results of the Gospel:—

"What would be the conclusion, I do not say, of any zealous champion of orthodoxy; but of any capable and impartial observer, competently acquainted with the Scriptures and the general condition of Christianity, upon the weighty question how far the present tone of the pulpit and of theological literature assigns to the penal elements in the Providential and Christian system of the world a really operative place? I say an operative place, because among believers in a future state there are no denials of the abstract proposition that punishment awaits the wicked after death. But the proposition seems to be relegated at present to the far-off corner of the Christian mind, and there to sleep in deep shadow as a thing needless in our enlightened and progressive age. So far as my knowledge and experience go, we are in danger even of losing this subject out of sight and out of mind. I am not now speaking of eternal punishments in particular, but of all and any punishment intelligibly enforced; and can it be right, can it be warrantable, that the pulpit and the press should adversely fall short of the standard estab-

lished by the Holy Scriptures, and not less uniformly by the earliest and most artless period of hortatory Christian teaching? Is it not altogether undeniable that these authorities did so handle the subject of this penal element in the frequency of mention and in the manner of treatment, that in their Christian system it had a place as truly operative, as clear, palpable, and impressive, as the more attractive doctrines of redeeming love? I sometimes fear that we have lived into a period of intimidation in this great matter. That broad and simple promulgation of the new scheme which is known as the Sermon on the Mount was closed with the awful representation of the house built upon the sand. But as if men were now less easy to be persuaded, and there was no longer any sand to build upon, Christian teachers seem largely to be possessed with an amiable fear lest the delicate ear in the church, and the still more critical eye in the closet, should find their niceness repelled by any glimpse of hell; and to dwell exclusively on that grace and bounty which, alas! are as far as ever from being generally comprehended and appropriated."

Perhaps it is a little from the greater difficulty of identifying the wicked that this obliteration occurs. The world is full of good men who pay very little attention to the dictates of religion; and of many also who, besides being blameless and respectable, go to church in a reasonable way, and, so far as their neighbours know, break none of the commandments, but yet are not spiritually minded men, nor persons who might simply without any incongruity be transported into heaven to be rewarded with spiritual joys and delights for ever. Many we all know of whom it is almost ridiculous to imagine such a splendour of transformation. But are they, then, the wicked? Perhaps the distinction was easier in earlier days. Many, too, are there, foolish, gone astray, who

have trifled with their best interests, and thrown away their lives, yet of whom we can but think as of children, fools, and blind, but not—God help them!—not wicked. Dr Pusey's touching definition, which brings the tears involuntarily to our eyes, that "no one who could love would be there," seems to forestall and quench argument in this sense. The wicked, whom the Psalmist saw flourishing like the green bay-tree, but of whose fate he learnt the secret when he went into the sanctuary—those who for usury take away the robe, or pull from underneath him the bed of their wretched debtor, those who grind the faces of the poor, and oppress the weak, and cheat, and betray, and hurt,—for them we are content that the awful alternative should be told. But how seldom can we identify such offenders on the common level of the world, among those for whom we cannot claim excellence, yet to whom we cannot attribute depravity? It is all so much simpler in primitive society, where colour is more vivid and action less restrained.

"No one who could love would be there"! What pity, what exquisite tenderness and deep insight, are in these words. Mr Gladstone quotes them as "the temperate and careful statement of Dr Pusey," but they are much more. It is, we venture to think, partly from the difficulty in appropriating the qualification "wicked" that this much-perplexed generation has grown silent as to the penalties which are so certainly denounced. The difficulty is to identify the class who are denounced—and not to feel that recompenses so awful can only be appropriate to sinners of much deeper dye than those we see. An unspeakable Turk indeed, re-

volting in massacre and spoliation——! but our kindly neighbours, men who do harm to nobody, if not much good to any,—how are we to translate those dreadful judgments for them?

So far as we can see, this is a great cause of the hesitation of Christian teachers, a cause more present than any fear to repel the delicate ear or the critical eye—as the same difficulty no doubt suggested the first idea of Purgatory which commends itself to so many, the halting-place in which those who were too ill for blessing and too good for banishing might be shaken violently out of their half-virtues, and realise indeed all that was wanting in them, and what their nature truly was.

There is an indication, indeed, of something like a Purgatory—though of very different character from the usual idea presented by that word—both in Butler and in Mr Gladstone's comments upon him, which gives the almost indispensable relief which we feel is wanted in any discussion of this all-important subject, on which definite teaching is so vague. Mr Gladstone prefaces it by a very fine and noble compliment to his master, asking leave "to spend a moment in confessing the comparative security and satisfaction with which I follow the steps of Butler on the rare occasions when he speculates, as comparing him with other speculators." "I feel," he adds, "like one resting on the wings of a great and strong bird when it takes an incursion into mid air, and is felt to mount as easily as it will descend."

Butler, he goes on to say, "even in his first chapters intimates that death may end in not only a continuation but an enlargement of existence." "It was

from these views that he was led to question the philosophy, if not the theology, which, with such shallow wisdom, seems to teach us that with death the book is closed, at any rate until the resurrection and the judgment,—by which, indeed, it sets no great store, or at least for which it leaves little room. Such a man as Butler would not be hasty to assume that, if the interval be one of conscious life and action, it can pass without leaving behind it legible traces of its influence on character." This is to say that, though he strongly denies a future probation, and believes the great crisis of fate to come in this world, he still believes, or thinks it probable, that in the intermediate state of being Virtue may attain such a great and radiant development as to attract all who are spectators of it in a manner incomprehensible on earth, bringing to development in their turn the germs of good which had been implanted before death in all beings (if there are any) not incapable of such impressions at all; so that this great force of example, against which there would no longer be any hostile revulsion, might operate in the changed atmosphere of the world of spirits with a force which it never had on earth.

"He noticed the essential tendencies of virtue or goodness to acquire for itself augmentation of power. Such tendencies may be expected to operate freely and with energy so soon as the grievous hindrances which now beset them shall have been removed. Should this be so, many souls of creatures incapable of normal evolution in the inferior state may be found to be capable of it as soon as a favourable change in the balance between auxiliaries and impediments shall have been effected. Powers, the action of which was suspended by the

adverse preponderance, will conceivably emerge into the open, and find scope for action when that preponderance has been removed or reversed."

This is to say, that in the intermediate state between death and judgment, in which an innumerable world of souls—nay, what is called the Majority (and this idea gives a wonderful expansion to that word, now soiled with so much ignoble use)—is held until the winding up of all things, there is free scope for the development of goodness, but not for that of badness: and the most imperfect soul, no longer tempted to err in its own melancholy way, is irresistibly drawn by the sunshine and splendour of a growing Virtue to which every influence is favourable, to follow that development and attain the thing which it is thus compelled and enabled to see in its true aspect and admire as it deserves. We are led to the infallible inference that the very atmosphere of this land of suspense is one that tends to righteousness, that the seeds of evil are all shut out, and that reformation, except for the most determined sons of perdition, is all but certain. May it be so, we pray with all our hearts! Thus inducements and opportunities which it never had been within reach of before would flow in upon the soul to which death itself had taught a first startling lesson:—

"The discoveries, partly effected in Butler's time, of the vastness of the material universe, at once led his profound and searching spirit to inquire whether under the guidance of his master principle of analogy he found cause to draw from the fact of those discoveries in the physical order any collateral inferences in respect to the moral and spiritual world. He did not indeed help to mislead his fellow-men by teaching, as is now the fashion in some quarters, that the

immense enlargement of the visible kingdom of God proves the insignificance of the world which we inhabit, or discredits the idea that it can be the scene of an exceptional and peculiarly illustrious dispensation such as is exhibited in the Incarnation of our Lord. His speculation was the very opposite of this precipitate, shallow, and barren suggestion: a suggestion of which it is enough to say that, when traced home to its principle, it is at once detected in the grave offence of using the weights and measures of the physical universe as the criterion of moral and spiritual magnitudes. On Butler's mind these grand disclosures had the effect of widening his conception of the possible scope of the natural and moral government exhibited to us in nature and revelation. In fact they suggested to him an enlargement of the purpose and working of the Incarnation itself beyond the scope of the common conception, both popular and theological. 'For,' says Butler, rising to that highest degree of confidence in which he rarely allows himself to indulge, 'it is certain that as the material world appears to be in a manner boundless and immense, there must be some scheme of Providence reaching outside the material world, and vast in proportion to it.' With this weighty observation he winds up a course of thought in which he has pointed out that virtue, so sorely restrained and hampered here, might in another state of things be relieved from its impediments, and be placed under conditions favourable to its full development and corroboration. And further, that being thus in itself enlarged and enhanced, it might be exhibited to, and might form a power of attraction for, others who had not yet been effectually drawn to it. And this might happen 'amongst one or more orders of creatures'; and the benefit might accrue to those among 'any orders of vicious creatures,' having among them some who were 'capable of amendment, and of being recovered to a just sense of virtue.'

"Thus does Butler appear to have embraced the ideas—first, that the developments of character effected through the human race by the Incarnation of Christ might operate upon beings subject to the Creator,

but not belonging to the human race; and, secondly, that all within the limits of the human family itself, persons who had not during this life, in any manner perceptible to us, actually crossed the line which divides righteousness from its opposite, might make such further advances as would effect that transition, provided their characters were still in such a state as to leave them capable of effectual amendment."

This is indeed no Purgatory, but a heavenly country, breathing endless probabilities and hopes for all the world. It is like the gleam of a sudden if momentary sunbeam upon an inhabited region more great than all the kingdoms of the earth put together,—the Majority indeed, of every tongue and population, of every age. If it is indeed but a devout imagination, it is one of the highest beauty and consolation, all the more wonderful and comforting that it comes from one who avoids the exercises of imagination, and gives way to them perhaps only in this sole instance. Could we take it as established, what lights of heaven would break upon the mourner's eyes! Let us imagine an erring but notwithstanding loving child, perverse on earth, building his house upon the sand, coming suddenly, as it seems to us, to the great calamity, to death itself, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd"; but startled by that shock, and stepping straight into the arms of a radiant father or mother spirit, in that great world no longer dim and shadowy, where goodness has every enlargement, but offence and temptation none. Alas! we fear that nothing, even this glorious possibility, could lighten permanently the longing yearning survivor to whom earth has become all blank, and heaven dim in the greatness of present desolation. Yet this dream, if it is but a dream, is at least nobler and

more beautiful than all the other devices of the soul of sorrow to reconcile itself to the absolute deprivation which death brings to the living. The world of suspense! it is indeed, as Mr Gladstone says, a world and an interval of which little is thought—perhaps a world in which life will flow in no unfamiliar channels, the greatest of all worlds, constantly added to, owning no decline.

It is deeply interesting and touching to see an old man, whose days have long overpast the established limit, discoursing to the world upon the unseen life from, as it were, the highest pinnacle of this, whence, in a calm day, the golden gates may be seen and the angels ascending and descending. In such a day, when all was still and sweet, a gleam of sudden light like this might flash, one cannot but think, from some gleaming brightness of the celestial towers upon that great intermediate land, that country wider than earth, the land where human souls find yet their opportunity, and the principles of goodness are for the first time supreme.

Mr Gladstone's book has not the natural, slightly broken, here and there irrelevant, attraction of the Duke of Argyll's. It is not so popular or so human. Its reasonings are perhaps too close and too serious for the ordinary reader, and the style is neither so easy nor so graphic. Here and there comes in a phrase so fine that we wonder, if the writer had sufficiently exerted himself, whether the argument might not have been made more attractive and the strain of attention happily relaxed. But we doubt whether he wished for any such result. Nobody who is content to take pains will find it too much for him. It is always lucid, if severe in the refusal of all embellishment. And

here once more we have the testimony of old age—in which all the experiences of the world, of life and labour, of vicissitude and thought, have but confirmed and strengthened the hope of something better, loftier, and more true beyond. In this case the witness is a mind of singular gifts and a very subtle power—a mind not infallible, subject to many deflections and some doubtful influences in human matters, but here disinterested, concerned for the truth alone, not for any advantage even of reputation. He also sets to his seal that God is true.

We have had many similar evidences in these days, which are days of unbelief, in which the very babes and sucklings babble forth scepticism. Our two greatest poets have each in their time and way given forth their last conviction, their final note of faith. Mr Browning, in the break-jaw but impressive verses which are placed as his last in his last publication, rings forth with no uncertain note his conviction and confidence. Lord Tennyson, with his superior melody, and with yet clearer adoption of the promises of faith, while waiting for his own transportation over the bar, lifts up a noble human countenance to the sunset heavens, and anticipates the moment

“When I shall see my Pilot face to face.”

May those who remain meet that Divine Pilot in all the supreme joy of recognition, and may all of us who are old, emerging from the mists of age, find our footing at least in that Land of Suspense where every good thing is encouraged and every evil one quenched, in an atmosphere where only Truth and Virtue can flourish and increase!

M. O. W. O.

ARBITRATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

AMONG the phenomena of democratic politics none is stranger than the rise to eminence and the decline of catch-words. There appears to be no necessary connection between these and the various fortunes of the ideas, or parts of ideas, they represent. On the contrary, they seem to spring into life and flourish through some occult affinity with the taste of their day, much like popular songs, until they exhaust their attraction and die of inanition. Half-a-dozen years ago, to take an instance, the word municipalisation was a potent force in politics. It had nothing to recommend it beyond its intrinsic hideousness: the fact it stood for existed before it, and has survived it. Everybody knew that there were certain functions of government which might be conveniently committed to the local authorities of towns. What exactly these were might be determined on the merits of each case. But the moment the word municipalisation was imported into the matter, it appeared to establish an immense presumption in favour of the beneficent action of the Town Council. Municipalisation was to do away with all abuses and solve the problem of poverty. It was to regenerate society. Disciples held their breath when they recalled how Huddersfield had municipalised its tramways, and equal blessings were expected from the municipalisation of gas-works. In the fervour of the moment steps were taken to municipalise other things — and then somehow the word seemed to lose its hold. Virtue went out of it. The process of committing powers of administration to urban representative bodies

goes on, but there is none of the old hope of the regeneration of the world about it. It is convenient, but it is not municipalisation.

The blessed word for the present year has been arbitration, which might be described as municipalisation transferred to the sphere of foreign politics. Arbitration is the herald of every blessing. In the cause of arbitration Mr Cleveland and Mr Olney were ready to kindle the most disastrous war of all time; on the altar of the same holy cause the 'Daily Chronicle' is willing to sacrifice all that nations hold worth fighting for. It is not easy to perceive why this arbitration fever has selected 1896 for its ravages more than any other year. Arbitration is no new discovery. M. Gennadius has done us the kindness of pointing out that it was practised in ancient Greece by the Amphictyonic Council and the Delphic Oracle. The reminder is interesting, as showing that the existence of a recognised tribunal for arbitration is perfectly compatible with a first-class war every other decade, while at least two such arose solely out of the desire to "noble" the arbitral machinery. International arbitration has not, then, the glamour of youth. Yet neither has it the authority of age, since up to now it has never proved itself effective for the prevention of war. It has seldom been invoked without leaving bitter memories behind it: in some cases, such as that of Delagoa Bay, its legacy may be more perilous than that of war. Why, then, this recent fervour of adoration before the word? There is no answer. Why did the

whole world sing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay"?

Howbeit the Archbishop of Canterbury did not sing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," so that there is the less parallel for Lord Salisbury's curious departure in reference to arbitration. The spectacle of a diplomatist of his ability and experience gravely negotiating an arbitration treaty with Mr Olney is a phenomenon which will bear a little explanation. Presumably the explanation is that Lord Salisbury also is becoming a new diplomatist after the model of his esteemed colleague. It may be that, convinced, but late in life, of the wisdom of conciliating public opinion, and, like all converts, over-zealous, Lord Salisbury deems himself bound to show the people of this country that he reads the 'Daily Chronicle' and the 'Star.' Or it may be that he was genuinely alarmed at the proceedings of Mr Olney, and thought it wise to give him something to get his teeth into. Mr Olney, as is still remembered, had claimed what amounts to a Protectorate over the whole Western Hemisphere, including the British possessions therein—a Protectorate, moreover, with all its privileges and none of its duties. As he persisted in this claim very stiffly, Lord Salisbury may well have thought it wise, if we were not to be forced into war, to distract his attention until Congress rose and the Venezuela question was overshadowed by the Presidential election. Whatever the reason, there the negotiations are. As crystallising a popular craze, they will not be without an incidental interest to the curious historian of the future. As illustrating the impossibility of translating the vague benevolent aspiration for which the word "arbitration" stands into a principle of

any organic polity, they may perhaps repay a slightly more detailed examination at the present.

Lord Salisbury begins, in the right diplomatic manner, by affecting to resume a correspondence which appears to have been abruptly broken off about a year before. It seems to him a favourable moment for resuming negotiations on the subject of arbitration, "in which both nations feel a strong interest," and he suggests an arbitration treaty, as per enclosed sample. Here, at the very outset, we strike the note of diplomacy for the million. It is not alleged that there is any definite end to be attained, such as has directed the conclusion of treaties in the past, for the question of Venezuela is excluded by Lord Salisbury at the beginning, and in any case the arbitration of a dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela could not be covered by an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. "Both nations feel a strong interest." So both were strongly interested in "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and as a truly paternal Government would have engaged Miss Lottie Collins to enact that lyric in Westminster Hall, so Lord Salisbury suggests that both countries should have their interest indulged. A little arbitration is to be doled out, as it were jam for tea. But our Prime Minister is a discriminating, if an indulgent, parent, and is careful not to spread the jam too thick. "I am aware," he remarks with suavity, "that to the various advocates of arbitration this plan will seem unsatisfying and imperfect." The plan proposed that Britain and the United States should each appoint two or more permanent judicial arbitrators.

"On the appearance of any diffi-

culty between the two Powers, which in the judgment of either of them cannot be settled by negotiation," two of these arbitrators are to get to work. They begin by appointing an umpire. If the arbitrators disagree on any interlocutory point, the umpire has power to settle it absolutely. If they disagree as to their verdict, the umpire settles that also. But not necessarily with finality; for here Lord Salisbury showed himself no true believer in the universal efficacy of arbitration. He distinguishes between two classes of questions. Pecuniary claims under £100,000 value and various other commercial questions this tribunal may settle, and its decision is final. But then comes Clause 4: on questions involving territory, territorial rights, jurisdiction, or sovereignty, or claims over £100,000, either Power may enter a protest within three months of the publication of the award. The case is then to be reviewed by three judges of the Supreme Court of each nation. If they decide unanimously, or by five to one, that the award is good, good it is; if not, it is void. Lord Salisbury then proceeds to intrench himself still more strongly behind Clause 5. Any difference which either Power holds to affect its honour or its territorial integrity is not to fall under the scope of the Treaty except by special agreement. This draft was despatched to Sir Julian Pauncefote, and communicated to Mr Olney.

Unluckily Mr Olney turned out to be one of "the warmer advocates of arbitration," whose disapproval Lord Salisbury so meekly deprecated. His criticism of the scheme was short and trenchant. Lord Salisbury's scheme, he remarks, not without irony, is perfect as long as it deals only with con-

troversies that could hardly ever endanger the peaceful relations of civilised states. But when he comes to Clauses 4 and 5 no verbal alterations will satisfy him, and he proposes a new reading altogether. According to this, arbitration in all cases is obligatory, unless either country declared beforehand that a question affects its honour or integrity. This is to be done by Parliament or Congress if they are sitting, and by the Government or the President if they are not; in the latter case there is to be no arbitration until Parliament and Congress have had an opportunity to deliver themselves on the matter. When arbitration takes place, the award, if concurred in by both arbitrators, is to be final. If decided by the umpire, either Power may appeal. Then are to enter in the three judges of each Supreme Court, but before beginning their duties they are to choose "three learned and impartial jurists" to decide between them in case they should be equally divided. Mr Olney claims three chief merits for his emendation. First, it makes all disputes *prima facie* arbitrable. Second, it "puts where they belong the right and power to decide" whether a dispute should go to arbitration or not—that is to say, it puts them in the hands of Parliament and Congress. It may be remarked that by this emendation Mr Olney incidentally proposes to change the whole British constitution, by the present theory of which questions of peace and war are committed to the Cabinet alone. But trifles of this kind are nothing to Mr Olney, who in previous correspondence had already invited Lord Salisbury to agree that this country ought not to have any American possessions at all. In the present connection he is good enough to explain that the Admin-

istration in authority is liable to be swayed by personal and partisan motives and to decide in haste. If the Cabinet of the United States is in the habit of determining important questions in a more hasty and reckless fashion than the House of Representatives, which all but sent us an ultimatum on the subject of Mrs Maybrick, we can understand Mr Olney's anxiety to fly to any other tribunal; at the same time, he might have spared Lord Salisbury's feelings about his own Cabinet.

Putting a finishing touch to the British constitution with the remark that "if war is to be evoked the direct representatives of the people, at whose cost and suffering the war must be carried on, should properly be charged with the responsibility of making it," Mr Olney proceeds to the third merit of his alternative scheme. It greatly improves the arbitral machinery, says he; and so, from the point of view of arbitration, it does. Lord Salisbury had contemplated the possibility of either country appealing from an award concurred in by its own arbiter! This, says Mr Olney, with perfect truth, "is hardly consistent with any reasonable theory of arbitration." Then again he points it out as a merit that in his scheme every arbitration would be followed by an award. On Lord Salisbury's scheme this would be the case only in the rare instances where five or all of the appellate arbiters found themselves in agreement. In all the other instances, says Mr Olney, again with great truth and point, public feeling in both countries would be aroused by the abortive proceedings, and a peaceful settlement would be rather impeded than promoted. Finally Mr Olney regards it as idle to insist on a perfect scheme. Lord Salisbury

had said that any faulty machinery, issuing in frequent and palpable miscarriages of justice, would tend to discredit the principle of arbitration rather than to exalt it. But to stand out for a perfect scheme, rejoins the American, is to insist on the unattainable. "An approximation to truth—results which, on the average and in the long-run, conform to right and justice," he proceeds, in a vein of gentle pessimism which is seldom absent from his despatches—"is all that the lot of humanity permits us to expect from any plan." His scheme may run the risk of erroneous awards. "But in this, as in human affairs generally," he adds, with deepening gloom, "there is but a choice between evils." Better to face the possibility of defects in the machinery of arbitration than the risk of a war.

Lord Salisbury in reply had little or nothing to suggest as to the general conditions of human happiness. On the narrower question of an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States he remarks that if the two Governments are agreed up to Clause 3 it is a pity to miss the chance of making a treaty at least so far. As the end of Clause 3 was the point where the draft treaty began to approach the real question, this suggestion must either be intended solely to pleasure the 'Daily Chronicle' or else contains more humour than sincerity. Passing on, he objects to compulsory arbitration on territorial claims. In the first place, this would probably lead to an enormous number of speculative claims on territory—at least one, although Lord Salisbury is too polite to specify the occasion, on the eve of each Presidential election. These would result often in miscarriage of

justice, and always, when litigation was protracted, in "blighting the prosperity of the border country, and leaving its inhabitants to lie under the enduring threat either of a forcible change of allegiance or of exile." Secondly, there is the difficulty that the conditions of national land-tenure are not clearly laid down by international law. "In the case of a private individual, the interval adequate to make a valid title is defined by positive law. There is no enactment or usage or accepted doctrine which lays down the length of time required for international prescription; and no full definition of the degree of control which will confer territorial property on a nation has been attempted." In a misguided moment he instances the theory of Hinterland. It would be wiser, therefore, concludes the Premier, for nations to retain in their own hands a little control over the final result of any territorial claims. How this is done, he cares not: he is generously willing to give up his idea of an appeal to six judges of the two Supreme Courts, and invalidate any arbitration on a simple protest from either Government. But if Mr Olney's proposal was accepted as it stands, he fears that the knowledge that there was no redress in case of an unjust decision would make a nation shy of arbitration altogether, and dispose it to declare outright that every territorial claim which might be advanced involved its honour and integrity. Whereas, if his procedure were found to work with tolerable fairness, the rejection of an award would gradually come to be looked on as so dangerous and unreasonable that this right of rejecting would in time become obsolete, and might be formally renounced. It is the first hint

of statesmanship in the whole negotiation.

At this point we suspect Mr Olney began to find Lord Salisbury out. He was no true worshipper of arbitration after all. As to making a separate little treaty dealing with non-territorial claims, he pertinently inquires whether there are to be any exceptions on the ground of national honour; if so, is exception to be taken before the arbitration, as he suggests, or after? As for Lord Salisbury's objection to surrender his freedom by accepting the judgment of an Appellate Court on territorial claims, he points out, first, that he would be at liberty, on the American scheme, to refuse arbitration beforehand, if not to reject a pronounced answer; and, secondly, that arbitration necessarily involves some surrender of freedom. The proposal of the British is to enter on an arbitration by which they may or may not be bound when they hear the result. The United States prefers to be bound in any case. "The latter is a genuine arbitration; the former is a mere imitation, which may have its uses"—here Mr Olney again deviates into philosophy—"but, like all other imitations, cannot compare in value with the real article." He next passes to the question of speculative claims. Whence will they come? he ingenuously asks. "Is the British Government likely to be preferring them against the United States, or the United States Government likely to be preferring them against Great Britain?" Plainly the question could not be answered without either self-accusation or impoliteness. As for international title to land, he bombards Lord Salisbury with heavy masses of Sir Robert Phillimore. The mention of Hin-

terlands appears especially to offend him. There are no Hinterlands, he coldly points out, in America, and he hardly conceals his very poor opinion of them wherever they may be found.

Here, in the very middle of the negotiation, and wholly inconclusively, the published communications most appropriately cease. From the first they were doomed to some such abortive conclusion. The intentions and the motives of the negotiators on either side forbade the expectation of any fruitful result, even were such in the nature of things possible. Mr Olney appears to have been perfectly confident that the reference of all disputes to arbitration would be both feasible and desirable; Lord Salisbury plainly held quite the opposite opinion. In regard to ulterior motives, it is perhaps allowable to guess that Mr Olney hoped to get the Venezuela Boundary question sent to arbitration as an earnest of goodwill to a general Arbitration Treaty, thereby putting a very brilliant diplomatic triumph to the credit of his party against the election. Both disputants probably saw their advantage in maintaining a show of activity until the parliamentary recess on one side and the active election campaign on the other brought the inevitable slackening of diplomatic activity.

Yet it cannot be said that the negotiations, lame, impotent, and even ridiculous as they were, were altogether wasted. On the one hand, they are thought to have paved the way for more fruitful endeavour in the future: on the other, they have indubitably furnished a striking and compendious illustration of the difficulties attendant upon any such undertaking. As with other innovations, the trite questions to be

demanded of any scheme for arbitration are two: Is it possible? and, Is it desirable? As to the first there may, no doubt, be various interpretations put on the correspondence reviewed above, according to the prepossessions and desires of each interpreter. But it can hardly be denied by the most enthusiastic advocate of arbitration that the published negotiations reveal very serious difficulties, and go the least possible way towards surmounting them. There is first the difficulty as to the impartiality of the arbiter, on which Lord Salisbury fastened from the beginning. An impartial private arbitration is possible only because it is impossible that in a modern state all the citizens should be interested one in another; otherwise it would probably be impossible to avoid bias on one side or the other. As between states, no such impartiality is possible: every state knows all the others, and has always its reasons for favouring one disputant at the expense of the other. It was urged by the late M. Jules Simon as a powerful reason for arbitration that the relations of modern states are so close, that a war between any two could hardly fail to enmesh all the others. It is, no doubt, an admirable argument for the avoidance of war; but it is just as admirable an argument against arbitration. If nations are so weighted by their interests as to fall to the side of one belligerent in a war, how much more inevitably will they not lean to the side of one contestant in an arbitration? On this point a fairly abundant experience jumps with antecedent probability. No Englishman, and probably nobody else, doubts that the compensation awarded to the United States by the Geneva arbitrators on the

Alabama claims was grossly exaggerated; at any rate, there appears no reason to doubt that the amount actually awarded to suitors as "Alabama claims" by the United States commissioners fell largely short of the total sum paid over by this country. And it must be borne in mind that this was a question where, liability being admitted up to a certain point, there was nothing for the arbiters to do but to fix the damages. There was no special temptation on political grounds to award either too much or too little: a million less would do little harm to the United States, and a million more would not break the British Exchequer. This was a case in which it was singularly easy to do justice without prejudice or favour, and justice was not done.

On a territorial claim it would probably be as difficult to do impartial justice as on a pecuniary claim it would be easy. Take for an example the possession of Delagoa Bay, which was foolishly submitted, as between Britain and Portugal, to the decision of Marshal M'Mahon. Whether our title to it was good or bad, it is not relevant here to inquire. Good or bad, does any man suppose that M'Mahon, in awarding the place to Portugal, was swayed by no other interest than the intrinsic merits of the case? Does any man imagine that, whether he wished it or not, and whether he was conscious of it or not, he could not but incline, as a patriotic Frenchman, to the litigant whose possession promised the greater advantage to his country? In a war between Britain and France, France would look out for some station whence her cruisers might harass our trade round the Cape, as they harassed it from Mauritius in the Revolutionary and

Napoleonic wars. The island of Bourbon has the disadvantage that it is an island, and at the mercy of the Power which has the general superiority at sea. In M'Mahon's day France had no establishment in Madagascar. What, then, more natural than that she would prefer to see Delagoa Bay in the nerveless hands of Portugal, whence it could easily be wrested if ever it were likely to be useful, than to see it fortified and garrisoned by Great Britain? And what is true of Marshal M'Mahon and of France is true almost universally. Britain as a Power is unpopular the whole world over. It can be said without shame and without pride: it is a simple and acknowledged fact. There are, it is true, Powers on earth which from one moment to the other may dislike some other more heartily than they dislike us: in an arbitration between ourselves and the United States, we might at the present moment commit ourselves with all confidence to the judgment of Spain. But on the average, and in the long-run, as Mr Olney has it, we are disliked. Even where we are not disliked there is a theory that our foreign policy, at any rate, is dishonest and covetous. It is not surprising, therefore, that of the numerous arbitrations to which we have submitted in this century at least three out of four have gone against us. So it will always be.

It is true that Mr Olney puts forward a consideration on the other side. "If bias on the part of foreign jurists is feared," he observes in one of his despatches, "the United States, being without alliances with any of the countries of Europe, is certainly not the party to expect any advantages from that source. Great Britain

could at least not fail to know in what quarters friendliness or unfriendliness might be looked for." The argument is almost pathetic in its transparency; it is indeed so incredible that any man should have expected Lord Salisbury to be taken in by it, that we are almost constrained to believe it put forward in good faith. There are two observations to be made on it. Mr Olney can hardly be ignorant that we also are without alliances with any of the countries of Europe, and likely to remain so. And if the representatives of the United States abroad are so incompetent as not to know as well as ours where friendliness or unfriendliness may be looked for, it is at least unkind, or rather impolitic, of Mr Olney to admit their deficiency. In the second place, it may be pointed out that nations, and with them their jurists, are biassed as much by enmity as by alliance—probably, indeed, a great deal more, unless they are very much afraid of their ally. The United States are at present very little disliked by most European nations; we a great deal by all. The appeal to European nations, it should be added, comes the more strangely from Mr Olney in that, in the early stages of the Venezuelan controversy, he insisted strongly, more than once, that an American question should be submitted to none but American arbitration. It is hardly doubtful that in any actual case that might arise both the public feeling and the diplomacy of the States would cling most obstinately to this demand. We should be expected to submit any differences with the Federation to the jurists of Venezuela or Nicaragua—to the citizens of States who had much to gain from the protection of one of the liti-

gants and everything to fear from its hostility. In disputes with minor American States we should probably be expected to put the decision into the hands of the United States themselves. But what sort of justice is it supposed we should ever get at their hands on such a question as the Venezuelan?

A corollary of the inevitable partiality of international arbitrations is to be found in the fact that in almost every case they would favour the smaller and weaker Power. On the face of it this would be a benefit to the world, but in truth it is probably very much the opposite. It makes at any rate against the tendency of the last few generations, which has set more and more strongly towards the aggregation of mankind in a few large States. Facilities of communication render possible an efficient central government in these; their very size, as well as the ever fuller development of modified local autonomy, forbids the suppression of local individuality. A Sparta of the size of the British Empire would be a dire curse, for it would mean cutting over three hundred million of the world's inhabitants to the same pattern. The actual British empire is doubtless as great a blessing, since it imposes a certain degree of order and co-operation, while still leaving full scope for the development of varying characters in varying conditions. The same may probably be said of the United States. Now if this development, which is proceeding with great strides also in Germany, in Italy, and in Russia, is a benefit for the world, it would not be a benefit that the smaller and weaker—which means, in the long-run, the inferior nations of the earth—should be provided with a

fulcrum whereon to brace themselves against their inevitable absorption. Such a fulcrum any system of international arbitration would unquestionably provide. The greater Powers through jealousy one of another, the smaller through the freemasonry of common danger, would in every possible case favour the weaker and less progressive Power at the expense of the greater. It is not disputed that this might in exceptional cases be desirable. But for one Denmark, whose painless extinction would be a calamity, there are half-a-dozen States, like Bulgaria, Persia, Morocco, or the Central American republics, whose absorption in larger units would be as welcome as it is ultimately certain. It may well be doubted whether it is wise to promote any agency which imports friction into the execution of the world's destiny. But the bearing of this consideration is perhaps too remote for everyday politics.

To return to our blue-book. It may be urged that, if the politicians of this world are biassed, its jurists still remain impartial, and that it is jurists, not politicians, whose aid Mr Olney invokes. There may no doubt be jurists so wedded to their jurisprudence as to see no considerations of expediency or patriotism beyond. Yet after all a jurist is a man and a countryman of his own country; in foreign lands, more perhaps than at home, great learning is often found linked with an almost fanatical patriotism. Moreover the jurist who is appointed an arbitrator becomes by that very fact a politician — a politician with sudden power and often no experience to direct its exercise. Given the latent patriotism which is seldom absent, such a position will readily turn the head

of the pundit: he will be far more uncompromisingly political than the politician. It may be added that, at least in the case of such Continental jurists as might be professors, the decision of an arbitration according to the wishes of their Government might very often and easily turn to a question of daily bread.

The truth is, that there exists no code of morality in the dealings of nations. Some actions, indeed, such as assassination, are generally disavowed and reprobated, perhaps rather as blunders than crimes. But to lie in private life is despicable and in business often criminal: in diplomacy it is not merely blameless but commendable. Does any one think the worse of M. de Melidoff because he hoodwinked Sir Philip Currie; of Sir Henry Johnston, because he turned to account the unsuspecting hospitality of Major Serpa Pinto? The one gained an important diplomatic victory for his country; the other added a rich province to its dominion: they are extolled, not blamed, for their deceit. The moral judgment of the world, recognising that the motives of such action are impersonal and unselfish, acquits the agent of duplicity and honours him for his astuteness. To go back to a case more in point, would any one condemn Marshal M'Mahon for deciding the Delagoa Bay arbitration in what he conceived to be the interest of his own country? No one. And till the international code is far more stringent no one will ever condemn an arbiter on such grounds.

Setting this point of impartiality aside, there remains as inseparable a difficulty in the law which is to govern arbitration. There is no such body of principles as would enable jurists to settle interna-

tional disputes with the remotest approach to method, coherency, and certainty. Mr Olney talks glibly of international law, but in truth international law is as hollow a fiction as international morality. Its rules have no sanction, no certain validity, and often no agreement between themselves. To take a case very much in point. The island of San Juan, at the south end of Vancouver Island, was contested, a quarter of a century back, by this country and the United States. The dispute was referred to the arbitrament of the first German Emperor, and he gave judgment in favour of the States, according to the so-called maxim of international law that the possession of the mainland carries with it the possession of the adjacent small islands. On this maxim any arbiter would be bound to give France the Channel Islands, if at any moment she cared to claim them. Consider another instance supplied by Mr Olney himself. In his criticism of the Hinterland doctrine he quotes from (apparently) Sir Robert Phillimore this piece of international law: "The accepted rule as to the area of territory affected by an act of occupation in a land of large extent has been that the crest of the watershed is the presumptive interior limit, while the flank boundaries are the limits of the land watered by the rivers debouching at the point of coast occupied." Why this should be the accepted rule heaven and the international lawyers only know. However, absurd and arbitrary as it may be, there is plainly some use in it, if it is generally accepted and generally applicable. But on this rule the United States might claim as part of the basin of the Oregon river very considerable parts of British Columbia which

may happen to be unoccupied, while Canada could retaliate by claiming large tracts of country watered by the tributaries of the St Lawrence. It will be answered that here the boundaries are fixed by treaty. But on the frontier of Alaska and Canada large tracts of unoccupied country might be claimed by the United States as within the watersheds of the Kewich-pak, Taku, and Stickeen rivers. On the rule Mr Olney quotes it appears that any arbiter would be bound to give these territories to the States, whereas they confessedly belong to our empire. It will be observed that in practice no arbiter would do this. But that makes the case no better for the rule. Either it would bind an arbiter or not. If it did, it would bind him to be unjust; if it did not, what is the use of it? In the one event it is noxious; in the other futile.

International law, in fine, is not law at all in the same sense that criminal law is law. It bears some resemblance to what is called case law—that is, law which decides according to precedents. But its truest analogy is to laws of nature, which assert, not an obligation, but a necessary fact. The laws of motion are the statement, not of what a moving body ought to do, but of what in fact it does. So international law states what nations are in the habit of doing, without any idea of command or obligation such as is a characteristic of civil law. But taken even on this lower ground, international law is dubious and uncertain. The behaviour of a moving body is at least invariably the same as far as concerns the laws of motion. But a nation is in no way bound to follow the example of what other nations have done in like circumstances, so that the principles of

international law are ever in solution from one year to the next. In 1893, for example, France in the blockade of Bangkok modified the doctrine of contraband of war—in the first place by seizing contraband of war in time of nominal peace, and in the second by declaring exported rice to be contraband. Both proceedings were flagrantly at variance with the established maxims of international law; but what of that? No nation found it worth its while to challenge the decision, and what could the poor professors do? Nothing but make a note of the fact and modify their conceptions of contraband of war. It is very plain that no nation will ever submit to have affairs of moment regulated by the canons of so haphazard and impotent a science.

But even though international arbitration could be impartial and governed by fixed laws, it would still remain a most hazardous experiment to regulate its application by treaty. Its value, like mercy's, lies in being unstrained—in displaying itself as a work of friendship and confidence between nations. The recent arbitration of the islet of Trinidad has doubtless thus had a bracing effect on the friendship between this country and Brazil, though it would have been very much the reverse had Brazil been the defeated suitor. But such possibilities of good effect would disappear when amenity hardened into sworn obligation. On the contrary, such a treaty would probably do far more to estrange two nations than to conciliate. Even were any system of arbitral law existent, which it is not, decisions would often be unjust, since what is just in law-books is hardly the likelier on that account to be just in life. But even if decisions were just in every

case, they would not be thought so by the defeated nation. In cases where public attention had been centred on any question, an adverse award would infallibly arouse the bitterest feeling. At present, when an international dispute is compromised, both nations usually feel that they have been defrauded: this was certainly notable in the case of Lord Salisbury's Anglo-French Siam agreement early this year. But when the arrangement is a diplomatic one, disappointment and malevolence are stifled. We are defrauded, if at all, by our own countrymen, whom, indirectly, we have appointed to represent us; the arrangement is in a measure our own act, and we cannot complain of it. But to be arbitrated out of our own by a foreigner! It could only lead to the bitterest outburst against the successful litigant, and also the nation of the arbitrator, until in time no nation that wished to avoid general hatred would ever consent to find an arbiter for an important case at all.

Now, if it happened three or four times, as between us and the United States, that the latter Power was successful, it would probably begin to increase and multiply its occasions for arbitration. It would be very difficult to blame it, when it found it had the best of the bargain, for doing all it could to better that best. The inevitable result would be that when we found ourselves invariably, or almost invariably, defeated on arbitration, there would arise an occasion when we felt we had given away enough. Even with Lord Salisbury's very tentative treaty, such a moment might very conceivably come. What would happen then? The refusal to arbitrate would mean a breach of the treaty, probably an

act of war, and into that war we should enter with the appearance of being most impudently and cynically in the wrong. A dozen diplomatic surrenders would cost us less. They would bear, at least, a certain appearance of spontaneity. Moreover, they would go to a certain extent unnoticed, while the very appointment of arbiters would challenge public attention on both sides to an otherwise insignificant dispute, and be the fruitful parent of exasperations of all kinds. To conclude such a treaty of arbitration, in fine, would not be to avoid occasions of war but to invite them.

The present deterrents from war among civilised States are two—diplomacy and armaments, tact and fear. A treaty of arbitration would tend to destroy both the one and the other. Lord Salisbury's draft treaty, it will be remembered, was to come into action "on the appearance of any difficulty between the two Powers, which, in the judgment of either of them, cannot be settled by negotiation." The tendency of this could only be to bring diplomacy into a greater or less disuse. Supposing the United States found, as they certainly would, that to submit a question to propitious arbiters was the directest road to the complete realisation of any demand, they would naturally lose all taste for the give-and-take of diplomacy. The same would be the experience of any other nation with which we might enter upon the same relations. Negotiation would become more and more discredited and obsolete as a method of conciliating the lesser international differences. There suddenly would burst from the blue sky some question of national honour and integrity which the meekest State on earth could not

commit to the arbitrament of an alien. It would find the diplomatic machine rusty and in disrepair. The habit of mutual concessions would be lost, at Washington if not in London, and there would be nothing for it but war.

War—supposing the arbitration treaty to have been in existence some years, which is perhaps not exceedingly likely—would find armaments in much the same state as diplomacy. Unless we had taken to concluding arbitration treaties all round Europe, our own would doubtless be much the less inefficient of the two. But probably even our own would have been permitted to fall away to a greater or less extent in dependence upon arbitration. Granted war in any case, a state of unreadiness on both sides would not perhaps be a very ponderable addition to the calamity. It would, however, mean the hasty expenditure of money, and consequently a vast addition to the cost of the business, and it would also mean great additional hardship and suffering to those who waged either on our behalf. If we must have war, it would probably be best to make it as cheap and as humane as the nature of the pastime allows. It must also be remembered that the decline of armaments is not only an aggravation of war when it comes, it is also a direct provocation to it. That this is so, as between a well-armed Power and an ill-armed one, is obvious beyond demonstration. But it is so, too, as between two ill-armed Powers, especially if they be democracies. When our people see the nations of the Continent armed to the teeth—the whole of their manhood trained to war and their fleets increasing yearly round their shores—then they realise what war would

mean. It is a peace demonstration, whose significance cannot escape the dullest. Where armaments rust the apprehensions of war go to sleep, and it is the easier for a democracy to rush hot-headed into wanton hostilities. It might fairly be argued that the bellicose spirit lately displayed by the people of the United States is due in part to this irresponsible ignorance.

There are no doubt causes—freedom or national self-esteem—for which a nation not only will, but ought to, fight and stake its very being on the issue. But arbitration will never prevent the operation of these motives: it would be a dark day for the world if it ever did. To prevent wars

undertaken on less solemn grounds than these, the present means are sufficient. After all, nations do not go to war by accident; the pretext of a war is only once in a dozen times its cause. There are some things a people finds it worth while to suffer anything for, and other things which it does not. It will fight for the first, arbitration or no arbitration; and it needs no such shackles, so long as it appreciates what war involves, to prevent it from fighting for the others. Were arbitration as simple as it would in practice be found baffling, and as soothing as it would be found exasperating, there is no word to be added to this. Modern war is its own deterrent.

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DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER V.—TICKNOR'S MEW.

SOME men there are whom it is a pleasure to observe at their daily work. How they swing their shoulders, and sway their arms, and strain the strong cordage of the bulky thigh, casting weight as well as muscle into the fight they are waging! And this pleasure should be made the most of, because it is not common. I have heard my grandfather say, that when he was a boy, one man could do, ay and would insist on doing, more work in a day than is now to be got out of three by looking hard at them—three men of the very same stock and breed, perhaps even that grandfather's own grandchildren. And the cause which he always assigned for this, though not a bad scholar himself, and even capable of some Latin,

was the wild cram and pressure of pugnacious education. "The more a jug gurgles, the less it pours," was his simple explanation.

There is much to be said on the other side, especially as the things put into their heads are quick to go out again, and the Muses as yet have not turned the village-boy into a Ganymede; but the only man, on our little farm, who ever worked with might and main had never been at school at all, and his name was Robert Slemmick. To this man nothing came amiss, if only there was enough of it. He was not particularly strong, nor large of frame, nor well put together; but rather of a clumsy build and gait, walking always with a stoop, as if he were driving a full wheelbarrow, and

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swinging both arms at full speed with his legs. But set him at a job that seemed almost too heavy for him, and he never would speak, nor even grunt, nor throw down his tool and flap his arms, but tear away at it, without looking right or left, till you saw with surprise that this middle-sized man had moved a bigger bulk in the course of a day than a couple of hulking navvies.

But one fault he had, and a very sad fault, which had lost him many a good place ere now, and would probably bring him to the workhouse—he was what is called by those who understand such matters a “black buster.” At the nearest approach I could make to this subject, sidling very carefully—for the British workman would be confidential rather to a ghost than to his own employer—it seems that there are two kinds of “busters.” The white one, who only leaves work for a spree of a day or two, meaning to jollify, and to come back in a chastened vein, after treating all his friends, and then going upon trust; and the black, who is of a stronger mind. This man knows better than to waste his cash upon clinking glasses with a bubble at the top. He is a pattern for weeks and months together, pours every shilling on a Saturday night into the hands of his excellent wife—for it is his luck to have a good one—sits in a corner with his quiet pipe at home, and smiles the smile of memory when the little ones appeal to his wisdom. And so he goes on, without much regret for adventure, or even for beer, beyond the half-pint to which his wife coerces him.

Everybody says, “What a steady fellow Bob is! He is fit for a Guild, if he would only go to Church.” He ties the Canary

creeper up, and he sees to his cabbages, upon a Sunday morning. And the next-door lady shakes her head over the four-feet palings, with her husband upstairs roaring out for a fresher, after a tumble-down night of it. “Oh if my Tom was like your Mr Robert!” But Mrs Bob also shakes her head. “Oh yes, he is wonderful good *just now.*”

Then comes the sudden break down, and breakaway. Without a word to any one, or whisper to his family, off sets Mr Robert, on a Monday morning generally, after doing two good hours’ work, before breakfast. Perhaps he has been touched on the virtuous road home by a fine smell of beer at the corner, where the potboy was washing the pewters, and setting them in the sun for an airing; perhaps it was a flower that set him off, a scarlet Geranium, who can tell? Under some wild impulse he bolts and makes away; he is in the next parish before his poor wife has given up keeping the tea-pot warm; and by the time she has knocked at the tool-house door, in the forlorn hope that he may be ill, he is rousing the dust of the adjoining county, still going straight ahead, as if the Devil were after him. And that last authority alone can tell how Bob lives, what he thinks of, where his legs and arms are, whence his beer flows down to him, for a month, or even half-a-year, or nobody knows how long it is.

This Robert Slemmick had been in our employment ever since last Candlemas, and had only broken out once as yet, in the manner above described. Excepting only that little flaw, his character was excellent, and a more hard-working, obliging, intelligent man never came on any premises. When I took him back after his escapade, I told him very plainly that it

would not be done again; and he promised to stick to his work, and did so. But not a word to me, or anybody else, as to why he went away, or whither, or what he had been doing, or how he got his living. Knowing how peculiar the best men are—otherwise could they be good at all?—I tried not to intrude upon the romance of his Beerhaven, but showed myself rather cold to him, though I longed to know about it.

"Master Jarge," said this man one day, when he was treading a hayrick, and I was in the waggon with the fork below; and it must according to the times have been the very day after Jackson Stoneman came to me, "Master Jarge, what would 'e give to know summut as I could tell 'e?"

He had had a little beer, as was needful for the hay; and I looked at him very seriously; reminding him thus, without harshness, of my opinion of his tendencies. But he did not see it in that light.

"You shape the rick," I said. "I don't want to hear nothing." For you must use double negations if you wish them to understand you. We were finishing a little rick of very choice short staple, with a lot of clover in it, and *old Joe* in the shafts was likely to think of it many a winter night. At such a juncture, it will not do to encourage even a silent man.

Bob went cleverly round and round, dealing an armful here and there, for a very small round rick is the hardest of all for scientific building, and then he came back to the brink close to me, till I thought he was going to slide down upon my knees.

"What would 'e give, Master Jarge," he whispered, making a tube of his brown, bristly hand, "to hear all about the most booti-

fullest maiden as ever come out of the heavens?"

Although I felt a tingle in my heart at this, I answered him very firmly. "Get on with your work. Don't talk rubbish to me."

"You be the steadiest of the steady. Every fool knows that. But I reckon, Master Jarge hath his turn to come, same as every young man the Lord hath made with a pair of eyes. Oh! our Miss Grace, she be bootiful enough. But this one over yonner—Oh Lord! Oh Lord!"

He waved his hand towards the valley in the distance, whose outline was visible from where we stood. And dignified as I tried to be, he saw my glance go wandering.

"Why you knows all about it, Master Jarge! You be clapping your eyes upon the very place! Why, ne'er a man in England hath ever seed the like. And who could a'thought it, a'standing outside!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Why you must have been dreaming. Who knows what comes over you sometimes?"

This reference to his "busting" weakness was not in good taste, when the crime had been forgiven, and the subject was known to be hateful to him. But this was the sure way to let his tongue loose; and when a reserved man once breaks forth, he is like a teetotaller going on the spree.

"I could show 'e the place now just, Master Jarge; the place can't run away I reckon. All over ivy-leaves the same as a church-tower. You can't deny of they, when you sees them, can 'e? And the bootiful young gal—why, you've seed her, Master Jarge! By the twinkle of your eyes, I could swear to it."

"Robert Slemmick, you are off

your head;" I answered with a very steadfast gaze at him, for his keen little eyes were ready to play "I spy" with mine. "I insist upon knowing where you have been, and what you have done, and what people you have met. If they knew that you were in Sir Harold Cranleigh's service, you may have done us great discredit."

With some indignation he told his tale, and finished it before the other men came back; for his tongue was as brisk as his arms and legs, which had rare gifts of locomotion. But I must fill in what he left out, for it would be neither just nor wise to expect him to inform against himself.

It seems that he was walking very fast, discharging himself from domestic bonds, and responsibility, and temperance, when he came to a black door in a big wall; and rapid as he was, this brought him up. His thoughts, if any, were always far in advance of him at such moments, and perhaps his main object was to overtake them. This he could not explain, and had never thought about it, but at any rate that door should not stop him. It was locked, or bolted, and without a bell, but he worked all his members together against it, as he alone of mankind could do, and what could withstand such progressive power? The door flew open, and on went Slemmick, like a man propelled by a demon.

But there are powers that pay no heed to the noblest psychical impulse. Two dogs of extraordinary bulk and stature had him prostrate between them in an instant, and stood over him, grinding enormous jaws. Dazed as he was, cold terror kept his restless members quiet, and perhaps he felt—though he did not so confess it—that conjugal law was vindicated.

"I were in too terrible a funk to think," was his statement of the position.

But the two dogs appeared to enjoy the situation, and being of prime sagacity were discussing his character between them. If he had been a mere "white buster," that is to say a common tramp, they would have stopped his tramp for ever. But they saw that he was a respectable man, a sound home-liver in his proper state of mind; and although they would not hear of his getting up, they deliberated what they ought to do with him. Slemmick in the meanwhile was watching their great eyes, and their tails flourished high with triumphant duty, and worst of all their tremendous white fangs, quivering if he even dared to shudder.

"Abashed I were to the last degree," he told me, and I could well believe it; "my last thought was to my poor wife Sally." A good partner, to whom his first thoughts should have been. But while he was thus truly penitent I hope, a clear sound as of a silver whistle came to his ears, and the dogs stood up, and took the crush of their paws from his breast, and one of them sat by him, in strict vigilance still, while the other bounded off for instructions.

Then, according to Slemmick, there appeared to him the most beautiful vision he had ever seen. "Straight from heaven. Don't tell me, Master Jarge, for never will I hear a word agin it. Straight from heaven, with the big hound ajumping at her side, and him looking like an angel now. If you was to see her, you'd just go mad, and never care to look at any other maid no more."

"What was she like, Bob?" It had not been my intention to put any question of this kind, but Slemmick was in such a state of

excitement, that I had a right to know the reason.

"Don't 'e ask me, sir; for good, don't 'e ask me. There never was no words in any Dixunary, and if there was, I couldn't lay to them. There then, you go and judge for yourself, Master Jarge."

"But she can't be there all by herself, my friend. Surely you must have seen some one else. And what language did she speak in?"

"Blowed if I can tell 'e, sir. All I know is, 'twere a mixture of a flute and a blackbird, and the play-'em-out pipes of the horgan. Not that she were singing, only to the ear, my meaning is; and never mind the words no more than folk does in a hanthem. Lor, to hear poor Sally's voice, after coming home from that—even in the wisest frame of mind, with all the wages in her lap!"

"But you did not come home, Bob Slemmick, for I know not how long. Did you spend the whole of your time in that enchanted valley?"

"Ah, a chant it were, by gum! A chant as I could listen to—why Master Jarge, I'll take 'e there; for two skips of a flea I would. Won't 'e? Very well. Best not, I reckon. Never look at no English maids no more."

This was nearly all that I could get from Bob, without putting hundreds of questions; for instead of straight answers, he went off into ravings about this most ravishing young lady, who must have contrived to make out what he wanted, for after having saved him from the dogs, she led him directly to the lower door, and sped him on his way with half-a-crown. But that, as he assured me, was of no account in his estimate of her qualities. "You ask Farmer Ticknor, sir, if you think I be a'lying. Farmer Ticknor hath seed her, more at his comfort than

ever I did; and Ticknor come hotter than I do. 'Hold your blessed jaw'—he say, when I goeth to ask about her, knowing as he were neighbourly—'What call for you, Bob Slemmick?' he saith, 'to come running like a dog on end down here? I'll give you a charge of shot,' he saith, 'if I catch you in the little lane again. 'Tis the Royal Family, and no mistake, that knoweth all about this here. And don't you make no palaver of it, to come stealing of my mush-rooms.' As if we hadn't better as we kicks up every day!"

Now all this talk of Bob's, although it may have told upon my mind a little, was not enough to set me running straight away from my home and friends, at a very busy time of year, as Slemmick was so fond of doing. But betwixt the green and yellow, as our people call the times of hay and corn, it seemed to me that I might as well have a talk with that Farmer Ticknor, who was known to be a man of great authority about the weather and the crops, and had held land under us as long as he could afford to do so. He was rather crusty now, as a man is apt to be when he lives upon a crust for the benefit of foreigners, and receives his exchange in coloured tallow. It was two or three years since I had seen him now; for "Ticknor's Mew," as he called his place, was out of the general course of traffic, and as lonely among the woods as a dead fern-frond. I found him at home on a fine summer evening, and he put up my horse, and received me very kindly, for he was not a bad sort of man, though rough. And if any pleasure yet remained in Farmer's lane to workhouse, this man made the most of it by looking at the sky, as if it still could help him against the madness of the earth.

"Yes, I have been a fine hand at it," he said, after sending for a jug of ale, and two bell-rummers; "there never was a cloud, but I know the meaning of 'un, though without they long names they has now. Bessie, my dear, fetch *Ticknor's marks*. Don't care much to do it now—nought to lose or gain of it. Not much odds to this land of England now, what weather God Almighty please to send. And when they beat the Lord out of all attendance there, the Government goeth for to hirritate Him more, with a Hoffice to tell us what sort of hat to put upon our heads, when us can't pay for none. But I'll bet my Sunday beaver against his band of gold. What say to that, Mr Cranleigh? I stuck 'un on the barn-door every marnin' as long as there was anything to care for in the whitfields. It covereth a whole year, don't it, Bessie? Cross stands for wrong, and straight line for right."

Ticknor's marks, as he called his calendar, certainly seemed to hit the mark more often than the men of science did. On a great black-board were pasted in parallel columns the "Daily forecasts" and Farmer Ticknor's predictions entered at noon of each preceding day. His pretty daughter Bessie, the editor no doubt of his oracles, displayed them with no little pride.

"If you will be pleased to observe, Mr Cranleigh"—Bessie had been at a boarding-school—"my father's predictions are in manuscript of course"—and much better than he could write, thought I—"while the authorised forecasts are in type. Now the crosses on the manuscript are not quite five per cent; while those upon the printing exceed seventy-five. If there were any impartiality in politics, don't you think, Mr Cranleigh, they would give father the appointment? And he would be

glad to do it in these bad times, for less than half the money. Though we must not blame the gentlemen who have to do it through the window."

"You never hear me boast," interrupted the farmer; "there never was that gift in our family. But I'll go bail to give that Meat-yard man, or whatever they calls 'un, five pips out of ten—all this reckoning by scents hath come after my time—and give 'un twelve hours longer with his arrows and his dots; and then I'll name the day agin' him, for the best joint in his yard. But bless your heart and mine too, Master Jarge, what odds for the weather now? Why even the hay, they tell me now, is to come in little blocks from foreign parts. Make a ton of it they say they can by hyderaulic something come out not a morsel bigger than the parish-Bible. Well, well! Well, well!"

Knowing that if he once began upon "Free Trade," there would be many changes of weather before he stopped, I brought him back to the other subject, and contrived to lead him as far as the margin of the wood, where the clouds by which he made his divinations could be contemplated more completely; but he told me a great deal about their meanings, although he knew nothing of their names; all of which I forget, though I tried to attend.

It was not for any knowledge of clouds, or weather, or politics, or even harvest-prospects, that I was come to see this Prophet Ticknor in the woods. My mother's favourite subject was the "Fulfilment of Prophecy"; but what I cared for now, and thought myself bound to follow out, was the vision (seen by others as well as myself) of a foreign young maiden—if it must be so—unequalled by any of

English birth. The prevalence of loose commercial ideas, and the prostitution of Britannia (so highly respected while she kept her place) had given me a turn against things foreign, though none but my enemies could call me narrow-minded. And here I was open to conviction as usual, with a strong prepossession against my country, or at any rate against her girls, however lovely.

"I suppose you don't happen to know," I said to that excellent Ticknor, while still among his clouds, "whether anybody lives in that old place, where there seems to be such a lot of black stuff? What is it? Ivy it looks like. And old walls behind it, or something very old. I think I have heard of some old Monastery there; and it was part of our property long and long ago. Oh, Farmer Ticknor, how everything does change!"

The farmer afforded me a glance of some suspicion. Narrow trade-interests had got the better of him. "You be gone into the retail line," he said. "To think of the Cranleighs coming down to that. But you don't sell milk by the quart now, do 'e?"

Though I did not see how it could bear upon the subject, I assured him that most of our milk went to London, under contract with a great man, whose name I mentioned; and the rest we kept for making butter.

"Well then, I does a good little stroke of business there. Though not much profit out of that, of course. They takes in a gallon-can every morning. And they asked the boy whether I didn't keep no goats."

"Goats! Why then they must be foreigners," I said. "No English people care about goat's milk. At least, unless their doctor orders it."

"They han't got no doctor, and don't want none. A rare strong lot according to all I hear. Toorks I call them, and I put it on the bill, 'Toork Esquire, debtor to John Ticknor.' Having raised no objection, why it stands they must be Toorks."

"But people can't live on milk alone, Mr Ticknor. And they must have some other name besides Turks. Even if they are Turks, which I scarcely can believe."

"Well, you knows more about them than I do, sir. I never form an opinion, so long as they pays me good English money. But they never has no butcher's meat; and that proves that they hain't English folk. If you want to know more about them, Mr Cranleigh, the one as can teach you is my dog *Grab*. *Grab* feeleth great curiosity about them, because of the big dogs inside the old wall. He hath drashed every other dog in the parish; and it goeth very hard with him to have no chance to drash they. Never mind, old boy, your time will come."

An atrocious bull-dog of the fiercest fighting type, who had followed us from the farmhouse, was nuzzling into his master's grey whiskers. Now I love nearly all dogs, and as a rule they are very good to me; but that surly fellow, who is supposed to be the type of our national character, does not appear to me by any means adorable. Very faithful he may be, and consistent, and straightforward, and devoted to his duty. But why should he hold it a part of his duty to kill every gentle and accomplished dog he meets, unless the other dips his tail, the canine ensign, to him? And of all the bull-dogs I have ever seen, this *Grab* was the least urbane and polished. A white beast with three grisly patches destroying all candour of even

blood-thirstiness, red eyes leering with treacherous ill-will, hideous nostrils, like ulcers cut off, and enormous jowls sagging from the stark white fangs. He saw that I disliked him, and a hearty desire to feel his tusks meet in my throat was displayed in the lift of his lips, and the gleam of his eyes.

"Wonnerful big hounds they furriners has, according to what my milk-boy says," the farmer continued, with a plaintive air; "but they never lets them free of the big wall hardly, to let *Grab* see what they be made of. But come back to house, and have a bit of supper with us, before you go home, Mr Cranleigh. 'Tis a roughish ride even in summer-time."

"Thank you; not a bit to eat; but perhaps before I go, another glass of your very fine home-brewed. But I see a tree down in the valley there, that I should like to know more about. I'll follow you back to the house in a few minutes. But how long did you say that those strangers have been here? It seems such an odd thing that nobody appears to know anything about them."

"Well, a goodish long while they must have been there now. And they don't seem to make no secret of it. Bakes their own bread, if they have any; never has any carriage-folk to see them, never comes out with a gun to pot a hare; don't have no fishmonger, butcher, grocer, nor any boy to call out 'papper' at the door. My boy Charlie is uncommon proud, because he have got into their 'Good morning.' They says it like Christians, so far as he can judge, and naturally he sticketh up for them. You can ask him, Master Jarge, if you think fit. Nothing clandestical about Ticknor's Mew. But none of them Inspectors to pump into our milk,

and swear as we did it. That's why I keep you, *Grab*."

Farmer Ticknor made off with this little grumble, lifting his hat to me, until I should return. For he did not look down upon the "Gentry of the land" for being out at elbows. After thinking for a minute of all that I had heard, which was not very much to dwell upon, I twirled my riding-crop (which I had brought from habit, and been glad to have when I watched *Grab's* teeth), and set off with a light foot, to explore that lonely valley.

I was now on the opposite side from that by which I had entered it to the tune of the nightingale, and at first I could scarcely make out my bearings. For though I had seen it afar with Tom Erricker, something prevented me from letting him come near it. Tom was an excellent fellow in his way; but of reverence and lofty regard for women no decent Englishman could have much less. Decent I say, because if such sentiments are cast by, and scoffed at—as fools think it clever to do—the only thing left is indecency.

This valley was not like many places, that are tempting only at a distance. The deeper I found myself in it, the more I was filled with its gentleness and beauty. It has never been in my line at all to be able to convey what comes across me,—when I see things that look as if they called upon us to be grateful for the pleasure they contribute to our minds. Certain people can do this, as some can make fine after-dinner speeches, while others are more fitted to rejoice inside. And if I were to fail in depicting a landscape, such as any Surrey man may see by walking a few miles, how would you care to follow me into the grandest scenery the Maker of the earth has made

anywhere, unless it be in His own temple of the heavens?

Enough that it was a very lovely valley, winding wherever it ought to wind, and timbered just where it should be, with the music of a bright brook to make it lively, and the distance of the hills to keep it sheltered from the world. And towards the upper end where first the stream came wimpling into it, that ancient wall, which had baffled me, enclosed a large piece of land as well as some length of watercourse, but gave no other token of its purpose. This was what I cared most about; for stupid and unreasonable as it must appear, a sharp spur had been clapped to my imagination by the vague talk of Slemmick and Ticknor. And not only that, but to some extent, the zeal and the ardour of Jackson Stoneman, and his downright policy, had set me thinking that poor as I was, while he was rolling in money, the right of my manhood was the same as his—to pursue by all honest means the one fair image which a gracious power had disclosed to me. Therefore, after looking at the tree to soothe my conscience, I followed the course of that wandering wall, by no means in a sneaking manner, but showing myself fairly in the open meadows, and walking as one who takes exercise for health.

The wall was on my left hand, all the way from the track (in which the steep road ended after crossing the brook), and although I would rather sink into a bog than seek to be spying impertinently, nothing could have come upon that wall, and no one could have peeped over it without my taking it in at a side-flick. But I only had sense of one thing moving throughout all my circuit, and that was but little to comfort me. Just as I was slipping by the

upper door (which Slemmick had burst open) and taking long strides—for if some one had opened it and asked what I wanted there, how could I as a gentleman tell the whole truth?—suddenly there appeared within a square embrasure, and above the parapet among the ivy, the most magnificent head I ever saw. Mighty eyes, full of deep intelligence, regarded me, noble ears (such as no man is blest with) quivered with dignified inquiry, while a majestic pair of nostrils, as black as night, took sensitive quest of the wind, whether any of the wickedness of man were in it.

Knowing that I only intended for the best, though doubtful if that would stand me in much stead, supposing that this glorious dog took another view of it, I addressed him from below with words of praise, which he evidently put aside with some contempt. He was considering me impartially and at leisure; and if I had moved he would have bounded down upon me. Luckily I had the sense to stand stock-still, and afford him every facility for study of my character. At the same time I looked at him, not combatively, but as if I felt similar interest in him, which I had excellent reason for doing. To my great relief his eyes assumed a kind expression; by the pleasant waving of his ears I could tell that his tail was wagging, and he showed a bright dimple beneath his black whiskers, and smiled with the humour which is far beyond our ken. Whereupon I nodded to him, and made off.

When I came to think of him, in that coarser frame of mind in which we explain everything so meanly, it occurred to me that those noble nostrils, curving like the shell of Amphitrite, were scarcely moved so much perhaps by the influence of my goodness,

as by the fragrance of my sister's spaniel, *Lady Silky*, who had nestled in my hairy jacket, while I was casting up accounts that day. However, be his motive large or small, he had formed a friendly opinion of me, and when I disappeared among the trees, a low whine followed me as if the place had grown more lonely.

Upon the whole I had made some progress towards the solution of this strange affair. Within those walls there must be living a family of foreigners, an establishment of some size, to judge by the quantity of milk they used. Some of them could speak English, but they did not seem to associate with any of their neighbours, and probably procured from London the main part of what they needed. To Farmer Ticknor, as to most of the rustics round about us, all who were not of British birth were either Turks or Frenchmen. To my mind these were neither; and the possession of those noble dogs—a breed entirely new to me—showed that they were not dwelling here to conceal their identity, or to retrench from poverty. For there were at least two dogs, perhaps more, worth a hundred guineas each to any London dealer at the lowest computation, and not by any means qualified to live

on scanty rations. Another point I had ascertained—that the old Mill, out of use for many years, was now at work again. This had been built, no one knows how long ago, among the monastic ruins upon the never-failing Pebble-bourne. And while I was counting the moments for that gigantic dog to spring down on me, I heard very clearly the splash of the wheel, and the boom and murmur of the works inside.

As a last chance of picking up something more, when I was getting on my horse, I said across his mane to the fair Bessie Ticknor, that “highly-cultured” maiden,—“A little bird has told me, though I would not listen to him, that a young lady almost as pretty as Miss Ticknor lives in a valley not a hundred miles from here.” Bessie raised her jet-black eyes, and blushed, and simpered, and whispered, so that her father could not hear it—

“Oh, I’d give anything to know! It is such a romantic mystery! Culture does put such a cruel curb upon curiosity. But it does not take much to surpass me, Mr Cranleigh.”

“We are not all quite blind in this world, Miss Ticknor; though some may try to contradict their looking-glass.”

CHAPTER VI.—TRUE HYGIENE.

Whenever my brother Harold deigned to visit us from London, we had not much time to do anything more than try to understand his last idea. If he had only been fond of society, or philosophy, or even ladies, we could have got on with him ever so much better; for he really never meant any harm at all. Pity for the pressure he was putting on his brain saddened to some extent the pride which he

inspired; and when he came down to announce his last *eureka*, the first thing my mother did was to make him show his tongue. My mother did think mighty things of this the first-born child she had; and him a son—endowed beyond all sister-babies with everything. Nevertheless she did her utmost to be fair to all of us; and sometimes when her eyes went round us, at Christmas-time,

or birthdays, any stranger would have thought that we all were gifted equally.

I am happy to say that this was not the case. Never has it been my gift to invent anything whatever; not even a single incident in this tale which I am telling you. Everything is exactly as it happened; and according to some great authorities, we too are exactly as we happened.

But my brother Harold can never have happened. He must have been designed with a definite purpose, and a spirit to work his way throughout, although it turned to Proteus. He had been through every craze and fad—I beg his pardon—Liberation of the Age, Enlightenment, Amelioration of Humanity, &c., &c., and now in indignation at the Pump Court drains, he was gone upon what he called *Hygiene*.

"What the devil do you mean, by this blessed *Hygiene*?" Though by no means strong at poetry, I turned out this very neat couplet one day, with the indignation that makes verses, when I saw that he had a big trunk in the passage, which certain of us still called the hall.

"George, will you never have any large ideas?" he replied with equal rudeness, such as brothers always use. "This time, even you will find it hard to be indifferent to my new discovery. The ardour of truth has triumphed."

"Go ahead," I said, for he had had his dinner, though that made very little difference to him, his ardour of truth being toast and water now. "But if you won't have a pipe, I will. Is the smell anti-hygienic?"

"Undoubtedly it is. About that there cannot be two sane opinions. Puff away; but be well assured that at every pull you are inhaling, and at every expiration spreading——"

"All right. Tell us something new, and you are never far to seek in that—Pennyroyal, fenugreek, ruta nigra, tin-tacks hydrised, hyoscyamus, colocasia, geopordon carbonised—what is the next panacea?"

"*Tabacum Nicotianum*." Nothing pleased my brother more than the charge of inconsistency and self-contradiction. Seeing that he lay in wait for this, I would not let him have it, but answered with indifference—

"That is right, old fellow. I am glad that you have come to a sensible view of Tobacco. Any very choice cigars in your trunk, old chap? But I should fear that you had invented them."

No one could help liking Harold at first sight. He was simply the most amiable fellow ever seen. Amiable chiefly in a passive way, although he was ready for any kind action, when the claims of discovery permitted. And now as we were strolling in the park, and the fine Surrey air had brightened his handsome face with more "hygiene" than he ever would produce, I was not surprised at the amount of money he extracted even from our groans.

"Would you like to know what is in my trunk?" he asked, with that simple smile which was at once the effect and the cause of his magnetism. "I have done it for the sake of the family first, and then of the neighbourhood, and then of the county. I shall offer the advantages to Surrey first. As an old County family, that is our duty. There is some low typhoid in the valleys still. Run and fetch my trunk, George. It is heavy for me, but nothing for your great shoulders. Bring it to the bower here; I don't want to open it in the house, because, because—well you'll soon know why, when you follow my course of reasoning."

I brought him his trunk, and he put it on a table, where people had tea in the park sometimes, to watch a game of cricket from a sheltered place. "Come quite close," he said very kindly, throwing open the trunk, and then making for the door, while I rashly stooped over his property. In another minute I was lying down, actually sneezed off my legs, and unable to open my eyes from some spasmodic affection or affliction.

"That's right," said Harold in a tone of satisfaction; "don't be uneasy, my dear brother. For at least a fortnight you are immune from the biggest enterprises of the most active Local Board. You may sit upon the manholes of the best sanitated town; you may sleep in the House of Commons; you may pay a medical fee, and survive it. It is my own discovery. See those boxes?"

"Not yet. But I shall as soon as my eyes get right!" I was able now to leave off sneezing, almost for a second. And when I had chewed a bit of leaf he gave me, there seemed to be something great in this new idea.

"You are concluding with your usual slur"—my brother began again, as soon as I was fit to receive reason instead of sympathy—"that this is nothing more than an adaptation of *Lundy Foote*, *Irish blackguard*, or *Welsh Harp*. George, you are wrong, as usual. You need not be capable of speech for that. Your gifts of error can express themselves in silence."

"Cowardly reasoner," I began, but the movement of larynx, or whatever it might be, threw me out of "ratiocination." He had me at his mercy, and he kept me so. To attempt to repeat what he said would convict me of crankiness equal to his own, and worse—because he could do it, and I cannot. But the point he insisted

on most of all, and which after my experience I could not but concede, was that no known preparation of snuff without his special chemistry could have achieved this excellence.

"Pteroxylon, euphorbium, and another irritant unknown as yet to Chemists, have brought this to the power needful. But this is not a merely speculative thing. You feel a true interest in it now, George."

"As men praise mustard, with tears in their eyes. But let me never hear of it, think of it, most of all never smell the like again. My nose will be red, and my eyes sore for a fortnight."

Harold tucked my arm under his, with a very affectionate manner of his own, which he knew that I never could resist. "Four pockets always in your waistcoat," he observed, "and a flap over every one to keep it dry. Now I very seldom ask a favour, do I George, of you? Here are three hundred little boxes here, as well as the bulk of my preparation. The boxes are perfectly air-tight, made from my own design, very little larger and not much thicker than an old crown-piece. You touch a spring here, and the box flies open. Without that you never would know that it was there. Promise me that you will always carry this, and open it whenever you come to a place where the Local Boards have got the roads up. One of my best friends, and I have not many, has lost his only little girl—such a darling, she used to sit upon my knee and promise to marry me the moment she was big enough—but now she has gone to a better world, through the new parish authorities. Diphtheria in the worst form, my dear boy!"

His eyes filled with tears; for he was very tender-hearted, and

in the warmth of the moment I promised to carry that little box of his, as a safeguard against sanitation.

"My dear George, you will never regret it. You will find it most useful, I can assure you." He spoke with some gratitude, for he knew how much I hated all such chemistry. Little did I think how true his words would prove.

"Why, there goes that extraordinary fellow Stoneman!" I exclaimed suddenly, to change the subject. "What a first-rate horse he always rides! But there is something I ought to tell you about that great Stockbroker. I have not told the Governor yet, because I was not meant to do so, and must not, without the man's consent. But you ought to know it, and he would not object to that."

"What has he discovered? I have often thought that men, who fall into the thick of humanity, ought to get their minds into an extremely active state; like mariners straining their eyes to discover——"

"The Gold Coast. There is nothing else they care for. But there I am wronging Jackson Stoneman. He is a man of the world, if there ever was one; and yet he is taken above the world, by love."

"Love of what?" asked my brother, who was sometimes hard upon people who despised all the things he cared for. "Love of gold? Love of rank? Love of dainty feeding? Love of his own fat self perhaps?"

"He is not fat. He is scarcely round enough. He is one of the most active men in the kingdom. There are very few things that he cannot do. And now he is deeply and permanently in love——"

"With filthy lucre. If there is anything I hate, it is the scorn of

humanity that goes with that." Harold, in a lofty mood, began to strap up the trunk that was to save mankind.

"If filthy lucre means our Grace," I said with much emphasis, for it was good to floor him, "you have hit the mark. But our Grace has not a farthing." I very nearly added—"thanks to you." But it would have been cruel, and too far beyond the truth.

"Ridiculous!" he answered, trying not to look surprised, though I knew that I had got him there. "Why, his grandfather kept a shoe-shop."

"That is a vile bit of lying gossip. But even if it were so, the love of humanity should not stop short of their shoes. I am afraid you are a snob, Harold, with all your vast ideas."

"I am a little inclined to that opinion myself," he answered very cordially. "But come, this is very strange news about Grace. Has she any idea of the honour done her?"

"Not the smallest. So far as I know at least. And I think it is better that she should not know. Just at present, I mean, until he has had time."

"But surely, George, you would not encourage such a thing. Putting aside the man's occupation, which may be very honourable if he is so himself, what do we know of his character, except that he gives himself airs, and is rather ostentatious?"

"He gives himself no airs. What you call ostentation is simply his generosity. You forget that in right of his wealth he stands in the place we have lost through our poverty. That makes it a delicate position for him, especially in his behaviour to us. And do what he will, we should scarcely do our duty to ourselves, unless we made the worst of it."

"How long have you turned Cynic? Why, you put that rather neatly; I did not think it was in you, George." It should be explained that my brother Harold could never be brought to see that it was possible for me to do anything even fairly well; unless it were in manual labour, or sporting, or something else that he despised. And this was all I got for my admiration of his powers!

"Never mind about me," I replied; "I am not a Cynic, and I never shall be one. And when I spoke thus, I had not the least intention of including my father, who is above all such stuff. But mother, and you and I, and no doubt Grace herself, although she thinks so well of everybody,—it would be against all human nature for us to take a kind or even candid view of our successor's doings. And as for his station in life, as you might call it, you must live entirely out of the world, even in the heart of London, not to know that he is placed far above us now. Everywhere, except among the old-fashioned people who call themselves the County families, a man of his wealth would be thought much more of, than we should have a chance of being. What good could we do to anybody now? you must learn to look up to him, Harold my boy."

"Very well. I'll study him, whenever I get the chance. I can't look up to any man for his luck alone; though I may for the way he employs it. But he must not suppose that his money will buy Grace. If ever there was a girl who tried to think for herself and sometimes succeeded, probably it is our Grace. She cannot do much. What woman has ever yet made any real discovery, although they are so inquisitive? But she has a right to her own opinion."

"At any rate as to the disposal of herself." Here I was on strong ground; though I never could argue with Harold upon scientific questions. But I knew my dear Grace much better than he did; and she always said that she liked me best, whenever I put that question to her; not only to make up for mother's preferences in the wrong direction, but also because she could understand me—which did not require much intelligence—not to mention that I was much bigger and stronger than Harold, though nothing like so good-looking, as anybody could see with half an eye.

"Leave it so," said Harold; for he liked sometimes to assert himself, as he had the right to do, when he cast away scientific weaknesses. "Let such things take their course, old fellow. If Grace takes a liking to him, that will prove that he is worthy of it. For she is uncommonly hard to please. And she never seems to care about understanding me; perhaps because she knows it would be hopeless. I want to go on to Godalming to-morrow. There will be a meeting of Sanitary Engineers—the largest minds of the period. I speak of them with deference; though as yet I am unable to make out what the dickens they are up to. Can you get me the one-horse trap from *The Bell*?"

"Most likely. I will go and see about it by-and-by. Old Jacob will always oblige me if he can. But you won't take away your sneezing trunk? You owe it to your native parish first."

"My native parish must abide its time. In country places there is seldom any outbreak of virulent diseases, until they set up a Local Board. I shall leave a score of Hygiotarmic boxes in your

charge. The rest are meant for places where the authorities stir up the dregs of infection, and set them in slow circulation. And the first thing a Local Board always does is that."

I did not contradict him, for the subject was beyond me. And fond as I was of him, and always much enlarged by his visits, and the stirring up of my dull ideas, it so happened that I did not want him now, when so many things had to be considered, in which none of his discoveries would help me. In fact it seemed to me that he thought much more of his hygienic boxes than of his and my dear sister.

When he was gone in the old rattle-trap from *The Bell*, with his trunk beneath his feet, my mother seemed inclined at first to think that no one had made enough of him.

"All for the benefit of others!" she explained, after searching the distance for one last view of him, if haply the sun might come out for the purpose of showing his hat above some envious hedge. "Does that poor boy ever think of himself? What makes it the more remarkable is that this age is becoming so selfish, so wedded to all the smaller principles of action, so incapable of taking a large view of anything. But Harold, my Harold" — no words of the requisite goodness and greatness occurred to my dear mother, and so she resorted to her handker-

chief. "It seems as if we always must be parted. It is for the good of mankind no doubt; but it does seem hard, though no one except myself seems so to regard it. It was five o'clock yesterday before he came. It is not yet half-past ten, and to think of the rapidly increasing distance——"

"I defy him to get more than five miles an hour out of that old screw," I said. "Not even with one of his Hygiotarmic boxes tied beneath the old chap's tail. Why, you can hear his old scuffle still, mother."

She listened intently, as if for a holy voice; while Grace looked at me with a pleasant mixture of reproach and sympathy. For who did all the real work? Who kept the relics of the property together? Who relieved the little household of nearly all its trouble? Who went to market to buy things without money, and (which is even harder still) to sell them when nobody wanted them? Who toiled like a horse, and much longer than a horse—however, I never cared to speak up for myself. As a general rule I would rather not be praised. And as for being thanked, it is pleasant in its way, but apt to hurt the feelings of a very modest man; and, of course, he knows that it will not last. After such a speech from my dear mother, no one could have blamed me very severely, if I had put my fishing-rod together and refused to do another stroke of work that day.

CHAPTER VII.—KUBAN.

That evening we stuck to our work, like Britons, and got all the ricks combed down so well, and topped up ready for thatching, that the weather was welcome to do what it pleased, short of a very

heavy gale of wind. Not a mowing-machine, nor a patent haymaker, had been into our meadows, nor any other of those costly implements, which farmers are ordered by their critics to

employ, when they can barely pay for scythe and rake. All was the work of man and horse, if maids may be counted among the men—for in truth they had turned out by the dozen, from cottage, and farm, and the great house itself, to help the poor gentleman who had been rich, and had shown himself no prouder then than now.

For about three weeks, while the corn began to kern, and nature wove the fringe before she spread the yellow banner, a man of the farm, though still wanted near at hand, might take a little change and look about him more at leisure, and ask how his neighbours were getting on, or even indulge in some distractions of his own. Now in summer, a fellow of a quiet turn, who has no time to keep up his cricket, and has never heard of golf—as was then the case with most of us—and takes no delight in green tea-parties, neither runs after moths and butterflies, however attractive such society may be, this man finds a river-bank, or, better still, a fair brook-side, the source of the sweetest voices to him. Here he may find such pleasure as the indulgence of Nature has vouchsafed to those who are her children still, and love to wander where she offers leisure, health, and large delights. So gracious is she in doing this, and so pleased at pleasing us, that she stays with us all the time, and breathes her beauty all around us, while we forget all pains and passions, and administer the like relief to fish.

Worms however were outside my taste. To see a sad creature go wriggling in the air, and then, cursing the day of its birth, descend upon the wet storm of the waters, and there go tossing up and down, without any perception of scenery—this (which is now be-

come a very scientific and delicate art in delusion of trout) to me is a thing below our duty to our kin. A fish is a fellow that ought to be caught, if a man has sufficient skill for it. But not with any cruelty on either side; though the Lord knows that they torment us more, when they won't bite on any conditions, than some little annoyance we may cause them—when we do pull them out—can balance.

Certain of the soundness of these views, if indeed they had ever occurred to me, but despairing to convince my sister of them—for women have very little logic—I fetched out a very ancient fly-book, with most of the hackles devoured by moth-grubs, and every barb as rusty as old enmity should grow. Harold never fished; he had no patience for it; and as for enjoying nature, his only enjoyment was to improve it. Tom Erricker, who was lazy enough to saunter all day by a river, while he talked as if examiners were scalping him, not an atom did he know of any sort of fishing, except sitting in a punt, and pulling roach in, like a pod of seedy beans upon a long beanstick. Therefore was everything in my book gone rusty, and grimy, and maggoty, and looped into tangles of yellow gut,—that very book which had been the most congenial love of boyhood. If I had only taken half as well to Homer, Virgil, Horace, I might have been a Fellow of All Souls now (*Bene natus, bene vestitus*) and brought my sister Grace to turn the heads of Heads of Houses, in the grand old avenue, where the Dons behold the joys that have slipped away from them.

But perhaps I should never have been half as happy. To battle with the world, instead of

battening in luxury, is the joy of life, while there is any pluck and pith. And I almost felt, as a man is apt to feel, when in his full harness, and fond of it, that to step outside of it, even for a few hours, was a bit of self-indulgence unworthy of myself. However, I patched up a cast of two flies, which was quite enough, and more than enough, for a little stream like the Pebblebourne, wherein I had resolved to wet my line.

This was a swift bright stream, as yet ungriddled by any railway works, and unblocked by any notice-boards menacing frightful penalties. For although the time was well-nigh come when the sporting rights over English land should exceed the rental in value, the wary trout was not yet made of gold and rubies; and in many places any one, with permission of the farmers, was welcome to wander by the babbling brook, and add to its music, if the skill were in him, the silvery tinkle of the leaping fish. And though all this valley was but little known to me, a call at a lonely farm-house on the hill, a mile or two further on than Ticknor's Mew, made me free of the water and them that dwelled therein.

Now why should I go to this Pebblebourne, rather than to some other Surrey stream, fishful, picturesque, and better known to anglers? Partly I believe through what Robert Slemmick said, and Farmer Ticknor after him, and partly through my own memories. There can be no prying air, or pushing appearance about a gentle fisherman, who shows himself intent upon the abstract beauties of a rivulet, or the concrete excellence of the fish it holds. My mother liked nothing better than a dish of trout, my father (though

obliged to be very careful about the bones) considered that fish much superior to salmon, ever since salmon had been propagated into such amazing rarity. So I buckled on a basket, which would hold some 50 lb., took an unlimited supply of victuals, and set forth to clear the Pebblebourne of trout.

My mother had no supper except toasted cheese that night, although I returned pretty early; neither did my father find occasion to decant upon the inferiority of salmon. And the same thing happened when I went again. I could see great abundance of those very pleasing fish, and they saw an equal abundance of me. They would come and look at my fly, with an aspect of gratifying approval, as at a laudable specimen of clever plagiarism, and then off with them into the sparkles and wrinkles of the frisky shallows, with a quick flop of tail, and yours truly till next time. And yet I kept out of sight and cast up-stream, and made less mark than a drop of rain on the silver of the stream.

I was half inclined to drop any third attempt, having daintily treated some meadows of brook, without any token of fish to carry home, or of human presence to stow away in heart, although I had persisted to the very door, which had swallowed that fair vision, in the twilight of the May. Her little shrine and holy place I never had profaned, feeling that a stranger had no business there; neither could I bring myself to hang about in ambush, and lurk for the hour of her evening prayer and hymn. But my dear mother seemed to lose her fine faith in my skill; for ladies are certain to judge by the event; moreover to accept a beating lightly was entirely against my rules. So I set forth once again, saying to myself

—"the third time is lucky. Let us have one more trial."

On that third evening of my labour against stream, I was standing on the bank, where the bridle-track came through, and packing up my rod, after better luck with fish, for I had found a fly which puzzled them, and had taken a good dozen—when who should come up gambolling round my heels, and asking, as it seemed to me, for a good word, or a pat, but that magnificent and very noble dog who had reviewed, and so kindly approved of me, from the battlements near the upper door? "What is your name, my stately friend?" I said to him, not without some misgivings that he might resent this overture. But he threw up his tail like a sheaf of golden wheat, and made the deep valley ring, and the heights resound, with a voice of vast rejoicing, and a shout of glorious freedom.

But was it this triumph that provoked the fates? While the echoes still were eddying in the dimples of the hills, a white form arose on the crest of the slope some fifty yards behind us. A vast broad head, with ears prickled up like horns of an owl, and sullen eyes under patches of shade, regarded us; while great teeth glimmered under bulging jowls, and squat red nostrils were quivering with disdain. It was *Grab*, Farmer Ticknor's savage bull-dog; and hoping that he would be scared, as most dogs are, when they have no business, by the cast of a stone, I threw a pebble at him, which struck the ground under his burly chest. He noticed it no more than he would heed a grasshopper, but began to draw upon us, as a pointer draws on game, with his wiry form rigid, and his hackles like a tooth-brush,

and every roll of muscle like an oak burr-knot.

I drew the last loops of my line through the rings, and wound up the reel in all haste, and detaching the butt of my rod stood ready, for it looked as if he meant to fly at me. But no, he marched straight up to my noble friend, with blazing eyes fixed on him, and saluted him with a snarl of fiendish malice. Clearly my dog, as I began to consider him, had no experience of such low life. He was a gentleman by birth and social habits, not a coarse prize-fighter; so he stood looking down with some surprise at this underbred animal, yet glancing pleasantly as if he would accept a challenge to a bout of gambols, as my lord will play cricket with a pot-boy. Nay, he even went so far as to wag his courtly tail, and draw his taper fore-legs, which shone like sable, a little beneath the arch of his body, to be ready for a bound, if this other chap meant play. *Grab* spied the mean chance, and leaped straight at his throat, but missed it at first, or only plunged his hot fangs into a soft rich bed of curls. My dog was amazed, and scarcely took it in earnest yet. His attitude was that of our truly peaceful nation—"I don't want to fight, but by Jingo if I must, it won't be long before this little bully bites the dust."

"At him *Grab*, at him boy! Show 'un what you be made of! Tip 'un a taste of British oak. Give 'un a bellyful. By the Lord in Heaven, would you though?"

I stretched my rod in front of Ticknor, as he appeared from behind a ridge, dancing on his heavy heels at the richness of the combat, and then rushing at the dog, my friend, with a loaded crab stick, because he had got the bull-dog down and was throwing his

great weight upon him. He had tossed him up two or three times as if in play, for he seemed even now not to enter into the deadliness of the enemy.

"Fair play, farmer!" I said sternly. "It was your beast that began it. Let him have a lesson. I hope the foreign dog will kill him."

No fair-minded person could help perceiving the chivalry of the one, and bestiality of the other; while the combat grew furious for life or death, with tossing and whirlings, and whackings of ribs, and roars of deep rage on the part of my friend, while the other scarcely puffed or panted, but fought his fight steadily from the ground, and in deadly silence.

"Furriner can't hurt 'un much," said the farmer, as I vainly strove to get between them; "made of iron and guttaperk our *Grab* is. I've been a'biding for this, for two months. I sent 'e fair warning, Master George, by that fellow Slemmick, that you might not lose it. Fair play, you says; and I say the very same. Halloa! our *Grab* hath got his hold at last. Won't be long in this world for your furriner now. Well done, our *Grab*! Needn't tell 'un to hold fast."

To my dismay, I saw that it was even so. My noble foreign friend was still above the other, but his great frame was panting and his hind-legs twitching, and long sobs of exhaustion fetching up his golden flanks. The sleuth foe, the murderer, had him by his gasping throat, and was sucking out his breath with bloody fangs deep-buried.

"Let 'un kill 'un. Let 'un kill 'un!" shouted Farmer Ticknor. "Serve 'un right for showing cheek to an honest English dog——"

But I sent Ticknor backwards, with a push upon his breast, and

then with both hands I tugged at his brutal beast. As well might I have striven, though I am not made of kid gloves, to pull an oak in its prime from the root-hold. The harder I tugged the deeper went the bull-dog's teeth, the faster fell the gouty of red into his blazing eyes, and the feebler grew the gasps of his exhausted victim. Then I picked up my ashen butt and broke it on the backbone of the tyrant, but he never even yielded for the rebate of a snarl. Death was closing over those magnificent brown eyes, as they turned to me faintly their last appeal.

A sudden thought struck me. I stood up for a moment, although I could scarcely keep my legs, and whipping out of my waistcoat my brother's patent box, I touched the spring and poured the whole contents into the bloody nostrils of that tenacious beast. Aha, what a change! His grim set visage puckered back to his very ears, as if he were scalped by lightning; the flukes of his teeth fell away from their grip, as an anchor sags out of a quicksand, he quivered all over, and rolled on his back, and his gnarled legs fell in on the drum of his chest, while he tried to scrub his squat nose in an agony of blisters. Then he rolled on his panting side, and sneezed till I thought he would have turned all his body inside out.

As for me, I set both hands upon my hips, though conscious of some pain in doing so, and laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks. My enjoyment was becoming actual anguish when the pensive Ticknor stooping over his poor pet inhaled enough of the superfluous snuff to send him dancing and spluttering across the meadow, vainly endeavouring between his sneezes to make an interval for a heartfelt damn.

But suddenly this buffoonery received a tragic turn. From the door in the ivied wall came forth a gliding figure well known to me, but not in its present aspect. The calm glory of the eyes was changed to grief and terror, the damask of the cheeks was blurred with tears, the sweet lips quivered with distress and indignation.

"Ah, *Kuban, Kuban, Daretza, Dula, Kuban!*" This, or something like this, was her melancholy cry, as she sank on her knees without a glance at us, and covered that palpitating golden form with a shower of dark tresses, waving with sobs like a willow in the breeze.

"Ah, *Kuban, Kuban!*" and then some soft words uttered into his ear, as if to speed his flight.

I ran to the brook and filled my hat with water, for I did not believe that this great dog could be dead. When I came back the young lady was sitting with the massive head helpless on her lap, and stroking the soft dotted cheeks, and murmuring, as if to touch the conscience of Farmer Ticknor, "Ah, cruel, cruel! How men are cruel!"

"Allow me one moment," I said, for she seemed not even to know that I was near. "Be kind enough to leave the dog to me. I may be able yet to save his life. Do you understand English, *Madoiselle?*"

"His life, it is gone?" Another sob stopped her voice, as she put her little hand, where she thought his heart must be. "Yes, sir, I understand English too well."

"Then if you will be quick, we may save his life yet. I am used to dogs; this noble fellow is not dead, though he will be very soon, unless we help him. There is a wound here that I cannot bind up with anything I have about me.

Bring bandages and anything long and soft. Also bring wool, and a pot of grease, and a sponge with hot water, and a bowl or two. I will not let him die, till you come back."

"If that could be trusted for, when would I come back?" She glanced at me, having no time to do more, with a soft thrill of light, such as hope was born in; and before I could answer it she was gone, leaving me unable to follow with my eyes; for it was the turning-point of *Kuban's* life—if that were the name of this high-souled dog. The throttling was gone, and the barbed strangulation, and devil's own tug at his windpipe; but the free power of breath was not restored, and the heart was scarcely stirring. Lifting his eyelids, I saw also that there was concussion of the brain to deal with; but the danger of all was the exhaustion.

Luckily in the breast-pocket of my coat was a little silver flask with a cup at the bottom, Tom Erricker's present on my last birthday. I had filled it with whiskey, though I seldom took spirits in those young days, but carried this dram in case of accidents, when fishing. Instead of dashing cold water out of my hat on the poor dog's face, as I had meant to do—which must in such a case have been his last sensation—I poured a little whiskey into the silver cup, and filled it with the residue of water that was leaking quickly from my guaranteed felt. Then I held up the poor helpless head, and let the contents of the cup trickle gently over the black roots of the tongue. Down it went, and a short gurgle followed, and then a twitch of the eyelids, and a long soft gasp. The great heart gave a throb, and the brown eyes looked at me, and a

faint snort came from the flabby nostrils, and I shouted aloud, "*Kuban* is saved!"

There was nobody to hear me, except the dog himself, and he was too weak to know what I meant. Ticknor was gone, with that beast at his heels, for at the end of the meadow I saw *Grab*, the British champion, slouching along, like a vanquished cur, with his ropy stomach venting heavy sneezes; and to the credit of his wisdom, I may add that even a lamb in that valley ever after was sacred from a glance of his bloodthirsty goggles.

With his long form laid between my legs, while I sat down on the sod and nursed him, my wounded dog began more and more to recover his acquaintance with the world, and to wonder what marvel had befallen him. He even put out his tongue, and tried to give me a lick, and his grand tail made one or two beats upon the ground; but I held up my hand, for he had several frightful wounds, and he laid down his ears with a grateful little whine. For the main point was to keep him quite still now, until the dangerous holes could be stopped from bleeding.

So intent was I upon doing this, that before I was at all aware of it, three or four people were around me. But I had eyes for only one, the lovely mistress of the injured dog; while she for her part had no thought whatever of anything, or any one, except that blessed *Kuban*. That was right enough of course, and what else could be expected? Still I must admit that this great fellow rose even higher in my estimation, when he showed that he knew well enough where to find the proper course of treatment, and was not to be misled even by the warmest loyalty into faith in feminine therapeutics.

"He has turned his eyes away from me. Oh *Kuban*, *Kuban*! But I care not what you do, beloved one, if only you preserve your life. Do you think that he can do that, sir, with all these cruel damages?"

Now that she was more herself, I thought that I had never heard any music like her voice, nor read any poetry to be compared to the brilliant depths of her expressive eyes. And the sweetness of her voice was made doubly charming by the harsh and high tones of her attendants, who were jabbering in some foreign tongue, probably longing to interfere, and take the case out of my management.

"If they would not make such a noise," I said, "it would be all the better for my patient. Can you persuade them to stand out of my light, and let the fresh air flow in upon us? Oh thank you, that is a great deal better. There! I think now if we let him rest a minute, and then carry him home, he will be all right. How clever you must be, to bring the right things so well!"

For this bit of praise I was rewarded with a smile more lovely than I should have thought possible, since the fair cheeks of Eve took the fatal bite, and human eyes imbibed Satan. But she was truthful, as Eve was false.

"Without Stepan I could have done nothing. Stepan, come forth, and receive the praise yours. You must now take *Kuban* in your arms, and follow this gentleman into the fort. Understand you? He has very little English yet. He can do everything except learn. Stepan is too strong for that. But he has not the experience that I have. Nevertheless, he is very good. I am praising thee, oh Stepan. Lose not the opportunity of thanking me."

Stepan, a huge fellow, dressed very wonderfully according to my present ideas, stood forth in silence, and held up his arms, to show that they were ready for anything. But I saw that a hard leather bandoleer, or something of that kind, with a frill of leather cases, hung before his great chest, and beneath the red cross which all of them were wearing. "Stepan is strong as the ox," said the lady.

That he might be, and he looked it too. "Can he pull off that great leather frill?" I asked, seeing that it would scrub the poor dog sadly, as well as catch and jerk his bandages.

"He cannot remove it. That is part of Stepan." His young mistress smiled at him, as she said this.

"Then put him up here," I said, holding out my arms, though not sure that I could manage it, for the dog must weigh some twelve stone at least, and one of my arms had been injured. Stepan lifted him with the greatest ease; but not so did I carry him, for he must be kept in one position, and most of his weight came on my bad arm. So difficult was my task indeed, that I saw nothing of the place they led me through, but feared that I should drop down at every rough spot—which would have meant the death of poor *Kuban*. And down I must have come, I am quite sure of that, if I had not heard the soft sweet voice behind me—"It is too much for the kind gentleman. I pray you sir, to handle him to the great Stepan."

When I was all but compelled to give in, by the failure of the weak arm, and the fear of dropping my patient fatally, a man of magnificent appearance stood be-

fore me, and saw my sad plight at a glance.

"Permit me," he said, in a deep rich tone, yet as gentle as a woman's voice. "This is over-trying your good will. I see what it is. I have only just heard. I will bear him very gently. Take *Orla* away."

For another dog was jumping about me now, most anxious to know what on earth had befallen that poor *Kuban*, and displaying as I thought even more curiosity than sympathy. But when the weight was taken from me, and my companions went on, I turned aside with pains and aches, which came upon me all the worse.

"I have done all I can. I am wanted no more; the sooner I get home the better."

Thinking thus I made my way towards the black door of our entrance, now standing wide open in the distance; and I felt low at heart through the failure of my strength, and after such a burst of excitement.

"I am not wanted here. I have no right here. What have I to do with these strange people?" I said to myself, as I sat for a moment to recover my breath, on a bench near the door. "I have quite enough to do at home, and my arm is very sore. They evidently wish to live in strict seclusion; and as far as concerns me, so they may. If they wanted me, they would send after me. A dog is more to them than a Christian perhaps. What on earth do they wear those crosses for?"

I would not even look around, to see what sort of a place it was; but slipped through the door, and picked up my shattered rod and half-filled creel, and set off, as the dusk was deepening, on the long walk to my father's cottage.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.¹

THIS is a sumptuous book. Paper, print, even the "cloth," which is no doubt meant to give place soon to morocco or finer russia, even the cheerful red bookmarker, generally dedicated to Holy Writ or Poetry (if sometimes to Keepsakes, Books of Beauty, or their successors), are all of the finest, the most ornamental, and luxurious. It comes to us from the press, imposing, with its blazoned shield, like a knight into the lists, thanking God that it is not as other books, but fit for any drawing-room table or dignified library—a separate kind of production altogether from those vulgar volumes which are meant only to be read. We do not desire to imply that Mr Lang's beautiful volumes are not meant to be read, though we confess we look for the day when a cheap edition will provide us with something easier to hold and study. Still there is an outward fashion in books which, like the salute to an Indian prince, is regulated according to the consequence of the person it is intended to honour, and which makes a magnificent post octavo suitable to one, while a humbler *format* is good enough for another. Far be it from us to say that our Lockhart—the Lockhart to whom we in this Magazine have the first claim—does not deserve the most princely of salutes, with all the big guns roaring. It gives us, on the contrary, the sincerest pleasure to see the typographical and other honours with which his shy, proud,

modest, and noble figure is presented to the regard and understanding of the world—which Mr Lang at least believes has not given to him hitherto the applause and honour which certainly are his due.

We cannot but think, however, that in this respect Mr Lang is a little mistaken, and that the suppressed tone of apology which runs through the book is really uncalled for. Lockhart in his immediate day—or rather in the morning of his day, when, always a free fighter and pugnacious as Donnybrook or Selkirk Fair, he hit out at whosoever came in his way, all for love and without evil meaning—was not perhaps always judged with perfect charity. But surely the missiles of these times are blunt with age and rust, and nowadays make no wounds; while Miss Martineau, whom alone we think Mr Lang quotes as a serious assailant, was of course entirely incapable of judging the man, and, what is more important, is no more read or thought of. We do not think that the inference which runs through these pages, and calls forth from Mr Lang many indignant exclamations—"And this was the man who was accused," &c.—corresponds with any really existent feelings. Indeed the name of Lockhart in this generation is chiefly connected with one of the greatest books of modern times, that Biography which, without a dissentient voice, is renowned as the first of biographies, the example and high standard of that art, which no English writer has

¹ The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart. By Andrew Lang. London: Nimmo. 1896.

as yet succeeded in reaching, the best and noblest portrait of a man ever made in our language. There were objections to it, we believe, in the time in which it was brought forth. Some one said—let his name be blotted out!—"I always thought he hated Scott, and now I am convinced of it." With such blind bats there is no reckoning. But time regulates such matters better even than reason; and we cannot believe that the author of the *Life of Scott* has any need for an apologist, however reverent and tender that apologist may be.

Let us say at once that no one could be more reverent, more tender, than Mr Lang; and his picture of the latter part of Lockhart's sad life will be read by many a reader with tears, as we can well believe it was written. The picture of that sad life, so full of separations and trial—so lonely, so uncomplaining, so heroic, with the difficult heroism of silence and patient endurance—is indeed nobly done, and with a strain of human feeling and sympathy which quenches criticism. Mr Lang is more familiar to us in his lighter aspects; but lately there has developed in him a capacity for entering into the profoundest of human sufferings, in aspects so dissimilar as that of the passion and agony of Jeanne d'Arc, a tale of the highest and purest martyrdom, and that steadfast pacing through the gloom of the valley of death enveloped in all the conventional garments of modern life and society, which makes the other passion of such a man as Lockhart almost more tragic—which nobody could have divined or expected from him. Our object here is not to celebrate Mr Lang; indeed in his first volume the clang of his sword upon the

shield of 'Maga' is so loud in our ears that even while we write our squire is fastening the breastplate, our page presenting the sword, of mortal combat. Therefore, before the lists are opened, or ever a drop of blood has stained the sand, let us do our antagonist full justice. Neither to us nor to Lockhart has he done justice in the opening of his story. That quarrel between us is open, only to be decided by the chances of the fight, in which, to be sure, it is not always the best cause that prevails; but where there is no question of offence or strife we have nothing but praise to give to Sir Andrew of the Fetterlock, while he carries his hero's cognisance downwards to the foot of the hill through the shadows. We will not say that the story bears comparison with that noblest picture of the sun-setting which Lockhart himself gave; but narrative and sentiment are alike fine, sincere, and sympathetic. A warm partisan from the beginning, that excellent inspiration grows in him into something better, a true love and admiration for his subject, before he reaches the end; and he carries his reader with him into that atmosphere of emotion, tender respect, and reverent pity with which he surrounds the subject of his history. This is no small praise: we know indeed no higher to give; and Mr Lang deserves it fully. We present him with the laurel before we draw the sword.

We have in this book, as Lockhart himself declares to be inevitable whenever the hero is a Scotsman, "an ell of genealogy" to begin with, which is perhaps a little too long drawn out. He was a gentleman: after all, had there never been a Simon Loccard in 1190 or at any other date, this man was born so, and

could not have helped himself, which is most to the purpose of all that can be said. The lower gentry in all countries are those who harp the most on their gentility; but in fact the territorial designation which we love so much in Scotland by no means ensures the possession of that quality, any more than a ducal title does. Lockhart was a man of innate refinement, fastidious, a little intolerant, snuffing the air with delicate nostrils, much moved by all the traditions, even follies, of the *gentilhommerie*, not excluding, we think, *pace* Mr Lang, a touch of arrogance, quite pardonable considering his nature, but scarcely justified by the glories of descent. He was a great lover of heraldry (which is, we think, a weakness of gentle souls) in his youth, and his first published work was on that subject, a fact which touches the present writer with a pang of sympathy. He was a good scholar—nay, a title which sums up achievement in Scotland, a Snell scholar—and after a few years of Balliol took a first-class, and thus fulfilled all that could be demanded from a young man. After these glorious preliminaries he returned to Scotland eager for fame and fortune, but with very small means of procuring either. He was immediately, to leave aside the tale of his ancestors, the son of a Glasgow minister, one of a numerous family, not a parentage or a condition which permitted a young man to dawdle over his life or neglect the means of securing daily bread. When he was twenty-one he came to Edinburgh to study Scots law, and in little more than a year was called to the Bar, but got no brief save one of three guineas, which he made haste to spend with much glee, as if it had been an unexpected tip. In the mean-

time, having formed a warm friendship with one John Wilson, also a briefless barrister, a poet, and half-fledged literary man, he was, presumably, led by this new friend to a certain bookseller's in Princes Street, where it was the habit of Edinburgh wits of the Tory side to congregate,—a very lively assembly, full of wit and sharp speaking, extravagant both in abuse and laudation, as was the habit of the time and still more of the race. We are a canny people, our adversaries say, but we never have been canny in speech or criticism or epithets. Mr Lang throws little light on the first beginning of a connection so momentous for his hero, and which he objects to so strongly as injurious to him. Here is his description of the first known incident in it:—

“He wished to go to Germany in the vacation of 1817, and, though funds were scant and his exhibition (Snell Scholarship) was running out, he managed to pay his way. He had made the acquaintance of Blackwood the publisher, and Blackwood paid him £300 or more for a work in translation to be written later. Lockhart selected Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature. Mr Gleig says: ‘Though seldom communicative on such subjects, he more than once alluded to this circumstance in after-life, and always in the same terms: “It was a generous act on Ebony's part, and a bold one; for he had only my word for it that I had any acquaintance at all with the German language.”’”

This we think is rather an insufficient acknowledgment, for if not Mr Lang, at least most of us, must know that £300 for a translation by a young man whose knowledge of German was taken on his own word, and whose powers of writing English were as yet wholly unknown, was a very remarkable kind of prospective re-

muneration. It was not business certainly, whatever it was. Mr Blackwood acted the part of a magnificent Mæcenæ rather than that of a bookseller, and we do not think that less can be said than that he gave young Lockhart his start in life. The transaction is veiled in mystery, never having been once referred to so far as we are aware by the giver, though proclaimed by the recipient, as a generous mind naturally would.

"If thou serve many, tell it not to any;
If any serve thee, tell the tale to many."

That admirable maxim could not be better exemplified. The young man went to Germany by means of this windfall. He went to Weimar and made the sublime acquaintance of Goethe, which afterwards helped to secure the much more important and valuable friendship of Scott. Profoundly influential upon his character and life was this beginning. If his biographer thinks that the two volumes of Schlegel, published more than two years afterwards, fully repaid and made up for it, we are far from being of his opinion. This initial fact, therefore, published for the first time by Mr Andrew Lang, whose province is not to glorify but to diminish the benefactor, and whose testimony is therefore doubly to be relied upon so far as it redounds to Mr Blackwood's credit, is one of very distinct importance in Lockhart's career. Here is Mr Lang's account of the connection thus begun:—

"His [Mr Blackwood's] liberality to the young writer was indeed well judged; for Lockhart, with Wilson, gave the Magazine a success of *éclat*, by no means wholly to their own advantage. Gratitude to 'Ebony' may perhaps partly explain that part of

Lockhart's conduct which perplexes his biographer as much as Scott's attitude to the Ballantynes puzzled Lockhart himself. Why would Lockhart, in spite of remonstrances from Christie and of Sir Walter, in spite of universal disapproval, cleave to 'Blackwood's Magazine'? The mere attraction of mischief should soon have worn off; but from Wilson and 'Blackwood' Lockhart seemed unable to tear himself. Christie conceived a distaste for Mr Blackwood at first sight. Lockhart sometimes let fall a petulant word about the complacent proprietor of 'ma Maga': yet he wrote occasionally for 'Maga' to the end. One really begins to think of 'Maga' as of a cankered witch, who has spellbound the young man, and holds him 'lost to life and use, and name and fame.'

Now this is not only "an irrational sentiment," as Mr Lang confesses, but a most unjust judgment, and one for which there is no sound foundation whatever. Has 'Maga' been unkind to Mr Lang? All feminine creatures, we are aware, are apt to give rise to prejudice in this way. In some womanish mood they fail to smile, at a critical moment they look coldly upon a suitor's offering; and lo! the enchanting heroine becomes a cankered witch and her graces charm no more—notwithstanding that she is just as fair as before the untoward accident occurred. The sentiment—

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be"—

is a thoroughly wholesome one; but the poet does not go so far as to malign the lady because of her perhaps temporary, perhaps only pretended, indifference. She can yet call him back with a glance over her shoulder, a crook of her finger. It is half her charm that she is saucy, not always yielding, prickles about her rosebuds, clouds as well as sunshine hovering over her. Has Mr Lang been so deep-

ly offended as not to remember that when the neglected suitor glooms he is really heightening her triumph? The gentleman must not be cross for his own sake nor call the lady names.

Now let us see the true story of the transaction.

Lockhart came back from this German expedition, upon which, according to appearances, he had been franked by Mr Blackwood, to find that gentleman just gathering into his hands the control of a Magazine which had been begun six months before, and in the meantime had been mismanaged, much to his annoyance, by a pair of incapable editors. The publisher was himself a comparatively young man, and full of ambition and enterprise, and he was clear-sighted enough to perceive how admirable an opening there was for something less ponderous than the reviews, less trivial than anything then existing in the form of Magazine. Quite aware of the animosity he had to encounter from the dismissed editors, and the rivalry of the opposing publisher to whom they had carried their complaints and their powers, Blackwood put everything he could command into the venture, and called to him the support of all his friends. If Lockhart had not rushed to his side after what had passed between them, he would not have been the Lockhart Mr Andrew Lang places before us. But there were also very prevailing arguments of another kind. No doubt he had spent his three hundred pounds, or most of it, on his long holiday; and he came back, as many another young man has done, to a sufficiently blank prospect—an advocate, but without a brief—with nothing better before him than to resume a weary march in the Par-

liament House, where no man speired his price, and opportunities of making an income were few. In these circumstances most of us would find it extremely handy to secure a safe corner even in an evening paper, not to speak of anything more ambitious, by which to make the pot boil: and here were at least the means of living put into the young man's hand. More than this, he was full of things to say, bursting and running over with criticism, commentary, description, and reflection for which he had no outlet; for these are not gifts which can be exercised before the Fifteen, or pleaded in either the Inner or the Outer Courts; and even if they had been, Lockhart had no gift of public speech. Does it require any explanation why he flung himself into the new Magazine with fervour and devotion? To us it seems as plain as a pikestaff. It was, in short, the saving of the young man. The new Magazine meant everything to him—work and income and utterance—the last perhaps the most potent attraction of all. His dearest friend had already enlisted in the band. Sober fathers and mothers in those days had a terror of literature, which seemed to them not much better than thieving; but nowadays we can think of no parents so benighted as not to have exulted in such a chance for their John.

So much for the beginning of the connection. Mr Lang goes on, after some surprise that "the Magazine should have been so brutal," issuing from the hands it did, to inform us that "it was an ill day for Lockhart when he first put his pen at the service of a journal which for now the term of a long human life has been so eminently reputable and admir-

able" (cankered witch notwithstanding). The brutality, he admits in other passages, was partly from Lockhart's own hand; and neither the feminine personality of the Magazine nor its kind and respectable publisher forced his pen into the wild and wayward outbursts, mostly fun, but on several occasions pure perversity and mischief, for which it is impossible to give any reason. "The Magazine in its unamiable youth," Mr Lang says again; but the Magazine, if unamiable in its youth, was not so by any set purpose of its own, but because Lockhart and Wilson made it so. They, or rather he, for our author has no patience with Wilson nor understanding of him, should have been controlled, Mr Lang thinks. He was only twenty-three, and Mr Blackwood should have spoken to him like a father, and stopped his fun, instead of being carried away by it into lawsuits and payment of damages, which was the true state of affairs. Mr Lang probably in his own mind is more able to estimate the possibility of the task of controlling Lockhart than he allows to appear. But there never was a more ingenious manner of turning the cat in the pan than his method of mourning the sad pity it was for Lockhart to be identified with the unamiable Magazine, whose unamiableness was at least half his own doing, and which of itself had no inborn malignity, nor ever sinned in its own abstract person. This is, however, a kind of special pleading which is not ineffective to the careless reader. Poor youth! only twenty-three, and mixed up with all the bad actions of that slut 'Maga,' who depraved his young mind and kept him from the fatnesses of the Parliament House, and made him carry out

her wicked will, notwithstanding his native innocence and the absence of all malice from his nature! We should not wonder if Mr Lang succeeded in throwing dust into the eyes of a number of readers who know nothing about the matter, and from whom the cleverly managed confusion of these accusations may draw an equally confused sympathy.

"It is painful for a biographer," continues Mr Lang, 'to be obliged to confess his hero's inalienable attachment to "the mother of mischief." But he is well assured that while Scott did not indeed regard the offences of 'Maga' with our modern horror, still he did most earnestly endeavour on every occasion to withdraw Lockhart and Wilson from the cup of her inexplicable sorceries. Alas! to each might have been said—

"La laide dame sans merci
Thee hath in thrall!"

Wonderful and whimsical in the extreme is this accusation. Certainly 'Maga' must have been unkind, very unkind, to Mr Lang! We cannot but hope that he has laid her character before a solemn *séance* of the Psychical Society to be inquired into. The Witch of Atlas, the Witch of the Alps, is nothing to her. This subtle spirit unrevealed in flesh, which held these captive minds in thrall, and bound them with a spell not to be broken, is more mysterious than any ghost. The one thing we know of her is that she seems to have been the familiar spirit of that well-seeming, by-all-men-respected Magician Blackwood, whose cruel behests these meek victims of genius were thus compelled to carry out. Mr Lang may be very thankful, too thankful for mere words, that he has kept himself safe out of her claws. We might have seen him "slinging flame" across the peaceful levels

of literary society had she once clutched him by the brindled locks. What atrocities worse than Bulgarian might not his gentle voice have given utterance to had that weird grasp caught him! The sense of deliverance must be almost stifling in its intensity when he thinks of the peril he has escaped.

As for us, who have drunk of the cup of her inexplicable sorceries, we are, alas! past praying for: but we tell no tales. The fiery draught may consume our vitals, but, slaves of honour as of her, we do not betray her secrets. Pale and scathed, with an undying pang at our hearts, we do not even lay our hand upon that organ, as did the doomed ones in the Hall of Eblis, to indicate where our torture is. No! never shall the eye of man look upon those marks of magic. It may be sadly, it may be proudly, that we exchange glances with our fellow-sufferers, but never in words shall the tale be told. Mr Lang may guess what black drop it is that has been injected into our veins, but no more than Lockhart, no more than Wilson, shall we blab. Freemasons are not in it, as the vulgar say, in comparison with the stern preservation of our awful secret.

Taking breath, however, after this, we may remark that the remonstrances of Scott, to which he so frequently refers, were by no means directed, as Mr Lang himself proves, to the severance of the connection with 'Maga,' but only to a much simpler thing—the cessation of those assaults upon things and persons in general, which Lockhart's malicious and careless wit and Wilson's fictitious schoolboy rages addressed to the world in 'Maga's' name. The letter upon which he builds this often-repeated assertion was writ-

ten to Lockhart after Wilson's election—mainly by Sir Walter's own efforts in his favour—to his chair: an event which afforded an excellent opportunity of giving good advice to the young men, which in the first place is chiefly addressed to Wilson through his friend, representing to him the advantage of letting bygones be bygones, and attempting no revenge against his adversaries in that struggle, "who have taken such foul means of opposing him." "Any attempt on his part or on that of his friends to retaliate on such a *fainéant* as poor Stookie or on the 'Scotsman,'" says Sir Walter, "is like a gentleman fighting with a chimney-sweep—he may lick him, but cannot avoid being smutted in the conflict."

"I am sure our friend has been taught the danger of giving way to high spirits in mixed society where there is some one always ready to laugh at the joke, and to put it into his pocket to throw in the jester's face on some future occasion. It is plain Wilson must have walked the course had he been cautious in selecting the friends of his lighter hours, and now, clothed with philosophical dignity, his friends will really expect he should be on his guard in this respect, and add to his talents and amiable disposition the proper degree of *retenue* becoming in a moral teacher. Try to express all this to him in your own way, and believe that as I have said it from the best motives, so I would wish it conveyed in the most delicate terms, as from one who equally honours Wilson's genius and loves his benevolent, ardent, and amiable disposition, but who would willingly see them mingled with the caution which leaves calumny no pin to hang her infamous accusations upon."

So much for Wilson. These are certainly precious balms which break no man's head, and never a word in them of any cankered witch or cup of inexplicable sorcer-

ies. Sir Walter does not say or even imply that it was 'Maga's' fault, and that the first thing to be done was to break the spell of her dread fascination. On the contrary, he speaks as if it were the victim's fault and by him to be put a stop to, at his will. Neither can the personal advice to Lockhart himself brook any other interpretation:—

"For the reasons above mentioned I wish you had not published the 'Testimonium.' It is very clever, but descends to too low game. If Jeffrey or Cranstoun or any of the dignitaries chose to fight such skirmishes, there would be some credit in it; but I do not like to see you turn out as a skirmisher with —. 'What dost thou drawn among these heartless hinds?' I have hitherto avoided saying anything on this subject, though some little turn towards personal satire is, I think, the only drawback to your great and powerful talents, and I think I may have hinted as much to you. But I wished to see how this matter of Wilson would turn out before making a clean breast on this subject. But now that he has triumphed, I think it would be bad taste to cry out—

'Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered stray.'

"Besides, the natural consequence of his new situation must be his relinquishing his share of these compositions. . . . In that case I really hope you will pause before you undertake to be the Boaz of the 'Maga'—I mean in the personal and satirical department—when the Jachin has seceded."

In all this we have come as yet to no witch: and it is, we think, very clear that Sir Walter's objections were, as he so plainly expresses them, to the personal and satirical department alone, and not to any malign influence or naughty goddess. This is still more evident in the latter part of the letter, when he adduces the homely

prudential motive in aid of a higher one—i.e., that "the frequent repetition will lose its effect even as pleasantries," and that the public is "soon cloyed with this as well as with other high-seasoned food"; but he adds, to be still more distinct—

"Remember that it is to the *personal* satire I object, and to the horse-play of your raillery as well as the mean objects on which it is wasted. Employing your wit and wisdom on general national topics, and bestowing deserved correction on opinions rather than men, or on men only as connected with actions and opinions, you cannot but do your country yeoman's service.

"The Magazine, I should think, might be gradually restricted in the point of which I complain, and strengthened and enlarged in circulation at the same time. It certainly has done and may do admirable service. It is the excess I complain of, and particularly as regards your share in it."

We think the unbiassed reader will find it difficult to make out where in this letter Scott "most earnestly endeavours" "to withdraw Lockhart and Wilson from the cup of her ['Maga's'] inexplicable sorceries." Not a word of witchcraft does the Great Magician say. He reproves, if so gentle and affectionate an address can be called reproof—we should rather have had such reproof, for our own part, than the highest of laudations—his "dear boy" for a certain individual fault, "the only drawback to your great and powerful talents," and entreates him for many reasons, human and divine, to refrain from exercising it. We are quite willing ourselves to adopt all the Master says of 'Maga.' The Magazine has done, and may do, admirable service. Lockhart through it, which was his vehicle and medium, "cannot

but do your country yeoman's service," if but he refrains from one objectionable way. Mr Lang had almost made us believe that we should be wounded by Sir Walter and disappointed in him: but where is the man who was ever disappointed in Scott? His noble honest counsel is against the temptation to which his more than son is by nature subject. It is his "anxious affection" that speaks, not for 'Maga' assuredly, but for Lockhart.

And Lockhart was much in the wrong. Nothing could be more simple, more easily comprehended. But what then about "the cup of inexplicable sorceries"? Mr Lang is a man who loves a pretty turn of phrase, which is a thing we also plead guilty to, a "last infirmity of noble minds": and we confess that if we had invented such a charming collocation of words, it would have been with difficulty that we should have consented to part with it. But the drawback is that he has to write up to it, and not only so, but to beguile Sir Walter into the same. So far as regards himself, he has written up to it with *verve* and spirit; but Sir Walter, no! Mobled queen is good; but the Master shakes his benevolent head and will not adopt the phrase. Indeed he was not occupied by any such thought. His mind was not upon 'Maga,' but on the contributor who so often got her into trouble. Young Lockhart thought the threatened proceedings for libel fun: but Scott did not—and Mr Blackwood had to put his hand in his pocket and pay. The cup of inexplicable sorceries was expensive to keep up, and the publisher sometimes made a wry face. We, for our part, forgive Lockhart freely at the first asking; but yet the young man was to blame. He

lowered himself to the mere level of newspaper men, which, in Scott's opinion, was a degradation. But if the Great Magician had suspected a witch in the background, and a cup of sorceries, we do not think he would have been so hard upon his son-in-law. The old Soothsayer would have lighted up—for Armida is an excuse for every aberration of youth; but instead of condemning her, Sir Walter soberly and tenderly chastened the young fellow he loved. It did not seem to him a case for the Psychical Society, which, to be sure, was still in the womb of time; nor did he lend himself to the making up of Mr Lang's case, who himself was in the same predicament, and who really ought not—we speak as a father, especially when he provides us with evidence to confute him—to endeavour thus to throw dust in our eyes.

Mr Lang, however, it cannot be denied, is more successful when he produces Lockhart himself to bear witness that Blackwood—i.e., Literature—had "essentially injured" himself and Wilson. In face of this we can only say that many an unjust assertion of this kind comes from men dissatisfied with their life, and seeking a cause to account for that absence of triumph in it which they once expected. "Had I not taken that particular turn on yonder idle day," do not we all say, "how different a fate might mine have been!" Curiously enough, however, Lockhart does certainly express Mr Lang's view that it was some mysterious influence behind, and not his own foolish hand which did the mischief. "Our feelings and happiness were shattered in consequence of that connection," Lockhart actually says. "I was punished cruelly and irremediably

in my worldly fortunes, for the outcry cut off all prospects of professional advancement from me. I soon saw that the Tory Ministers and law-officers would never give me anything in that way. Thus I lost an honourable profession, and had, after a few years of withering hopes, to make up my mind for embracing the precarious and, in my opinion, intolerably grievous fate of the dependent on literature." We allow that such words as these are sufficient to justify a partisan in talking nonsense upon this subject. They may without much difficulty be explained to mean that Lockhart's youthful sins were the work of some irresponsible personality out of sight, who made him the scape-goat for its malevolence, the witch in fact of Mr Lang's interpretation, the woman with the cup of inexplicable sorceries. But Lockhart, being a man of common-sense, could not possibly mean this, or accuse an abstraction of which he was himself the inventor, of injuring him. Mr Lang, in another place, complains that the harm arose from the fact that no control was exercised over the young man, and that he did what he liked, throwing stones and calling names until everybody cried out, which is more like the state of the case. But if Lockhart laughed and played with other people's reputations, and held them up to scorn, as his biographer allows, it is absurd to say that it was 'Maga' who did it, and left him to bear the blame. If anything essentially injured him it was his own reckless boyish folly and love of mischief; but these things did not come from his connection with the Magazine. It was as little to blame for his misdemeanour as for the "irreparable bereavement" with which he winds up the sad

story of his troubled life. And it is both undignified and inaccurate to make any such statement.

The only reason we can imagine for such an angry, melancholy plea on Lockhart's part was that he was much dissatisfied with his life as it had turned out, and while justifying himself against the complaints of Haydon, adopted the not uncommon or unnatural artifice of making out that it was he himself who was the injured party. That a man might be petulant, impatient, ready to attribute his misfortunes to any chance circumstance rather than to his own foolishness, is a comprehensible and not unpardonable fault. As a matter of fact, he went on in full maturity and independence, till nearly the end of his life, not only to contribute to 'Blackwood,' but now and then to compile a *Noctes*, with much evident enjoyment to himself, which the discreeter publisher suppressed. This we have on the very best authority, and it forms a curious comment on these complaints.

But Lockhart's loss of an honourable profession, and the sad fate that drove him into literature, are points which a little examination may be expended upon. To begin with, there is the assertion of his contemporaries—corroborated by himself in a letter quoted by Mr Lang—that he was incapable of public speaking. This would be a greater drawback to a young barrister than any connection with literature. He certainly never did speak in public that we hear of during the course of his life. Wilson was an orator, and delivered great speeches; but Lockhart never utters a word: and for a man with this great drawback, what were the prizes of his honourable profession? He would probably

have attained the position of Sheriff-Substitute in a Scotch county, would have been the Shirra, like Sir Walter, perhaps might have come to be Clerk of Session like him. Scott, indeed, tried to get a Sheriffship for him in the earlier part of his career. We had in our hands the other day a letter describing the excitement and suspense of a number of members of the Scotch Bar, awaiting breathless the list of newly appointed Sheriffs, between hope and despair. Would that have been a better thing than the editorship of the 'Quarterly,' one of the blue ribbons of literature, which opened to him the doors of the highest society in the three kingdoms, and made him the associate of Cabinet Ministers, statesmen, philosophers, distinguished personages of all kinds? His mind was more adapted for literature than law, Mr Lang himself is compelled to admit. Besides all this, he had given himself to literary work entirely of his own will without any temptation from 'Maga,' had written 'Peter's Letters,' and four novels in succession, which indeed Mr Blackwood published and paid very liberally for, but which were free as air and had nothing to do with inexplicable sorceries. This being the case, we think we may dismiss the story of Lockhart's tragic injuries at the hand of our founder and his Magazine. Nothing certainly could have turned the eyes of the London publisher towards a young writer in the North, if it had not been for his connection with the Magazine, though prudent Murray had protested more than any one against the "personalities" there. If Mr Lang thinks that to be Sheriff of Sutherland would have been a more congenial and important post, this only proves, we fear, that Mr

Lang has been too long out of his native country, and has forgotten the relative levels of things.

Having thus responded to our author's challenge, and broken a lance in the service of our lady and mistress, it is with much pleasure we return to Mr Lang's second volume and his admirable and most touching sketch of the end of Lockhart's life. No one could have given more delicately or with a more reverent touch the pathetic story. Lockhart was one of those unfortunates who are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,—one of those of whom it might be truly said that his love was fatal, that he had but to look tenderly upon anything and its doom was pronounced. He lost his children, he lost his wife, and his health, and all his pleasure and comfort in life. The future is more sad than that which he himself portrayed, for Sir Walter was scarcely ever left alone, and Lockhart, even more wholly dependent upon his affection, was sadly so, fighting his last battle without even the solace of a loving look or touch, his mind never obscured, his faculties never blunted, the slow end creeping on to the unwavering consciousness of the sufferer, only after everything had been taken from him that made life valuable. He had the misery of seeing the young life of his surviving son sink amid the heaviest clouds: his own patience and love almost worn out before beneficent death blurred all young Walter's offences, and restored his image to his father's broken heart,—which is perhaps the heaviest trouble that a man can be called on to bear. Something of the compensation which his love and faithful support gave to Sir Walter seems to have come to him from his own son-in-law, which is

a thing almost as unusual as it is beautiful; but this and the birth of his little grandchild are almost the sole points of light in the darkness of his later days. Nothing could be more sympathetic than Mr Lang's narrative of those dark days. We follow reverently, with an ache in our heart, those steps of the lonely man, passing from gloom to gloom through the deepening shadows, never closing his heart to any glimpse of comfort, nor refusing a smile of response to any friendly glance, yet always solitary, going on, uttering no complaint, his heart full of those problems which, whatever might have been the levities of youth, come forth beneath the waning lights of life, and demand the attention of every reasonable soul. The age of Lockhart was not prone to religious sentiment, or at least to any expression of it. It was the fashion of his kind to profess a deep respect for everything sacred, and to consider expressions of doubt or scepticism not only as blasphemous but ungentlemanly, without, however, showing any inclination to approach such themes more closely. This being so, we read with almost a surprise of melancholy pleasure Mr Gleig's report of his habit of thought when with one to whom he could freely open his heart:—

"With whatever topic their colloquy began, it invariably fell off of its own accord into discussions upon the character and teaching of the Saviour; upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind; upon the light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny. Lockhart was never so charming as in these discussions. It was evident that the subject filled his whole mind, for the views which he enunciated were large, broad, and most reverential."

Mr Lang also quotes the verses

which were, we believe, though he does not say so, first written in answer to some foolish suggestion that Lockhart should marry again, and of which the elder reader will probably remember, in this connection, the opening lines:—

"When youthful faith has fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day,
And man's brief hour can bring
No secondary May;

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom,
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends will meet once more;

Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so."

The last of these verses Mr Lang quotes more than once with deep feeling. "The lines were often," Mr Froude tells us, "on Carlyle's lips to the end of his own life, and will not be easily forgotten by any one who reads them." Revived thus, they will no doubt breathe again through many a heart. Their absolute simplicity, reserve, and profound tenderness form a kind of epitome of the man, whose still despair of life was borne so bravely and with such an intensity of silent hope.

We cannot but feel that in executing this piece of work so well as he has done, Mr Lang was weighted with many disadvantages. He had to be denied the

use of the documents in the hands of Messrs Blackwood, as they were already, we will not say unfortunately, being made use of for the history of the founder of the Magazine and his sons, the little dynasty of editors who have conducted through several generations the fortunes of that 'Maga' whom we will now forgive Mr Lang for calling a cankered witch and an inexplicable sorceress. Let us hope he will swear peace and do it no more. He has also, for what reason we know not, been denied the use of the long-accumulated correspondence of the house of Murray; so that the information which was naturally first thought of was inaccessible on either side. It may be a comfort for Mr Lang to reflect that editorial correspondence is often far less interesting than it ought to be, and often confined to the consideration of articles long ago added to the dust-heaps of literature, and about which it is impossible to feel any interest whatever. The old Blackwood landscape was *accidenté*, with many heights and hollows, tiffs and reconciliations: but the 'Quarterly,' we doubt, was rather a dull campaign, over which the road lay flat and carefully shut in, so that the wayfaring man, who had once leaped and lilted along the early way, had to pace very soberly, giving most of his attention to the avoidance of those cheerful misadventures which had formerly been the staple of his life.

The actual materials, however, made use of in this biography have not been few. The benignant shadow of Scott, a shadow made of light and not of darkness, a soft pillar of flame, not of cloud, is over all the earlier part, and the latter, though sad, is still full of the voices of friends. Lockhart was in no sense of the word an unsuc-

cessful man. He was helped along all the course of his career by kind hands, ever ready to do what could be done, for one who did credit to every exertion in his favour, and his position was one of the most desirable for all the better things of life that could be dreamt of, without oppressive work, among the best of society, with every facility for knowing and enjoying, and an appreciable power of influence upon the history of his time. But that he was at the same time a disappointed man is but to say that he was one of those ever-seeking never-finding spirits who are of the finest essence of humanity, and by the nature of things are never satisfied with achievement or result. To such a spirit the sense of being ever an unprofitable servant throws a shadow upon every pursuit. "We poets in our youth begin in gladness." So long as the attainable is ever in advance, ever to be, they have perhaps the best of it in this world of difficulty; but when the days come, though the highest in life, in which the "blind endeavour," the strain and effort which so often end in nothing, the overwhelming question whether this poor thing we have attained is all that we are worth, or any justification for the trouble and pain of our bringing forth, lie in the heart of everything,—it is difficult to characterise the best of lives as anything less than a record of disappointment. This is enough in many cases to account for the deepest sadness of life, the sense of failure: and Lockhart had in addition almost all the griefs that can darken existence. There was no "secondary May" to his faithful soul. Love, shall we say, forsook him? no: yet was transported afar out of sight, where the dear words of human speech

could reach him no more. He had still a child left, and saw his child's child, which is the last human award to the favourites of God; but life, which is arbitrary as death, parted them from him by their happiness as the others were parted by their dying. All alone, only the more wrapped in sadness because of that "old belief" that buoyed him up, a stranger on earth, though the old roof sheltered him, and familiar faces watched over his bed, Lockhart died, having failed in nothing yet in everything. The picture, as we have already said, is most tenderly drawn, most true, and will go to many a heart.

We must not close these remarks, however, without giving the reader a glimpse of the lighter portions of Mr Lang's work, which abounds in cheerful touches, as well as those of darker colour. Haydon, the painter, was one of the supposed victims of Mr Lang's cankered witch, and he chose to think it was Lockhart who was his assailant. He found, however, when he went to Edinburgh, that the "Tory wags" were his kindest entertainers. None of them remembered anything about the arrow, thrown at a venture, which had chanced to wing the pugnacious painter. They were all delighted to see him, made big dinners for him, and praised and petted him to his heart's content. Perhaps it was inconsistent, but it was 'Maga's' way. "I felt," Haydon says, "as if for a fortnight I had been sailing with a party of fine fellows up a placid and beautiful river." But still he believed that it was Lockhart who had flung the arrow, and attributed his light-hearted kindness to penitence. "Lockhart's whole life," he adds, "has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the

time a party to." As Lockhart did not do the particular evil in question, perhaps the conclusion was less certain than Haydon thought; but he adds:—

"Hence his visits to me in prison, his praise in the 'Quarterly,' and his opinions, expressed so often, on what he thinks my deserts. This shows a good heart, and a fine heart Lockhart has: but he is fond of fun and mischief, and does not think of the wrecks he has made till he has seen the fragments."

The wrecks he made were very problematic, we think. "Nobody but Haydon wrecked Haydon," Mr Lang remarks, and Leigh Hunt and his company were certainly not broken into fragments by any blow from Edinburgh.

There is a charming little notice of Crabbe the poet—"The excellent old Crabbe," Lockhart calls him—which is quite delightful on both sides. Speaking of Sir Walter Scott and his hospitalities, Crabbe says, "I am disposed to think highly of his son-in-law, Mr Lockhart, of his heart—his understanding will not be disputed by any one." While, on the other hand, Lockhart writes to Crabbe's son, making a sketch of him, not like the usual sketches to which the young man was addicted:—

"The image of your father, then first seen, but long before admired and revered in his works, remains as fresh as if the years that have passed were but so many days. His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it—though he was then, I presume, above seventy, his sweet, and I would say innocent, smile, and the calm mellow tones of his voice—all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry: and how much better have I understood and enjoyed his poetry since I am able thus to connect it with the living presence of the man."

Of Lockhart's sketches above re-

ferred to, not in pen and ink, but water-colour, several specimens are given: but we doubt how far Mr Lang was happy in his selection. Their effect is rather grotesque than humorous. There are caricatures and caricatures—some not without a sense of beauty, and therefore always agreeable, some of an ugliness which the finest wit can scarcely make tolerable. We fear Lockhart's are of the latter class. The faces are often good, but the bodies that carry them almost always as bad as possible, with a kind of badness which specially belongs to the caricatures of the period, a squalid disproportion which reminds one of the Johnnies and Jennies on a broadsheet of ballads. They are not even funny nowadays, since the personal spice of resemblance is beyond our appreciation. It would have been wiser to leave them in the portfolios. His drawings of himself are the best, and still capable of raising a smile—some curious touch of personal consciousness, let us not call it vanity, preserving them from the usual grotesque. No man, we suppose, ever made himself ugly—a perception of *les attaches*, and how approximately to shape a limb, coming, one would say, from the same subtle inspiration. And there is a pretty, graceful, faint sketch of his wife; and something very good in that of Charles Scott, not a caricature: but the groups, we regret to say, are appalling things.

Here is a sketch of Wordsworth extremely edifying, but not a caricature,—the outcome of Lockhart's swift penetrating observation, of curious and most distinguished party assembled at the poet's house, whither Lockhart went with Scott on their return from Ireland. They paused at Ellera

with Professor Wilson, and thence paid a visit to the Bard:—

"Canning was at Storrs, near Ellera, and Wordsworth evidently thinks Canning and Scott together not worth his thumb. . . . Wordsworth told Wilson yesterday he thought he seemed to have no mind at all, for the statesman evinced little interest in these humbugs, the principles of poetry, nor had Wordsworth any other topic. 'Wordsworth,' however, 'knew all about his [Lockhart's] history in Scotland, and spoke gaily thereof.' Wordsworth and Scott quoted Wordsworth's poems all day, but the great Laker never by one syllable implied that Scott had ever written a line either of verse or prose!"

This is sublime. Here was really the true Poet, above all prejudices, transcendent over every impression. Scott's sentiments of benignant amusement may be imagined. Probably in Lockhart's mind there was a spark of anger; but the humour of the situation must have quenched all such inferior feelings.

And here is the sentiment of 1825 in respect to newspapers, which is beautiful. It is contained in a letter from Mr Wright, evidently a person of much influence, and largely instrumental in deciding the appointment of Lockhart as editor of the 'Quarterly.' The reader will perhaps recollect that this matter was somehow involved with Murray's project of a great daily paper, the greatest of all the papers, which he was about to found, with the most sublime ideas of its future importance and success. "I saw Murray," says Mr Wright. "He disapproved of his editor, and I recommended and he approved of you."

"For the newspaper business I did not recommend you as fit; but on being asked as to your fitness and inclinations, I stated my belief in

your fitness, accompanied with strong observations as to its unsuitableness to your rank and feelings; and I believe Mr Canning, on being spoken to by Mr Ellice, said you would come as editor of the 'Quarterly,' but not as editor of a newspaper. I told Disraeli before he left that he had a very delicate mission; and though my rank in life was different to your own, having no relations whose feelings could be wounded by my accepting any honest employment, I should not receive an offer of the editorship of a newspaper as a compliment to my feelings as a barrister and a gentleman, however complimentary it might be to my talents. In short, I enter entirely into your feelings on this head, and we think alike, for whatever our friend Disraeli may say or flourish on this subject, your accepting of the editorship of a newspaper would be *infra dig.*, and a losing of caste. An editor of a Review like the 'Quarterly' is the office of a scholar and a gentleman; but that of a newspaper is *not*: for a newspaper is merely stock-in-trade, to be used as it can be turned to most profit, and there is something in it which is repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman."

These very fine sentiments are bewildering. One wonders whether the editorship of the 'Times,' then approaching its zenith of influence and power, would have been unsuitable to the "rank" of a Scotch gentleman—a son of the manse and the modest gentility of a West Country laird? But Lockhart had always been something of a fine gentleman. When other sons of the manse cultivated the Muses on oatmeal he kept a black servant, and gave dinner-parties, to the consternation of the Ettrick Shepherd, with six coloured gentlemen behind the guests' chairs. And rank is a visionary matter at most times, in the case of younger sons at least: but perhaps Lockhart, with his "hidalgo airs,"

dazzled the humble observer. This judgment, however, on the newspaper is amusing and remarkable. Scott, too, held it degrading, though he says nothing of his son-in-law's "rank," to be connected with the newspapers. What a curious suggestion for the noble army of journalists, who at this present writing are so far from thinking humbly of themselves! Perhaps this was a product of the remoteness of Edinburgh, perhaps an instance of Scotch pride, that well-recognised quality, for we have no recollection that Mr Arthur Pen-dennis had any high notions about the newspapers twenty years later. He was, on the contrary, pleased to get Mr Bungay's five guineas and to see his copy of verses published in the first 'Pall Mall Gazette,' the visionary one of which Captain Shandon was the editor. Lockhart's income, as Mr Lang tells us, was to be, for the 'Quarterly,' but £1000 a-year; but as literary adviser, specially in the case of the 'Representative' newspaper and occasional contributor (anonymous of course, which saved his dignity), he was to receive £1500 more. This, we imagine, dropped when the 'Representative' failed, as it did very shortly. But we have always understood, though Mr Lang ought to be the best authority, that the income from the 'Quarterly' was considerably larger. It would not indeed have been much of an advance in life to have landed a young household in London, even in the modest retirement of Regent's Park, on £1000 a-year.

The letters which Mr Lang quotes are not all so interesting as they might be; indeed, except in special cases, or when there is much to say, the average of letters even by distinguished men, are but seldom interesting. Now and then there arises a man (or perhaps

more often a woman) who has the gift,—but it is not general, or even common; and the persons who interest us most in themselves very often part with their charm when we come to their correspondence. Perhaps the best in the book are a few exchanged between Lockhart and Thomas Carlyle, who, being so unlike him in every respect, fell in love with him, so to speak, suddenly and for ever, which is the finest kind of friendship. It would seem to have been between this unlikely pair of friends a clear case of *l'un que aime* and the other *que se laisse aimer*. Lockhart was much less interested than his greater contemporary, who sought occasion of communication with him, and loved him with an admiring affection; but he was evidently touched and pleased by that gift bestowed upon him. A few consecutive letters which passed between them are among the most graphic in these volumes, illustrative of both men in a very high degree. They began by a letter from Carlyle apprising him of the death of that uneasy connection, his mother-in-law, but with words of strange affection not often bestowed upon such a relation. "She was a person of much generosity and worth," he says, "whose very frailties and failings, being, as they were all, virtues in a state of obstruction and terrene imprisonment, make one love her more now that the imprisonment has broken down, and all has melted into clearness and eternity." Lockhart answered kindly, asking to be told, after some words of sympathy, whether the event "brings some addition to your worldly resources." "You and I," he adds, "would not be made a whit loftier in spirit or more Mayfairish in personal habits by the sudden bequest of all that

Lord S. has just not carried with him to the ingleside of Father Dis, but it would be a fine thing to be independent of booksellers; and though I don't hope ever to be so, I would fain hope that you are henceforth." Carlyle's reply gives little hope of this unlikely blessing. "The little the good-mother left might, in case of extremity, keep the hawks out of a poor author's eyes." "But," he adds, "henceforth as heretofore our only sure revenue must be the great one which Tullius speaks of by the name *Parcimoniam*, meaning abstinence, rigorous abnegation—Scotch thrift, in a word!"

"We growl much about bookseller-servitude, servitude worse than Algerian: and yet at bottom we are but a foolish folk. Consider you for example how many of your good things you would perhaps never have taken the trouble to write at all had there been no such servitude. Servitude is a blessing and a great liberty, the greatest that could be given a man. As to me, I have dragged this ugly millstone Poverty at my heels, spurning it and cursing it often enough ever since I was a man; yet there it tagged and lumbered on; and at length I was obliged to ask myself, Had they *cut* it for thee, sent thee soaring like a foolish tumbler pigeon, like a mad Byron! Thank the millstone, thou fool. It is thy ballast, and keeps the centre of gravity right. In short, we are a foolish people—born fools—and it were wise perhaps at present to go and smoke a pipe in silence under the stars.

"The mountain-tops are aglow like so many volcanoes: it is poor tarry shepherds burning their heather to let the grass have a chance. Sirius is gleaming blue, bright like a spirit—a comrade of more than twenty years. Penpont smoke-cloud and Drumlanrig Castle have alike gone out. In the north is an Aurora—footlights of this great theatre of a universe where you and I are players for an hour. God is great: and all else is verily altogether small."

Lockhart does not answer in this strain; but he sent to his friend the latter part of the verses we have quoted, without explanation or a word as to authorship, which was, we should imagine, one of his highest proofs of friendship—and the other long after in his extreme old age, lying upon his painful bed, and looking for the death which was so slow of coming, murmured them over and over to himself as he lay upon the verge of the Land Beyond. They were not in the least like each other, but they were both true men; and the friendship thus arriving late in life to bind them together, and the union of hope and aspiration which filled their hearts, make the most touching episode in their lives. Lockhart, though a younger man, died many years before the Philosopher. These men are mostly classed by the professedly religious, with many innocent, thoughtless, good persons in their train, as scoffers, or men “who care for none of these things,” if not as active disseminators of error. To see them thus groping with wistful hearts like the simplest, taking comfort from the little verses which they say over and over, communicating to each other the hope which keeps their hearts alive, is to our mind as affecting a glimpse beneath the surface as ever was disclosed to brotherly human eyes.

Everything, as has been said, failed to Lockhart at the last; his occupation slid out of his hands. The Review went from him, we are not informed how; by stress of ill-health apparently, but, so far as we can make out, with no softening grace of parting to diminish the disruption. He spent his last winter in Rome, where he writes with an evident pang, “I had only yesterday a

complete leave of absence as to Duchy of Lancaster,” some small office held in connection with that royal possession which had been his for many years. This dismissal was, however, sweetened in the most gracious way. “I think it very probable,” he writes to Mr Hope, his son-in-law, “that you have had some communication with Mr Strutt, and will therefore hear without surprise what he now communicates to me—viz., that my resignation as auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster will be acceptable with reference to certain proposed reforms, &c.; but that Prince Albert desires me to receive a retired allowance equal to the salary. This is very gracious.” In one case, therefore, the loss of occupation must have been as little painful as possible. But such a loss is always painful, and the dropping of all his bonds to life was thus accentuated.

No one longer made any claim upon him; there was no need to hold up his head, and meet his sorrows as he had done through so many patient years. Before going to Rome he “gave up the Abbotsford MSS. to Hope and Charlotte as *functus officio*.” Nothing remained for him, except perhaps the hope of a glimpse, when he came back, of little M. M., the baby grandchild, sole blossom of his house, who only, after some shy meetings, at last made up her little mind, to the delight of the family, to be “good” to grand-papa. He made a heroic stand while in Rome to fulfil his social duties, go out to dinner, he who loathed food, and hold his head erect, and keep up with “the best people,” who were all anxious to be civil to him—with that sense of the importance of doing so, after all importance had gone out of it, which becomes a sort of for-

lorn creed with a man who, during the best years of his life, has always been on his promotion. He drove on the Campagna with Mrs Sartoris and her sister Fanny, which was some consolation. "I am becoming an adept in the Campagna beauties for seven or ten miles round," he writes; "and she proves an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in her talk meantime, about anything but poetry and picturesques, her course of life being one not imagined by me, and by her portrayed with a marvellous, though not at all harsh or uncharitable, frankness. In fact she is a delightful person—worth five hundred Fanny Kembles even in talent, which is not her *forte*." He listened while the brilliant lady talked, and was thus carried through an hour or two of the monotonous days. But he hated Rome and all foreign ways with the strenuous dislike and impatience of most of the men of his time, anticipating with delight the day when he should "touch a bit of well-dressed cod or salmon, with a slice of roast-beef or mutton, and a glass of sound ale or port"—neither of which he could touch when he got them—with a sort of ferocious dislike of everything foreign. Why should the men of his day

have been so savage? Is it that we are more enlightened nowadays, or that the Continental countries, which even then all who could manage it rushed to visit, have taken a number of hints from the Britishers? Perhaps it is a little of both.

And then he returned home languidly and patiently, and had the good luck to die in Abbotsford, the house most dear to him, and about which all the happiest associations of his life gathered. A poignant touch of nature comes in, in the record that Baby was at last good to him, and took his kisses sedately; and then he died, and they laid him at Sir Walter's feet. Thus ended the young satirist who laughed at everything and everybody, and got himself into endless mischief out of pure inconsiderateness, fun, and frolic; but whose deepest heart was the most serious, the most tender of men, love and kindness being to him the breath of life, a baby's kiss the last sweetness of consolation, and a place at his friend's feet the most perfect resting-place. If ever there was a lesson for charity and against judgment, it surely is to be found in the life of Lockhart, so much abused in his youth, so lonely in his age, always so tender, so faithful, and so true.

BEHIND DIKES AND DUNES.

It was a bright and pearly mid-day, a mid-day of a pearly brightness to be found nowhere out of Holland, when we came to Haarlem, and took rooms in the Hotel Funckler. In Dutch hotels, or in many of them, the partitions of the rooms are lathed only: no doubt these were larger chambers once, partitioned thus to meet the demands of custom; and through the laths, and the wall-paper stretched loosely over them, the sounds of voices penetrate easily. It was so in the Hotel Funckler. I am not sure that in the high-pitched monotone that reached me then I detected the note of the American, or that I speculated at all about the voice until I met its charming owner later. It struck me only as odd that any living creatures should shut themselves in a Haarlem hotel on such a day, to read aloud and to listen (as my neighbours clearly were doing), instead of being outside in a courtly old city where every *klinker* had an interest, and where the very opalescence of the atmosphere was of a quality unknown save in Holland.

The afternoon was all too short for seeing the ancient streets, and the market-place, and the Groote Kerk with its flying buttresses of shops without and the swinging votive-ships within. The drive through the tulip country to Bloemendaal, and the Frans Hals pictures (Haarlem's ultimate treasure), had to wait until to-morrow. And when we returned to the hotel, there, still, was the monotonous high-pitch of the reciter next door. In the evening these Boston ladies compared notes with me. The objective of their tour was

Bayreuth—some months off. They had been to Bloemendaal the previous day; even they had penetrated the dunes at Velzerend, and seen the "Blauwe Trappen": were not the Dutch a ridiculous people to set store upon these as mountains? They had arrived at Haarlem that morning; and they guessed they had seen everything in Haarlem that was worth seeing—and it wasn't much. Yes. They had been to the Town Hall, where there were some pictures. Frans Hals's? Certainly: they were the biggest pictures of the lot—they remembered. But had I seen the funny relics in the cellar off the picture-gallery? If not, I had missed the most interesting thing in Haarlem. And they had kept their room in the afternoon—as I knew. They didn't tell me what they had been reading. It may have been Motley, and it may have been the 'Trilby' of that season. It didn't much matter: they had "done" Haarlem in that forenoon.

That was years ago, and I have often wondered since, as I wondered then, how many trippers—who do not all come from Boston by any means—are attracted to Holland. It is small in extent and wonderfully dear; and even for its size it is poor in "sights." In a week, I daresay, and certainly for a cyclist, it would be possible to carry out the guide-books' programme to the letter, seeing every Groote Kerk and Stadhuis, every notable picture, every great river and canal and city and toy-town. Save for the costumes, the tour must be wearisomely monotonous. In the objects of the landscape there is no change: windmills, ditches, church-spires never end,

village is a duplicate of village, canal of canal, and the notable buildings have little variety. One has to say "the objects of the landscape," for the landscape itself is ever changing. There is in Holland a peculiar landscape quality, solely atmospheric, undefinable, a thing of light and shadow, appealing to one who has an eye for the picturesque, to one with the painter's bent especially, and, when he comes to the practice, leaving him in despair. He looks upon a typical Dutch scene—wide fields of deep green, shading to blue as they run side by side with the canals, in sharp perspective to the horizon-line: trees and spires and windmills and red roofs swallowed up in the golden blaze of the day: and, nearer, the pollarded willows, with the yellow weed of the meadow picked out brilliantly between the grey-brown trunks—and his fingers itch for the brush. But he will not fix the effect upon his canvas, try as he may. Even the old Dutch masters of landscape missed something of that atmospheric harmony, and the young Dutch painters miss it, pre-eminent in landscape as they are. And at any rate a quality so intangible does not count for much with the tripper. It may be doubted if four out of every five such holiday-makers in Holland are not bored to death before many days are past. The towns offer them little entertainment for the evenings. The theatres are shut in the touring season, and if they were open it would make little difference,—for who understands Dutch? Sometimes in the cities there are good concerts; but it is a mistake to suppose that the Dutch are a musical people like the Germans. The national genius runs to the more exclusive art of painting still—to design as well as to colour.

Nevertheless, each year Holland becomes more and more a touring-ground. For many, no doubt, the attraction is historical. Few things in history have taken the general imagination so vividly as the fight for independence of the Dutch Estates; and Alkmaar, Haarlem, Leiden, Den Briel, Breda, Sluys, are illumined by the narrative of Motley, more popular than Prescott's, or than Macaulay's even—probably the most popular in the English tongue. And that narrative has emphasised the physiological position of the Netherlands. There is a fascination in the idea of a country reclaimed from the sea through centuries—a product of river-deposit silted against sand-barriers thrown up by sea and river-currents, kept dry by unwearying action of the pumps, and added to by daily victories snatched from the enemy which must ever be kept at bay. More than all, tourists are tempted to Holland by a very commonplace curiosity, ministered to by interiors and costumes, by trifles like the gossiping mirrors in the windows even, rather than by physiographical conditions or historic association.

For, so far as it is a tourist country, Holland's capital lies in her costumes: not only in the notorious many-plies of the Scheveningen wives, the helmets of the Frisian women, the bodices and kerchiefs of Walcheren, and the Sunday garb of Volendam and Marken, at which people go out to gape; but also in the soberer everyday dress that will be seen for many a year to come in the fields and gardens—in Amsterdam fish-market, say, or of a Saturday forenoon on the Maria Plaats in Utrecht. The Dutch, in some things the most enterprising in the world, in many others are the most conservative.

They cut their corn, and mow their hay, and make their cheese as their great-grandfathers did these things. That is why, in a fisher-house in a Zuider Zee village, you will find to-day an interior that could be matched in a picture of Jan Steen. The railway-women still attend at the level-crossings in their black coats with red collars and their high-glazed hats. Relics of older times peep out at every corner. Any day you can see in the streets of Amsterdam boys and girls dressed in clothes red on one side and black on the other: they belong to the "Amsterdamsche Wees Jongens en Meisjes." It may be fanciful to read in this example of their care of their poor a certain cruelty, or at least want of fine feeling, in the Dutch people withal, which may account for their failure at the supreme moment as colonists; but at any rate it is worth remembering that these orphans, so cruelly labelled thus by Charity, belong to the same institution which sent out as wives for the colonists at the Cape, two hundred years ago, girls to whose little affection for the land of their birth Miss Olive Schreiner attributes the isolation of their Boer descendants to-day from all European influences.

Whether he lands at the Hook or at Flushing, the holiday-maker, who is filled with a curiosity to be gratified by these things chiefly, immediately turns his steps into the well-beaten tracks between the Zuider Zee and the Schelde. He is led thus to most that seems characteristic of the country: the Zuider Zee itself with its fleets of fishing-boats, its islands and sandbanks, the "dead cities" on its shores—Enkhuizen, Medemblik, Hoorn, Stavoren—Zaandam, of the windmills; Amsterdam, with its

narrow streets and busy quays its pictures, its leaven of modern ideas working in stiff traditions fighting, in defiance of its exclusion from the sea, to maintain its commercial prestige against the upstart Rotterdam; Delft, where the *Stadhouders* sleep encircled by countless canals; the archipelago of Zeeland, insularly conservative: a land of windmill and canal, of deep green fields, treeless almost, of dikes and seas and inland lakes, of curiously costumed fisher- and country-folk. Such, not unnaturally, is the tourist's conception of Holland, and it is true of the Holland of his route. Yet the chances are that he has missed the real significance of all that he has seen. Here and there only will he have found himself on a great Dutch dike with green fields lying round cosy farm-towns far beneath him on the one hand, and on the other, a few feet only below where he stands, the waters of the North Sea, it may be, lapsing the granite dike-face. Little more than an inkling of what that reclamation means comes to him as he journeys across the flat tablelands of the polders, from Alkmaar to Purmerend. He may compass North Holland without a guess at tragedies comparable only with those of the Khodinsky Plain and the seismic wave in Japan,—of scores of villages swallowed up in the sea in a day, and the continent on which they stood become a sandbank. Or if he journeys between Amsterdam and Leiden, to see the Haarlemmer Meer which was drained so lately as 1848 at a cost of £700,000, it is certain that, with all his knowledge of these figures, he will not realise that an accident was possible such as we have seen described thus, and based upon the official report of the undertaking:—

"A curious phenomenon occurred in connection with the outer dyke of the canal on the east side of the lake, where it crossed an area of floating soil which bordered wide ponds near the village of Aalsmeer. An area of many acres, detached by the canal from the old works of defence against the lake, found itself one fine day driven by the tempest from the bank of the canal to the other side of the pond. The proprietor implored the aid of the Commission. His land had floated to the opposite shore, widely separated from his other fields, and resting on water that was not his own. By the continued effort of the proprietor and of the Commission these fugitive fields were towed back to the borders of the canal and pinned in place by piles and poles which prevented them from undertaking another voyage."

Holland of the tourist is like these acres, liable to float away were she not pinned in her place in Europe by piles and poles; but these are hidden underground, and so her danger is not obvious. It is no wonder if the tripper misses the true significance of what he looks upon—the all-importance of half an inch of water.

We must turn to the map (which ought always to be open at hand when we read of Holland) if we do not to miss its significance. In the first place, this tourist area is the lowest-lying portion of the country. All who have travelled in Dutch waterways must have noticed on their course black or blue boards, evidently for water measurements, with white indicating lines, and the letters A.P. A.P., which stands for "Amsterdamsche Peil," was the symbol for the ordinary level of the Y at Amsterdam. This was in the days before the Y was drained and made a canal, and when it was an inland lake stretching to Halfweg on the south and almost to Everwijk on the west; and that

ordinary level then is still used as the zero point in all water measurements in Holland. Now if, starting at Den Helder at the north of North-Holland, we draw a line round the shores of the Zuider Zee to about Naarden, from there south to Gorkum where the Waal and the Maas meet, and then in a south-westerly direction to take in the islands of Zeeland, the line so drawn, with the coastline on the North Sea, encloses the tourist area at its most extended reach. Saving the fringe of dunes on the sea—the great natural dikes behind which the Netherlands were born—all this area is at or below A.P. Whereas, with the exception of a fringe of Friesland (which might almost be said to be in the tourist route) and of Overijssel, on the east shores of the Zuider Zee, all the remainder of Holland is above A.P., and some parts of it, as in the south of Limburg and the centre of the Veluwe, very considerably above it.

The tourist area only, then, is the land of polders and of windmills. The agricultural distinctions are not so strictly marked, for the rich arable tract includes Zeeland, and stretches east along the Betuwe and north through the valley of the Yssel; but, speaking generally, the tourist area is rich clay, and the great cattle country. The sandy and gravelly provinces to the east and south—Gelderland, Utrecht, Limburg, and Brabant—are plentiful in wood, while North- and South-Holland have little, and Zeeland and the Friesland fringe almost none. And these distinctions are not without a further consequence, to be kept in view by the visitor in Holland. In choosing the western strip, the tourist has selected the portion of the country inhabited

by the finest races, and most closely associated with the valiant deeds of the great wars. It is in the provinces of Holland and Zeeland, which ever led the way in the fight for independence, that you find the most splendid types of men. The seafaring life, and contact with it, widen the horizon of the mind. When you come to the sandy grounds, you are aware of a drop in the plane of intelligence. So it appears even to the casual visitor, ignorant of the statistics that prove it so. As far as education returns can speak, the west and north provinces are the best developed. On the other hand, it must be owned that there are statistics to show that in the scale of morality North- and South-Holland are lower than the south and east, with their patient and duller workers on the sand. Friesland is the honourable exception, standing highest in both respects evidently, testifying thus to the fineness and pride of a race that still counts itself better than Dutch. The Frisians are a people by themselves, with a language of their own. There are some who account for the "Taal"—the language, so widely differing from Dutch, spoken among the Boers of South Africa—by the fact that most of the (so-called) Dutch settlers at the Cape were Frisians. All through the development of the Netherlands this northern people acted independently; and to this day the Frisian salutes you when you enter his country with a "Have you come from Holland?" implying thereby more than a mere distinction in provinces.

By many it is counted the advantage of touring in a small country that you can reach to its extremest borders without losing touch of cities and big towns with their accessories of a luxurious

civilisation. There are perhaps out-of-the-way parts of Holland—of Drenthe, say—where it will be comforting to know oneself in touch thus; but in most of the country towns and villages the experiment of putting up for the night carries with it no risks even of discomfort, unless, indeed, your object in going there at all has been merely to transport your club chair and the 'Times' a few degrees east. A spotless cleanliness one is certain of everywhere, according to all travellers' tales. Concerning that, a young Dutch workman in the steam-car between Alkmaar and De Ryp once said to us very naively, "Sometimes the people here are so taken up with cleaning their pitchers and coppers that they forget about themselves!"—but he had been in America. And then he discussed his people's uncleanness with a frankness of detail which even residence in the refined society of St Louis had not made him understand would be uncomfortable in our ears. How wavy a line that of indelicacy is! If in a foreign country people are constantly jarring our feelings, the lesson is that, be as wary as we may, we must as often, and not more innocently, be jarring theirs. From the beginning, it must be remembered, sanitation has an almost insoluble problem before it in a flat country like Holland; that apart, the Dutch undoubtedly are cleanly, and a people of taste. Their interiors,—I am speaking of the dwellings of very ordinary folk, as well as of such great houses as those on the Heeren Gracht in Amsterdam, for example,—though formal, are in excellent keeping, with colour and ornament rightly disposed. Indeed everywhere, from the vehicles in the country to the ironwork of

the towns, a fine application of colour and ornament to objects of usefulness is apparent. The humid atmosphere, of course, comes to the countryman's aid in his use of primary colours to veil their crudity early, and a notable artistic age, now past, has left many relics; but hand and eye have not lost their cunning.

After cleanliness, cookery; and here possibly there may be more difference of opinion. Cooking is pretty much the same in large hotels everywhere. In the smaller out-of-the-way inns your chances in dining depend upon the domestic virtues of the nation you are among. I have heard a Dutchman say that the cooking in his country is the worst in the world. He had not been in England, and that, no doubt, is why I could not agree with him. In the family dinner—the only ground of comparison—greater care and capacity are shown than among ourselves. It is a question of head rather than of hand. Maybe the kitchen is more easily ruled than with us; at any rate the Dutch housewife rules it admirably from her store, which, like her linen-cupboard, is unmatched. On the other hand, table decoration is not one of her accomplishments: at the ordinary family dinner in good Dutch houses you will not find the tasteful arrangement of flowers which makes delightful a greatly less elaborate meal in a greatly less pretentious household at home. Everything is directed to a grosser comfort; little elegancies are ousted by contrivances, as cumbersome as they are successful, for keeping multifarious dishes warm. In a word, the Dutch don't eat prettily—but what Continental people do? And it is curious that with all their finicking niceness in the preparation of food—and there, no

doubt, they give us a lesson—they may require you to eat several courses with the same knife and fork. In many a good hotel still you must ask for a change. That is one of the anomalies in the customs of all countries which superficial observers make the premisses of extraordinary deductions.

A clean bed and a well-cooked dinner, then, await the daring visitor who pushes into the extremes of Holland for all the variety of landscape and of interests which she holds. It may be said at once, however, that he can find all these, or nearly all, without straying farther beyond the tourist area than the province of Utrecht. The city of Utrecht (as a glance at the map will show) lies on the extreme east border of this tourist area. The low meadow-lands flow over the western borders of the province from North- and South-Holland; but they stop at the city walls. "Have we reached the Continent at last?" Louis Napoleon said, when he came to Utrecht in his eastern progression. The ancient city is a gate, as it were, to the higher ground—that hilly country of which the Dutch are so jealous when Holland is described as a land of ditch and windmill and treeless field by those who know no better. Probably many who would not fall into the error of speaking of a treeless Holland remember only 't Haagsche Bosch, through which they passed in their drives out from the Hague, or the Middagter Allée near Arnhem. But from Arnhem to Utrecht there stretches still a grand belt of wood that almost keeps true the old saying that a squirrel can go between them without touching ground. This line—by Zeist, Doorn, Amerongen, Ree-

nen, Wageningen—is studded with country houses, summer houses for the city merchants, all with their cosy verandahs, and most of them surrounded by the formal arrangement of lakes and flower-plots, so dear to the Dutchman, so petty and ugly in English eyes. Often, however, especially round the country seats of the old families, one finds splendid wood, avenues of beech and fir and lime which it would be difficult to match anywhere. In Utrecht province, within sight of the Dom, to go no farther afield, you can walk for miles along ant-run sandy tracks between fragrant pines, through close-set young firs, glimmering grey, veiling as with a smoke the green beyond; or lie knee-deep in the heather in a great wide waste with no living thing near save the *hei-tuters* screaming against the turquoise sky. And yet if one had held to the right hand instead of to the left at starting, he would have been led through the flat deep-green meadows, where the black cattle browse and the blue-bloused boers make the hay, or skirting the cherry-orchards, or again past the tall bean-sticks, but always striking canals, reflecting swinging sails and spanned by innumerable bridges. And here, too, are to be found some of the quaintest of the old towns of Holland: Wijk-bij-Duurstede with its castle dating from the days of Charlemagne, and Ysselstein, — close, narrow-streeted, the flat grey house-fronts fenced with shady lindens, cut to allow the light to reach the windows, crusted with age, the ironwork ornaments of the sixteenth century, say, seeming modern beside their ancientness. One thing only that Holland has, the Utrecht province has not—the sea. And thus, perhaps, in it we miss the greatest charm of all:

the approach across the deep green lands to the western dunes, with their delicate green helm, the plodding through these scooped sand-hills, and the coming out upon the dazzling white sands, shell-strewed, along which the coast shimmers in the heat haze, with the villages floating in it like a mirage, or is blotted out by the storm, and the North Sea roars in the wind, or is enveloped by the copper mist in which the sun stands like a boss of fire in a burnished shield.

Nothing in all the province is more picturesque or more interesting than the city of Utrecht itself. It is encircled by the Singel, the old fosse, round the inner side of which runs a broad path, the site of the ancient ramparts, portions of which remain still. Within, the city is intersected by canals — numerous branches of the Kromme Ryn, which at one time evidently was in greatly larger volume than at present, and followed different courses that have been dammed and mined and bridged throughout the centuries, the river being changed in the construction of the city, and itself modifying that construction. All this, however, is too general. Canals intersect all Dutch towns. But the Oude Gracht, the main intersecting canal of Utrecht, has a peculiarity which, so far as I know, is found nowhere else—and it is this. There are, on the sides of the Oude Gracht, dwellings below the level of the street proper. From it you descend to the water by two great steps, as it were: the fall between them forming the front of these dwellings, and the second step being a narrower strip of causeway at their doors. Most of the houses are cellars now, it is true; but there remain some that are inhabited, and by their show of

white curtains in the windows, and flower-pots on the sills, picture what used to be.

In earlier days in most Dutch towns, the streets skirting the canals were lined on the waterside by low parapet walls, upon which the folks sat and chatted after the familiar fashion of our own fishing-villages. In front of the houses, too, there were seats (as for that part there are here and there still), and these and the ground on which they stood, often on elevated granite blocks, belonged to the owners of the houses. A little out-jutting rail divided the properties. In course of time, as traffic increased, and space was valuable, the seats disappeared. But the little separate rails remain, sometimes the granite slabs, and such "plainstones" as there are are strips of brick set on end, on a level with, and encroaching upon, the "crown o' the caus'way." There, we have the history of the eminently uncomfortable streets—not of Utrecht only, but of all Dutch towns. This natural discomfort of the streets is made infinitely greater by the coachmen. More reckless driving than you find in Holland does not exist anywhere in the world—not even in Paris. The French cabby sweeps round corners with a malicious gaiety, but the Dutchman pounds through. The one rule of the road known to Dutch *koetsiers* is that the foot-passenger must get out of it, and this he has to do as best he can by slipping up those railed-off slabs or dodging into the shelter of shop-doors. To one accustomed to London streets, the effect of this on perambulation is similar to that caused by scorchers on the wheel. In Utrecht, to make matters worse, the city is traversed by tram-car lines which, instead of lying along the streets

in a humane and orderly fashion, wind through them from side to side, like the track a horse seeks when going up a brae. This of course is to ease the car's passage round the corners, which is narrow and jolting withal; but the consequence is infinitely disconcerting, and the harsh clang of the warning bells maddening to the nerves. Were the traffic carried on in the streets mainly, life in Dutch towns would be shortened by years. But the canals are the great highways of commerce, and the water deadens, or rather harmonises, the sounds. The silent motion of the barges, the coolness, the play of colour, and the sombre shadows over the bustle deep down on the canal-side, act on one soothingly.

These outside seats, the benches on the *stoep*, the summer-houses on the canal-sides, the little heated footstool when my lady goes to church, are typical of Holland and of the Hollander's capacity for sitting still. When the Dutch Indian Civil Servant, in Celebes it may be, shuts his eyes and allows Memory to cast home-pictures on the darkened lids, the most affecting, I think, must be the corner of the verandah all aglow at the tea-drinking hour, where the mother sits amidst the paraphernalia of her laborious housewifery—the blue Delft, the spoons carefully resting in their case, the trim spirit-lamp, the singing kettle in the "tea-stove," the bowl for hot water in which later on she will wash the cups and saucers with her own hands—while the family sit round her, simmering tranquilly like the tea-pot, speaking of the exile with wet eyes, but drinking an excellent brand. Such a compound of selfish hand and overflowing heart never was! With a habit so easy that all the world speaks of him

as phlegmatic, the Dutchman is watchful and tenacious, enduring of purpose, a taker of long views. He is as provincial in his ideas as he is cosmopolitan of speech, conservative in practice, and republican in the blood; at once frugal and a *bon vivant*, hearty and formal, the *bourgeois* of the nations; plain of speech, often brutally truthful, a sufferer of no illusions, nevertheless he is childlike in his affections, even childish in his shows and celebrations thereof; a man of splendid education if small culture; saving of money and scornful of shopkeeping; university-bred and a despiser of the proletariat of the sciences; free from coquetry, unheeded of fashion, desperately vain; methodical and impulsive, cost-counting and hospitable, and infinitely just. The Dutchman is a puzzle of character, as doubtless we are to him; and our solution of him cannot fail to be as egregious at points as we know his of us to be.

Holland is a highly educated country: those in it who are educated, that is to say, reach a high standard. For although they are under the control of the State, the schools are fee-paying, and the Dutchman has too much of a certain kind of logic to make education compulsory until it is free. In consequence, you will meet with many young people who cannot read; and with still more old—more than ever could be met with among ourselves, for the Bible is not, and has not been as with us, the hand-book of the unlettered. But most conscripts, it seems, can sign their names at least; and above a very low social status, every one accepts the education which the State provides. And it is thorough. It makes for a very accurate knowledge, for a grasp and retention of fact; and as it

starts with a command of several languages, its range is wide. I have been amazed, for example, at the acquaintance with our literature among men and women in Holland who made no claim to learning—and, of course, they are more interested in things French and German than in things English. In truth, they do not admire us greatly, however flatteringly they may imitate us. "The English have energy, but no taste," the Dutchman says, and, if he has been in London, adds, "and they have learned wonderfully to keep themselves in order." But, I suppose, no man from Helder to Maastricht but is persuaded that we all knew for months beforehand that Dr Jim was to head his troops to Johannesburg, and that as a nation we entered into a conspiracy of silence. He has no conception of the far-reachingness of the Press which would make that impossible, even if we were the Perfidious Albion he holds us. When the Dutchman in Holland subscribes to a newspaper, it is posted to him direct from the office, laboriously wrapped and with a printed label; there are no newsboys in the streets, no news-agents, and at railway-stations I have found it as easy to buy a 'Standard' as a 'Rotterdammer.' You seldom see the printed page in the hands of the labourer. In all this there is one advantage at least,—questions of taste are left to the decision of people of taste. Tom, Dick, and Harry do not count, and do not seek to count, in these matters, and men with a commercial talent cannot create a following to give to their huckstering successes the justification of a contemporary opinion. The educational system in Holland is too proud for that. A sharp line separates the professional and the

leisured classes from the commercial, and all above that line have passed through the universities. The course from the elementary schools to these is without a break. The State is careful to see that the public schools are strictly neutral in politics and in religion, and there is a growing dissatisfaction with an education that practically is secular, notwithstanding the high-falutin of the Act about "all Christian and social virtues." But the "particular" schools, which are rapidly increasing, are under State control; for many years now they have received a Government grant, and have had to maintain a high standard of efficiency. Even private or adventure schools are under the same keen supervision. No one is allowed to establish or to teach in a private school who cannot satisfy, and (which is more important) continue to satisfy, the appointed examiners as to his or her capacity and morals. The gap between the elementary schools and the universities is bridged by a system of secondary education which, if it is not a perfect model for us, is at least a tolerable solution of a problem we in this country have still to face. In all this, let it be confessed, there are traces of the cast-iron methods by which much of the life of Holland is governed. The yoke of the official bears heavily on the necks of the Dutch (and on ours if we visit them), although, unlike the Germans, they are free from the arrogance of the military. When you move into a town or village, you are met by the demand of the burgomaster for a certificate from the burgomaster of that you have left. You do not travel a mile on any of the State lines before you learn that man was made for the railways, and not the railways for man.

Where the official ceases to rule, Mrs Grundy steps in with a hundred principles of conduct to mould social intercourse upon the punctilio of the county town. Of all this yoke, it is true, there is a lightening; but it is wonderful what the freedom-loving Dutchman will put up with. For example, railway time in Holland is regulated from Greenwich, not from Amsterdam, and the station clocks differ some twenty minutes from those of the towns. When you point this out to him, however, the Dutchman has a reply not to be gainsaid. "And you?" he will answer; "you have not adopted the decimal system." Whereupon the unprejudiced Briton cannot but reflect that even his is not the best of all possible worlds.

Straight streets and the universities bring us back to Utrecht, and to a very pretty pageant there this summer. There are four great universities in Holland—at Leiden, Utrecht, Groningen, and Amsterdam—and once in every five years each of these commemorates its foundation by a feast-week—a characteristic manner. Dutch students, like the Scottish, are not residential, but live in lodgings here and there in the town,—each a link of interest, or of self-interest at any rate, between the university and the citizen. These scattered units, however, or all of them who value the respect of their fellows, are bound together in the Students' Corps, the members of which do not "pink" each other, as in Germany, but are mighty fine fellows all the same, and excellent trenchermen. So when, last June, the 260th year of Utrecht University fell to be celebrated, "town" followed "gown" into very high jinks, and discovered, for us fortunate, Dutchmen shaken out of their accus-

tomed formality and become as jovial as any in the canvases of Frans Hals and Van der Helst. For a week the folks were just a little bit "daft." The receptions and orations of the opening day were caught up in a whirl of concert and garden-party, reunion dinner and *bal champêtre*, and the feast-week ended with a burst of horseplay more boisterous than we should tolerate. The crown of all these university celebrations is a masquerade, representing some historic scene, and on this occasion it was the Tournament in Vienna in 1560, given by Maximilian, King of Bohemia, in honour of his guest, the Duke of Bavaria. It happens that at the present moment Utrecht has many students of great wealth, and this pageant was specially splendid in consequence. Some two hundred students took part in it, half of them representing historical personages, the others their heralds and bodyguards, and all of them, in armour and trappings and costumes, careful reproductions of the originals. For the whole week they played their mimic parts. Men-at-arms stood at every corner, knights in armour pranced in every street. During that time the student who represented the king held his court, dined in state, with a hundred knights around him, watched the dance from his throne with the beauty of his choice seated beside him, and received the obeisance of the citizens (punctilious on the part of the professors) when he rode out with his retinue. On the field of the tournament even he flew his colours over his pavilion set beside that where the orange waved above the young and sweet-looking Wilhelmina, and in the name of the *Koning* his mock majesty's heralds announced to the real sovereign that the tourney

was at an end. I wonder if the young fellow felt any decline when Sunday morning came, and he had to step out from all the pomp and circumstance of royalty? There were signs at any rate that the coat of mail sat as heavily upon him as the cares of state are said to do. And from the spectators' point of view one never quite lost the sense of a mimic show—except once, when the procession passed through the Maliebaan in the darkening to the music of pipes and tambours, when the ostrich plumes of the knights reared against the overhanging branches, and their armour glanced in the light of the torches, in the smoky gloom of which the mimicry was hid for a moment, and the pageant of the sixteenth century realised.

Utrecht tempts one to "potter about" in it. There are few "sights," so called. An ecclesiastical museum, a town museum containing the model of a Dutch interior of earlier date, now and then an interesting and unpresuming exhibition of modern pictures or of arts and crafts,—these are all. At one time the city had a repute for pretty women, but I cannot believe that it manages to retain it. One hears much of handsome women in North-Holland and Zeeland and Friesland, with dairymaid colour. We may admit the handsome, pliant figures, without any tendency to embonpoint as generally conceived. No doubt the wide breeches of the fishermen, and an ambition among the peasant-women to wear manifold petticoats (unsatisfied, I am given to understand, with fewer than thirteen), carried by means of a bag of sand round the waist have given rise to the erroneous conception of the enormity of the Dutch *a parte post*. But in the towns, at least, the complexion

goes early. The truly interesting Utrecht is a creation of the imagination, and imagination peoples it with ecclesiastics. The Dom tower, rising from its centre, commanding it and half a province besides, testifies to the power of the clergy. To understand the city rightly in its plan, even to-day, you must conceive of it as a city of churches, around which clustered in close squares the houses and cloisters of the clergy. Janskerkhof, Pieterskerkhof, the Munsterkerkhof are examples of the squares so formed. Once they were completely shut off from the rest of the city,—some of them even were walled in and moated within the encircling canal; and it was at a comparatively recent date that the many streets broke in upon them. Let the visitor who is sufficiently interested find his way to the Voetsiussteegje, in the north-east corner of the square, presently joining it with the Pieterskerkhof, and consider it as the only inlet, and he will get an impression of the plan and appearance of the city in earlier times.

And I need no excuse for asking him to linger in the Munsterkerkhof, once he is there. At one side of the square rises the Dom tower, remarkable in little save its height, its singleness, and its detachment. Unlike most Gothic churches, Utrecht Cathedral was designed with this one tower only, and it, accordingly, of the unusual height of 360 feet. Or we may believe, in perfect accord with history, that, as a tower of great height was required for spying purposes by archbishops surrounded by enemies, one such was as many as they could undertake. The tower's detachment shows that the cathedral was beyond their powers a little. From

the choir, which is all that is left of the church,—sadly disfigured in its whitewashed interior,—to the Dom tower there is a great open space, the heart and centre of the square, defiled by foot-passengers and traversed by the wretched tram-lines of which lament was made before. Now, though before the great havoc-playing storm of 1674, which swept down I know not how many spires like nine-pins, the tower and the choir were joined in one completed cathedral, it seems most likely that the connecting nave was of wood only. During the two hundred and more years in which the cathedral has stood in its present ridiculous state of dismemberment, the square itself has changed greatly, and always for the worse. The new university, on the south-east side, was needed, if we are to judge by the old entrance and staircase which still exist, enclosed in a corner of the present handsome building; but the old buildings connected with the church, in which it made a home, must have been more in keeping with their neighbours in the square, and were furnished no doubt in a less sumptuous style of upholstery, more in accordance with our ideas of a teaching university. Under the changes in the university these old buildings have undergone a continual and curious transformation. And so it is on all sides of the square: the old archbishop's palace, on the south, is now a coffee-house.

One thing more the visitor ought to notice about Utrecht before he leaves it. A little way beyond the Witte Vrouwe Poort on the east side of the town is a fortress, one of a line which stretches northwards from it by Weesp to Naarden and to Muiden on the mouth of the Vecht, and

southwards by Vreeswijk on the Lek to Gorkum on the Maas. Besides this chief line of fortifications—the *Nieuwe Hollandsche Waterlinie*—there is a second of earthenworks thrown up from the Zuider Zee at the mouth of the Eem, by the *Geldersche Vallei*, across the Betuwe to St Andries, in North Brabant; but the enemy crossing the eastern and southern frontiers would find slender opposition until the first line was reached. The real defence of Holland, however, is her mortal and ubiquitous enemy—water. Three centuries ago, the sea from which she snatched bare life bred the men who were to make world-wide conquests for her: it was the sea, allowed its way across her rich fields, that saved her from the arms of Spain. And were Holland put to the pinch to-day, as she was when Valdez sat down against Leiden, inundation would be her safety. East of this *Nieuwe Hollandsche Waterlinie*, as has been shown, the land slopes upwards, and in time of war it would be possible to flood the base of this acclivity, and bar the progress of the enemy, who could not sap the waters. The scheme of inundation provides for flooding, as far as possible, by fresh water, so that the land may not suffer more than is necessary. The inundation would reach to such a depth that neither wading nor the passage of big vessels would be possible: and as certain portions of the immersed country would not require so much water as others, regulating reservoirs would be used. Of course the dams dividing the reservoirs, and the railways, would be so many highroads for an enemy, unless these points were commanded by fortresses along the line; and the sluices must be kept in the hands of the

defenders. All these things are in the scheme. But the stranger might live a year in the country and never guess at all this preparation. It is another example of the value of a foot or two of dike in Holland, and of how her great works are hidden from the eye.

And indeed, after the pictures, there is nothing in Holland half so interesting as her great works, and especially those under the control of the Waterstaat. The great enemy that has to be held at bay is not the ocean alone. But first let it be realised that this enemy is a real and constant danger. In the spring of 1890 I was living in Rotterdam. One Saturday there was a spring-tide, and a high wind was blowing off the ocean. The water in the river mounted higher and higher, as we could see. In the early morning from the Beurs Plein, which was so dry still that the cars were running (being situate higher than the rest of the town lying between the Hoogstraat, the old dike, and the Maas), I watched the water passing out of the neighbouring streets into the Remonstrant church. By midday the cars had all stopped, and business-men were making their way home in boats or on lorries or as best they could. Between the Hoogstraat and the river all the streets were under water; here and there a bridge over a canal appeared above the surface. I took a boat and paid some calls, for the fun of the thing: the voyage was dangerous, because of many sunken rocks in the shape of corner-stones and iron railings, and the like, and my friends interviewed me from the upper windows. There were many comical scenes, and merry goings, but indeed our situation was critical. The damage done

already, especially on the ground-floors of the buildings, was enormous, and a greater evil menaced. The water was within a few inches of the top of the old dike on which is the Hoogstraat; were that surmounted, the *binnenstad* and the whole country to the north of the city were at its mercy. Fortunately, about three o'clock in the afternoon the floods fell.

Now some such danger as that threatens Holland always, and in all parts,—for inland inundations and the flooding of the many arms of the Rhine are scarce less destructive than the irruptions of the ocean. Suppose we run out from Utrecht to Wijk, where the Kromme Ryn strikes north and leaves the Lek to run westwards to Rotterdam. Opposite us lies the fertile Betuwe, to which we will be ferried across presently. Soon after it crossed the German border, the Rhine had stretched out a great arm—the Waal—to join hands at Gorkum with the Maas. Between the two, and reaching beyond the Rhine and south of the Maas, and watered across by the Waal, is a great tract of fertile river clay, known as the *Betuwe*. It is on this fertile stretch that the ferry-boat has landed us now. A road, scarce more than a path, leads with a gentle acclivity for some hundred yards through fat rich fields where this summer day the black-and-white cows are feeding, and peasants are working, and great-boled willow-trees, unpollarded, cast sweeping shadows to a fine broad road, which follows the course of the river at about a quarter of a mile's distance from it. On the outer or river side of the road, among the fields and trees, there are, set on varying elevations, brick and other works, and even a dwelling-house here and there;

inland from the road are farm-towns, flanked by the square hay-sheds, and cherry-orchards, and more fields. The road itself on which we are standing is above the level of the land on either side,—above the level of the fields sloping gently downwards to the water, and above the level of the steadings and houses and orchards to the south. In fact, we are standing on the dike which bars the way of the river on the north side of the Betuwe.

It is impossible to believe that there is ever danger in this river flowing past peacefully hundreds of yards away. Come here in winter, however, and the danger will be evident, or at any rate might be. Then, as likely as not, all this green stretch to the river—the *uiterwaarden*—would be submerged, the tops of the trees, and the highest-set buildings only, showing above water. A few miles farther down the Lek from where we are standing is the quaint old town of Kuilenburg, at which the traveller from the south by way of Bommel crosses the river. If it is summer, and he looks out of his carriage window, he will notice that the portion of the bridge which actually spans the water is a small portion of the whole, and that on each side of the river the heavy piers and arches stretch away through dry green fields, and he wonders accordingly. Let him come back this way in winter, however, and probably he will find every span reflected in water, and he will wonder no more. When the waters are out over the *uiterwaarden* thus, it is ice that is most to be feared. The river, lying frost-bound at its winter-level, is suddenly unlocked in the south, or is blown upon by the south wind, and the ice melts,

and great blocks come thumping down upon the dike here, block upon block; and there are days and nights of terrible anxiety, when vessels that lay in the river are forced up against the dike, and the dike itself, it seems, must be forced, and the waters burst upon the fields within. Such is the fight that may be going on here or there or anywhere in the country; and when one has seen it he comes to look with a new respect upon this roadway, compound of earth and mud and stones, and bound together with osiers.

Among the Dutch engineering works, of course, this is only a small affair, yet characteristic enough to whet our curiosity for greater. Such, though by no means the greatest, are the sluices at Vreeswijk, some ten miles down the Lek, where the *Keulsche Vaart*, which (as its name implies) puts Amsterdam into direct communication with Cologne, issues upon the river. It is not necessary to linger at them, however, for we are on our way to see the still more important waterways from Amsterdam to the sea. In earlier days, and in earlier conditions of commerce, Amsterdam did not require any such communication. Isolated from the German Ocean, and shut off from attack on the side of the Zuider Zee because of the Pampus, the great sandbank choking the mouth of the Y, she flourished without a rival. Sometimes the ships with the merchandise came as far as the Pampus, whence their cargoes were carried to her in the *scheeps kameelen*, or ships' camels, small lighters specially constructed for that traffic; others, too large for the shallows of the Zuider Zee, lightened at Den Helder, away in the north of North-Holland, over

against Texel. The day came at length, however, when outlet to the sea was imperative if the capital was to hold her own at all, and in 1819 was begun, and five years later was finished, the North-Holland Canal, with an exit at Nieuwe Diep.

If Nieuwe Diep had nothing save the sluices to show, it would not be worth while the tourist going so far north, unless, indeed, he were impelled, as we were, by an ambition to make a complete tour of Dutch waterways. The locks there, crowded and unrivalled thirty years ago, stand deserted now, eclipsed by the great works at Y-Muiden: in one forenoon this spring, when we sat beside them, delighting in the never-ending movement over at the Willemsoord, only one small gunpowder boat for the forts passed through the gates. The North-Holland Canal, with its tortuous course and many locks and bridges, has outlived its usefulness. It happened often that the great ocean ships were sighted from the heights at Velzerend days before they could enter at Den Helder; not infrequently, in severe winters, weeks and even months passed before they reached Amsterdam. So in 1865 the Prince of Orange put the first spade in the sand at Y-Muiden, where it ought to have been put half a century earlier, and the North-Holland Canal was dead. But Nieuwe Diep remains, the most important naval station in Holland. A wet-dock communicates with the harbour, which is strongly fortified and kept clear by a guiding dam parallel with the coast-line; and there are dry-docks, an arsenal, naval workshops, and many naval institutions. A picturesque touch is given to the busy scene when the fishing-fleets from Texel and Wieringen and

Urk lie side by side with cruisers and torpedo-boats, and their strangely garbed fishermen mingle with the Dutch blue-jackets on the quay. And when you have seen all that is to be seen at Nieuwe Diep, walk westwards, past the town of Helder and the forts towards the sandhills, along the enormous dike—a giant compared with those of the Betuwe, or even with that at Vreeswijk—which protects North-Holland when the waters, piled into the German Ocean, are carried tide upon tide against her coasts, and rise ten feet, it may be, above the normal. The sight of that Helder dike will repay you for the somewhat monotonous journey to Nieuwe Diep.

The North Sea comes thundering no less violently upon the dunes at Y-Muiden, and when these natural barriers were cut there to give an exit to the new canal, timid citizens of Amsterdam were fearful—and no wonder—for their city and for their province. But that is an old story. For twenty years now the great ships have sailed up to Amsterdam through a fair stretch of polder-land thousands of acres in extent, reclaimed by the draining of the Y-gulf in the making of the canal. The triumph of engineering skill over the elements, indeed, has been greater than that of Amsterdam over the inclination of commerce to carry her treasures to other ports. But she will not give in, and new and larger locks, capable of holding the biggest vessels afloat, are on the point of completion at the present moment. And it was these new locks in the course of construction which discovered for us the magnitude and daring of the engineering works of Holland. Hitherto we could only conceive, from the palpable difficulties overcome, the labour

and skill hidden under ground and under sea; here they were laid bare. It would be foolish to attempt at the end of an article the description of an undertaking which could scarce be satisfactorily explained in a whole number of 'Maga.' A few general figures convey no meaning: it is useless to tell how many million cubic metres of sand were lifted from the pit, how many hundred thousand guilders were spent on piles and concrete for the floors and walls, or how an increase of some two feet in the depth of the sill involved an extra expenditure of £30,000, and a risk from the action of ground-water so great that it became a burning parliamentary question. One must have seen the undertaking in process to understand its magnitude, and that one cannot do now. By this time, I suppose, all that beautiful and daring work, lying naked to the sun that summer day we spent at Y-Muiden, is covered up, hidden away, as are all the greatest and most daring works of this wonderful little country.

And still the Dutch are dreaming dreams of new conquests from the sea. We are sailing from Nieuwe Diep to Texel. This strait we cross, in which some naval cruisers are manœuvring, was once the mouth of the Yssel; the half-crescent of islands—Texel, Vlieland, Terschelling, Ameland—was part of the mainland then, and the Zuider Zee did not exist. Some token of that is given by the sandbanks that show their bright tops in the cold sunlight on our left. To the right, and behind us, lies the island of Wieringen, like a row of enormous poles topping the water. Farther south, North-Holland stretches a spur, a line of blue, into the mists of this wonderful sea. For the sweep of

an arm, the horizon-line is the meeting of sky and water. Here it seems are boundaries of Nature's own delimitation, not to be revised. But the Dutchman does not think so. In his ambitious imagination the scene upon which we are looking takes another shape. From North-Holland to Wieringen, from Wieringen again to the mainland of Friesland, runs a gigantic highway. The fisher-craft have disappeared from the sea within. Its bays are become rich pastures: fields stretch from Wieringen to Medemblik, from Stavoren to Kampen, the bight of Hoorn is

become dry, and the south shore of the Zuider Zee is a straight dike from the Yssel to the Y. There is no longer a Zuider Zee, indeed, but only the inland lake of the waters of the Yssel, which discharge at the sluices at Wieringen; and the dead cities have come to life again. That is the dream of the Dutchman. It is a dream of an addition to his country of some 800 square miles; it will cost twenty-five millions, and if the work were begun now, it might be finished in 1930. We were right in saying that the Dutchman is a taker of long views.

THE HEATHER.

IF I were King of France, that noble fine land,
 And the gold was elbow-deep within my chests,
 And my castles lay in scores along the wine-land,
 With towers as high as where the eagle nests;
 If harpers sweet, and swordsmen stout and vaunting,
 My history sang, my stainless tartan wore,
 Was not my fortune poor, with one thing wanting—
 The heather at my door?

My galleys every ocean might be sailing,
 Robbing the isles and sacking hold and keep,
 My chevaliers with loyalty unfailing
 Might bring me back of cattle, horse, and sheep,
 Soft arms be round my neck, the young heart's tether,
 And true love-kisses all the night might fill,
 But oh! *mochree*, if I had not the heather
 Before me on the hill!

A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
 A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
 If I might earn them where the heather, waving,
 Gave fragrance to the day.
 The stars might see me, homeless one and weary,
 Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
 And still, content, I'd find a bedding cheery,
 Where'er the heather grew.

NEIL MUNRO.

WIDDER VLINT.

WIDDER VLINT's cottage stud at the tap o' the vullage, wi' a banging girt vlight o' staps a-vor the floor. The staps wez brauken an' mortal zippery when it rained; but thet wezn't here nor there, cuz vew folks iver came up 'em. Widder Vlint, hur wez disrespectit in the vullage, 'aving borned dree drunkards, tho' the naybours wez kind o' zorry vor hur now an' agin; an' when hur zon Josh wez drawed vrom hiz hoss an' brauk hiz neck, they jest zed that "wan o' the tu wez drunk," an' left folk to judge atween the man an' the mare.

Wan arternoon I drapped in to see how hur wez getting on, cuz ther wez a moast kindidlin'¹ z mell o' fried bacon cooming droo the door. The table wez layed for tay, zo I zat mezulf down. I wez a kind o' relation o' Widder Vlint's, tho' I didn't make much o' it zept at mait times an' zich, cuz o' hur baing so mortal disrespectit. It zeemed to me hur didn't take anuff count o' the 'pinion o' the vullage, hur wez thic turrible zet on her childer, wimmen not 'aving no discarnment in zich things. Wull, I 'adn't bin vive minets inside the door vor hur got talkin' o' 'em, tho' I didn't vind no speshul in-trast in the subject mezulf.

"I've a deal to be thankvul vor, a deal," hur zed. "Ther wez Tummas, now,"—then hur stapped quat²; I reckon 'tweez 'ard even vor hur to vind anything vavour-zome to zay o' Tummas. "Wull," hur dawdled on, "ha had a windervul 'ead o' hair, had Tummas. Pore lad! ha wez alwez a good

lad to me; ha braut me the vurst shillun that iver ha arned, an' thin ha kinder tuk it back. Ha aimed high, did Tummas, tho' maybe ha didn't alwez raitch."

Hur wez zilent a minet an' tarned the bacon in the pan where twez spittin' an' z mellin' moast amazin' tasty.

"Then ther wez Josh," hur contineed, "ha thet wez drawed vrom hiz hoss an' brauk hiz neck. Ha had a windervul kindidlin' zmile o' times had Josh, an' when they braut him 'ome to me the last time an' layed him down in the kaurner o' the kitchen, thickey zmile wez on his vace kind o' pacevul like. I stapped a-zide him droo the nite; I thort maybe the pore chil might find it lonesome out ther wi' iverything so noo. I tooked hiz hand cuz twez dark vust a-long, an' Josh wez alwez mortal a-feardt o' the dark. An' I kind o' thought ez how ha wez ez a little lad, I knawed ha hadn't alwez acted zactly vor the best zince he had grawed to be a man. The moon riz an' staled in upon him an' ha zmlid back at hur, an' twez a turrible pacevul zmile thic ha guved hur. An' thin ther coomed to me they words vrom the Buk, 'Gaw in pace, vor thy zins be vorguved to 'ee.' An' I vell a-zobbing, quietlike, cuz I didn't want to distarb him, pore lamb, but ha jest zmlid on. The pace o' the Laurd ain't like our pace, it ain't to be brauk, it ain't to be brauk."

Hur stapped short an' wan banging girt tear fell strat in the pan. I thort twez a mortal pity to spile good bacon zo, speshul ez

¹ *Kindidlin'*, enticing.

² *Quat*, plump.

Josh wez the biggest rapscaillon thet iver walked; but I cudn't help baing a bit zorry vor the pore owld dumman, cuz tiz the way wi' wimmen to git turrible vond o' trash.

"Jesse was the next to gaw," hur zed, after hur had kind o' come to hurselt like, "my little lad dead now along o' the rast!" Hur alwez called Jesse "hur little lad," tho' ha wez vull sax veet high an' weighed nigh on vourteen stone; but wimmen ain't got no discrimation in zich things.

"Wull, wull," hur endid up, "I've only Dave luft now, but ha be a vine upstanding lad, an' I've a deal to be thankvul vor, a deal."

Then the big clock in the kaurner struck sax, an' Dave coomed in, an' I wez moast mortal glad to see him cuz the bacon wez jest ready to be dished, an' I niver cud a-bear things burnt to a cinder. "Moather," ha zed ez ha hunged up hiz tools behind the door, "'ee have got on thickey boots thet coom zo hard on yer little taw."

"Wull, Dave, lad," hur answered, "I wez a gwaying to buy a noo pair ez I pramised 'ee I wid, only I erved¹ up agin Maister Parsons, ha ez kapes the little grocer's shap down the lower end o' the vullage, an' ha zed ez how ha had got a powerzome noo tay in, cuz I towld him ez how yer didn't vind anuff scratt² in thickey last thet uz 'ad, zo I thort I wud jest buy a pun an' let the boots bide a bit."

"Wull, moather," ha zed ez ha pulled his cheer up to the table, "I do zeem a moast windervul 'and at rizzing a tharst, but zomehow"—an' ha pushed hiz cup acrass to be vulled agin—"it zeems ez if ther wez thic in the tharst thet tay didn't git houldt of, but tiz a

powerzome gud tay, an' most vull o' scratt all-the-zame."

I saw hur look zmart down at hiz plate—ha hadn't tiched a bit o' victals, only drunk away ez if hiz throat wez a red 'ot coal. 'Pore me Zam, I cud amost yhear it fizz where I zat.

"Ate a bit o' bacon like a gud chil," hur zed, kindidlin' like; "'tiz from the ztreaky end."

"It zmelles windervul tasty, moather," ha answered, "an' I wid dearly like a bit o' it cold tamarrer; but the tay iz zo powerzome gud, I doan't zeem to care for naught ulse."

Later on, when the table had been cleared an' iverything made vitty, uz all drawed our cheers up to the vire. Widder Vlint hur tooked hur knittin' vrom the drawer in the owld dresser, an' when I yhear'd thickey naydles clacking away, I claused my eyes an' reckoned I wud gaw to slape. After a bit Dave ha turned to the owld dumman—

"Moather," ha zed, "do 'ee dap back on thic nite when pore Jesse got kind o' mad wi' the drink an' shat hizzulf, an' how yer an' me wint out 'and in 'and an' vound him, an' yer tarned to me an' zed, 'I've only thee luft now, Dave'; an' I tooked poor Jesse's hand an' layed it atween yers an' mine, an' zware thet I wid niver touch strong drink, an' if I had to die vor it I wid die game? Moather, moather," he endid up kind o' sharp like "I reckon the drink 'ull 'ave me yet."

Hur put hur arms round him an' drawed hiz head down upon hur lap, ez maybe hur had done many times a-vor when ha wez a little lad.

"Pore lamb!" hur zed, "pore lamb!"

¹ *Erned*, ran.

² *Scratt*, scrape.

Arter a bit hur contineed, 'Dave,' hur zed, "do 'ee mind on the pore widdy wuman in the Buk, an' how she guved hur mite zo the Laurd, an' tho' ther wez arch¹ volks alongside o' hur ez guved gorjus gufts, yit the Laurd Ha valleyed the mite moast. An' zo I reckon 'tiz wi' uz—'tain't wat az does, but wat uz tries to do, that the Laurd vallys, an' thin Ha kind o' makes up the rast Hizsulf."

But Dave ha ony gripped howldt o' the pore dumman more tight like. "Moather, moather," ha zed, "spose I shudn't die game?"

Hur rinned hur fingers droo' hiz hair kind o' tender vashion, but hur didn't zay naught. I reckon mezulf hur wez thunkin' thet 'twad be wi' ha the zame ez 'twez wi' the rast o' 'em.

"Zay zommat, moather, zay zommat," he axed.

Hur looked away acress hiz hed inter the vire, ez if hur zaw zomethin' mazin' particular down among the coals.

"Dave," hur answered, kind o' zlow, "when vust I coomed to be disrespectit in the vullage, an' folks drawed it at me that I had borned dree drunkards, it zeemed a bit hard, tho' I cudn't gaw vor to lay blame on the lads. Then Tummas wez tuk, an' the naybours wez a bit sniffy an' thin, claus on tap o' ha, pore Josh ha brauk hiz neck, an' tho' the folks coomed to the vuneral, they kind o' made a vavour o' it. Wull, then, Jesse ha shat hizsulf, an' I bought the hat-bands an' gloves, an' they wez real gud uns too, but no wan wez ther to put 'em on, an' uz waited an' they niver coomed, zo yer an' I uz wint on a-lone. An' ez I walked a-long-side o' 'ee, Dave, the strait it niver seemed zo long a-vor or the vullage zo vull o' folk. An' when I

passed thickey hauses, I kinder zed to mezulf ain't ther wan pusson in 'ee that wull coom out an' voller me lad. Then uz tarned the kaurner where Mat Mucksey's hause stands, an' I thort he wud coom surely, vor they played together ez little lads. An' ha stud at the winder an' looked out, an' I kind o' gripped howldt o' him wi' me eyes. I thort maybe the Laurd wud let me draw him so, but twezn't to be. Then me heart wez angirt that they shud sarve my boy zo, my lamb, my little lad, my Jesse, an' I didn't yhear naught o' the sarvice, tho' ther be terrible comforting words in it, but I tooked my boy an' layed him ther on the disrespectit north zide, where the zun only creeps round o' whiles; but maybe the Laurd will think on thic when the Jidgement day cooms an' riz him tenderer accordin'. An' Dave, why shud yer want to be more than ha, pore lamb, pore lamb?—wezn't ha the uldest, an' why shud yer want to make yerzulf higher?"

Dave ha looked up in hur vace, but hur kind o' tarned hur eyes tother way.

"Moather," ha zed, "yer wudn't 'ave me die a drunkard, zurely?"

But hur didn't answer ha at all.

"Moather, moather," ha zed.

"Dave," hur zed, "didn't I born 'ee all, didn't 'ee all lay upon my brast, an' ain't 'ee all my childer, an' why shud wan gau vor to make hizsulf higher than tothers?"

Dave ha drapped hiz head down on hur knay, an' the kaitchen wez zilencevul.

At last ha lifted up hiz vace, an' twez a windervul pitying luk ha gived hur. "Moather," ha zed, "I reckon uz zons 'ave brought 'ee a power o' zarrar²."

¹ *Urch*, rich.

² *Zarrar*, sorrow.

But hur answered kind o' randomness like. "Dave," hur zed, "God vorgive me an' make 'ee do wat iz vitty¹."

When the winter coomed round, Widder Vlint hur kind o' vell together. The naybours zed, "Hur hadn't no more spirit than a warm, an' vor sich drearysome folk warms wez the best company." Then hur tooked to hur bed, an' wan Vriday marning hur wez thet bad Dave didn't gaw to hiz work, but zat azide hur droo the day, an' I kind o' kapt him company. Hur dauzed a bit, an' when hur wauk up Dave axed hur iv hur had any pain.

"No, lad," hur answered, "wangery,² turrible wangery, thics all."

Just about vour o' the clock hur zeemed a bit brighter.

"Dave," hur zed, "I reckon I wid like a chapter vrom the Buk."

"Shall I vetch it, moather?" ha axed.

"No, lad," she zed. "I misre-

membered it wez down-stairs; maybe yer cud zay a prayer?"

"I ony knaws 'Our Vather' an' the Blessin', moather," he answered.

"Then I reckon 'tiz the Blessin' I wull 'ave," she zed; "'tiz a bootivul zaying, 'Vor wat us 'ave recaved,'—zay on, lad."

"The Laurd make uz truly thankvul," Dave ended.

"An' uz 'ave 'ad a deal to be thankvul vor, a deal," hur zed.

But Dave ha jest zat ther like a stone an' didn't zay naught.

"Zay, lad, zay," hur axed, kind o' painvul.

Thin ha tooked hur hands, mazing owld an' knotted hands they wez, ha tooked 'em in hiz an' ha kneeled azide the bed an' put his vace down agin hur heart—

"Moather, moather," he zed, "God guved me thee."

Hur only spoke wance after thic. "Lay me zide o' Jesse," hur zed; "I reckon the little lad 'ull be warmer along o' hiz moather."

ZACK.

¹ *Vitty*, right.

² *Wangery*, tired.

POLITICS IN RECENT ITALIAN FICTION.

MORE than ten years ago, in these pages, the present writer, perhaps for the first time in England, drew public attention to the fact that the idea so long current in this country that there was no such a thing as modern Italian literature was mistaken. We attempted to show how, with the unity of Italy and the new hope, power, strength, which legitimate freedom and emancipation from the hateful Austrian yoke had given to the Italians, there had arisen a virile and vigorous new school of writers, poets, dramatists, critics, and novelists, whose very names were unknown in England. We further pointed out why it was that such literature as existed was little known outside the confines of Italy. This literature, such as it was, was of the "tendency" character, and had a purpose to serve,—that of arousing the smouldering patriotism of Italy and inflaming the legitimate aspirations after national unity. When this political purpose was at last happily accomplished, writers and poets could cease from harping upon one string, and could look around them and take cognisance of the new life that had been called into being by the new conditions. Thus, as we showed, beside a host of others, there became notable Verga, who studied and reflected in his pages the life of the Southern peasantry; Farina and the Marchesa Colombi, who narrated the restricted existence, full of grinding privations and minute joys, of the burgher class; and Matilde Serao, the strongest and most gifted of all Italian women writers, who depicted the life of Naples in both the upper and the lowest sections of society.

In the days we wrote that article, Italy was still busy putting her house in order: modestly, slowly, painfully endeavouring to meet the heavy expenses imposed on her (thanks to the disorder in which she found it), and generally winning the goodwill and admiration of all Europe for her gallant and plucky conduct. Victor Emmanuel, the *Re Galantuomo*, with the cool, clear, sensible head upon his shoulders which his grandson seems to have inherited, had not long held the reins of government—reins which fell from his hand all too soon for the weal of the land. The Triple Alliance, which was to increase Italy's expenses and fiscal burdens beyond her power of endurance, had not yet been entered on; nor had Italy yet embarked upon her foolish and disastrous African campaign. Unhappily, immediately after this time the land was to fall into the hands of a group of clever, unscrupulous politicians (in the American sense of that word), who in the course of ten years of unbridled misrule, of gagging the expression of public opinion, of buying and perverting the Press, have so managed as to bring the land very near the verge of ruin. As might be expected, this state of things has also found its echo in literature, and above all in fiction, and novels of recent years have come to take the place of tracts and treatises as a more agreeable and wise manner of instilling pet theories or current ideas. In choosing a batch of recent Italian novels for treatment in these pages, besides selecting some of the most notable, we have purposely chosen those that might come under the German definition

of "*Tendenza Romane*," because these reflect the real life and current modes of thought of the country. On this account we leave aside all mention of D'Annunzio and his followers, though D'Annunzio is, after Carducci, perhaps the greatest literary genius contemporary Italy can boast. Moreover, he handles a form of art which is misnamed "new literature," but whose chief characteristics are mould and decay.

The dominant note of all these new novels that reflect the life and sentiments of living Italy may be said to be that of an acute struggle for existence, in which the weakest, the least astute, and least unscrupulous go to the wall. Matilde Serao, that clever-witted woman, who after her first successes has thrown herself almost wholly into journalism, was quick to note an altered temper in the times, and published a novel called '*La Conquista di Roma*,' which, though not one of the strongest works of that gifted writer, yet reflects very admirably the invading tendency of Italian political life to treat membership of the Chamber merely as a mode of personal advancement, in which patriotism and the weal of the land play no part. It still better exemplifies another dominant trait,—common perhaps to all Southern peoples—a great, and in this case disastrous, influence of women upon men, women regarded solely as instruments of love, not as elevating companions, helpmates, and co-workers: the stronger sex in these countries too often proves itself the weaker. The protagonist of this novel comes to Rome with the conviction that he will conquer it by his talents, and instead is conquered by its social life, and returns home as vanquished, not as

victor. The story, like another one we shall deal with, depicts political life through the adventures of a provincial deputy who finds himself transferred from his distant home to the hurrying rush of modern Rome. We are first introduced to the hero as a passenger in the train which is bringing him up from his Southern constituency to his duties in Rome as newly elected member of the Chamber. He cannot sleep, he is too excited; he is for ever touching and feeling, as though it were an amulet, the little gold medal which hangs from his watch-chain, and is marked "XIV. Legislature Francesco Sangiorgio." This medal is accorded to all Italian deputies as a species of badge which permits them to be easily recognised. Sangiorgio has availed himself of the privilege which pertains to all deputies and senators, not only of travelling free on all the lines of the kingdom, but of reserving a whole compartment for themselves; which fact accounts for the manner ordinary travellers are squeezed on Italian railways while there are numbers of carriages in the train containing one solitary man. Sangiorgio in his new pride of office could not resist the temptation to so distinguish himself in the eyes of his electors, and he held, too, that this solitude would leave him free to dwell on his own thoughts—thoughts that were all of Rome. He had never been to Rome; all his ideas of the great metropolis were grandiose, vague, indefinite.

"Beneath the icy mask of this grave Southerner there burned the flame of an imagination given over to solitary and egotistic contemplation. Oh, he felt Rome, he saw her like a gigantic shade in human form extending to

him her maternal arms, ready to clasp him to her breast in a potent embrace, such as Earth gave to Antæus, whence he issued restrengthened. He seemed to hear through the night air the irresistible softness of a female voice speaking his name, which caused him a shiver of voluptuous delight. The city awaited him as though he were a distant and beloved son; she magnetised him with the deep longing of the mother who desires her child. . . . In the depth of his consciousness there lay hidden a distrust of others, an abounding self-esteem, a constant and sometimes pernicious reserve, a perpetual search after a cold exterior while his soul burned within, a profound contempt for all human power outside of ambition, a great discrepancy between desire and reality, secret, but none the less potent, a consequent delusion, a love of success, of success only, nothing but success. . . . At times the sense of utter weakness came over him, he felt a contemptible, limited being. He felt unfit for Rome. He must go through a course of penance and purification to be worthy of this priestess, this mother, this mistress. Rome demands expiation and sacrifice, demands a pure heart and an iron will."

When Rome was reached at last after these and other meditations there was disappointment in store for our young deputy; no one noticed either him or his medal as he descended from the train. He was but a unit in the crowd. All the officials were busy with a group of gentlemen in tall hats and evening dress who had come to meet a grave, pale, grey-haired man and a tall, slender, elegant woman, to whom they offered a bouquet of flowers. "His Excellency," murmured the crowd. Sangiorgio followed the group that accompanied the Minister of Fine Arts, whom he was to meet again soon, and who was to have great influence on his life. He found Rome damp, dull, and but half-awake in this early morn-

ing hour, and not at all impressive as he had dreamed. And little wonder; for around the railway-station at Rome, thanks to modern improvements, that which was once a poetic spot has been converted into a grey and featureless Parisian suburb. Sangiorgio felt the cold at his heart. He knew not what to do with himself; for the real sights and beauties of Rome he had no comprehension; so he haunted Montecitorio, the meeting-house of the Italian Parliament, where the deputies were not to assemble for another week. He looked around him for the well-known men of whom he had heard, Sella, Crispi: he found them not. He found only a socialist, who was always writing, an old man always asleep, and a studious deputy who spent his time in the library.

One day Sangiorgio did not go to Montecitorio; he went to see Rome. He judged the façade of St Peter's small and low; he roamed about the vast church unimpressed and bored. He went to the Colosseum and found it deserted save for a pair of lovers. Sangiorgio despised lovers. He gave up sight-seeing in disgust. Ambition was all he cared for. The opening day at last drew near. Here occurs an amusing description of a glove-shop where it is customary for all the provincial deputies to go to provide themselves with gloves and cravats for the occasion. Everybody talks about his own affairs, as Italians are apt to do, and a flow of petty gossip pervades the little shop, to which Sangiorgio also has resorted to get the needful outfit for the opening day, when all appear in evening dress though the ceremony takes place by day. The description of this opening is picturesque and graphic; Matilde Serao has few rivals in this style

of writing. Many well-known names are introduced:—

"The whole chamber looked like some great sacred enclosure which annihilates the individual, an enclosure which dominated the intelligence, the will, the character, where to be some one it requires a profound, fervid, mystic ardour, or else that audacity of sacrilege which overthrows the altar. The altar seemed adumbrated by the royal canopy, it seemed as though boundless power were hidden there. . . . The King, an eminently military figure,—thin, straight, robust, holding in his hand the manuscript of his speech,—looked like one of those old pictures of princes who were generals, with full clear eyes and bare face, who grasp in their hands the maps of fortifications. He read his speech in a rough, hoarse voice, making strange breaks in his sentences. The queen in her tribune listened earnestly, all the assembly listened, now and then there was applause. Then followed the taking of the oaths. The Minister of the day was Depretis; Sangiorgio, when his turn came, swore in a choked voice which could be heard by none."

He was now launched on his career as deputy, and his next step was to seek an apartment. He took a dull, ill-furnished lodging in a dull, dark street. Visions of women had come to trouble his head since he came to Rome, and he purposely chose a house where there were none. He preferred the company of men, the life of politics and ambition. He made acquaintances: one of them, Giustini, drawn, it is said, from Ferdinando Martini, is very clever, sarcastic, and cynical. Giustini initiates Sangiorgio into the backstairs secrets of public life; he rubs the bloom off many of Sangiorgio's illusions. Thus, speaking of popular demonstrations, Giustini says that to believe in demonstrations like the one they are now witnessing one must be either

twenty or sixty, either a child or a dotard. He rails at Parliament as a mass of chatterboxes. He, Giustini, feels that Sangiorgio has power in him, and talks to him as one who is worth attention. The above conversation takes place on the Pincio, and Giustini points out to the provincial the ladies returning from the promenade. Among them is the lady of the railway-station. This lady, says Giustini, is virtuous, but whether from calculation, from hypocrisy, or from coldness of temperament, who shall say. Her name is Angelica; she is the wife of Don Silvio Vargas, the Minister of Fine Arts. There comes by another woman, who asks Giustini to present Sangiorgio to her; she is Countess Elena Fiammenti. She asks the new deputy to her house, and tells him he may smoke there, that she sings well, and that he will find no other woman. The splendid view of Rome that the Pincio hill presents gives Giustini an occasion to sum up for the newcomer's benefit his views concerning the modern aspect of the Eternal City. He begins with the Vatican that faces them, with its cupola of St Peter's and its huge, many-chambered dwelling-house; he launches out in a tirade on the theme of the Papacy:—

"That is the Vatican: the Pope lives in there; he is seventy, he is frail, he suffers, death has his hand on him; what matters? He is strong. I do not believe in God, Onorevole, but he has on his side the unhappy, the foolish, the humble, the young, the women, those women who transmit from mother to daughter, not religion, perhaps, but cultus. Do you think they sleep down there by the river bank, in that great place where Michelangelo painted? This is the Vatican, a whole colossal idea, that is served by, from which spreads out a population of cardinals, bishops

priests, monks, nuns, seminarists, clerks,—and they not only pray, officiate, and sing, but they are in the houses, they penetrate into the families, they teach in the schools, they love, hate, enjoy, live for themselves and their own interests, for the Church and for the Pope. Who can measure their strength or the extent of their power? I do not speak of faith, nor do I wish to glorify religion. That strange child's tale has done its work, but the human interest lives and multiplies. We pass side by side of this great ferment and are not aware of it. We live near a great mystery which is agitating in the dark and are not cognisant of its existence. . . . And that great, seething caldron of Montecitorio, which we cannot see from here because it is suffocated amid the houses while we suffocate in it, what is it but a *papier-maché* oven where all sorts of things and people are baked into fever-heat, where men are cooked like dry beans, burnt up by limitless desire, consumed by the emptiness of their own ideals? As to the *impiegati*" (officials—barbarians Giustini calls them; they are nearly all Piedmontese, and in Italy the South despises the North, as the North in its turn gibes at the South), "who live their poor hard lives and despise Rome because they do not understand it, who are themselves happy in their houses and abuse the Government, their servants, Rome, the butcher, like miserable obtuse barbarians as they are, what of them? And the Romans, the real Romans, of the Rione Monti and the Rione Trevi, who put the adjective 'Romano' after their names as a title of nobility, who eat *gnocchi* on Thursday, tripe on Saturday, and lamb always, who love white wine and the fireworks at Castel Sant' Angelo, who boast of the *acqua marcia* and placidly allow the black-beetles to overrun their old houses, these sceptical, sharp, indifferent Romans who make excellent husbands and affectionate lovers, they are not sleeping. . . . All these make up a whole so complicated, a machine so delicate in its working, that the thought of it terrifies him as though it were an infernal machine."

This Rome, Giustini tells San-

giorgio, gives herself to none; she must be conquered:—

"Her strength, her power, her altitude is in a virtue almost divine—namely, indifference. You struggle, cry, howl, burn your house and your books, dance at the stake, she takes no notice of it all. It is the city to which all come, where everything has happened; what does she care about you, imperceptible atoms that vanish so quickly? She is indifferent, she is the great cosmopolitan city, that has this character of universality, that she knows everything because she has seen everything. Indifference, imperturbable serenity, a deaf soul, *the woman who knows not how to love*. It is the spiritual sirocco, the lukewarm and uniform temperature which blunts your nerves, weakens your will, and causes in you every now and then great internal rebellions and great despondency. Yet there must be some one or something that troubles this serenity, that overcomes this indifference. There is absolute need of some one who will conquer Rome; be it only for ten years, for one year, for a month, but conquer her, take her, revenge all those who have died, all those who have fallen, all the weak ones who have touched her walls without having been able to surmount them. Oh, that one must have a heart of bronze, a rigid and inflexible will; he must be young, strong, robust, and daring, without ties, without weaknesses; he must concentrate himself with depth and intensity in this sole idea of conquest. Some one must conquer her, this superb Rome."

"I will," said Francesco Sangiorgio."

This overweening self-esteem of Sangiorgio, which is very characteristic of his nationality, makes him unable to doubt that he, too, could fail where others before him have suffered shipwreck. For a moment it seems as though fortune seconded his ambition; chance enables him to make a hit with his maiden speech in Parliament. His theme was the state of the provinces of the South,

for which he claimed the just treatment, the interest they had never yet obtained. The Camera was excited and touched. Sangiorgio's career had begun. There now follows one of the most characteristic scenes and bits of word-painting in the book, a description of that curious locality which exists on the ground-floor of the Italian Parliament House, where collect daily all those who have or think they have claims upon the various deputies. The scene, to those who may have witnessed it (as happened once by accident to the present writer, who, coming to attend a sitting of the Italian Parliament, missed the right door), is one not easily forgotten, and recalls the spectacle that must have been witnessed in ancient Rome when the clients gathered round their patron in the Forum and in the street. Indeed there is direct hereditary affinity between that state of affairs and this:—

"Every moment the glass door of the ground-floor room at No. 9 Via della Missione opened to admit another person. Those who were already in the room, seated on the benches or standing about, cast hostile glances at the new-comer; with him there entered an icy gust of the *tramontana*. The one who hurriedly and shiveringly came in went straight to the long table which divided the ground-floor room in two, took a small ticket and wrote on it his own name and that of the deputy whom he wished to see, and like him there were always five or six writing on little tickets. On the other side of the table, the ushers, in uniform, their breasts covered with medals, a tri-color band on their arms, with bald heads and hoary heads, came and went, carrying away those tickets five at a time, disappearing through a door which, by means of certain corridors, gave access to the Aula. The man who had sent off his request began to walk contentedly up and down, or if there was room he took a

seat, without impatience, even with a certain presumptuous security. The sacred door opened and an usher reappeared with a number of tickets in his hand; all the heads were raised and the ears on the alert.

"'Who asked for the Honourable Parodi?' cried the usher.

"'I did,' replied a voice from amongst the waiting crowd.

"'He is not here.'

"'Have you looked carefully?' insisted the voice, which belonged to an old man with a bottle nose and thick and purple lips.

"'The Honourable Parodi is not here,' repeated the usher, patiently.

"'Yet he ought to be here,' grumbled the other.

"'Who asked for the Honourable Sambucetto?'

"'I did,' answered a young man with a sallow face and a shabby overcoat with the collar turned up.

"'He is here, but he cannot come.'

"'Why cannot he come?' demanded the young man in an insolent tone, turning almost livid.

"'He wrote nothing else, only that he cannot come.'

"The young man mingled with the people who filled the room, but he did not go away. He remained there, angry, grumbling, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and a look of discontent that was but little promising. Moreover, the faces of the people who walked to and fro impatiently in that room or sat on the benches along the walls all bore an expression of sadness, weariness, of repressed suffering. It was like the waiting-room of a famous doctor, where, coming one after another, the invalids congregated, awaiting their turns, each gazing round with the vague eyes of one who is no longer interested in anything, with thoughts always directed towards his own infirmities. And as in that gloomy anteroom, which no one who has visited it once either for himself or for any one beloved can ever forget, so in this room there were met together all the evils which torment the poor human frame. . . . Thus in that cold room were gathered together all the moral miseries of humanity forgetful of everything but their own troubles. There was the youth who had taught in the elementary schools

without having a certificate, now come to Rome to find some employment or other, and after having wandered round for a month in vain, timidly, had ended by applying for a situation as servant, which had been refused him because his mien was but little servile; the ex-employé of the Banco di Napoli or Banco di Sicilia, who was thrown into destitution for malpractices twelve years ago under the party of the Right, and now wished to be reinstated in the progressionist party he has always served faithfully; the manufacturer who had dabbled in hazardous speculations, who had to pay a heavy fine to the Treasury because he had not registered a contract, and hopes by the intervention of the Minister to be absolved from paying the required compensation; the widow of a pensioner, accompanied by a child whimpering with cold, who for ten months has been begging for the charge of a lottery-office, renouncing her pension; the idler who can do everything and is good for nothing, who insists on having a position, no matter what it may be, on the pretext that because in the Chamber and amongst the Ministers there are some who are such fools, he also ought to have a share in the land of plenty. And the varieties of needs and necessities are infinite. Each one of these people has anger in his soul, an unsatisfied desire, a lively and tormenting illusion, a secret care, a bitterness of aspiration, a discontent; and on the face there corresponds a spasmodic contraction, a tightening of passionate lips, a dilation of nostrils which tremble at the nervous shock, a knitting of the brows which saddens the whole face, a convulsion of the hands which are tightly closed in the pockets of the overcoat, a melancholy twist in the feminine smile that descends from delusion to delusion; and with it all a profound concentration, an oblivion of all the interests of others, a single thought, a fixed idea, for which they gaze at and meet and jostle each other, while it almost seems as though they neither heard nor saw each other. The floor of the room is dirty, fouled by feet which have traversed the mire of the streets, spit over by persons suffering from colds.

“‘Who asked for the Honourable Moraldi?’ cried the usher.

“‘I,’ answered a loud and imposing voice that belonged to a big stout man in a red comforter.

“‘He begs you to wait a little; the Minister is just speaking.’ And the big man strutted about in his warm overcoat, which described a very noticeable curve over his paunch. Several persons looked at him with envy, because his deputy had at least asked him to wait, whilst others pretended to be absent or sent curt dry messages to say they could not come. . . . The movement continued; those who had received a definite refusal remained there a while undecided, with pale faces, glancing at the door, scarcely finding the courage to go into the cold, then making up their minds to leave, with bent shoulders, slowly, without turning round again. For one who went out two or three came in—the room was never empty; the ushers came and went through that door, which seemed like the door of a tabernacle; the negative replies rained in.

“‘Who wants the Honourable Nicotera?’

“‘I do,’ said a tall, thin man with a fleshless neck, a face like a skeleton, and scanty, discoloured hair.

“‘He is here, but he begs to excuse himself, he cannot come.’

“The man of fantastic leanness bent himself double like a caterpillar over the table, wrote another ticket, and gave it to another usher, who returned crying—

“‘Who asked for the Honourable Zanardelli?’

“‘I did,’ answered that sibilant little voice.

“‘He is here, but the Minister is speaking and he cannot come.’

“The spectre wrote again, without losing patience. But a deputy, more compliant than the others, had come at the call of the one who wanted him, greeting him with a certain eager haste and taking him into the next room, where the conversations between clients and deputies take place. In this room were three or four ladies, seated in the shadow, waiting, with their hands in their muffs. The deputy and the client walked up and down; the client

talked with animation and gesticulation, and the honourable member listened to him with his eyes cast down, attentively, nodding his head every now and then in token of approval. In the first room the long waiting had wearied all these people. A lassitude physical and moral weighed upon them; the new delusion at the close of the day destroyed their strength: some of them leaned against the wall; the widow's child had fallen asleep upon her knee, and silence reigned. And true miseries or false miseries, the desires of idle brains or the more fervent wishes of industrious souls, necessities into which vice had thrown them or unmerited misfortunes, inordinate ambitions, ambitions modest and small, fantastic ideas of unstrung nerves, the thirst for justice of obstinate madmen, all that secret human trouble borne in silence, confused into a sense of oppression, of melancholy, into a feeling of abandonment, into disconsolate regrets for having come there again to knock at that door which refused to open. Already the gas was burning brightly, but it fell upon faces discomposed, prostrated, immovable as the dead. Three ushers came out of the door, one behind the other.

"Who asked for the Honourable Sella?"

"Who asked for the Honourable Bomba?"

"Who asked for the Honourable Crispi?"

"I, I, I," answered the small voice of the skeleton man.

"The Honourable Sella cannot leave the Aula."

"The Honourable Bomba is busy in the Aula."

"The Honourable Crispi is in the Budget Commission."

"Calmly the skeleton being wrote another ticket and handed it to an usher."

"Excuse me," observed this one, "we cannot call the Ministers, and especially not the President of the Council."

"Why not?" asked the spectre in surprise.

"It is the rule."

Sangiorgio has got his foot upon

the first rung of the ladder of success, he has now but to climb steadily to reach the top; but here, alas! he falls under the pernicious influence of woman. He has intrigues first with one married woman, the lady of the *coupé*, then with another, the wife of the Minister of Fine Arts,—intrigues of the kind so familiar in French and Italian novels, and which reflect a common custom of the respective countries, distract his thoughts from public affairs, prevent him carrying out an order received to write a report on the state of the Basilicata, oblige him to fight a duel and to have a disagreeable scene with the Minister. He has involved himself in debts also with house decorators and furnishers for the luxurious apartment he prepares for his illicit love; he has even borrowed sums from a bank in order to help on his amours, sums he can scarcely hope to repay; he is, in short, bankrupt actually and morally. He gives in his resignation, leaves the capital, and returns to his remote mountain village, a vanquished would-be conqueror. No more reserved carriages for him, no more first-class. A modest second-class compartment of the slow train carries him away from the scene of his would-be triumphs—triumphs that might have been real could he have stuck to work, could he have resisted the Latin, all-devouring, all-blinding penchant for women and light loves. As he left the city behind him, "he gazed out of the window and beheld Rome, black, great, immense, upon her seven hills that sparkled with light; he withdrew his head and lay back in his seat like a dead man. For, in truth Rome had conquered him."

'L'Onorevole' (the term corre

sponds to our M.P.) is yet another tale of a deputy who not only fails in public life, but is also financially ruined, thanks to his low and sordid personal ambition. The writer of the novel is Signor Achille Bizzone, an old parliamentary reporter on the staff of the 'Secolo,' well versed in all the intrigues and jobberies, the puerile faction tactics that are the form of politics which absorb too much of the time and energy of the Italian Parliament. He was also one of the newspaper writers, indeed the first, whom the luckless General Baratieri banished from the camp in Africa, because as war correspondent he was sending home an inkling of the true state of affairs, the suicidal folly of the whole campaign, the insufficient supplies, the general disorder and confusion that pervaded all these disastrous war operations. 'L'Onorevole' is written with much bitterness, and hence, no doubt, with some exaggeration; but it is the bitterness an honest man and accurate observer cannot fail to experience when watching how petty private aims and goals override all the higher duties and considerations of patriotism,—a patriotism, alas! such worlds asunder from the realm of politics pure and simple, a method that threatens to undo the noble work, threatens seriously to undermine the promising edifice reared by the patriots and martyrs of the Italian *Risorgimento*. This view is synthesised in the mouth of an ex-deputy, ex-patriot, Ruggieri, a friend of this *Onorevole*, who meets him at the Roman station and initiates him into his views of the current political life. He himself is given over to despair and drinking of absinthe, which, according to him, is the haschisch of the Westerners:—

"However, to you, happy man, I do not advise such heroic remedies. They are of no use except for us, veterans of a generation of diseased sentimentalism, sons of a century that commenced in 1859 and ended in 1870. Your twenty years save you at least from our moral changes of fortune. You are practical; we were nothing but dreamers."

If the book is in all respects not of first-class merit,—and it is as a tale pure and simple that it is weakest,—it is significant and symptomatic of current tendencies, and as such deserves notice. It also forms interesting reading on account of the lucidity with which incidents and situations are evolved. The hero, Giuliano Sicuri, is a character of some power, but this mental power is not balanced on the moral side. He is frankly a striver, to whom the world is an oyster, which he intends to open, not with his sword but with his talents:—

"Young, rich, attractive—armed, moreover, with the title of Count, which is no drawback in democratic surroundings—with sufficient spirit to defend himself brilliantly in society, but not sufficient ability and character to dare take flight by himself into the higher spheres."

It was not, therefore, owing to his own merits that Sicuri was returned for Parliament. The Government of the moment found itself in need of votes, and the sub-prefect of the little town in which Giuliano lived happily and peacefully with his wife and child had been ordered to find a pliable candidate to oppose to the strenuous Radical who seemed likely to carry all before him. Bribes and promises to build some needful river dams and bridges, the foundation of a newspaper to advocate the cause of the new candidate, soon did their required work. Sicuri

goes up to Rome a deputy, and, like Sangiorgio, he exults in the luxury of his free journey and reserved first-class carriage, and indulges in dreams of Rome and all he will achieve. Sicuri has been laden with letters of introduction by the sub-prefect, a character who well represents those plague-spots of bureaucratic countries, the prefect and his subordinates, manipulators of elections and veritable drags upon all honest and spontaneous national political existence. A certain number of these letters are to newspaper editors, and to their offices Sicuri repairs almost immediately after his arrival. The organ of his own party, if party he can be said to have, is of course first visited. The editor is a certain Ferretti, whose portrait is, we believe, taken from life,—a cynic of the first water, who soon dashes many of Sicuri's illusions. Ferretti brazenly tells his visitor that the support of the 'Ordine' costs money, but that for the moment a small sum, say 10,000 francs, will suffice. There is a danger that Sicuri's election, more than commonly irregular, will be protested; this requires effort on the part of the Press.

"On the other hand, I will answer for its validity. The *Giunta*,¹ chosen by the majority, is always subject to the Government. And I am the Government! It is a great institution, the newspaper 'L'Ordine.' The counsellors of the Crown change and pass away, but I with my newspaper remain. . . . I hold with being frank—frank, sincere, to the point of brutality; therefore you will not be surprised, Count, if I begin where others would finish. Three elements are necessary to assure victory—money, money, money! . . . 'L'Ordine' is not a paper with a large circulation. I am not the editor, I am a journalist;

the paper is not an end, it is a means. It costs a fortune. . . . 'L'Ordine' is a lawyer; clients are those who seek its protection. The requital for being just must not be measured only by the importance of the cause nor by the length of the client's purse."

A further damper to Sicuri's hopes and aims were the conversations of his friend Ruggieri, who had abandoned political life rather than vote against his convictions. He points out to his younger friend how he and his ideas are fossils, survivals destined to disappear,—

"Conceived during the thunder of the artillery, but growing up when the enthusiasm was calming down, when, a fatherland reconquered, the wise men prepared to devour it, when the young men, believing the work of redemption to be complete, looked upon politics as a means of furthering their career, a new career in itself, sole preoccupation of the new generation, sole aim. The flame of sacrifice has been extinguished with the delusions of 1866, and with the facile triumphs of the Porta Pia. The one was truly the man of the past; the other, educated in the positive school, would have been of his time if nature had only made him better constituted for the struggle; he was incapacitated for the struggle by his yielding disposition, by the feminine delicacy of his instincts."

Ruggieri exposes his views, which are, of course, those of the author and of a large section of the Italian people, yet more fully when lunching with Sicuri at the Belvedere on Monte Mario, whence so grand a view of Rome is obtained:—

"Rome at their feet, three thousand years of the history of humanity. Rome, great not only by its antique glories, but by that which it always is. Not Rome the village, seat of a transitory dynasty, of an anomalous Government, the third Rome, encumbered by the ruins of recent building

¹ Committee to investigate the legality of elections, chosen from out of members of the Chamber,—a pernicious practice long ago abolished by our Parliament.

and bank crises, material, moral, and political ruins, the Rome of the Popes, the capital of Catholicism, almost as immense as the secular world. Roma Cosmopolis ! The Rome of the Vatican and the Propaganda Fide, the Rome of believers, the Holy City of pilgrims, the Urbs from whence an old man hurled indisputable dogmas and created saints, new divinities adored by the greater part of humanity. Rome which survived Byzantium, the Rome of the Papacy, still more vigorous because of the voluntary imprisonment of its pontiffs.

“No, no, my dear fellow,” replied Ruggieri to the optimistic objections of Giuliano. “The occupation of Rome, prior to the coming into power of a federal democracy, was a misfortune, a necessary error, inevitable, fatal, but an error. To attempt to resuscitate the Roman spirit and to equalise it,” he said, pointing to the colossal unfinished monument to Victor Emmanuel dominating the Campidoglio from Ara Coeli, “is madness. The Roman spirit died with the last of the Tribunes, Cola da Rienzi, sublime visionary ; the last Quirites have stoned the Roman spirit. . . . Bibliopolis, the imaginary city of Charles Nodier, was destroyed by ants. The new Romes, which after an interval of many centuries are being reconstructed, are nothing but the demolition of the antique, of the great Rome. Do you see it, do you see it down there, the black ruin ? . . . The amphitheatre of Flavian, cemented by the blood of thousands of Christian martyrs, the nihilists of Imperial Rome ; well then, excavated by eighty generations, by a hundred revolutions, condemned to be a rubbish-heap, a fortress dismantled and sacked by barbarians, ruined by the lead of medieval artillery, for ages a quarry of travertine stone, but more solid and imposing than the Vatican and St Peter’s together, the imperishable skeleton of antique Rome ; imperishable, but a skeleton. . . . What shall we say now of Piedmontese art, which, to the *chefs-d’œuvre* of Bramante and Michelangelo, to the Cancellaria and Farnese Palaces, in order to affirm the Savoy intangibility in Rome, opposes the Palace of Finance and reconstructs, spoiling

and building upon the precious ruins, new ruins upon the antique, the third Rome, with copies of the architecture of Monte Carlo or Aix-les-Bains ? . . . No ! Antique Rome was too great, the Rome of the Popes was too grandiose for the Court of Turin to inherit.”

“The Court ! The Court of Turin, and Italy enters Rome by the breach in the Porta Pia !” exclaimed Giuliano, impatiently.

“I grant it. But do you think that the new little populace can rival the crushing memories ? Italy in Rome is like Gautier’s Capitaine Fracassa in the castle destroyed by his ancestors. And then, too many ruins to demolish in our turn—thousands of years old they are, too, as solid as the travertine of the Colosseum, ruins, obstacles of which new Italy takes no account. How many milliards of ants, how many centuries, are needed to destroy the entire world ?”

Sicuri is puzzled. It seems to him that his friend, the arch-Liberal, is defending the Church. He replies :—

“I have not changed my principles, I have only lost many illusions. The Church is no more eternal than any other human institution, but ductile, malleable as wax, and has the faculty of transforming itself according to the exigencies of the time. The future belongs to democracy ; well, the Church precedes social revolution and speaks the socialistic word. While he had to protect the temporal power, materially feeble, the Viceroy of God was the humble servant of monarchs ; to-day it is the sovereigns who invoke his support. The moderate republic in France owes in a great measure its last electoral victory to him. . . . The day on which, in Italy, the Church will wish decidedly to take part in the political struggle, the Parliament will be half-composed of Clericals. It will not be of much use to them, however, for a reaction will be inevitable. It is better to undermine our political institutions slowly, leaving the errors and the sins of official Italy to do the rest.”

“You believe, then, that Rome will return to the Pontiffs ?”

“‘And who told you that? Do you believe there are three fools in the Vatican who seriously desire a re-establishment of temporal power? Think about it. The railways, the telegraphs, telephones, journalism, an army of mercenaries with all the terrible and ruinous progress of the new armies, of new military arrangements, rules as to hygiene and prostitution, anarchism to fight. It would be suicide. Rome would become a laughing-stock, as it has been already, before 1870, when in the midst of civilised Europe was seen, as at Constantinople, vagabond dogs feeding on the refuse deposited by the inhabitants in front of their doors in wait for the scavengers to take it to Testaccio or to throw it on the public rubbish-heaps, which, to the honour and glory of the theocracy, adorned the streets of the Eternal City, streets distinguished by the names of heroes and Cæsars, of Popes more or less glorious, of Catholic dogmas, of saints, and even of the Holy Trinity. The temporal Power is indeed dead, like the medieval communes, like the Italian republics, once so flourishing and glorious. We might just as well try to bring about a return to feudalism in France. . . . And two kings in Rome are incompatible. If Constantine abandoned the banks of the Tiber for those of the Bosphorus, it was because it had become impossible for him to live together with the Bishop of Rome. . . . I repeat, the struggle of Italy against the Papacy is unequal; we are at a disadvantage in Rome, and the disintegration of our institutions is in great part due to the presence in Rome of two incompatible sovereigns. We have improved the atmosphere with the Tiber works, with the draining of the Agro Romano, with new unfortunate edifices; but papal Rome is deleterious to all secular Powers. Papal Rome murders Italy. Malaria poisons us. The Papacy can perhaps be reconciled to Italy; but to the dynasty, while the Savoy cross still waves over the apostolic palace of the Quirinal, it is impossible. The *non possumus* of Pius IX. is of granite.’”

Sicuri fancies that Ruggieri would relinquish Rome, but this is

by no means his idea, he wishes only to see a federal Italy:—

“‘Cosmopolis is destined for a new great mission, inevitably the moral capital of the future, of the inevitable Latin Confederation. Give me a federal Italy, such as now, after so many delusions, enlightened statesmen dream of and desire, and the free city of Rome will no longer be an obstacle and a peril.’ . . .

“‘How, you, a Garibaldian who fought at Mentana, crying Rome or death! to talk like this?’

“‘Is there such inconsistency between what I did and what I say now? Will Rome cease perhaps to be the Rome dreamt of by Garibaldi merely because the federal Parliament will sit once more in the Palazzo della Signoria at Florence instead of at Montecitorio? Will Rome, as the seat of great federal controls, council of State, court of counts, of cassation, be less Italian? Will the Roman university be less frequented and the civil Power be less strong when no longer hampered by hybrid concessions, like the Law of Guarantees, one-sided contracts, unrecognised by the Papacy, but laws for us who, wishing to impose, have been imposed upon? Will the feeling of pride and affection of the whole of Italy for the great common mother be less fervid only because we shall have twenty thousand bureaucrats less in Rome, and the bishops of Rome will no longer be able to pretend they are prisoners? Has New York any less influence in the North of the United States because the Parliament and the officials sit at Washington? When Thiers took the Chamber to Versailles did Paris cease to be Paris? Shall I tell you a paradox?’ added Hector, after a short pause. ‘Perhaps we might not have the courage to proclaim it publicly, but truths are truths, even if we don’t want to hear them.’ And lowering his voice, as though half-afraid of being overheard by an invisible third person, he said, ‘I am afraid that Rome will cease to be Rome the day the Pope leaves it. . . . The whole civilised world goes through Rome. Who cares for the Quirinal? The great attraction is the cupola of St Peter’s, the

extinguisher, and during the year the Pope has blessed more visitors than the monarchs of the Triple Alliance have passed soldiers in review. Remove the Pope, and after many liquidations we may close the antiquity-shop that remains. . . . Such disadvantages, such incompatibility are in great measure the origins of the moral and material disintegration which is communicated by the public administrations of the capital, or rather radiates from them, if the word is not out of place, over all Italy. It is a malaria! And now that, as was my duty, I have introduced you to the old grandmother, whose guest you are and will be in your capacity of legislator, let us go down by the Via Trionfale and cross the Tiber, more copious of water than the Rubicon, but troubled waters,—troubled like the two policies of the two courts, all fishers in troubled waters.”

This very remarkable conversation, unfortunately too long to quote entire, sums up the whole programme that has many followers in contemporary Italy, and whose adherents have been increased by the mistakes, not to say crimes, committed by the Crispi Governments and their ilk. In one of the first letters Sicuri writes to his wife he paints for her benefit a lurid picture of Montecitorio as he beholds it, reeking with official jobbery, and dilates upon the low estimation in which the position of deputy is held in Rome: the term *Onorevole* is deemed but base coin in the metropolis. The position of deputy is entered on, with a few exceptions, not so much for the sake of the fatherland as to foster personal aims and ends, and Sicuri actually avers that there are deputies so poor and mean that they carry away the candle-ends to furnish themselves with light in their miserable lodgings; deputies who travel backwards and for-

wards in the train by night to save paying for an apartment; he repeats what Ruggieri has told him of purses suspiciously lost in the Chamber; pictures which have mysteriously vanished from galleries held in trust by committees formed of deputies; of poor members grown rich by the spoils of charitable institutions; of national collections for calamities that have never found their way into the destined pockets; of the strangest communications written upon Government paper. Poverty, the only evil really dreaded in this present day, bribes them, tries them, wears them out. In short, Sicuri's letter is a severe indictment of his colleagues and their methods.

“Montecitorio, says Ruggieri, is a very good club; the only drawback is, you can black-ball no one—you must take the members as they come.”

But he says nothing of his own actions, not less ignoble,—of the bribe paid to Ferretti.

The story now goes on to bring before the reader's eyes some not very savoury backstair scenes of public life, among them the slandering of Sicuri's wife in order to involve him in a duel and discredit him with his own party. All this has been put in motion by the sub-prefect, who has his private ends to serve, thus on the one hand aiding and on the other hindering his momentary *protégé*. This Cerasi, who plays with his victim to the end, like a cat with a mouse, is a strongly drawn type, a true arid-souled bureaucrat, a hard sharp human being, devoid of all kinds of emotions. The matter concerning his wife adjured, Sicuri gets thrown more and more into the seething whirlpool of public life. The validity of his election is soon contested;

bribery and every species of corruption is too openly proved. Ferretti points out to him how this can be validated nevertheless, but this can only be done by employing more of the same methods for misleading public opinion through the Press, all of which must be paid for in clinking coin. In this way every day the demands on Sicuri's purse grow heavier, and though he is fairly rich, still his means can barely meet these demands. He has to have recourse to bills and money-lenders, and what with this and the scandal circulated concerning his family, he begins to feel dimly that the ancestral honour of the Sicuris has been lacerated and has lost some of its century-old respectability. However, he consoles himself with the thought that calumnies pass, but the membership remains. He grows also daily more enlightened as to many manifestations of public life that had puzzled him. Thus a deputy makes for his benefit a rapid survey of Italian political affairs, amid which occurs this passage, which may interest many persons out of Italy who, perhaps, scarcely realise how eminently democratic is the land, and how it has *au fond* remained faithful to the hopes and desires of Mazzini and Garibaldi:—

“‘Italy, beyond all doubt,’ continued the *Onorevole* Lastri, ‘is eminently democratic. The monarchists are monarchists for pure love of the *statu quo*, not by conviction—for fear of the unknown. The upholders of the dynasty, excepting the high bureaucracy and the military officials, are no longer found anywhere but in Piedmont, and there they must be sought for. The great majority, therefore, is democratic or clerical. Clericalism, the natural enemy of institutions, tends towards becoming democratic with the policy of Leo

XIII. But the Clericals, properly so called, do not vote by order of the Pontiff; not for fear of defeat, but for dread of victory. Victorious, they might provoke a reaction. Then there would be conflicts—perhaps a civil war, perhaps even the downfall of this new Italy, so necessary for the Papacy, in order to be able to represent itself to foreign countries as a victim and revive the fetishism which was dying out, and also to have a large country in which it can exist, prosper, and act freely. In which land, in which monarchy or republic, could the Papacy at this time of day have greater splendour and liberty?’”

Thanks also to Ferretti and Cerasi, Sicuri is introduced to the *salon* of a fair Egeria, who holds many of the wires of public life, and whose house is one of the very few where the two conflicting Roman aristocracies, the black and the white,—that is to say, the Clericals and the Savoyards,—meet in social intercourse. With this lady he soon begins one of the usual intrigues, which costs him much money as well as much time, and distracts him from his public and domestic duties. He takes to gambling, he even speculates, in the hope of supplementing his finances. In the meantime the question of the validity or non-validity of his election is still held in the balance, and consequently he votes ostentatiously on the side of the Government, even when he really disapproves of its acts, in order not to offend those in power. He despises himself, he feels he is deteriorating, he has been caught in the fatal net and can but go forward. It is at this moment that the cloud-storm of the so-called Italian Panamino arises to burst over Montecitorio and the bewildered and scandalised land, and Sicuri is found to be among the deputies who have had transactions of more than dubious char-

acter with the Banca Romana, here of course called by another name. Being fundamentally an honest man, and hence less astute, Sicuri is used as a scapegoat by his equally culpable but more cunning colleagues. His only sheet-anchor is to pay up ere the entire business is officially disclosed. Sicuri is in despair: he has practically exhausted all his resources; he dare not apply to his wife, whom he has betrayed in every way. While he is thus perplexed and agitated and anxious, a letter from his fair friend reaches him, bidding him set his mind at ease, that his bills have been met. The fact is, this lady is very rich, and has paid for her lover in order to bind him yet more closely to her triumphal car. But Sicuri's honest friend Ruggieri, and his wife, who through newspaper innuendoes has got wind of the affair, will not allow him to sink to such depths. Between them they raise the required sum, Ruggieri by sacrificing his lifelong savings, the Contessa Sicuri by selling some of her estates, and he is forced by moral suasion to repay the Contessa Marcelin. He is further persuaded, in order to let the scandal go to sleep and to stifle busy tongues, in order that time may purchase oblivion for his follies, to accompany Ruggieri on a long voyage to another hemisphere. He consents, and is already *en route* for Genoa to embark, when his mistress recalls him, and he obeys her voice instead of that of duty and honour, and hence is lost for ever. On hearing the tale, Cerasi, the cynic, and throughout the Mephisto of this amiable but weak-minded Faust, sums up the whole situation with the characteristic comment, "We wished to make a statesman of him, and

have only succeeded in making a Monsieur Alphonse. Before creating a man a deputy I shall in future be careful to look at the colour of his eyes: those blue eyes of his were fatal,—I always said so."

'L'Onorevole Paolo Leonforte,' by Enrico Castelnuovo, an able though perhaps not a first-class writer, is another book of the class which shows pretty plainly the way the political and social wind is now blowing in Italy. Paolo Leonforte is one of those trimmers, time-servers, and generally despicable characters to whom well applies the mordant saying of Nietzsche, that Man begins where the State ends. This hero is a self-seeker who has no policy except that which suits his own interests for the moment—a clever, amiable, unscrupulous rascal. The heroine—for this book has also a heroine, who occupies as important a place as the hero—is a certain Eleonora Brisaldi, Norina, as she is familiarly called, a woman no longer in the first flush of youth, in easy circumstances, a musical and artistic amateur, who lives a thoroughly respectable but unconventional life, and surrounds herself with artistic and literary men. The idea of marriage has long been banished from her mind, even if it ever had much place there; her friends, their society gathered around her every evening in her rooms at Venice, suffice her needs, and for female friendship she has the affection of her cousin, Emilia Volpiano, sister-in-law to an aspirer to Norina's hand. Into this group of *bons camarades* enters the Count Leonforte, "a dilettante, half-bourgeois, half-aristocrat, half-engineer, half-speculator, a Stock Exchange

being," as one of Norina's friends, disgusted at this interloper into their cosy circle, contemptuously describes him. Norina, although no longer young or beautiful, appears to Leonforte to be a suitable match, and she in turn is captivated by him, and after putting him to the test by telling him she has lost her fortune, which he does not believe but feigns not to care for, she marries him against the advice of all her old friends, who rightly mistrust Paolo. This mistrust naturally brings about a breach, and Norina, removed into a higher social sphere, is isolated from all her old associations. The friends, however, were right. If they could but have read Paolo's thoughts after his acceptance! Thus ran the rede: "Henceforth the future was his. Yet a short while and he would be rich, and with riches one can aspire to everything. It is true he must swallow the pill of this ugly and mature wife, but when it was a question of rising it did not matter that the stairway should be beautiful; it sufficed that it should be solid." In short, Paolo had married Norina to help his ambition, while she, poor soul, had married him for love, or, rather, for passion. Soon, all too soon, the glamour vanishes, and Norina recognises that she is not happy. For one thing, her husband is still young and handsome, while she is neither, despite the pains she takes with her toilet. Paolo soon sets up an official friend, the Marchesa Olimpia Tremonti, a picturesque chatterbox who has an elderly husband. This Marchesa is a cynical and up-to-date young lady, who affects a great liking for Norina, and wants to initiate her into society. Norina, who *au fond* is a real *grande dame*,

does not care for society — she cares only for her husband, who unhappily does not care for her. The sketches of frivolous Venetian society in the early chapters of the book are drawn with a master's hand; the modern adoration of wealth is sharply satirised. Olimpia and Paolo have a retreat where they meet at stated times; but though he likes the intrigue, Paolo keeps his head, even with Olimpia, whom he hopes to manipulate to his aims. At this time Leonforte is agent in Venice for a Belgian insurance company. He leaves most of the work, however, to his clerks — one a Radical, Merizzi; one purely Conservative, Valeriani. Of course they quarrel incessantly. But the *padrone* does not care; he has chosen them of opposite views on purpose: he wishes by their means and without appearing himself to keep himself informed as to what is thought and done in the two opposite camps of political opinions. But an insurance agency does not suffice for Leonforte's ambition. He sees that this is a lucky moment for floating a company, and he plays upon the vanity of Olimpia's weak-minded husband, who finds himself in a tight place owing to her extravagance, to induce him to propose the establishment of a joint-stock bank in North Italy, of which Tremonti should be one of the paid directors. The idea catches on, and the bank is floated with much *éclat*, with many aristocratic names on the committee and a duke as figurehead. The next step is for Leonforte to become a deputy. It is put forward that thus he can best help the bank. To attain this end he begins by taking a villa in the country, at Sant' Agnese in Colle, after having cast about in all directions

to see where there was a villa belonging to some deputy whom he could oust, a deputy who must be weak and yielding. To acquire this villa he causes Merizzi to write to the then existing deputy of the district, Cesare Corimbo, the proprietor of the villa, to sound him as to whether he would let it for the season. Leonforte knows that Corimbo is in financial difficulties, and hopes by thus obliging him to get him in his toils. This Cesare Corimbo is a patriot of the old school, whom Leonforte regards as only fit to be shouldered out by the new men—by the type, in short, to which Leonforte secretly belongs, who regard politics, as an old ambassador once said, as an “*affaire de chantage, de marchandage, et souvent de brigandage.*” The villa is too expensive for the finances of the Corimbo family, crippled as it is by the sacrifices voluntarily offered towards the making of Italy. Leonforte’s offer is made with much delicacy and great generosity, and is accepted. He and his wife remove to the villa for the summer months. Norina, who is beginning to understand her husband’s deep game, is told that she must make herself agreeable to all the notabilities of the district and to all the electors, and open house is kept at the villa, which is run in a style that none can remember since the departed days of the Corimbo’s glory. Corimbo, to whom, of course, Leonforte and his wife are especially attentive, has a niece, an eccentric child, who after much resistance becomes the friend of Norina, when she recognises that this rich woman is not happy, despite all appearances to the contrary. Norina, amiable, honest, straightforward, is just the person to win over the electorate, with whom she is soon most popular,

while Leonforte himself coaxes and flatters and cajoles and indirectly bribes the whole village, including Corimbo, the old deputy whom he is fast crowding out of his seat in the most amiable manner imaginable. “*Tant pis pour lui,*” says Leonforte in his inmost thoughts, “if he be the weakest.”

“He had also desired to put himself in connection with the other two deputies of the neighbouring constituencies, and had prudently informed himself if there were not one weaker than Corimbo, for, after all, it mattered little to him whether he ousted Corimbo or any other deputy. But the result of his inquiries had shown him that he must not change his battle-field. Corimbo’s two companions were worth very much less than he: they were two selfish idlers who had never devoted an hour of their time nor a drop of their blood to their country; but it did not matter—they had great possessions, a good foundation of connections, and were always sure of the support of some Minister or other, because, in his turn, some Minister or other was always sure of their support. Therefore, all things considered, our Count Paolo was not wrong in directing his batteries against the Onorevole Corimbo. Corimbo was wrong in being the weaker of the two. . . .

“That year, ever since the reopening of Parliament in November, it could be seen that the Ministerial majority had lessened noticeably. The difference made itself felt less in the public voting than in the private, which meant that many deputies who could not yet make up their minds to secede openly from the Cabinet were conspiring privately to injure it. An evil custom of our Chamber, a sign of small minds and weak characters.”

Hence there occurred a Ministerial crisis,—

“After which the members were sent to their homes for the Carnival vacation. But only the least ambitious and the least concerned went

away. All those who hoped to obtain a portfolio or a secretaryship, all who were eager to get into the good graces of the rulers of the morrow, whoever they might be, remained in Rome to hatch their plots in the halls and corridors of Montecitorio. As had been foreseen, the King intrusted the task of forming the new Administration to the *Onorevole* Fuscelli, who, not without some trouble, composed a Cabinet of mosaics which looked like a chemist's draught. So many grams of Neapolitans, so many of Sicilians, of Umbrians, of the Romagna, of Tuscans, of Lombard-Venetians, of Piedmontese. And, besides being of the absolute Right, there were some of all colours,—the classical and romantic Left, the Radical evolutionary group, right and left Centre, partisans of economy and partisans of expenses, friends and adversaries of the Triple Alliance. With this harlequin's dress Fuscelli presented himself before the reassembled Chamber and found it diffident and hostile, delighted at the idea of overthrowing a second Ministry so soon after the first. The Carnival had been crowned with a crisis; there could be nothing better than a second crisis for dispelling somewhat of the Lenten melancholy. But the *Onorevole* Fuscelli, with fine craftiness, had taken his precautions. The same day that he took office he had a decree of dissolution in his pocket, and hardly had the Chamber given a contrary vote than he simply bade it good day, and announced a general election."

Parliament is dissolved, a general election is called for, but it has come rather too soon for Leonforte's plans: he had hoped to act more slowly, but since it has come Corimbo must be sacrificed; yet another year and he would have voluntarily retired, according to Leonforte's calculations. His next step is to buy the villa, which Corimbo is forced most reluctantly to sell, and thus he, so to speak, buys the seat. A real struggle for it there has never been, still Corimbo, though maimed, is determined to fight, and puts up for election,

—a forlorn-hope, as all who have eyes to see recognise.

"‘Certainly,’ he says, ‘the old ones should make way for the young. I understand, but on one condition—namely, that the young should have given proofs that they think of something beyond their own interests, that they have character. Character, Mairani, is what we of the old school place above everything; character is the abnegation without which, I assure you, we should still have the Austrians in the land. Or perhaps you think your Leonforte has character? Look here; I am a fool, but perhaps not so great a one as you suppose.’"

His sister, his true friends, beg him to desist, to resign on the plea of age, or of ill-health.

"He recognised that this was the wisest course, and perhaps Corimbo would have adopted it. But that excessive susceptibility to which Norina Leonforte had alluded in her letter, that sentiment of *amour propre* which often becomes diseased in those who fall from prosperity to low estate, spoilt for him all serenity of judgment. And who knows but that at bottom, notwithstanding his declaration that he was fighting for the honour of the arms, he was deluding himself as to the issue! Who knows that he did not hope for a revolt of the public conscience against the invading humour of that feudatory banker!"

On the election day the old patriot walks into the country with his niece, returning just in time to meet the partisans of Leonforte, who are celebrating his victory, one thousand two hundred and seventy-three votes against four hundred and one. "Consummaturum est," says the brave old fellow, hearing of his defeat, but his heart is broken. This election has been an exciting one, to which Sant' Agnese was not accustomed.

"In the Communal Hall, where the electors were gathered around the chair in which the President Quag-

lione, red and hoarse, begged with voice and gestures that they would not suffocate him, the collecting of the poll-tickets began at a quarter to five. The first that was opened and read by the secretary bore the name of Cesare Corimbo, which was received with a murmur of disapproval. But the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth were all for Leonforte, and provoked a round of applause. 'Silence! silence!' said the President. The eighth ticket was nothing, because the elector, either absent-minded or facetious, had voted for both candidates, confusing the names, *Cesare Leonforte* and *Paolo Corimbo*. Then another ticket for Corimbo, which was followed by another, the tenth, for Leonforte. And in these proportions they continued, seven or eight votes out of ten were for Leonforte. The contests, if any arose, always resulted to the disadvantage of the failing candidate. For Count Paolo they passed as valid tickets that were torn and almost illegible; they refused for Corimbo some that were evidently for him, and which lacked but a letter or the dot over an *i* or the loop of an *e*. Bortolo Dogna, the schoolmaster, weighed down the scale with his caligraphic authority. In the square a curious crowd waited for news. Italo Merizzi was not there to excite them,—Italo Merizzi had gone that afternoon to San Basilio; but the crowd, as usual, excited itself. The number of votes verified, stated by one or other of the electors who issued from the Communal house, was on all lips. Leonforte 95; Corimbo 26. Later on, Leonforte 147; Corimbo 39. Here loud acclamations and derisive laughter. By degrees the ferment increased. The numbers alone were announced without the names being given. There was no need: 203 and 54; 238 and 68; 281 and 96. It was like a lottery won by every one present. 'Now Gigia also will get married,' said Bortolo Schiavi the bell-ringer, nudging with his elbow an ugly and lame old woman. And the chance remark, spoken without conviction but also without irony, reflected to a certain degree the singular state of mind of a population which believed the Golden Age had arrived. The partisans of Corimbo, if there were

any amongst the people gathered in the square, took good care not to throw a discordant note into the general joy; the carabinieri, who had dismounted from their horses, walked about quietly between the groups, shedding benevolent smiles around them. After all, so long as there was no disturbance, what did Corimbo or Leonforte matter to them? They would have sent the whole Parliament to the devil if they could only have whispered two words in the ears of the pretty girls they ogled with their wicked eyes."

Corimbo's death, which follows soon after the elections, is to be ascribed greatly to his defeat and to all he suffered in consequence. His is a well-drawn character, and happily for Italy there have been many such, though they are nearly all gone now. Perhaps those men erred for want of perspicacity, were blind to the signs of the times and what those times required of them; but they were real patriots, who put principles before party, a thing too rarely seen since in the Italian Parliament, made up of too many Paolo Leonfortes. On his death-bed Corimbo reviews his whole political life for his niece's benefit, speaking with enthusiasm of the men of his own day. "Do things for money, those men! Ah no, no bad act for the sake of money then; but those were other times, those were epic times: a people cannot continue in that state, and when a period of calm and reflection supervenes, it is needful to change tactics. The means by which a nation shakes off the yoke which presses it are not the same with which it preserves itself and progresses." Meantime Leonforte passes from triumph to triumph; he has even the unexpected happiness that a son is born to him, an event which he promptly utilises to further still more his ambitious ends. The

christening is made the occasion of bringing over the Church to his side; he has already, thanks to his clever steering, conciliated the Radicals and the Moderates. The Bishop is asked to perform the ceremony and to stay at the villa, which is filled with guests of high degree. For the occasion the whole interior is dressed with evergreens, the portraits of Victor Emmanuel, Humbert, and especially Garibaldi, being cleverly hidden beneath their foliage, thus conciliating both parties. This manœuvre hides the obnoxious pictures from the priest, and the need of decorating the place *en fête* renders it quite natural that on this account the patriotic emblems should be out of sight. Leonforte with his own hands attended to this trifling yet all-important detail. Among other guests are the Tremonti: the husband, indeed, is godfather to the boy. Leonforte, in order to kill two birds with one stone, has arranged that at the time of the christening a great industrial *fête* shall also be held in the village, which is to inaugurate an enterprise that promises to be most advantageous to the place, and of which he is also the originator. These *fêtes* to outward appearance are the same old story—speeches, ovations, compliments; Leonforte, above all, is eloquent, triumphant, carrying away with him all his auditors. Meantime Norina grows less and less happy; even her child, fondly as she loves it, gives her little consolation, for it pains her to see that its innocence is used by the mountebank father as an instrument of display and duplicity. However, fortunately he is much away now in Rome, and intercourse with the Corimbos, whose probity she admires more and more, and the re-

conciliation with her cousin friend, besides her power to help the sad and suffering, give her some distraction. She has an inkling, though, that notwithstanding all Leonforte's show and bluster, matters are not going as well with him as would seem, and her fears are justified. Leonforte, too, foresees the possibility of ruin; he has dabbled in too many speculations, floated too many bubble concerns. To ensure the future of his wife and son, and thus indirectly his own, he invests a large sum in an annuity for them, a fact that his friends utilise to prove how the ugly rumours already spreading concerning his financial condition must be untrue, but which, wiser eyes see, more probably means the beginning of the end. Nevertheless Leonforte hopes to stave off disaster, perhaps to avert it altogether and tide over the bad quarter of an hour. A successful speech in the Chamber almost seems to promise this result. But an honest deputy, Santuri, who has sworn vengeance against all plutocrats and financial adventurers, rises to reply to this speech, and confronts Leonforte, and the Government that has connived with him, with a number of such crushing facts that the support of the Ministry has for shame's sake to be withdrawn, and Leonforte is left stranded high and dry. He is ruined financially and politically. There now remains for him flight, or trial and probable imprisonment. One night, unexpectedly, unannounced, he turns up at the villa to say good-bye to wife and child and to collect needful papers and destroy compromising ones. There occurs a scene between him and Norina, in which he tells her some brutal truths, and discloses fully his brazen,

cynical temperament. She begs him to remain, to try and make good the wrongs he has done, to think of his victims, to remember his honour. Her just reproaches are to him irritating beyond bounds :—

“‘For heaven’s sake do not let us entangle ourselves in metaphysics. Honour! I know that the strong, the rich, and the powerful have always sufficient of it. It is the weak and the ruined who are asked to render an account of this portion of their patrimony, perhaps because they have no other. The essential thing is to be strong, powerful, and rich.’

“‘Oh, Paolo, what morals!’

“‘Rich above all,’ repeated Leonforte, ‘also in order to do good. Those who are ruined die of hunger and let others die of hunger. I have done good. Many of those who turn against me to-day owe everything to me. And you, how could you have been so charitable if you were not rich? Perhaps you would give kind words to those who wanted bread? And would your artists have been able to work for us if we had been poor! I know you will say that part of the money which was spent belonged to you,—that you had your dowry. But I was the husband, the master; I could have deprived you of every centime.’ Norina was silent, not persuaded, certainly, by these assertions, but deeply struck by the truth they contained. And she reflected that henceforth she would be deprived of one of the few joys of her life, that of succouring the needy. ‘Money, my dear,’ continued Leonforte, coming to her side and patting her shoulder, ‘is the great motive power. I said it aloud in the Chamber. And they hung upon my lips, they of the Right, of the Left, of the Centre,* as though they heard the clink of coin and the rustle of bank-notes. There was a moment when I held them all in my hand. What a triumph was in preparation!’”

This is their last conversation ;

an hour later he had left the house, bound whither he either knew not or would not tell, and Norina is left alone with her child, with a sufficient income forced on her, which she regards as unlawfully acquired, and with which she will deem it her duty to make all the reparation in her power. Thus ends this sad but able novel.

As readers must perceive, contemporary Italian views of their own political men and methods, as depicted by their own writers, are neither hopeful nor noble, and furnish no worthy outcome of the efforts and sacrifices made but so recently on Italy’s behalf by the men of a generation that has not even yet died out. And already their traditions and aims seem dead! There appears to be a moral abyss between fathers and sons. Certainly neither the present situation nor the outlook is cheerful. We have purposely refrained from much comment, and have allowed the Italians to speak for themselves: the dark picture therefore proceeds from no foreign bias or misconception of men and events. Here is undoubtedly food for mournful consideration. Still, nations resemble individuals. Italy’s successes were too sudden and vast, her head was turned, she grew conceited, and overestimated her strength. She is now reaping the results of precipitation. With the consequent suffering has come reflection—these novels prove it—and reflection must ultimately reawaken her innate good sense, and she will return to the right path, so unfortunately abandoned. The present phase must be a passing one; so all Europe hopes and believes. The hour ere dawn is darkest. May this be Italy’s pre-daylight moment.

FATHER JEROME VAUGHAN.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

DEATH has recently taken from amongst us one of the most remarkable ecclesiastics of modern times in the person of Father Jerome Vaughan, who closed a career of many vicissitudes at Chorlton Priory, near Manchester, a few weeks ago. When Father Vaughan's life comes to be fully written, it will beyond all doubt add a chapter of thrilling interest to the biographical literature of our day. The present writer can give here but a mere outline of Father Jerome's life and work, with a few impressions gathered from a close relationship with the late Prior, extending over perhaps the most eventful period of his career.

There is something intensely dramatic, and withal forming a strange commentary upon the irony of fate, in the fact that Prior Vaughan should have been laid to rest under the grey walls of St Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath, when it is remembered that he fought the brethren of that house, and its sister houses, with a vigour and perseverance which cost them one of their most prized possessions, and engendered a bitter feud between the late Prior and the entire body of English Benedictines. Of this episode more anon.

Father Vaughan came of a distinguished Welsh family—the Vaughans of Courtfield—a family that has given many a son to the priesthood, and many a daughter to the conventual life of the Church of Rome. He was born at Courtfield, Hereford, sixty-three years ago. Like his five

brothers, he early evinced a desire to enter the religious life, and accordingly became an alumnus of St Gregory's, Downside, where his brother, Father Bede Vaughan, afterwards Archbishop of Sydney, had now taken the habit of a monk of St Benedict. In due time Brother Jerome was admitted as a novice, and had the good or the bad fortune to find his brother Bede made Master of Novices at the same time. Here was an interesting relationship between two brothers, and a grand opportunity for the elder to pay off old scores; and, if tradition speaks truly, Bede had a few such to settle with his younger brother. Of course the Master of Novices was just and impartial; but he was also human. Brother Jerome's noviciate was noted for its sharp penances, borne with a heroism and cheerfulness which elicited the admiration of all, and convinced the brethren that if anybody possessed the very cream of monastic virtues Brother Jerome was that man. The strong faith and enthusiasm for high ideals which characterised the late Prior's life right on to its close, were prominent in the days of his early monastic training.

This is, briefly stated, a Benedictine novice's day. It begins early. Precisely at four o'clock the "caller's" alarum sounds. The office of "caller" has always been a most important one in every monastic house. St Benedict in his rule lays special emphasis on the responsibility attaching to this duty, and commands that a watchful brother, or even

the abbot himself, perform it. At ten minutes past four the "caller" proceeds to wake the rest of the brethren. He takes with him a lighted taper and a small wooden hammer. He knocks first of all with this hammer at the abbot's cell door, and entering, pronounces "Benedicamus Domino," to which, as he lights a candle, he receives in answer "Deo Gratias." In the same manner he wakes the inmates of all the other cells. Having finished this duty he goes to light up the church, and tolls the "Mary Bell," at the sound of which each monk immediately quits his cell for the church, where, all having assembled, mattins and lauds are sung. This office lasts about an hour and a half on ordinary days, but on high festivals, when performed with greater solemnity, it often takes two hours. Private masses are celebrated at six, at which the brethren assist. At half-past six the bell is tolled for meditation, to which half an hour is allotted, and which takes place in a private chapel set apart for the purpose. As the clock strikes seven, the refectory bell is rung for breakfast. At a quarter past seven the bell rings for prime. After this the brethren go to their cells, make their beds, sweep the floor, clean their boots, and employ themselves in any private work which may be committed to their care, such as seeing to the sanctuary lamps, the candles, flowers, &c., and are thus occupied until the "Mary Bell" announces Tierce, which is solemnly chanted at a quarter to nine, and followed by sung Conventual Mass, the whole service being over about ten o'clock. The brethren apply themselves now to various duties: some retire to the Scriptorium and engage in drawing, painting, &c., others study in their cells, while others engage

in teaching the boys in the monastic school. This continues till eleven, when a quarter of an hour is allowed for fresh air in the grounds, at the end of which the brethren go to the conference room, where lectures are given on theological subjects until a quarter past twelve, when the bell rings as a signal to prepare for dinner: at its sound all retire to their cells, and, having made the necessary preparations, pay a visit to a private chapel adjacent to the chapter-house, where they remain in prayer till half-past, when, at the sound of the "Mary Bell," all proceed to the refectory. If there are any guests, the abbot, in accordance with a venerable monastic custom, pours water on their hands, and grace having been solemnly chanted, the principal meal of the day is partaken of, no one being allowed to talk while it lasts. A book is read from a pulpit, prominently situated, during the meal. The waiting at table is done by the monks in turns. Dinner over, a procession is formed which wends its way into the church, where the office of None is said, and which being ended, all proceed to the recreation-room, where a pleasant chat is indulged in for an hour or so. As the clock strikes two the bell rings for choir practice, which lasts half an hour. After this comes manual labour. A list of work to be performed is read out by a brother appointed for the purpose. One man has to sweep the cloisters, another to dust the church, another to work in the garden, and so on. At four o'clock manual labour ceases, and the brethren retire to their cells, where, having washed, a few minutes are allowed for fresh air in the grounds. Shortly before half-past four they repair to the refectory for a cup of tea. Pre-

cisely at half-past four the "Mary Bell" is tolled for vespers. A procession is formed in the cloisters, and all march into church headed by the abbot, where vespers are sung, varying in solemnity according to the rank of the festival kept. After this the brethren attend a conference in which various subjects spiritual and liturgical are discussed. This lasts until six, when half an hour is allowed for exercise in the grounds, at the end of which another conference is held, presided over by the abbot. This conference consists of spiritual reading, or, as it often happens, the abbot gives an address. At seven the refectory bell announces supper, which meal is always of a somewhat substantial nature. It is over by half-past, when the brethren repair to the recreation-room to enjoy another friendly conversation until the "Mary Bell" announces compline at eight. This is the final office of the day. It lasts for half an hour, after which the brethren pay visits to the various shrines in the house. The curfew bell is rung as nine is striking, at the sound of which all lights are extinguished for the night.

Under the discipline briefly outlined above the late prior passed his earlier years, but, as a member of the English Benedictine Congregation, he was called upon in due time to engage in the active duties of mission-work, which the English Benedictines, differing in this respect from all the other branches of the great Benedictine order, combine with the contemplative life. They claim that having been sent to England by Pope Gregory as a missionary body, they are still bound to fulfil this duty.

Father Jerome was ordained to the priesthood at Naples in his twenty-fourth year, and shortly

afterwards began the active duties of a mission priest in England. His zeal and energy knew no bounds. Ultramontane to the core, like all the Vaughans, his great aim was to win back the English people to what he considered to be the faith of their fathers. He would build churches and schools, preach in the open air, and, in fact, move heaven and earth to make converts to his own side. His operations were chiefly confined to Wales in those early years, and it is well known that the firm footing which the Roman Church has gained in the Principality is owing, in a very large measure, to the spirited work of this young apostle. No obstacle could daunt him: he travelled about, held open-air meetings, collected money for church-building, and, in fact, to a large extent, carried everything and everybody before him. Father Jerome's appearance and manner were decidedly in his favour. He was an extremely handsome man, and to this he added the most winning manners. No one could be in his company for any time without feeling the power of the fascination he wielded. No one could resist his appeals for the cause he loved. That cause was to him everything, and he would have everybody contribute to it if possible. No false shame kept him from appealing to the most unlikely quarters. Father Jerome, it may be truly said, was not shy: he would attack the sourest and surliest man if he wanted money, and seldom indeed did he fail to thaw the coldest into something like enthusiasm for his work.

The Welsh apostolate went on for several years, in the course of which Father Jerome's zeal was rewarded in the most surprising ways. His brethren hailed him

as a brilliant and worthy son of St Benedict. He was appointed an honorary canon of the diocese of Newport and Menevia as a mark of the Bishop's confidence. Father Jerome's work in Wales undoubtedly was remarkable, and there is no telling to what lengths it would have extended had his attention not been attracted to another portion of the "Celtic fringe" in the far north.

In the year 1875 the late Lord Lovat made an offer to the English Benedictines of some land on Loch Ness, including the dismantled buildings of Fort Augustus, which his Lordship had acquired from the Government some time before. The situation, as most people know, is beautiful in the extreme—an ideal place for a monastery, where rivers and lakes abound teeming with salmon, and where the world is shut out by lofty snow-capped mountains.

The offer pleased the English Benedictines, but before definitely accepting it a deputation was sent to Scotland, consisting of Father Jerome and the late Father Burchall, to spy the land. It was a glorious summer day when the two Fathers, having journeyed the previous night to Inverness, set out in a carriage and drove down the lake side towards Fort Augustus. The solemn grandeur of the mountain scenery mirrored in the placid waters of the lake made a great impression on the enthusiastic Jerome, of whom it is related that at Invermoriston, the point at which Fort Augustus first comes in view, he jumped out of the carriage and fell on his knees in an ecstasy of joy, quoting the 132d Psalm: "This shall be my rest for ever: here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." His less impressionable brother, while fully alive to the beauty of the situa-

tion, saw at the same time many difficulties in the way of turning a lumbering old fort into a monastery and college. Consequently he was less exuberant in his joy, and even expressed his doubt as to the wisdom of accepting Lord Lovat's offer. Jerome was not blind to the difficulties of the case either, but his splendid faith and courage enabled him, while seeing great difficulties ahead, to feel that they could be overcome. He would overcome them. In prophetic vision he saw a magnificent fabric, with towers and pinnacles, springing out of the frowning old fort on Loch Ness; he heard the voice of prayer and praise sounding in lofty cloister and sanctuary; he saw going out from their walls a band of men who were to set the heather on fire, and win the country back to Catholicism. Soon he managed to persuade his companion, and the end of the journey was that Lord Lovat's offer was accepted. Fort Augustus and the adjacent lands were accordingly handed over to the English Benedictines, and in an incredibly short time we find Father Jerome Vaughan and a few companions laying the foundations of the magnificent pile which now stands at the head of Loch Ness. Father Jerome's labours for the next six or seven years, if ever they come to be fully detailed, will convince the world that the age of Christian heroism and noble enthusiasm is not yet past. Funds were needed for the great work undertaken, and to Jerome it was left almost single-handed to raise them. Fearless as ever, he began the difficult task. Summer and winter he travelled north, south, east, and west, and wherever he went conquest followed his advance. He managed to get money where

another man would get abuse. What will not dauntless perseverance do? Funds came pouring in, and the work of building went on apace. Not once was it interrupted, until, in the autumn of 1880, one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in the country, consisting of a monastery, college, and hospice, was solemnly consecrated amid great rejoicings. No doubt Father Jerome felt justly proud of his achievement. He was now the first Prior of a monastery which owed its very existence to his skill and energy. The English Benedictines had reason once more to congratulate themselves on possessing a man who was beyond all doubt an ornament to the order.

The buildings completed, and to a large extent endowed, it was now Father Jerome's care to gather round him a community of monks. Parents were also to be induced to send their boys to the college, which was fitted to meet the requirements of the higher classes of Catholic society. The Prior had secured a staff of masters and an endowment for their support, and he hoped that cultured men would take the habit in the monastery whose services might in time be availed of in teaching the boys. Boys came in shoals. After a visit from Prior Vaughan while on one of what he called his "boycotting" tours, parents were delighted to send their sons under his care to a region which he described in glowing terms. The name of Vaughan was a sufficient guarantee to English Catholic parents that the school was under good management. Mothers were inspired with confidence after meeting the handsome and tactful English gentleman who was responsible for it; in fact, the college was a great success as long

as Prior Vaughan remained at Fort Augustus. He was not disappointed in the hope that highly cultured men would enter the monastery. For some reason or another it became a favourite place for Anglican parsons who had gone over to Rome, and thus several men of high academic distinction took the habit at the hands of Prior Vaughan who were afterwards of the greatest service on the teaching staff.

Prior Jerome was now in the zenith of his success. He had round him a community of monks, many of whom were youthful converts from Anglicanism. Among them was a baronet's son, steeped to the lips in medieval interpretations of the Rule of St Benedict, and fully convinced that if Prior Jerome and his flock were to be true sons of the Patriarch of Western monasticism, they must remodel their constitutions, to use the technical term, and go back to a stricter observance of the Rule than the interpretation put upon it by the English Benedictines permitted. This young enthusiast, Oswald by name, took the lead in an agitation against what he regarded as the lax observance of the English Benedictines. We know the white heat of a convert's first fervour, and there were many converts at Fort Augustus at this time. Jerome favoured the movement, and saw clearly that the only way to bring about a condition of things acceptable to his youthful and fervent community would be to shake off the authority of the English Benedictine Congregation entirely. Aided by an astute colleague, Father Elphege by name, he began making overtures to Rome with this object in view. Rumours reached the English Benedictine authorities of the plot in process at Fort

Augustus, but they reached them too late. By the morning post one day Prior Jerome received a papal rescript declaring Fort Augustus immediately subject to the Holy See, and absolving him and his community from all allegiance to the English Benedictine Congregation, and confirming him in the office of Prior. By the evening post that very same day came a letter from the President of the English Benedictines recalling Prior Jerome south, and appointing another prior! But it came too late: the tie binding Fort Augustus to the English Benedictines had been severed by the supreme authority of Rome. Needless to say the English Benedictines, while bowing to papal authority, were furious at the turn events had taken. They did not hesitate to stigmatise Prior Jerome and his associates as disingenuous schemers. The English brethren were determined that they wouldn't let the Prior of Fort Augustus off without giving him some serious trouble over this business. Some of their money had gone towards building the monastery at Fort Augustus: they would claim compensation, and, accordingly, instituted legal proceedings before the Congregation for Bishops and Regulars in Rome. For many a day this litigation dragged its slow length along. No one knows exactly which side was victorious in the end.

Prior Jerome was now free to accede to the wishes of his community in the matter of a stricter observance. Various changes were accordingly made in monastic discipline, much to the joy of the brethren, who thanked heaven that they were now no longer subject to a body which, in their view, had departed from true Benedictine principles. All went merry

as a marriage bell for a while. Father Jerome now was free to indulge in any project that his fertile brain evolved for the good of Holy Church. One pet project of his at this time was the conversion to Catholicism of the Scottish Highlands. Needless to say, neither he nor any of his community knew a word of Gaelic; but was this to be regarded as an insuperable difficulty by a man who had overcome so many obstacles? No; they would learn the language! Mr Gerald Balfour told us a short time ago something of his experiences when he attempted a similar feat. Well, Prior Jerome for the first time in his life was fairly floored, and so were all who joined the Gaelic class conducted by a local Free Church elder, who, by the way, narrowly escaped the "cutty stool" in his kirk-session for teaching Gaelic to a class of papist monks.

It became quite clear to Prior Jerome and his brethren that a much longer period of life than usually falls to the lot of man would be necessary to enable them to master the Celtic tongue; and so this scheme fell through. The idea of converting the Highlands was not, however, given up. The Prior's resourceful mind had another plan ready. Young Highlanders of Catholic parentage were to be caught and trained for the monastic life. These were to be known as the "Gaelic Apostles." The "Gaelic Apostolate" episode forms not the least interesting in Prior Vaughan's career, for over this question he came into serious collision with the Scottish Roman Catholic Bishops. Prior Jerome was not a man to stick at trifles: he wanted twelve young Highlanders, and meant to have them, even if it were necessary that the Bishops' seminaries should be

harried for the purpose. This excited the hostility of the Highland Bishops, and provoked a long contest, in which the Prior's well-meant project was pooh-poohed as impracticable. The "Gaelic Apostolate" was nipped in the bud by the coldness shown towards the project on the part of the secular hierarchy, who had to be reckoned with in a matter of this kind, and who never did care much for some of the forms taken by Prior Jerome's consuming zeal.

We are now on the eve of a rapid decline in the Prior's fortunes. He had succeeded in securing independence for his monastery. The rules were made more stringent to meet the yearnings of a community anxious to prove their claim to be genuine sons of Benedict of Nursia. But they all felt the chilling effects of their "splendid isolation." Why should they not seek at least an informal alliance with one of the foreign congregations following the Rule of St Benedict? There was a body of German Benedictines whose interpretation of the famous Rule strongly appealed to Prior Jerome's monks, and it was resolved to seek the aid of this community in perfecting the life at Fort Augustus. It was an evil day for Prior Jerome when he commenced finessing with the monks of Beuyron. So pleased was he with their life and conversation that in a moment of enthusiasm he begged the Pope to send to Fort Augustus delegates from the Beuyron community, at whose feet he and his brethren might sit and learn for a time. It never occurred to Prior Jerome that his beautiful monastery on Loch Ness might excite the cupidity of these Germans; he was far too good to entertain such a thought for a moment. The Pope

readily granted his petition, and two members of the Beuyron congregation were ordered to proceed to Fort Augustus. One was an abbot and the other a prior. The writer will never forget the evening in January when these two gentlemen appeared. They had a grand reception accorded them. On the day following their arrival a chapter was called, at which the abbot presented his credentials to the community. He was invested with full authority over the monastery during his stay, and was to inquire minutely into its order and finances and report to Rome. The extent of the powers conferred upon him fairly staggered everybody, but there was no murmuring. Prior Jerome, it was evident, did not expect to be so thoroughly superseded, but he submitted with grace.

The German abbot availed himself to the full of the powers conferred upon him. His first step was to bestow an important office in the government of the monastery upon his colleague. Prior Jerome's petition, as already noted, asked that delegates from the Beuyron congregation should be sent to teach himself and his brethren a more excellent way. That duty was entered upon with a thoroughness characteristic of their nationality by the two gentlemen we have now to deal with. A tendency to be hypercritical where the Prior was concerned soon manifested itself: he could, in fact, do nothing right in the eyes of the foreigners.

Here let it be observed that Prior Jerome was in one or two particulars somewhat handicapped by nature. Not being possessed of the soul of a flunkey, he never took very kindly to the elaborate ritual of the Benedictines, who

claim for themselves the proud title of guardians of the Church's rubrics. A man with a colossal mind can never become a good ritualist. Prior Jerome certainly in the latter particular fell far short of the Beuyron ideal. Another characteristic of greatness was somewhat conspicuous in him,—he was absent-minded. Undoubtedly the rough-and-ready life which he had led in his pioneer work had left traces behind. He was not pedantic in his punctuality at the daily offices, and sometimes slept perhaps half an hour into mattins. All these little points gave occasion for certain ominous head-shaking on the part of the strangers, who knew that they had to deal with a community composed of a curious mixture of priggishness and simplicity—a community that might easily be persuaded that their Prior was something of a black sheep. To create this impression seemed to be one of the chief objects of the delegate and his colleague, and the pity of it is that their efforts were not wholly without success. Things went on in this way for a few months, when it became necessary for the abbot to return home; but before departing he transferred all the authority vested in himself to his colleague, who now became head at Fort Augustus. The story of the succeeding months need not be detailed here—Father Jerome was still nominally Prior, but without a vestige of authority, for the new delegate, whom we will call Rudolph, ruled supreme.

One incident which occurred at this juncture may here be mentioned, as it throws a peculiar side-light on the situation. The Scottish Roman Catholic bishops, in accordance with a long-standing arrangement, met at Fort

Augustus in Provincial Synod very shortly after the departure of the German abbot. As Seculars, their meeting had of course nothing to do with the concerns of the abbey: they merely chose it for their place of meeting from reasons of convenience. After the Synod was over, a report of its deliberations, which were secret, was drawn up in Latin and sent to Rome. The writer had an opportunity of consulting this report in the library of the Scots College in Rome. According to this document, the first matter which the bishops and others composing the Synod dealt with was a letter from the Very Reverend Jerome Vaughan asking them to acknowledge him as Prior during their *sederunt*, on the ground that he had been appointed to the office by the Pope himself, and had not been asked by His Holiness to resign it.

The Secular bishops in Scotland, as already mentioned, never were much in love with Father Jerome. Their feelings towards him since he settled at Fort Augustus transcended the time-honoured jealousy which has ever existed and ever will exist between Seculars and Regulars. Here was a chance, metaphorically speaking, of giving Father Jerome a slap in the face, and they took it. Their reply in effect was, "We will not acknowledge you."

Events quickly followed the departure of the abbot which clearly proved that Rome had now been influenced, for intimation was received at Fort Augustus that the Pope had been pleased to appoint a new Prior. To everybody's astonishment, and to the manifest disappointment of the new delegate, Rudolph, the Pope selected for the office the most retiring, unassuming, and, one may almost say, the dullest member of the

community, whom we will call Mungo. What influenced this choice will ever remain a mystery. But one thing seemed certain—the arrangement could only be meant as temporary, for any assumption of authority on the part of a man like poor Mungo seemed nothing short of a grim joke. The abbot had no doubt reported at headquarters the existence of unpleasant elements in the situation at Fort Augustus, and it is not unlikely that this extraordinary appointment was made in order to smooth matters down. Mungo's priorship was not of long duration. In a month or so he was bidden to fall back into the obscurity he loved, and in his place the office of Prior was conferred upon the German delegate Rudolph. Father Jerome was ordered to take the position of senior monk.

This latest development proved too much for the patience of Father Vaughan. He craved permission to leave the monastery, and forthwith hurried off to Rome, where he laboured bravely to recover his lost position. Formidable documents were prepared by him, which were duly laid before the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The result was that the settlement of who should rule them was left in the hands of the community at Fort Augustus, and a prelate of much wisdom was sent to take their opinion. Father Vaughan here committed what was undoubtedly an error of judgment: he remained away from his monastery while the Pope's representative was taking the sense of the community on the matter of who should finally be appointed as their superior.

The monastery had lately been raised to the rank of an abbey, and the question was, Who should

be made its first abbot? Prior Rudolph was not idle at this juncture. With such consummate skill did he manage, in a thousand indirect ways, to impress upon the brethren that he himself was the only possible man for the office of abbot, that they almost unanimously declared for him. Accordingly in due course he was consecrated abbot, which meant that for the rest of his life he would preside over the destinies of Fort Augustus.

All that Father Jerome could now do was to beg the Pope to transfer him to another Congregation. Never again did he set foot in Fort Augustus: he was virtually turned out of the house which his own hands had built, and deserted by the men who owed everything to his kindness. A mean litigation regarding the income due to him from his abbey followed, and in this minor point Father Jerome won the day.

For the next few years the late Prior lived a quiet life, devoted to study and literary pursuits, at the great abbey of Monte Casino, near Naples. During this period he translated and edited some of the early works of the present Pope. He was frequently at the Vatican, and it is said that the Pope, now that he had opportunities of knowing him better, became very much attached to Father Vaughan, and offered him high honours, which were declined on the ground that their acceptance would have interfered with another heroic project which was taking shape in the fertile mind of the late Prior of Fort Augustus. This was nothing short of the foundation of a new order for the conversion of England to Catholicism.

This scheme was duly laid before the Pope, and, after certain preliminary difficulties had been

disposed of, received full sanction. Father Jerome was himself once more. He was not the man to sulk in his tent brooding over the events of the past. Fired with all his old enthusiasm for extending the borders of the Church he loved so well, Father Vaughan started for England armed with duly authorised constitutions for his new foundation. He selected the diocese of Salford, over which his brother, the present Cardinal Vaughan, then presided, as the most favourable sphere for the inception of his new scheme. The redoubtable energy which built the noble abbey of Fort Augustus would once more triumph over every obstacle and rear another fane to the glory of God and for the good of Holy Church.

A few faithful disciples gathered round him, and with them a beginning was made in temporary quarters until a fixed home was ready for their reception. Presently the foundations of St Joseph's Priory, Chorlton, were laid, and in less than two years the building was sufficiently advanced to allow the small community, over which Prior Jerome now presided, to take possession. He was determined that the mother house of his new foundation should in size and beauty be worthy of the great object for which it existed, and in order to realise this wish Father Vaughan started about a year ago on a tour, in the course of which he intended to bring the merits of his project before the entire English-speaking world. The campaign was opened in Sydney, where his brother and former novice master had made a

name as archbishop. Crowds flocked to hear the eloquent Prior, and great success attended his mission. We need not follow him closely over the vast area covered by his travels during the next few months. Everywhere his stirring eloquence and magnetic personality commanded success.

On he went triumphantly, until about midsummer of this year we find him at San Francisco, where, alas, the good Prior's progress was checked by what proved to be a fatal illness. For weeks he lay hovering between life and death. A slight rally enabled him to travel to New York, which he reached just as the terrible heat wave was at its height. Here he had a seizure in the street which greatly prostrated him. Again he slightly rallied, and his progress seemed so fair that he was able to embark for home towards the end of August. But the hand of death was upon him. He had scarcely arrived at Chorlton Priory when another grave relapse occurred, and from this he never recovered. Surrounded by his little community, members of his family, including the Cardinal, and several old friends from the English Benedictine Congregation, Prior Vaughan passed away peacefully on the 9th of September.

His career was one in which success and disappointment were strangely mingled, but which all along exhibited a dauntless fortitude and an unquenchable faith that will ever render his memory dear to those of us whose privilege it was for a time to have sat at his feet.

MANNING THE NAVY.

THE question of how to man our ships of war is one which has agitated the public mind and taxed the ingenuity of various Admiralties on several occasions during the last half-century. In the "good old days" we had a rough-and-ready method of manning our ships by forcibly seizing any nautical individual, merchant seaman, waterman, or fisherman, that the pressgang happened to come across, and then flogging him into shape.

It is generally supposed that the pressgang system is still available in case of emergency, and that her Majesty can by Royal proclamation put it in force at any time that her responsible Ministers may deem it necessary to do so. Doubtless the power of the Crown would be very great in case of a national emergency; but nevertheless it is highly improbable that the pressgang system will ever again be reverted to for the purpose of manning the navy. The bounty system has been universally condemned: it is at least as bad as the pressgang, and much more expensive. It collected every impecunious loafer who could pass the doctor, with the full intention of deserting on the first opportunity, and of entering again, if possible, under another name—in fact, from the first many took the precaution of entering under a false name. In the recently published life of Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby a graphic description is given in one of his letters of his bounty crew in H.M.S. Neptune,—a description which will probably be indorsed by all officers who have had any dealings with bounty men.

Both the above systems having been totally condemned, not only by those responsible but by public opinion in general, the problem then presents itself, How are we to maintain the nucleus of a war navy in time of peace, such as will not cause the taxpayer to rebel at its excessive cost, and at the same time such as shall be capable of rapid expansion on the outbreak of war into a navy able to defend all our enormous interests in every quarter of the globe? So far as the *matériel* is concerned, this is easy enough. Ships, guns, ammunition, &c., can be kept ready, at a few days' notice, in any quantity which the country chooses to pay for. The expense of their maintenance is not great, and such an arrangement fulfils fairly well the conditions of an expansive navy. But when we come to the question of providing trained officers and men to man these ships (complicated machines that they are), the problem is one of extreme difficulty.

Amateur critics talk glibly about increasing the R.N.R. (Royal Naval Reserve). But this force, as at present constituted, seems to be of very doubtful value—in fact, many officers of wide experience and of a thoughtful turn of mind think it would be of very little use at all, even if it were forthcoming when wanted. The mere idea of manning a modern battleship with R.N.R. men and officers will sound sufficiently ludicrous in the ears of all those who know anything about the subject, to render further comment almost superfluous. They simply could not work her. As well might you put a cobbler to drive a locomotive.

He would only burst her. The training which our R.N.R. officers and men receive in no way qualifies them to work a modern man-of-war—not even a cruiser. This is a plain fact, and it is folly to disguise it. It would be most extraordinary if it were otherwise, considering what a complicated machine a modern warship is. The old-fashioned idea that because a man is a seaman he can work a ship of any sort, is, or ought to be, entirely exploded. The merchant-ship and the man-of-war have very little in common—scarcely even the steering of them.

The “sailor,” as the term is generally and properly understood, is not wanted in a modern warship: his special knowledge, as such, is useless. This is a hard saying, and will probably cause some worthy old salts to shake their heads; but it is true nevertheless, and we have only to look at the problem with a little common-sense, and endeavour to divest our minds of preconceived notions of a sailor’s duties, in order to see that a modern warship requires to work her—a large number of skilled mechanics (call them what you will); a considerable proportion of well-trained stokers; and a sufficiency of highly intelligent, expert, and carefully trained gunners to fight her guns. So much for the crew or “ship’s company,” as it is usually called; but if they require a careful and special training in order to fit them to perform their duties properly, how much more necessary must it be that the officers should be thoroughly trained to supervise and govern this highly organised structure? And it may well be asked what special qualifications a merchant officer is likely to possess which will enable him to take his place as an officer on board a

modern warship. He possesses a knowledge—and probably a thoroughly sound knowledge—of the rule of the road at sea; he knows something of navigation; a little, though probably not much, of pilotage; and he understands about lighthouses, beacons, buoys, and sea-marks in general. This is about the extent of his useful knowledge, so far as the navy is concerned.

There is no intention of disparaging the officers of the mercantile marine; they are probably the best in the world in their own line. They are splendid fellows—resourceful, highly intelligent, and with any amount of true grit in them, as a long record of their gallant deeds most fully shows; but their greatest admirers would find it difficult to prove that their training as merchant officers in any way qualifies them to undertake the duties of an officer in the Royal Navy. The conditions of the problem of officering the war navy in case of a sudden emergency are not so simple and self-evident as some of our amateur (or indeed even our professional) critics assume. It seems to be generally thought that if so many officers of the merchant service enrol their names in the R.N.R. and receive the retaining fee, and if a small proportion of them serve a year in a sea-going man-of-war, we are therefore provided with a reliable reserve of naval officers. It is a complete fallacy. The officers of the R.N.R. are no more fit to take the place of a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, properly educated as such, than they are to become archbishops.

If we look at the immense amount of trouble and expense which is taken to produce a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, it seems utterly illogical to suppose that

the same article can be produced by a few months' training out of the raw material of our mercantile marine officers. It is, in fact, absurd. And the same may be said with regard to the men of the R.N.R. It is an absolute delusion to look upon either officers or men as fit to take charge of, to work, and to fight, a modern man-of-war.

So much for our reserves as at present constituted: the point will not be laboured here, as it must be referred to later on. The whole subject of manning the navy has lately been brought prominently before the public through the action taken in the matter by Lord Charles Beresford at Liverpool and at Southampton. He has collected statistics which show that we are at present quite unable to man our ships already completed; and also, that such imperfect provision has been made for the future, that we shall be still more unable to man the ships which are actually ordered and building.

It is not necessary to worry our readers with strings of figures; but it is undoubtedly the case that Lord Charles has shown we are at present at least ten thousand men short of the number necessary to man all our ships, and that in two years' time (even with the numbers of all classes now being entered) we shall be still more short; and that, even by calling out all our available reserves, we shall be still unable to man all our ships. This sounds a grave indictment to bring against the administrators of our navy; but facts and figures are stubborn things, and no amount of sophistry will upset them. The plain fact of the matter seems to be somewhat as follows: The number of ships added to the navy during the last six years has far outstripped the in-

crease in the numbers of men for active service ratings which it has been possible for the Admiralty to make with the ordinary means for entry and training at their disposal during the same period.

Our readers have probably not yet forgotten the agitation for strengthening the navy which took place in 1888, and it is with no little satisfaction we recall the fact that the agitation was originated in these columns, and that by a series of articles in that year 'Maga' was the first to beat the alarm and rudely to awaken the country to a sense of its naval weakness. At that period we had got into a state of the gravest national danger, through our neglect to watch the rapid augmentation of the naval strength of some of our Continental neighbours.

The Admiralty of the day seemed to be quite oblivious of the fact that we were allowing our boasted naval supremacy to slip from our grasp, until public opinion expressed itself so unmistakably and emphatically, that the Admiralty and the Government suddenly woke up; and after having quite recently declared by the mouth of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty that the country did not require any more battleships, but that perhaps six more cruisers might be useful, the First Lord came to the House of Commons with a really splendid programme of naval construction, and asked for twenty-one millions to build seventy ships, seven of these to be battleships of the first-class.

That programme was carried out, and completed very nearly as originally intended,—as indeed it was bound to be, a special Act of Parliament having been passed for the purpose. After some unnecessary delay, and amidst signs of another popular agitation, it

new programme of ship-building, known as the "Spencer programme," was taken in hand, and is now nearing completion: this one adds nine first-class battleships, besides numerous cruisers; and before this is completed a still further addition, including five first-class battleships, has been ordered by the present Admiralty. These five battleships are to be completed in 1899. Thus, between 1892 and 1899, twenty-one first-class battleships, or, including the *Renown*, *Centurion*, and *Barfleur*, twenty-four battleships, will have been added to the fleet, besides a large number of cruisers of various classes, some of them requiring crews as large as the battleships. A few of our older ships will have been scratched off the list; but, on the whole, the increase in *matériel* will be very large. It is argued by Lord Charles Beresford and others that no corresponding efforts to increase the *personnel* have been made by the Admiralty, and that therefore we are not only unable to man all our ships at the present moment, but that when the ships now building are completed, we shall be still worse off in this respect.

Nobody says we have too many ships; but having built so many in such a short space of time, it is becoming clear that we have not sufficient trained men to man them. Ships can be built much quicker than men can be trained, and thus the dilemma.

Until quite lately there was a general idea that we could fall back on the merchant navy (as we did in old days) to man our warships in case of emergency. This comfortable assurance is gradually but steadily losing ground, as people begin to realise how little there is in common between a merchant

seaman of the present day and a trained man-of-war's man. Not only so, but another unpleasant fact is coming to light—viz., that the number of foreigners employed in the British mercantile marine is very large, and is steadily increasing. This is deplorable from several points of view, but there does not seem to be any help for it; at least nothing practicable has yet been suggested. We have free trade, no conscription, Navigation Laws repealed, and as the ship-owner must make his business pay or become bankrupt, he has no course open to him (in view of the keen competition which exists) but to hire labour in the cheapest market; and as the foreigner will work for less wages, and is rather less liable to be overcome with drink, or to go on strike, the ship-owner naturally hires him, and finds it pays. It is mere childish nonsense to ask the ship-owner to be patriotic, and to employ British seamen, if he cannot make it pay. Business is business; and sentiment and patriotism—though excellent things in their way—are not always business. The leading axiom of trade is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; and all deviations from this principle are open to suspicion, and probably represent some form of hypocrisy or dishonesty.

Our present system of naval reserves was established on the understanding that the mercantile marine was still to be the source of our supply of seamen for the war navy in case of emergency, but that the supply was to be taken in a regular instead of a very irregular manner; and, moreover, that the men were to be at least partially trained. The officers who have held the post of Admiral Superintendent of Re-

serves have almost invariably been men of high ability and great zeal, and have generally worked with a thorough and loyal belief in the efficiency of the system which they administered; but while this may be freely admitted, and also that they have been ably assisted by all those working under them, it does not by any means follow that their efforts have been rewarded with success. It is in fact perfectly justifiable to look the reserve straight in the face, and see if it is now, at the present time, or has any reasonable prospect of becoming, what it is intended to be—viz., a reliable force to fall back upon to man our ships in case of war.

In his address to the Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool, Lord Charles Beresford said, "he wanted to prove that the present naval reserve was a farce, a very expensive farce, and absolutely useless for the purpose for which it existed, although it was composed of the finest material that could be got together—the seafaring population of the country." And shortly afterwards, at Southampton, he said, "Under the present system the reserve was not a reliable force. It was untrained and undisciplined. It was a ludicrous and expensive farce."

This is strong language; though, perhaps, not stronger than the case requires. There can be no question as to the absurdity of drilling men for a few weeks in the year in antiquated ships with obsolete guns, and then talking of them as a trained reserve, or regarding them as better than any other raw material. It certainly is a ludicrous and expensive farce; but this is the system which has for many years been adopted. Lately some modern

cruisers have been placed at the disposal of the training service of the Naval Reserve, and it is said that better results may in future be hoped for. We doubt it.

Knowing something—as we do—of the time, the trouble, and the expense of training our bluejackets, entered as quite young boys, and assiduously trained for many years before they are turned into efficient men-of-war's men, it seems to us a dangerous delusion to suppose that we can manufacture the same article—or anything approaching it in efficiency—with a few weeks', or even months', training.

"Oh, but," say the defenders of the present system, "you have got something, and something is better than nothing. There are the men; and we believe they will respond to the call when wanted. They will have had some sort of training, at any rate, and they will be that much better than if they had had none; and have you any better system to propose?"

This last is a very pertinent and very fair argument. "Don't criticise unless you have something better to propose."

Lord Charles Beresford has at any rate qualified as a critic under these terms, for he has a scheme—viz., a system of short service in the navy; not for all hands, but for a proportion of the active service ratings, who, after five years' service in the navy, are to be passed on into the mercantile marine, and for a certain number of years are to be available as trained reserve men when wanted.

It is not necessary to follow Lord Charles through all his statistics; but without doing so, we may frankly accept his statement when he says: "The scheme I would submit would enable us to get 70,000 men (as a reserve) in

eleven years, and every man would have passed through the navy before he would enter the mercantile marine." Plainly speaking, the plan proposed would introduce into the navy a system of short service for a certain proportion of the crews of our ships, on the lines of the short service in the army, for the purpose of producing a reserve.

Alas for the story of the dog and the bone, and the reflection in the water! How frequently we require to be reminded of the lessons of our childhood!

The question bristles with technicalities, and we have so far endeavoured to avoid any which might not be quite clear to our non-naval readers; but we must introduce a little bit of technical evidence here, with the object of showing that any approach to short service in the navy would be a reversal of a policy which has been quite lately adopted. This, in itself, would of course form no valid argument, unless it can be shown that the policy alluded to was a wise one; and we may say here, without fear of contradiction, that it was so considered by all those best qualified to judge. But we will state the case, and let the reader judge for himself.

For many years past we have been entering the great bulk of our seamen as quite young boys, training them at considerable expense, passing them into sea-going ships—still as boys—and then at the age of eighteen rating them "men." Up till 1885 they were required to sign an agreement to serve for ten years from the time they were rated "men," after which they were free to go if they wished; but the alternative to going was to sign on for another ten years, or, in other words, "to complete time

for pension," and at the end of his twenty years a man was entitled to a very substantial pension. Some few went into the coastguard, but this did not affect the general principle of naval service afloat.

Now, it was found under the above regulations that a large proportion of highly trained men left the service at the end of ten years and never came back again. Some came back—as they were allowed to do within a certain limit of time—after they had had their fling, as they called it, and enjoyed for a season the glorious sense of freedom, but a great many never came back at all. They carried their technical knowledge to other markets. Some joined the navies of minor Powers, where they got high pay; and not a few became naturalised Americans, and joined the United States navy. Thus it was found that the services of a large number of expensively trained men were prematurely lost to the country; so the regulations were altered, and the boys were required to agree to serve for twelve years of "man's time" instead of ten, by which means the service of a really trained man was secured for an additional two years, for certain; and he then had the option of engaging to serve for ten years more to complete time for pension, which was thus extended to twenty-two years instead of twenty.

It seems obvious, therefore, that if the above policy was wise—which we believe it was—any shortening of service, such as entering men for five years and then passing them on to the merchant service as a so-called reserve (as proposed by Lord Charles Beresford) would be a reversal of a well-considered policy, and a step in the wrong direction, as we

should in all probability be only training men for other people.

This is the main objection to the proposal; but there are all sorts of minor ones also. For instance, there would be no certainty that a man would go into the merchant service at the end of his five years' training, even if he received a small retaining fee for doing so. He would probably carry his talents to the best market. People appear to forget that this is a free country, and that we have not yet started compulsory service for either the army or the navy. It is said that ship-owners are glad to get ex-navy men who have been trained in habits of discipline and obedience. Possibly they are, in a few cases—that is to say, as quartermasters, and in a few exceptional positions of trust of that description, but not for the great rank and file of the merchant service. Here the cheap foreigner comes in, for reasons we have already stated, who altogether appears to give better value for the money spent on him. Moreover, there is every reason to suppose that the tastes and habits of a man who had served five years in the Royal Navy would be such as to make him discontented with the life on board an ordinary merchant ship, always bearing in mind that it is not simply a case of a man being a "sailor," and therefore fit to serve in any ship. We cannot too forcibly remind our readers that the "sailor" is dead and gone, and is not wanted either in a merchant steamer or a man-of-war; and as to merchant sailing-ships, why, they are still wider of the mark for the purpose we are considering.

We see no reason, therefore, to suppose that any system of short service, whereby men would be re-

quired to serve a few years in the Royal Navy and then pass on into the mercantile marine, so as to form a Naval Reserve, is likely to be attended with the smallest measure of success. All our experience seems to indicate that it would be a failure, and a mere repetition of the old delusion of the dog who dropped his bone to grab at the reflection, and ended by getting neither.

But whilst we are obliged to point out what seem to us the insurmountable objections to Lord Charles Beresford's proposal for any system of short service, we nevertheless fully recognise that he has done well in calling public attention to this most important subject. He is about the only man in England who could do so effectively, for he has the ear of the public, and can to a large extent form and guide non-official public opinion on naval matters: and as experience has shown us that this is the necessary first step towards getting ships built for the defence of the country, we may reasonably suppose that it is also the necessary first step towards getting a sufficiency of men to man those ships.

At any rate, the Liverpool and Southampton addresses gave rise to a lively correspondence on the subject of manning the navy.

Admiral Colomb—who carries weight on such subjects, and to whom the 'Times' gives large print—does not agree with Lord Charles Beresford; but thinks it would be better to start "some system of State apprenticeship in the mercantile marine, for the purpose of improving and increasing the Royal Naval Reserve, instead of any system of attempting to pass men through the navy into it."

We do not believe that, with our present ideas of free competition, any system of State apprenticeship will ever be introduced into the mercantile marine, or would succeed in forming an effective reserve if it were introduced.

But, on the whole, Admiral Colomb thinks that "this cry about the want of men for the navy in case of a war breaking out is hardly a solid one, and had much better be dropped, in order to leave a very competent naval administration to deal with it at their discretion." Perhaps Admiral Colomb is right in this latter opinion; but at any rate, this is not Lord Charles Beresford's view of the situation. He thinks that public opinion ought to be worked up and slightly agitated on the subject, in order that the very competent naval administration may be assisted (for "assisted" read "gently pushed") into providing more men for the navy, and reorganising the reserves; and he so far succeeded in agitating the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, that the President of that institution forthwith sent a very strongly worded resolution to the First Lord of the Admiralty, calling upon him to "urge upon her Majesty's Government the necessity for making a full inquiry into the whole subject." To which Mr Goschen replied:—

"My naval colleagues and myself are certainly not less alive to the importance of this question than the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, while it may be presumed that we have given the subject a more continuous and detailed examination. . . . While I recognise the patriotic desire of the Chamber of Commerce to secure a navy strong in every respect, I have simply to state that it will be my duty when the next naval estimates come to be considered to

propose such a number of men for the navy and reserves as we judge to be rendered necessary by the expansion of the fleet, and it will rest with the House to decide whether they consider the measures proposed to them on the responsibility of the Government sufficient or not."

This was rather a slap in the face to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and a hint that their interference was not required; but as it is much the same language as was used to the agitators of 1888 immediately preceding the introduction of the famous Naval Defence Act, we may perhaps look hopefully for a similar sequel.

It is but natural that constituted authorities—such as the Admiralty—should have constitutional objections to being pushed (even gently) by outsiders; but it is nevertheless an undeniable fact that this outside interference, however distasteful it may be to officials, has done good service in the past. It has been appropriately likened to the supply of steam to the boiler which works the official machine. It produced the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and the mere threat of it produced the "Spencer programme" of a later date; so that the country has come to believe that without popular agitation we should neither have a navy nor an army. This is one of the penalties of living in a free country, governed by a democracy; but it has its advantages also, if only the leaders will go straight, and abstain from misleading the many-headed monster for selfish purposes.

But to return from the general to the particular, the main arguments used by those who have taken part in the discussion all seem to hinge on the assumption that it is absolutely necessary

we should possess a properly trained reserve of seamen, in addition to the peace establishment of active service ratings afloat, in order that upon the outbreak, or threat, of war, these reserves may be called out, and, with the addition of a little leaven, consisting of some highly trained specialists from the depots, gunnery schools, and torpedo schools, form crews to man all our ships ready for the pennant, and also leave enough over to make good the wastage of war. France is pointed to with a reserve of 135,000 seamen, "every one of whom has passed through the fleet," and therefore said to be "trained"; Italy with 100,000; Russia with 100,000—and so on. And then our diminutive reserve of about 25,000 indifferently trained men is pointed to by way of comparison.

Undoubtedly if we look only at the figures—that is to say, at the paper men—our case seems to be a bad one, and compares most unfavourably with the condition of the leading naval Powers of Europe, justifying the vigorous action of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and in fact calling for another popular agitation to force the hands of the authorities. But the whole question appears to us to depend very much upon the interpretation which is placed upon the word "trained." Does it follow that because a man has been passed through the fleet he is necessarily trained; and, if so, for how long does he remain trained after he has gone to other employment? The arbitrary ideas which prevail in many quarters as to the training of men to form the fighting crews of modern warships seem to us to be mere delusions, and inconsistent with the

facts of the case. We have first to consider what the crew of a comparatively perfect modern war machine consists of, or ought to consist of. In this connection we must refer our readers back to what we have already said on this subject—viz., that the crew should consist of a large number of skilled mechanics (call them what you please), a considerable proportion of well-trained stokers, and a sufficiency of highly intelligent, expert, and carefully trained gunners to fight her guns. Of what use, then, is the merchant seaman? There are no sails to work, and the substitution of mechanical contrivances for working the guns instead of the old-fashioned manual labour has completely altered the whole problem of manning. In the old days—and indeed up to about thirty years ago—the 32-pounder smooth-bore gun constituted the principal armament of the British navy. This gun required a crew of twelve or fourteen men to work it, of whom it was necessary that four should possess a certain amount of special knowledge and training; but all the rest of the crew might consist of merchant seamen, landsmen, or anybody else who had strength of arm to haul on the side-tackles and heave on the hand-spikes, and intelligence enough to obey orders.

The gun which seems likely in the near future to take the place of the old 32-pounder, and to form the principal armament of our warships, is the 6-inch quick-firing gun—a gun of the same calibre as the old 32, but of three or four times its power and range, and three times its rapidity of fire. This gun is mounted on a pedestal mounting, and requires five men to work it; but these men ought to be all highly trained—in

fact, they ought to be all mechanics, as the gun-mountings, breech mechanism, &c., are a mass of delicate machinery. Of what use are merchant seamen for this kind of work? The so-called heavy guns of our battleships are, if possible, even more completely at the mercy of machinery than the lighter guns; and although some of our more recent battleships have been so fitted as to admit of their heavy guns being worked (as an alternative) by hand, it may be doubted whether this is really a practicable business, and not a mere sop to those who cried out, "Oh, but if your hydraulic gear were to break down, where would you be?"

The answer is, that if your machinery breaks down—either the machinery of the ships or the machinery of the guns—you will be in a bad way; for it is useless to disguise the fact that, in spite of the outcry for simplifying our modern warships, and reducing as far as possible the complications of their general structure and of all their fittings, the tendency is all the other way, and they are daily becoming more and more complicated.

It may be asked why we are bringing forward all these points, and what this has got to do with the question of manning the navy and providing reserves? We think it has much to do with it—that it is, in fact, the root of the whole matter; for upon these points depend what sort of people you want to man the ships, and also what sort of men you want for a reserve, supposing it essential that there should be a reserve. In former naval wars blood, bone, and sinew used to have a good deal to do in the winning of battles; but now it seems far

more likely that steam, electricity, and hydraulics intelligently directed will have more to say to the issue.

If we want an illustration ready to hand of the comparative values of machinery and human strength and courage, we have it in our present war against the Dervishes in Egypt, and also in South Africa against the Matabele. Let the reader picture to himself a weakly, undersized mechanic sitting on a stool behind a Maxim gun, and mowing down scores—literally scores—of athletic, muscular warriors, any one of whom could tear him limb from limb if he could only get at him. Brains and machinery *versus* human strength and personal prowess! Courage will undoubtedly always be required, even to work a machine-gun in the face of the enemy; but in future (in naval warfare, at any rate) it will have to be associated with high mechanical skill, otherwise it will be of very little use.

Those who place confidence in large naval reserves base their faith on the example of armies, particularly of Continental armies; but the cases are by no means parallel. It does not follow because it is possible to pass large numbers of men through an army, and then to be able to calculate upon them as effective and readily available soldiers for some years to come, that the same process is feasible for a navy—either for our own or any of our neighbours' navies. The conditions of training are absolutely dissimilar.

In fact, the more this subject is looked into, and we come to realise the necessary qualifications of the crew of a modern warship, the more difficult it becomes to imagine any system whereby an efficient,

reliable, trained naval reserve can be provided. We certainly cannot see how any resort to short service, and passing men through the navy into the merchant service, will ever supply us with an efficient reserve, seeing how soon our own coastguard men, and even our men who go to naval barracks and depots, get rusty and behind the times; and it may pertinently be asked how many of the 135,000 men of the French naval reserve are efficient naval gunners? That the force exists (on paper) we do not doubt for a moment; but as to the proper application of the word "trained" to it, we should be inclined to be a little sceptical, knowing, as we do, something of the training which is continually going on in our own ships in commission in order to keep the crews efficient, and to qualify a sufficient number of men to hold the higher ratings of petty officers of various grades, upon whom the whole fabric of discipline and general smartness so largely depends.

If we admit—for the sake of argument—that the gunners come first in importance in a modern warship, it will not be denied that the stokers come second. Some critics would place them first, and not without reason, as on them depends the motive-power of the ship, even as of old it depended on the sailors. But if we admit that they come second, and a good second, it will be generally supposed that in this department at any rate the mercantile marine will be able to supply the Royal Navy in case of an emergency; and that the stoker from a merchant steamer will be able to walk straight on board a man-of-war and take his place in the stokehold as a trained man. This even, however, does not seem so certain

as it looks at first sight; for putting on one side for the moment the probability that the country would require to keep its best merchant ships running in war-time to avoid starvation and ruin, we are face to face with the fact that the navy boiler of the immediate future (and we might almost say of the present) is a totally different concern from the mercantile boiler, and requires very special and peculiar treatment.

The subject is of too technical a nature to enter into in detail; but it is sufficient to say that the engineering authorities of the navy—or rather the Admiralty acting on their advice—have decided to fit all our new ships with a type of boiler commonly known as the water-tube boiler. The decision has given rise to a lively controversy in the technical newspapers and elsewhere; but it is not proposed to discuss the respective merits of boilers here, and it is necessary for our case to mention only the fact that the water-tube boiler requires peculiar treatment, and a special training of the men who are to stoke it. There are reasons, and apparently good ones, why the mercantile marine do not take kindly to the water-tube boiler; and it may quite well be that a boiler which fulfils in the highest degree the requirements of the war navy may be unsuitable for merchant ships, or even for mail-steamers. Time alone can settle this point. In the meanwhile we see that we are drifting further and further away from the merchant service, and that in a short time even their stokers will be unable to come to us as "trained men." Under these circumstances would it not be well to recognise that in the near future the mercantile marine

will not be able to supply us with the men we want for the Royal Navy; and hence give up our delusive notions about a reserve?

Everything seems to point to the conclusion that as the art of naval warfare becomes yearly more and more complicated, and more and more dependent on mechanics, and upon the technical training of those who are to conduct it, we must give up the idea (and the sooner the better) that the men employed in the mercantile marine of this country can form a reserve for the navy.

But what then? Where are we to look to for a reserve? If we cannot get it from the mercantile marine, can we get it from the fishing population of this maritime country? No doubt we can get a certain number of names enrolled, as we do now, and call them second-class reserve-men, and give them a retaining fee and a few weeks' so-called training every now and again; but the real question for practical people to ponder on is, whether this really constitutes a reliable trained reserve, or whether it is not a mere sham and a "make-believe," and hence a delusion and a snare of a very dangerous nature if we place any faith in it.

It is said—and the statement seems to be generally accepted—that we cannot, for reasons of economy, keep enough men and officers of the regular navy during peace-time to man all our ships in case they are wanted; and hence the necessity for a naval reserve, as the men only receive a small retaining fee and are earning their living elsewhere, and are available, whenever wanted, to swell the ranks of the regular navy to the dimensions necessary for war service. This is the

theory, and a very pretty one no doubt. But if it is the fact that naval reserve men are not, and cannot possibly be, trained up to the standard of required efficiency for working a modern man-of-war without ousting large numbers of our regular long-service men from the crews of our ships in commission, in order to make room for the short-service men whom it is proposed to train for five years and then let go about their business, may we not well pause and ask ourselves once more whether we are not imitating the dog with his bone, and dropping the substance for the shadow?

Our ships in commission are all training-ships, and it takes the officers, petty officers, and special instructors all their time to train the younger members of the officers and crew in the mysteries of the art of modern naval warfare. It is admitted on all hands that the *personnel* of our navy is efficient for the purpose for which it exists in peace-time, so far as its numbers go; but it is said that it is not sufficient for war purposes (the purpose for which it ultimately exists), and hence the proposal for the introduction of short service in imitation of the army—in order that "trained" men may be available for return to the ranks when wanted. But, unless we have written in vain, our readers must be able to see that all comparisons between army and navy are irrelevant; and that even comparisons between the navy of the present and the navy of the past are misleading, as the training of the present day is necessarily so much more elaborate than that of the past. Thus we submit *that the application of the word "trained" to naval reserve men, or to any men who are not kept in training*

on board a man-of-war in commission, is entirely misplaced.

The swelling of the ranks of the regular navy with officers and men from the merchant service has been appropriately likened to the operation of watering the grog. Everybody knows that it increases the quantity; but no one except a rabid teetotaller would affirm that it did not impair the quality.

Before arriving at any definite conclusion as to the future of naval reserves, the authorities will have to make up their minds as to what they really want. They certainly don't want mere "beef," to haul on the side-tackles and to heave on the handspikes. The principal manual labour in a modern warship takes place in the stokehold, and in connection with it—viz., coaling ship: almost everything else is done by machinery. Hence we require, to man her, stoker mechanics and mechanical gunners; and it does not yet appear how we are to maintain a reserve of these.

The short-service system proposed would certainly impair the efficiency of that which we already possess without any certainty of providing that which we want; and the introduction of two separate classes of service into our men-of-war (for it has not been proposed to abolish long service for the majority) would be attended by such confusion, jealousy, and disorganisation as would far outweigh the extremely problematical advantages of the reserve which it is assumed would be produced by it. It is only too probable that we should be again training men for other people.

It is looked upon by some as an extremely alarming fact that we should not be able to man all our ships in case of war. To

our mind it is not so; but rather a source of congratulation that *matériel* has gone ahead of *personnel*—for we believe that in future naval wars the destruction of the former will be much greater than that of the latter. For instance, a comparatively small accident to the main engines, or even to some of the auxiliary engines, will place a battleship *hors de combat* for days or even weeks; but if we have some ships in reserve of similar type to those in commission, the crew of this disabled ship could turn over to one of these, and be at home in her and take her to sea in a few hours.

In old days the crew of a ship could repair damages to a large extent after an action, and be ready to fight again at short notice, as most of the serious damage was done to rigging and sails; but in the present day, the crew will be able to do very little in this respect, and the ship will almost certainly have to go to a dockyard and make a prolonged stay there.

Moreover, a considerable proportion of our ships which figure on the active list are obsolete in many respects, or at any rate partially obsolete, and not to be compared in fighting efficiency to ships recently built for our navy or for those of our possible enemies. It would be unwise, therefore, to send the former to sea immediately on the outbreak of war, with the probability of falling in with enemies of greatly superior power. Their real value would be as a true reserve, to come out and take command of the sea after the modern ships on both sides had sustained serious damage and gone into harbour for repairs: in fact, this idea is the sole justification for

patching up and spending money upon our twenty- and thirty-year-old ships.

If this view of the subject is correct, it would seem to be of far more importance to provide a reserve of ships than a reserve of men; and we need not feel alarmed at the fact that we are unable to man all our ships, even with reserve men.

If we ever find ourselves fighting for our lives, men will spring out of the ground like mushrooms, but not so ships: these cannot be built much under two years, and they cannot be extemporised. No doubt our mushrooms will be uncooked; but if we are now spending money upon a delusive attempt to half-cook our mushrooms so as to have them ready when wanted, and if in reality we are not cooking them at all, it would surely be much better policy to save this

money, and (to drop the metaphor) to spend it upon increasing the number of men in the regular navy. It is certain that a reserve man is much cheaper than a regular in £ s. d., but for all that he may be dear at the price. And if in all probability we should be able to get the same man when we wanted him, without in the meantime paying him a retaining fee, and without spending money in an abortive attempt to give him a partial training, it would seem to be sound policy to give up our futile attempt to copy foreign countries which rejoice in a system of maritime conscription, and take a line of our own, by keeping up a sufficiency of properly trained men in the active service afloat to enable us to maintain the command of the sea against any combination of enemies which diplomatists may deem to be probable.

IN "HOLY RUSSIA."

LIFE IN A RUSSIAN FAMILY.

It was towards the end of the month of January when I first reached Moscow, and the streets were deep in snow, whilst in the country a veil of virgin purity wrapped all nature. The drive from the station to the hotel is a pleasant change from the bondage of prolonged railway travel, and cannot fail, moreover, to interest any observer used only to the countries of Western Europe.

A queue of men in rags is slowly dwindling away, as each eager component part of it reaches a spot where some charitable dole is being dispensed to the needy. The half-starved mongrels that skulk about, snarling and quarrelling amongst themselves, suggest an Eastern city. Sturdy peasants in sheepskins, with frozen beards, are reviling in no measured terms the ancestors of their tired horses, as they struggle up a sharp incline. Wealthy merchants are whirled past by horses that are overheated, in spite of the low temperature. Foot-passengers, clad in long fur coats, and beggars in the scantiest of clothing, are seen at every turn; whilst the shops, with their quaint signs, and their announcements in an alphabet that seems to have lost its reason, alternately bewilder and delight. Huge sturgeon, frozen solid, are solemnly standing on their heads outside the fishmonger's door, waiting to be chopped into blocks and sold; whilst above the busy scene of life and commerce, the golden cupolas of many a quaint and stately church rise high into the clear air.

The streets and footpaths are

crowded; but with all the movement there is but little noise, from the soft carpet of snow that covers the ground. The only sounds that break upon the ear are the harmonious murmur of voices, the sharp crunch of the snow underfoot, the hard breathing of the overdriven peasants' horses, the swish of a passing sledge, the tinkle of the *kolokolchickee*, the driver's short encouraging cry; whilst clear above all, as a note from another world, breaks in the deep sound of some mighty church-bell.

After two days of comfortable hotel-life, I found a family which seemed to answer my requirements, and on the third day I transferred all my belongings to a flat in a crooked street off one of the great thoroughfares. My new quarters were not pretentious, but they were clean, and sufficiently comfortable. On a floor of polished parquetry, partially covered by a mat or two, stood a bed, a table, a couple of chairs, and a washstand; while a wardrobe and my travelling-bath, the wonder of the family, which stood in a corner, completed the modest list. Several tiled stoves kept the flat at a high temperature. The double windows were not intended to open; but a ventilator in each was supposed to be opened for a short time daily, which was considered to fulfil the requirements of health.

It may be well at the outset to dispose of a very common delusion, which is shared even by many educated people in this country. On arrival in Russia the traveller who is ignorant of the language

will find all other tongues of very little use to him. It is a great mistake to suppose that most Russians can speak French or German. There are Russians belonging to the Baltic Provinces who speak German better than Russian; and there are a few in other parts of the empire who, having been brought up in the constant society of English or French tutors, speak these languages better than their own. But, as a rule, it is Russian, and Russian only, that will enable a traveller to leave the beaten track with comfort or profit.

The reasons for the prevalence of the opinion that Russians are endowed with a polyglot faculty are two in number. In the first place, as Russian is not generally spoken in Europe outside the Russian empire, it follows that those who wish to indulge in the luxury of foreign travel must acquaint themselves with the languages commonly spoken in the countries they intend to visit. Now, the wealthy classes, to which such persons invariably belong, are fully aware of the uselessness of the Russian language outside the frontier, and, moreover, they adopt the only really practical method of getting out of the difficulty. In the households of the rich in Moscow and other places are English and French ladies of good family and education, who take entire charge of the children during a term of years, receiving a liberal salary. Their young charges very naturally learn to speak idiomatically and with a perfect accent. It is not surprising, therefore, that people so educated should speak foreign languages well; but it is ridiculous to regard such as in any way representative of their nation.

Russian boys of the ordinary

well-to-do middle classes, who have not the advantage of years of special tuition in childhood, and who adopt the time-honoured method of learning languages by attending classes at school, speak ludicrously bad English, even when they are in the highest classes, and are being awarded full marks (five) regularly, for their progress and acquirements in this language.

In order to be convinced that the average Russian has no very remarkable gift for languages, it is only necessary to note the accent of those nihilists and political refugees who have come to this country somewhat unexpectedly when no longer young. Though a remarkably intelligent body of men, and though many of them have been at extraordinary pains to acquire the English language in order to be able to propagate their views by means of lectures, yet few of them can speak English even passably, and only one of the more public characters can express himself in a way which can be said to command respect.

The other reason why Russians have attained such a name with us as linguists arises out of the similarity of the Russian and English languages in one important particular. In nine cases out of ten what betrays a foreigner in England is his inability to pronounce the English *r*. However fluently or grammatically he may speak, if a Frenchman or a German, he never can get over this difficulty. In Russian the letter in question is pronounced as in English, so that it does not entail the facial and thoracic contortions that it might but for this happy circumstance. The combination *th*, however, forms a great stumbling-block to all Russians who have only learnt English as adults; but this

is a purely English sound, and its mastery by Russian children does not form any barrier to their progress in their own language. With the letter *r* it is different, for it is very rare indeed to find any one who has acquired the correct pronunciation of the French or German *r* who can at the same time master the English sound of the letter, and the converse is also true. It will be inferred that English and Italians speak Russian better than other European nations: that this is true I know on good authority.

A description of the Russian family with which I spent some time may not be out of place, as it is in many ways a typical one.

Mr Dobree, the nominal head of the household, was supposed to be a stockbroker, but his real profession was one for which no name has yet been found that is at all satisfactory to its followers. It consisted in smoking, tea-drinking on a scale unknown in this country, and novel-reading. He was, in fact, a *raté* of the type familiar to readers of Daudet, and he had contributed nothing to the upkeep of his family for a dozen years or so. He was a tall dark man of about five-and-forty, with a sallow complexion.

Mrs Dobree was dark too, but short, and inclined to *embonpoint*. A pair of kindly and intelligent eyes looked out from beneath a forehead, the forward curve of which might denote either mental weakness or a historical mind of rare power. In her case it was fortunately the latter, as she had the memory of a Macaulay. But she had that which Kingsley justly extols above talent. She was a good woman, and devoted to her family. She had a heart that was kindness itself, a quick temper, and a charming manner, which

made every one feel at home at once.

There were two sons. The elder, Meesha, was a sharp good-looking lad of eighteen. He had just finished his course of schooling at the Academy, and was serving a year as a gentleman private, going every day to the barracks. The second, Ivan, was not so good looking, but he was nevertheless an honest and clever lad, though of less showy parts. He was in his last year at school.

In one thing this family was especially typical of the Russian middle classes—all had bad health. Mr Dobree suffered from epileptic fits. Mrs Dobree had a serious gastric malady. Both the sons were delicate in different ways.

The food usually eaten in middle-class Russian families is quite different from that supplied in hotels and restaurants, and is not appetising to an educated palate. You have had your coffee and *kalach*—a kind of light bread—some hours ago, and the inward monitor prompts that it is time to sit down to the mid-day meal. On a cloth, which can scarcely be considered *sans tâche*, several places are laid. The knives and forks are of steel, and beside each is a triangular glass bar on which to rest them when the change of plates is made.

Madame Dobree, the hostess, having pulled the maid-servant's ear for some trifling neglect of duty, takes her place at the table, and begins to ladle out the fish-soup, so tasty to a Russian palate. "Only a little for me," you plead timidly, as the dorsal fin of some monster is flopped out into the plate, and your fears begin to be seriously aroused. "Oh, but you eat nothing," says madame, giving you another ladleful; then cutting off a large piece of butter, she puts

it into your plate, gives it a few turns, and then whisks the melting delicacy into the tureen, upon which all eyes are now fixed. With some care you avoid being choked, and manage to get the servant to remove your plate, though it is not empty. Then comes the next course, *peerojock*. At a first glance this dainty might be taken for a thick girdle-cake; but when the knife is applied, it seems to be composed of two pasty layers half an inch thick, separated by a solid inch of chopped toad-stools, which, gathered in the summer-time in the woods, have been hanging on a string for many months above the servant's bed. Your entreaties for a small helping are merely regarded as the outcome of national modesty, and you are soon face to face with a formidable hunk of the dread compound. But your troubles are not over yet. Your next course may be some tough old bull; and when you are nearly *hors de combat*, a cauliflower is brought in and put before you. This might have been acceptable at an earlier period of the feast, but now you are hardly equal to the effort. "Oh, do have some," says Mrs Dobree, coaxingly. "I went to the market myself this morning and paid a rouble for it; no one else will have any,—we do not care for vegetables." This is true, so you resume your knife and fork, and do battle with the last arrival, while your struggles are witnessed by an appreciative circle. Perhaps you may be asked to give a good account of eight or ten *blinne*—a thick pancake eaten at certain seasons of the year with sour cream—and you are sure to be offered plenty of acid black bread. You are not sorry when the meal is over, and probably no one has had any idea of your sufferings, which are increased by the evident desire of your hostess to

please, and the consequent necessity of concealing them.

Some private matters of importance necessitated my return to England for a few weeks at Easter. When I returned to Russia it was the beginning of May: the long winter was gone, and the slush of spring dried up. The town would soon be unbearably hot, peopled only by the poor, business men, shopkeepers, and the ubiquitous American.

Scattered round Moscow, on the different arteries leading from the city, there are many little villages of pretty wooden houses, empty in winter, but occupied in summer by middle-class Russian families. Mrs Dobree had rented a country-house or *datcha* from a General Khrabree, whose estate was not far from the little town of Klopgorod. The house was in a wood, opposite to a large summer camp, so, as I was particularly anxious to see something of the Russian army in time of peace, the arrangement made by Mrs Dobree promised to suit admirably. It was nearly a hundred versts from Moscow, and thither the family intended to move about the 10th of the month: I say about, for our days were somewhat restricted in choice. I did not care to move on Sunday, Mrs Dobree objected to both Monday and Friday, "as they were such unlucky days," so the start was eventually fixed for a Tuesday.

We were all glad when we found ourselves standing on the platform at Klopgorod. The *tarantasses*, or springless carriages drawn by two horses, were not ready, so that a wait of three hours in the refreshment-room was necessary. It was an out-of-the-way station, and the presence of an Englishman would create surprise, if not suspicion, so I was cautioned by Mr Dobree to give no indication of my nation-

ality. Some baggage had been sent on earlier, and was, we hoped, by this time at the *datcha*, ten miles off. After the long delay our equipages drew up, and, followed by the supplications of a crowd of beggars, we set off at a good pace for the house. Our way lay through the town, across undulating fields, along an unmetalled road, and at the pace we were travelling, separated only from the wooden flooring of the carts by a heap of hay, the jolting and vibration were uncomfortable and even alarming. Outside one of the first *cabarets* of the little town we came upon our baggage! The waggoners were dragged out indignantly, and with scant ceremony put again upon the road. After passing through the town—an agglomeration of wooden huts and white stone buildings, above which rose the green cupolas of several churches—we left the rough cobble-stones behind, and, emerging into the open country, began to thread our way across great rolling corn-fields, without visible boundary save the dark edging of primeval forest.

The drivers, notwithstanding the roughness and narrowness of the track, seemed disposed to make a race of it, in spite of the sufferings and protests of their fares. The second pair of horses turned out to be the speedier, and their continued efforts to pass the leaders resulted only in bringing them within striking distance, so that their noses were brought up sharp by the backs of those of the party who were in the first *tarantass*. After some futile efforts the chase was given up, and "Little Elias" and "Despised Little Daniel," as they were called, had to be content to follow at a safe distance. Towards nightfall we passed the large Russian camp, and then,

crossing a stream, neared a young wood, inside the border of which stood our *datcha*. Our baggage could not arrive for at least two hours, so, improvising some beds out of deal chairs and tables, we lay down, tired and hungry, to get what rest we could.

In the morning we were able to take stock of our new house. It was a square log-hut, with a verandah outside the entrance. A central hall separated four rooms of nearly equal size. We were not, however, the first occupants, for a colony of young jackdaws were established in the chimney, and we had to evict the unbidden guests before there could be any prospect of dinner.

The morning after our arrival in the country the cook came to pay her respects to her mistress and to offer her opinion on the *datcha*. The Russian peasantry are extraordinarily superstitious, and our domestics were not different from the rest of their kind. One of the ideas which is received by them almost as an article of belief is, that every house is inhabited by a *domovoy* or spirit, who expresses his approval or otherwise of the inmates soon after they come into occupation. The cook, then, having examined her person, and having found no traces of pinching or other violence on the part of the presiding genius of the place, gave it as her opinion that we should pass a very pleasant time *Na datche*, though she herself would have much preferred to have had a public-house within reasonable distance: not that she ever took anything—that of course goes without saying.

It was a pleasant enough place to spend a few summer months in, but in winter it must have been a desolate spot, and our neighbours told us that all their large watch-

dogs had been eaten by wolves, nothing but the bones remaining. Surrounding the house was a young wood of saplings and silver birch-trees just in the freshness of spring foliage. Across a strip of turf and the river was reached. Above it rose a bluff, on which the soldiers' great open dining-sheds and many other huts belonging to the camp clustered thickly. Before and after every meal grace is sung, and the harmony of the men's voices, unaccompanied by any musical instrument, is not to be despised.

It was refreshing after the dust and turmoil of the town at this season of the year to sit on the verandah and read the humour of Gogol, the graphic descriptions of Tolstoi and Turgenev, or to revel in the matchless poetry of Pushkin and Lermontov, undisturbed save by the gentle shimmer of the aspen leaves and the occasional response of a company of soldiers to the stereotyped morning greeting of their commander on first seeing his men, "Zdorovo rebyata" ("Hail, my children"). The men's answer is given in a mechanical way: "Glad to do our best, your honour," or "excellency," or "highness," according to the rank of the officer.

On the opposite bank of the sluggish stream stretched the great artillery camp in one broad belt over two miles long. It was instructive to note the orderliness and system with which everything was arranged. Each brigade was complete in itself, and occupied one-eighth of the space covered by the camp; whilst the brigades and batteries were all numbered from the right, so that nothing was simpler than to find the whereabouts of any friend, if you knew his battery and brigade—information, by the way, which was obtainable by a glance at his shoulder-

strap and cap, where the figures were clearly marked.

Behind each brigade was the birch hut of its commander, who rarely had any but soldiers to wait on him, though he generally had his family with him in camp. A little in advance, beyond the dusty road which ran in rear of the camp, came a row of small but leafy aspen trees, and, half-hidden by their shade, the six battery-commanders' huts at intervals. Still farther to the front were the subordinate officers' huts, and beyond them again, a number of square white tents, each pitched on four mud banks which formed its walls, marked the men's quarters. At regular intervals stood the officers' messes, every brigade having its own; and in front of each a circular birch-roofed structure, open at the sides, formed a band-stand.

In front of all, guarded by sentries, were the guns, pointing across the vast plain which formed the manœuvre and practice ground. Beside each battery ran a long birch shed in which were all its horses. Here and there, too, were great open dining-sheds, where the men assembled for their meals. At a central spot there was a good open-air gymnasium, with every modern appliance that would stand exposure to bad weather; whilst there was always sufficient space for the men to play their favourite game, skittles, close by their tents.

One thing was remarkable—there was no canteen, in our acceptation of the word, in the whole camp. Behind each brigade was a small shop, hardly bigger than a sentry-box, in which cigarettes and a few other trifles were sold; but that was all. No liquor was to be bought there; besides, if there had been, the sale would hardly have

been great, since the Russian soldier's pay is only three roubles a-year, or about 2d. a-week.

In time I got to know some of the officers well, and have the pleasantest recollections of the hours spent in their society. They all showed me the greatest friendliness, and talked politics with a freedom not often met with in Russia. The general opinion seemed to be that war with their old enemy Germany was a certainty, but that Britain, being a great naval, and Russia a great military Power, we should not be likely again to try our strength against each other.

Their friendliness towards, and admiration for, England were as pleasant as they were surprising, and these feelings were shown with a constancy and in a manner that put mere conventional politeness out of the question. It is unfortunate that we, in this country, cannot realise that the hostile attitude of the Russian press by no means expresses the feeling of the people, but is dictated by the political motives of a knot of statesmen, and that a free press does not yet exist in the "Empire of all the Russias."

The Russian soldier is above middle height, very deep-chested and thick-set, with sallow complexion, square jaw, and broad face, and an appearance of great strength and determination. He does not look quick-witted, and, in fact, is not, but he is intrepid and well-disciplined. In the short hot summer his dark-green tunic is replaced by a white shirt, which is gathered in at the waist with a black leather belt, while the dark cloth pantaloons are tucked into long boots. He is cheerful and uncomplaining, and though badly paid, according to our ideas, he is not ill fed, getting three pounds of

black bread a-day and plenty of potatoes and of his favourite cabbage-soup, with meat occasionally. After the day's work was over many would come down to the stream to fish or bathe, and others would while away the long summer's evening with selections on their favourite instrument, the concertina, some comrades forming a ring round an expert step-dancer, giving an exhibition of his skill, and keeping time to the lively air of the musician.

I was fortunate, too, in seeing the troops in other than their leisure moments, as I often had opportunities of watching their drill and manœuvres, and was present at their inspection parade and field-firing before the general officer commanding the Moscow District. After the general had ridden down the long line of men and guns, forty-eight field and two horse-batteries, the troops marched past by companies and then again by batteries. Of all the men in that great assembly which passed within a few paces of me, I do not think that ten could have been picked out as "weakly" or unfit for a campaign. How different from our troops, of whom considerable numbers have sometimes to be left in barracks as unfit for the strain of manœuvres! What a contrast do Russia's methods and results present in army matters to our own! She takes the best of her manhood and rejects the inferior material. We do not compel our men to serve, cannot afford to pay the best, and have to fix the standard so low, in order to make an army out of the unsuccessful at every trade, that the physique of the army is much below that of the bulk of our able-bodied manhood. We may yet pay dearly for this short sighted policy.

The guns, harness, limbers, &c., were all designed with an eye to utility on service rather than for show on parade: nothing glittered, all was black. In one matter alone was improvement possible: the horses were much inferior to our own, and they were not groomed so carefully as they should have been.

After drill came field-firing. Some sixty targets were set up in a line, and opposite to each, at a distance of 300 sagues, or 700 yards, stood the teams that were competing for prizes. Amongst the number of the good things offered for competition were many watches, and other useful articles. The object was to get the closest group of shots, not necessarily the greatest number of bull's eyes. After the firing was over I walked up with a friend to see what practice had been made. It seemed to be very creditable, and great was the interest which was aroused when the measurements, which were to decide the winners, came to be taken. Some of the teams tried to approach, but a mounted officer rode along the line shouting out, "Get back there, all you white-shirts!" and the men went back immediately. The distribution of the prizes was made soon after; and a young gentleman cadet who had a camera, and wished to have a "shot," was, with great consideration, allowed a fair field by the inspecting officer. Meanwhile two bands, belonging to different brigades, enlivened the proceedings with an excellent selection of music. Reporters were conspicuous by their absence, and indeed the usual speech, to which we are too well accustomed in this country, was happily undelivered. Russian soldiers are not supposed to want a speech to make them do their duty.

One lovely summer's evening, about a month after our arrival in the country, the whole family strolled out after dinner to admire the gorgeous sunset. Some one suggested that the band was to play outside the officers' mess opposite, and in hopes of enjoying this treat, we directed our steps across the narrow plank-bridge towards the camp beyond. Now, Mr Dobree had an idea, quite erroneous, as it turned out, that if the presence of an Englishman in his family, staying at this remote spot so close to a military training-ground, became known to the officials, it would not likely be to his advantage, and he had more than once expressed himself in this vein. For this reason he had, so to speak, given the police the slip, and had not had the new place of residence registered. The consequences of an *exposé* might therefore be awkward, and it can readily be understood that this expedition into the camp was prompted not by any over-venturesomeness on his part, but by the curiosity of his wife. I was not sure in what light my presence might be viewed by the Russian Government, and the stories I had heard from the lips of exiles of their life of banishment in Siberia recurred to me with unpleasant vividness. No sooner had we clambered up the little hill and arrived outside the officers' mess, where we thought to escape notice in a crowd of people waiting for the opening strains of the band, than we found out our mistake. The little garden was empty. An officer appeared almost immediately and saluted politely. "May we sit down here to rest?" we inquired feebly—we had not come half a mile. "Certainly." "We thought that the band was to play here this evening."

"Oh no; it is at Pokrovka, a mile and a half away. I have nothing to do, however; allow me to conduct you." A refusal was impossible; so, whilst I gave the officer as wide a berth as I could to avoid falling a victim to that curiosity which is strong in Russian blood, and which would soon have led our young friend to ply me with questions about myself, the party strolled across the fields in the direction of the village. We soon reached the little place, where the senior general had taken up his quarters in the priest's house, almost the only one in the village that was built of masonry. In the grounds surrounding the church a regular *fête* seemed to be in progress. Many officers were strolling about in uniform. Ladies had come to add to the brilliancy of the assembly. The band was in full swing, and several priests in lilac-coloured gowns were there as honoured guests. After half an hour, during which my attention was more taken up with the clouds of midges that swarmed round us than with the performance of the really first-class band, and having, moreover, succeeded in dodging the officer who seemed to gravitate towards me, I made an excuse when our military *attaché's* back was turned and made for home.

The officer had certainly smelt a rat, for he asked particularly about me on his return, and he was informed that I was a Frenchman travelling round the world for the benefit of my health! It was getting late when the party began to think of returning home, and my hostess and a lady friend staying with us would have found the couple of miles which lay between Pokrovka and the *datcha* somewhat long. Appreciating this fact, our young officer-guide, though only a subaltern, went boldly up

to his general and asked for the use of his carriage to drive them home. The general consented with charming grace, and the two ladies were soon whirling over the road in fine style.

Now, our new friend had been of necessity invited to call, and he would of course soon find out how matters stood, so that, on learning the part that I was expected to play in the deception, I naturally became very angry. How were we to get out of the difficulty? The chance acquaintanceship had led to embarrassing consequences, and as I flatly refused to change my nationality to please Mr Dobree, our kind friend would inevitably find out that his attentions had been unfittingly requited by a deliberate attempt at deceit. My hostess was more concerned at the annoyance I felt, and at the apparent incivility to the polite young officer, than at the untruth that had been told, so she set herself seriously to consider the line of action she should adopt when the inevitable call should be made, and further inquiry placed Lieutenant Molodoy in possession of the facts.

"It really is trying," said Mrs Dobree; "just like my husband: here have I been for twenty years advising him to go straight, and he always goes crooked." Suddenly she paused, and her eye kindled with the fire of genius as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty suggested itself, and she exclaimed triumphantly, "I'll tell you what—you can say that your mother was French"!!!

The officer did call, and we soon became the best of friends. It is significant that one of his first questions was whether I knew England well!

Though in an out-of-the-way part of the country, there were

yet some neighbours, and one at least of these deserves more than passing notice.

On some rising ground half a mile to the right of our house stood a couple of *datchas*. In one of these lived several senior officers belonging to the camp opposite, whilst in the other dwelt a being the description of whom I attempt with some diffidence. Though intended by nature to be a woman, this eccentric person lived in a state of revolt against her destiny, and wore, not merely in private, but unblushingly on public occasions, men's clothing of the most pronounced character. She affected the costume of a country gentleman, and was habitually to be seen in riding-breeches and boots, a short jacket, and a peaked cap. When the description of this lady began to be whispered about, for the costume was regarded as a little unusual even in Russia, I confess that I was somewhat incredulous; but I soon became convinced of the fact from personal observation.

The food in the country was of a more Western nature than what we had had during the winter-time in town. Sometimes a chicken provided us with a welcome change; sometimes dishes of beautiful wood-strawberries, with abundance of cream, added a very acceptable relish to our meals; and often, after a course of the perennial old bull with garlic sauce, we would hear the rattle of wheels, a confused sound of voices, and two rival vendors of ices, who had not disposed of all their cool delights in camp, would cross the stream and race up the incline to the *datcha* for our custom.

Near at hand were many pleasant walks in the quiet woodland glades; but however desirable it might be to stroll out in the evening and enjoy the fragrant perfume of the

orchids and other beautiful wild-flowers, and listen to the thrilling notes of the nightingale, it was yet a pleasure which had frequently a certain element of risk in it. Round the villages and outside the towns in Russia there is an invisible fringe made up of the outcasts of society and the desperate. These *Razboyniks*, as they are called, are a serious menace to the weak and defenceless. Peter, our faithful man-servant, had an encounter with some of them which might have had unpleasant consequences, not merely for himself, but also for me. He had been to fetch my washing from Pokrovka, and was returning rather late across the fields, when he heard footsteps behind him, and saw two dark forms approaching quickly. He made off at a good pace for the plank-bridge across the stream, on the other side of which lay the *datcha*. Suddenly he came upon a soldier to whom he appealed for help, and the figures, which were close upon him, disappeared in the darkness. He pushed on again quickly for the bridge, but soon became conscious that he was still pursued. He kept his lead, however, till he neared the river, and once across it he would be within hail of the house. Just as he was about to set foot on the plank, two other figures jumped out from beneath it, and the way was cut off. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the river, holding up the precious bundle of clean shirts, and calling out loudly for help. The *Razboyniks* gave up the chase and the day was won, whilst Peter was more than satisfied with a rouble in recognition of his fidelity.

Unfortunately all Peter's compatriots are not of the same kidney as himself, and there is a trait of character very common in Russia which sooner or later obtrudes it-

self. The average native has some considerable difficulty in discriminating between *meum* and *tuum*, and is, so far as the possessions of others are concerned, a communist. A writer has put it somewhat crudely by declaring that every Russian is more or less of a thief. Without going quite so far as this, it may safely be affirmed that there is dishonesty in Russia where the reverse might reasonably be expected. In a work, written by one¹ who only began to learn the Russian alphabet when on his outward journey, it is stated that "the drosky-driver who bows so politely to the passers-by, and crosses himself as he passes almost every church, will generally contrive to rob you of something, if it is only to the value of a piece of string." That the writer's conclusions are not far from the truth the following incident will serve to show. I was driving once to a railway-station, before I had been two months in the country. The driver was communicative, and turned round frequently to give me the benefit of his opinions, so far as the rattling of the cranky drosky over the stones rendered this possible. When in the train, shortly afterwards, my eyes strayed to the rack where my Gladstone bag was deposited. I suddenly became conscious of something unusual in its appearance. I had done it up carefully before starting, but now a curious white stripe ran down one of its well-worn

sides: one strap was missing! The artful *ishvostchik*, whilst keeping me in conversation and looking me straight in the face, had, with one hand, managed to loosen the strap and transfer it to his pocket.

Dishonesty in the driver of a public conveyance, who may at any time have goods of value in his charge, is not calculated to inspire travellers with confidence, and is a sufficiently reprehensible thing; but when it comes to dishonesty in official quarters, matters assume a more serious aspect. On the occasion of my leaving Russia for the last time, I had with me a passport of which I was very proud. It had been my voucher many times, and the back was much written over and decorated with many registration stamps. On its being demanded at the frontier, I gave it up for inspection. Half an hour later, just before the departure of the train, an official entered the railway-carriage, and I had a passport dealt out to me which seemed not to be my own. The front was all right and had the usual imposing flourish about the Prime Minister; it was the back that looked different. I soon understood the cause: every single stamp had been steamed off and stolen! The bag has long since had a new strap; but the passport still lies in my desk, a silent proof of the petty dishonesty of official Russia.

¹ Augustus Hare, 'Studies in Russia.'

OUR DUTY IN REGARD TO VACCINATION.

THE questions raised by the Final Report of "The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the subject of Vaccination" are of national importance. The Commission was large and representative; it has laboured for seven years, and has produced a most able and elaborate Report. It undertook a task which could only have been intrusted to capable men, who were prepared to devote much time and mental effort to its fulfilment. It was well for the country that a jury so competent was found. Their verdict has been given by an overwhelming majority, and ought to be accepted as final in respect both of facts and of the inferences fairly deducible from them. The question now is, What action, if any, the Legislature should found upon their weighty decision?

This is no mere medical matter: it is of far wider interest; for it concerns in an important respect the health and wellbeing of the whole community. The nation through its Legislature is called upon to pronounce a judgment; and it is clear that every effort should be made to diffuse information as to the nature and results of the inquiry upon which that judgment is to be founded. It should therefore be discussed in periodicals commanding the widest circulation, and not merely in professional journals.

The question, then, is whether, as a result of this elaborate inquiry, we ought to let existing legislation on vaccination remain as it is; should abrogate all that at present stands on the statute-book regarding it; should modify the existing law, in the hope of dim-

inishing the virulence of the opposition which has shown itself in some quarters; or should take a decided step in advance, and carry out to a logical conclusion belief in the protective value of the process. But before attempting to answer these questions, it is necessary that some facts regarding the history of the subject should be clearly understood.

During the last century smallpox was one of the most fearful scourges of the human race. Infectious beyond almost any other disease, when it appeared in a community it spread from person to person with great rapidity. It seized, with very few exceptions, on all who for the first time came within its range, and it proved fatal to a very large proportion of those whom it attacked. Sir John Simon states that the annual ravages of smallpox in Europe alone have been estimated at half a million of lives. The Superintendent of the Central Vaccine Institution for Scotland states that during the last century one in five of those attacked with smallpox died, that almost every child took it before reaching maturity, and that the deaths from it amounted to 10 per cent of all the deaths, and in epidemic years reached even 20 per cent. Even among those whom it did not kill, many injuries resulted. Blindness was one common sequel; deafness was another; permanent debility of many kinds was also traced to it; and a very large proportion of the community had their faces scarred and pitted so as to change their whole appearance. An old lady who had known the poet Burns was not very long ago de-

scribing his appearance, and being asked whether he was not marked with the smallpox, replied, "Oh, yes, certainly; but that was so common in his day that we never thought of mentioning it."

Great hopes were entertained for a time of the good results to be obtained by the process of "inoculation of the smallpox." It was first made popular by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had seen it employed in the East. It certainly is a marvellous fact that when the disease is introduced by inoculation of variolous matter into the skin of a healthy person, it produces a milder malady than that which follows its introduction by infection in the usual way. This process took advantage of that fact. It became very general throughout the country, and undoubtedly afforded protection to those who underwent the treatment. But while affording protection to individuals, it endangered those who came in contact with them, and local outbreaks of the smallpox were apt to result, and indeed resulted in many cases.

It is just a hundred years since Edward Jenner of Berkeley in Gloucestershire made his first great experiment in vaccination. Having satisfied himself of the correctness of a widespread popular impression that persons who had suffered from cowpox enjoyed immunity from smallpox, he inoculated a healthy boy of eight with lymph taken from the hand of a dairymaid who had become infected with cowpox in the course of her avocation. When the boy had passed through the process he was submitted to the then ordinary practice of inoculation with smallpox matter, and no smallpox followed. Some months later the inoculation was repeated, with the

same negative result. As Jenner himself wrote to a friend at that time: "Now listen to the most delightful part of my story: the boy has since been inoculated for the smallpox, which, as I ventured to predict, produced no effect. I shall now pursue my experiments with redoubled ardour." During 1798 a fresh epidemic of cowpox having appeared in the district, further experiments were made with equally satisfactory results; and in addition, lymph from the arm of a vaccinated child was used, and it was found that this appeared as effective as the lymph which was first employed. In the same year Jenner published his observations. In 1799 public vaccination had become part of the regular work of the Royal Dispensary of Edinburgh, and by 1800 many of the leading physicians and surgeons of London formally declared that they were satisfied of the accuracy of Jenner's conclusions. In 1802 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and it reported in favour of the claims of the new treatment. But from the first it was virulently opposed by some; and in 1807 the King commanded the Royal College of Physicians of London to inquire into and to report on the whole matter. The College concluded that vaccination, though it sometimes failed to protect from smallpox, afforded greater security than the inoculation with smallpox matter previously in use, whilst the illness it induced was milder and less hazardous; that in the cases in which smallpox occurred notwithstanding vaccination, the disease had varied much from its ordinary course, being shorter and less virulent, and, indeed, with few exceptions, remarkably mild. They dwelt with satisfaction on the fact that,

whereas the old inoculation with smallpox material, while protecting the individual, endangered the community, vaccination involved no danger to either. The College, as the result of the inquiry, felt it right strongly to recommend the practice.

Rapidly it spread throughout the Continent and throughout the world; and many picturesque details might be adduced with respect to its effects and its appreciation, as well as with regard to the fanatical opposition which was made to it in some quarters, not least in Jenner's own neighbourhood. In 1802, and again in 1806, Parliament made grants of money to Jenner in recognition of his services; and in 1807 a national vaccine establishment was founded by royal warrant. But until 1840 no statute was passed dealing with the subject. In that, the beginning of the fourth year of her Majesty's reign, an "Act to extend the practice of Vaccination" received the royal assent. This Act declared inoculation of the smallpox illegal; and the use of it was made penal. It empowered and directed the guardians and overseers of every parish or union in England and Wales to contract with their medical officers, or with any legally qualified medical practitioners, for the vaccination of all persons resident in such unions or parishes. The arrangements were to conform to regulations made by Poor-law Commissioners, who were granted powers for the purpose.

In the following year a supplementary Act was passed, charging the expenses of carrying out the Act of 1840 on the poor-rates, and providing that neither vaccination nor attendance incident to it should, although paid for by the parish or union, be considered parochial relief, nor entail dis-

qualification for any right or privilege such as the receipt of ordinary parochial relief might involve.

This then provided vaccination for all who chose to submit their children to it, but made no compulsion. In 1853 the first Act for compulsory vaccination was passed. It applied only to England and Wales, and is entitled, "An Act to extend and make compulsory the practice of Vaccination." The Poor-law authorities were directed to divide their unions and parishes into convenient districts, to appoint a suitable place for the attendance of a vaccinator, and to give notice when he would attend to vaccinate and to inspect the progress of the person vaccinated. It was enacted that within three, or, under special circumstances, four months of birth, the parent or person responsible for a child should take it to the appointed vaccinator, unless a certificate of previous vaccination was forthcoming; and the vaccinator was required thereupon to vaccinate the child. Eight days later the child was to be brought back to the vaccinator for inspection. A certificate was to be granted if vaccination was successful, and a duplicate transmitted to the Registrar. The possible unfitness of a child for vaccination was provided for, any medical practitioner being entitled to grant a certificate of unfitness: this held good for a period of two months, but was renewable for one or more similar periods. The penalties instituted for neglect were that the father or other person responsible for the child should pay a sum not exceeding twenty shillings, which was to be paid into the funds for the relief of the poor. This law was afterwards inter-

preted as meaning that a person might be fined once only for the non-vaccination of an individual child.

By Act of Parliament in 1867, besides various enactments of minor importance, including some encouraging revaccination, provision was made with reference to the enforcement of the former Act. The registrar was directed to submit to the guardians a list of all cases in which vaccination certificates had not been received; and the guardians were enjoined forthwith to make inquiry into the circumstances of the cases, and, if they found that the provisions of the Act had been neglected, should cause proceedings to be taken against the persons in default. The guardians were directed to prosecute, and a penalty of twenty shillings was confirmed; but it also, under certain conditions, authorised a magistrate to make an order, disobedience to which involved a penalty. If a further order was made and disobeyed, another penalty was incurred. The words of the section seem purposely framed to leave the discretion to the magistrate. But in 1871 a select Committee of the House of Commons recommended that not more than two penalties should be imposed in respect of the same child. It was also laid down by the courts that persons found guilty of disobedience to orders, and committed to prison under the Act, were to be treated as criminal prisoners and not as debtors. The whole legislation is thus founded on the assumption of the efficacy of vaccination, and of its advantages being so manifest that it is the duty of the State to enforce it, even by the imposition of penalties for its neglect.

In Scotland the law of vaccina-

tion is comprised in one statute passed in 1863, entitled "An Act to extend and make compulsory the practice of Vaccination in Scotland." Each parochial board was directed to appoint a registered practitioner to be the vaccinator of the district. By its eighth section the duty was imposed on parents, or persons having custody of any child, within six months of its birth, to cause it to be vaccinated by a medical practitioner; and a certificate of the vaccination was to be given to the parent, and by him transmitted to the registrar for registration. By the seventeenth section penalties not exceeding twenty shillings were imposed upon parents who neglected a notice sent by the registrar, and, failing payment, the defaulters might be committed for a term not exceeding ten days. The Court of Session held afterwards that the section permitted repeated prosecutions, so long as the child or person remained on the list of unvaccinated persons.

The law with regard to Ireland does not seem to require special notice.

In Scotland comparatively little difficulty has been felt in regard to the carrying out of the law. But in England, and especially in certain districts, determined opposition has been encountered. This opposition has in some measure originated in the belief that vaccination was not really a preventive of smallpox: in some, that although it was or might be a preventive, yet its employment was attended by risks of injury to the health to which no child should be exposed. In some quarters it seems to have been regarded as an infringement of the liberty of the subject that the State should insist upon a parent submitting his child

to such an operation as vaccination; and in many cases a combination of these objections, dominating the minds of individuals or of communities, accounted for the opposition. Many parents proved themselves willing to be fined or to be imprisoned rather than to permit the vaccination of their children; in several districts the feeling was so strong that magistrates ceased to make orders for vaccination, and large numbers of the community grew up unprotected from the variolous poison. Some active opponents of vaccination referred the diminished incidence and mortality of smallpox to improvement in ordinary general sanitation. Great efforts were made to modify the legislation, so that at length it was resolved that a Royal Commission should be appointed for the purpose of investigating the whole question. This was done in 1889.

The Commission included representatives of the various views which were taken in the country. Some members were appointed to represent the medical, legal, and constitutional opponents of vaccination; some were appointed to represent the view generally held by the members of the medical profession, and a number of very distinguished physicians and surgeons consented to serve; while, in addition, there were members of Parliament, eminent lawyers, and others who presumably had formed no definite opinion on the subject, and were prepared to judge purely on the ground of the evidence which might be laid before them.

The references made to the Commission were five in number, namely:—

1. The effect of vaccination in reducing the prevalence of, and mortality from, smallpox.

2. What means other than vaccination can be used for diminishing the prevalence of smallpox, and how far such means can be relied on in place of vaccination.

3. The objections made to vaccination on the ground of injurious effects alleged to result therefrom, and the nature and extent of any injurious effects which do in fact so result.

4. Whether any, and if so, what means should be adopted for preventing or lessening the ill effects, if any, resulting from vaccination; and whether, and if so, by what means, vaccination with animal vaccine should be further facilitated as a part of public vaccination.

5. Whether any alterations should be made in the arrangements and proceedings for securing the performance of vaccination, and, in particular, in the provisions of the Vaccination Acts with respect to prosecutions for non-compliance with the law.

The Commission worked, as we have said, for seven years, examining with the greatest minuteness 187 witnesses, and holding a series of 136 meetings. They gave full scope to the evidence of those who were opposed to vaccination as well as those who favoured the practice. They made, moreover, a thorough and systematic investigation of certain local epidemics which occurred while the Commission was sitting, and of numerous cases in which it was alleged that injury had resulted from the process of vaccination. They were assisted by a number of able physicians in London in such work as it was impossible for the Commission as a whole to undertake.

By a majority of 11 to 2 the Commission reports as to the first

reference—namely, as to the effect of vaccination in reducing the prevalence of and mortality from smallpox—that they have come to the conclusion,—

“1. That it diminishes the liability to be attacked by the disease.

“2. That it modifies the character of the disease and renders it (a) less fatal, and (b) of a milder or less severe type.

“3. That the protection it affords against attacks of the disease is greatest during the years immediately succeeding the operation of vaccination. It is impossible to fix with precision the length of this period of highest protection. Though not in all cases the same, if a period is to be fixed it might fairly be said to cover in general a period of ten years.

“4. That after the lapse of the period of highest protective potency, the efficacy of vaccination to protect against attack rapidly diminishes; but that it is still considerable in the next quinquennium, and possibly never altogether ceases.

“5. That its power to modify the character of the disease is also greatest in the period in which its power to protect from attack is greatest, but that its power thus to modify the disease does not diminish so rapidly as its protective influence against attacks; and its efficacy during the later periods of life to modify the disease is still very considerable.

“6. That revaccination restores the protection which lapse of time has diminished, but the evidence shows that this protection again diminishes; and that to ensure the highest degree of protection which vaccination can give, the operation should be at intervals repeated.

“7. That the beneficial effects of vaccination are most experienced by those in whose case it has been most thorough; that it may fairly be concluded that where the vaccine matter is inserted in three or four places, it is more effectual than when introduced into one or two places only; and that if the vaccination marks are of an area of half a square inch, they indicate a better state of protection

than if their area be at all considerably below this.”

With regard to the second reference—namely, what means, other than vaccination, can be used for diminishing the prevalence of smallpox, and how far such means could be relied on in place of vaccination—the report bears that they can see nothing to warrant the conclusion that in this country vaccination could safely be abandoned, and replaced by a system of isolation, although isolation and other precautions are to be constantly insisted on.

With regard to the third reference—namely, the objections made to vaccination on the ground of injurious effects alleged to result therefrom, and the nature and extent of any injurious effects which do in fact so result—the report bears that,—

“A careful examination of the facts which have been brought under our notice has enabled us to arrive at the conclusion that although some of the dangers said to attend vaccination are undoubtedly real, and not inconsiderable in gross amount, yet when considered in relation to the extent of vaccination work done, they are insignificant. There is reason further to believe that they are diminishing under the better precautions of the present day, and with the additions of the further precautions which experience suggests, will do so still more in the future.”

The conclusions arrived at in regard to these three references precisely correspond with the opinions and teaching of the great mass of the medical profession; and it is important for the nation generally to grasp the fact that after the most elaborate inquiry, the members of the Commission have, with two exceptions, adopted the view which the profession has maintained. The other

two references deal with questions of the details of arrangements and of legislation founding upon the foregoing, and on the experience of the working of the existing law. As to the one, they recommend several valuable alterations:—

"1. That the State ought to see that a supply of calf lymph is within the reach of every vaccinator.

"2. That the age-period in England, Wales, and Ireland, within which vaccination is obligatory, should be extended to six months.

"3. That steps should be taken to impress upon parents and others in charge of children the importance of scrupulous cleanliness of the vaccinated area; and that the Local Government Board should settle a suitable form containing clear and simple rules for guidance in the care of the vaccinated arm, and for the avoidance of any likely source of injury or irritation of that part.

"4. To avoid exposure and the risks of contagion, that the children should be vaccinated at their own homes, instead of at a public station.

"5. That vaccination be postponed when the surroundings are unsuitable from insanitary conditions, or zymotic diseases prevalent in the neighbourhood.

"6. That the fee for vaccination should be adequate to cover any attendance on account of unfavourable symptoms for which the vaccinator should be bound to attend."

With regard to the remaining reference, the Commission concludes:—

"After careful consideration and much study of the subject, that it would conduce to increased vaccination if a scheme could be devised which would preclude the attempt (so often a vain one) to compel those who are honestly opposed to the practice to submit their children to vaccination, and at the same time leave the law to operate as at present to prevent children remaining unvaccinated owing to the neglect or indifference of the parent. When we

speak of an honest opposition to the practice, we intend to confine our remarks to cases in which the objection is to the operation itself, and to exclude cases in which the opposition arises from an indisposition to incur the trouble involved. It might be provided, for instance, that if a parent attended before the local authority and satisfied them that he entertained such an objection, no proceedings should be taken against him. Or again, a statutory declaration to that effect before any one now authorised to take such declarations, or some other specified official or officials, might be made a bar to proceedings."

But these modifications they only recommend for trial in a tentative way, with the view of ascertaining whether they would aid or hinder the universal adoption of the practice.

The conclusions of the commissioners in regard to the last reference are less closely in accord with the general trend of medical opinion, inasmuch as they incline to a measure of relaxation of the existing law for vaccination of infants, and make no provision for compulsory revaccination.

Having thus made plain the findings and recommendations of the Commission, we must consider the practical question of what should be the outcome of this weighty report. There are at least seven possible lines of action, but before discussing them, a preliminary question of principle must if possible be definitely settled.

That question is whether an individual member of a community has a right to refuse to comply with the will of the community on such a matter as vaccination, or whether the will of the community must control that of each individual member. The answer to this seems clear enough. In every democratic constitution such

as ours the will of the majority must rule, and the individual must submit to that ruling. This is especially true in all cases where issues of practical importance to the individual and to the community are concerned. On no account must individual freedom be permitted to endanger the wellbeing of the community. Whenever the individual asserts himself in such a way as to interfere with the common good, the community must be held entitled authoritatively to restrain his action. On this principle it is evident that in such a case as that under consideration the individual has no right to resist the will of the community, but should be made to yield obedience to it. By an overwhelming majority the commissioners have found that vaccination is of real value; that if better carried out, it would be of still greater value; that its neglect or abandonment would be fraught with most formidable danger, and therefore the community should have no hesitation in applying this principle in the matter.

But there are persons who plead that they have a "conscientious objection" to vaccination, and that on that ground they should be exempted from obedience to a vaccination law. This plea is urged by many of the opponents of vaccination, and is recognised to some extent by the commissioners in their report. It is, therefore, the more worthy of careful consideration. The fact with which we have to deal is this. Some parents or guardians having a definite conviction that vaccination would not only be useless, but might be seriously detrimental to their children, declare that their conscience forbids them submitting their children to the process. The right of a

person to act according to his conscience is one which a democracy is bound to protect. But wherever it is distinctly proved that the result of a conscientious objection is really dangerous to the wellbeing, both of the individual concerned and of the community, the community is entitled to set aside the conscientious objection, and to insist upon obedience. As has been already shown, the evidence has satisfied the great majority of the commissioners, who have acted as a jury for the nation in the matter, that no detrimental effects necessarily attend properly conducted vaccination, and that its abandonment would inevitably lead to formidable evils. It must, therefore, be held that the plea of conscientious objection affords no logical ground for resistance to the law. Were the plea once admitted as applicable in such a case as this, we might find conscientious objections springing up in many other directions. In questions of education it might soon claim recognition in departments where it is not now acknowledged. In regard to the payment of taxes, conscientious objection, if once admitted, would no doubt spread with great rapidity, and in regard to the Liquor Laws and many other subjects, conscientious scruples might soon assert themselves in somewhat startling ways.

Accepting this principle, we now turn to consider the possible lines of action; and first, ought we to continue the *status quo*? There are certain difficulties in the way of doing so. It must be admitted that, from one cause or another, the Acts have in certain districts failed to work satisfactorily. The commissioners are so impressed with this, that they recommend modification of the

compulsory clauses, and think that, on the whole, vaccination might thereby become more general. The reasons which they assign are mainly that much irritation is produced by repeated prosecutions of those who honestly object to vaccination, and that this irritation is fomented by the active anti-vaccination propaganda, whose views are always disseminated most sedulously where such irritation has been produced. Further, that as a consequence the laws have proved insufficient to obtain the universal vaccination which is required, and having proved inefficient should be replaced by something more satisfactory. This argument appears to be sufficient, and practically unanswerable. It shows that whenever a better way can be clearly defined, the law should be changed; but it would be a cause of regret if a change were made to something not demonstrably superior.

The second possible line of action is that all legislation in favour of vaccination should be abandoned. We shall not be surprised if, notwithstanding the verdict of the Commission, a very determined effort should be made in Parliament to carry this view. But to accept the suggestion would be positive madness. The Commission has unequivocally expressed its opinion of the great value of Jenner's discovery, and for us at the present day to abandon the national use of it would be an act of unexampled folly. It is true that we cannot expect unanimity of opinion. The fact that two commissioners have heard the evidence, and have remained unshaken in their belief of the uselessness and even the evil effects of vaccination, shows that certain minds will inevitably resist any

amount of evidence, however convincing it may appear to others. But if we accept the principle that the opinion of the community is entitled to prevail, it would be altogether unreasonable to allow it to be set aside to meet the wishes of a few dissentients.

It would be out of place here to discuss the evidence; but it may be proper to refer to a single set of facts which emerged during the working of the Commission, and which ought, one would think, to have satisfied the most sceptical mind of the value of vaccination.

Six different epidemics occurred in England while the Commission was sitting, and were carefully studied by or on behalf of the Commission. Each of the six independently brought out the same results. Vaccination prevented smallpox to a very large extent; it diminished the mortality among those who were attacked in a remarkable proportion; it diminished the severity of the disease. These results correspond to what has been observed in numberless previous epidemics; and it puzzles one to know how any of the commissioners were able to resist testimony so convincing.

The third possible line of action is to modify the law in the way suggested in the commissioners' report. This, apart from important improvement in details as to the methods of vaccination, removes the penal clauses, so as to permit persons who deliberately object to vaccination to escape punishment for their neglect. They have come to the conclusion, after careful deliberation, that vaccination might be more general if the penal clauses were removed from the statute-book; and if those who deliberately object to vaccination were left to their own devices. It is very difficult to calculate what

effect might follow on such an alteration of the law ; but inevitably a certain proportion of people would grow up in every community unprotected ; and as the anti-vaccination propaganda would no doubt hail this change of law as a proof of disbelief in the powers of vaccination, it is not improbable that in ill-informed districts the prejudice might become more widespread, and the absence of protection might involve at any time formidable epidemics. Now, one should ask, Is the nation prepared to face such a contingency ? Is it possible for us deliberately to expose ourselves to such risk ? The Commission wish their recommendations to be put in force in a tentative way, and abandoned if their plan should prove unsuccessful. But what would be the difficulty of re-establishing precautionary measures, if they were once even temporarily abandoned ? One cannot but feel that the commissioners have been more or less influenced by the extraordinary zeal manifested by two of their colleagues and some of the witnesses, and have allowed themselves to drift into recommendations which by no means logically correspond to the conclusions at which they arrived. Might it not be better to introduce the proposed improvements in mode of procedure, and allow the law to remain as it is until it could be seen whether the existing misapprehensions would not disappear ?

It is scarcely necessary to discuss the fourth possible line of action, that recommended by the two dissentients and two other members of the Commission—namely, that all attempt at compulsion should be abandoned—for if the commissioners' recommendations are unacceptable, much more would these be.

There is something to be said in favour of the suggestions embodied in the fifth possible line of action—namely, that it should be rendered impossible for a parent or guardian to avoid vaccination without a formal appearance before a magistrate, and the utterance of a sworn deposition of conscientious objection. The advantage of this is manifest enough so far as it goes ; and if a retrograde step has to be taken, this might be the least objectionable. But surely it is possible to find a better solution of the problem.

The sixth possible line of action is ordaining revaccination at the age of twelve, and although recommended only by two of the commissioners, is well worthy of attention. It has been proved conclusively, as has been already shown, that the effect of vaccination, although never wholly disappearing, distinctly diminishes as years go on ; and that is the reason why well-vaccinated children under ten escape so much better than persons of maturer years. But when revaccination is effected—say at the age of ten or twelve, and again later in life—an extraordinary measure of protection comes to be afforded. The experience of Prussia and Austria in these particulars deserves careful notice. The following table shows the mortality from smallpox in these two countries per 100,000 persons living from 1851 to 1893. It will be observed that they pretty closely correspond on the whole up to the year 1873 or 1874, when in Prussia the law for revaccination was put in its present form, and from that day to the present the mortality has never reached 4 per 100,000 living, and in one-half of the years has not even amounted to 1 in the 100,000 ; while in Austria, where

similar laws have not been in operation, it has until the year 1891 commonly ranged from 38 to 94 per 100,000 :—

Number of deaths from Smallpox in Prussia and Austria per 100,000 living.

	Prussia.	Austria.
1851	12·95	11·06
1852	18·94	11·60
1853	39·51	23·81
1854	43·64	28·40
1855	9·67	47·47
1856	7·32	16·41
1857	13·29	12·26
1858	26·44	21·78
1859	19·62	26·18
1860	18·95	26·85
1861	30·17	24·33
1862	21·06	33·27
1863	33·80	35·15
1864	46·28	36·41
1865	43·79	22·83
1866	62·0	35·92
1867	43·17	46·88
1868	18·81	35·49
1869	19·42	35·18
1870	17·52	30·25
1871	243·21	39·19
1872	262·37	189·92
1873	35·65	314·72
1874 ¹	9·52	174·34
1875	3·60	57·57
1876	3·14	40·17
1877	0·34	54·53
1878	0·71	61·59
1879	1·26	51·68
1880	2·60	64·74
1881	3·62	81·41
1882	3·64	94·79
1883	1·96	59·17
1884	1·44	50·75
1885	1·40	60·1
1886	0·49	38·2
1887	0·5	41·7
1888	0·3	61·5
1889	0·5	53·7
1890	0·1	20·3
1891	0·1	² 28·7
1892	0·3	25·6
1893	0·4	14·9
1894	0·3	

Such facts as these surely constitute good ground for legislation

in favour of compulsory revaccination. Every child should certainly be revaccinated at the age of ten or twelve, and every young person entering upon adult life should have the process repeated at about the age of twenty. The reasons given by the commissioners for not recommending such legislation are mainly two—that the movements of the population would make it difficult to ascertain whether a law for revaccination had been observed; and that the extension of the present law so as to apply to revaccination might intensify hostility where it exists, or even extend its area. But with the knowledge of the facts before them, and with their definitely expressed approval of revaccination, it is somewhat surprising that they have faltered in following up the conclusion to its logical result.

The seventh possible line of action is that some more stringent law should be established to enforce vaccination in infancy; and that with corresponding stringency revaccination at one or more periods of life should be insisted on. This is undoubtedly the logical sequence of the conclusions as to facts arrived at by the commissioners; and if it could be carried out, it would confer an immunity from smallpox as satisfactory as such immunity could possibly be made.

The general conclusions at which one would arrive as to the nation's duty may be stated in a few propositions :—

1. It is certainly our duty to continue to favour vaccination.

2. It is equally evident that some improvements suggested by experience should be adopted, as, for example, the use of calf-lymph

¹ Vaccination and revaccination compulsory.

² Vaccination compulsory.

to a far greater extent than hitherto, and certainly in every case where a preference is expressed for it, extending the period of infantile vaccination to six months, providing further facilities for its performance, and making better known the proper treatment of patients during the process.

3. We ought to legislate in favour of revaccination.

4. Vaccination and revaccination should be made compulsory, and important penalties ought to be attached to non-compliance with the law. It may appear utopian, but certainly the best plan would be to insist upon primary vaccination in infancy; a second vaccination at the age of ten or twelve, a third at about twenty, and possibly another at thirty. It may be asked how this could be carried out in practice. It is not our object at the present time to suggest the particular ways of so doing, or the particular penalties

which should be inflicted if they are neglected. The difficulties do not appear insuperable, but it is for statesmen and lawyers to devise the best forms. Meanwhile it seems clear that if such a scheme as has been sketched were carried out, Great Britain, to which the world is indebted for the discovery of vaccination, would speedily resume its rightful foremost place in its application, and we should soon be safe from the risk of those dreadful and too frequently recurring epidemics which have been proved to be mainly due to its neglect. Every effort should be made to satisfy the country of the untrustworthiness of the assertions of the anti-vaccination propaganda, and so to inform public opinion on the matter as to discourage those who seek to win popularity in ill-informed quarters by unscrupulous pandering to ignorance and prejudice.

T. GRAINGER STEWART.

THE PARTY FUTURE.

THE retirement of Lord Rosebery from the leadership of what for want of a better term must still, we suppose, be called the Liberal party, has naturally been followed by anxious speculations in regard to his probable successor. This was of course the instantaneous effect of it. Who was to be leader of the party was a fortnight ago the point of immediate practical interest. But what that party is to be, say two or three years hence, is one of infinitely greater moment, and may well engage the attention of all political thinkers.

Lord Rosebery's resolution was no doubt the result of numerous converging causes. His disagreement with his Radical supporters on the Armenian question was only one, and when we remember his letter to Mr Guinness Rogers last September, we may perhaps think it not the chief one. He himself, in explaining the step which he had taken, assigned a prominent place to the absence of that general support which he had a right to anticipate from his own party. But the last straw which, as he confesses, broke his back, was the appeal from himself to Mr Gladstone by his own ostensible followers, and the readiness with which Mr Gladstone came forward to respond to it, thereby taking the lead out of the Premier's hands, and placing him in a position which no statesman, no man with any self-respect to lose, could be expected to endure. He speaks in the highest terms of Mr Gladstone, and says he does not regret his intervention—though it “gave him the *coup de grâce*.” He can only, therefore, not regret it,

because it gave him a good opportunity of retiring from an untenable position. By promptly withdrawing from it he has done something to recover the ground which he has lost in public estimation during his term of office. Time only will show whether he possesses any latent powers capable of raising him to the dignity of a real leader. At present all that can be said is this, he has had his chance and failed,—failed, that is, to establish that hold upon his party, and that influence with the public in general, without which no man can command the allegiance of any great political connection.

When Mr Gladstone retired, Sir W. Harcourt may well have thought, to use the well-known expression of Canning, that the Premiership was “his by inheritance.” He had borne the burden and heat of the day in many a hard-fought fight in the House of Commons. Since 1886 he has certainly stood next to Mr Gladstone, both in Parliament and out of it. As a powerful and popular speaker he distances all other members of his own party. He is twenty years older than Lord Rosebery: and as a great political force in the country it is London to Paddington over again. The position of the Liberal party at the present moment is not, indeed, unlike that of the Tory party in the reign of George the Fourth. The two sections of the party were then divided from each other by differences little less important than those which separate the Radicals from the Liberal Separatists. They were only kept from open rupture by the influence of one man, who,

without commanding abilities, possessed the rare tact, moderation, and good sense which were necessary to hold together these discordant elements, and at his death the storm burst. These qualities are not often found united in men of greater parts and more ardent ambition; and at all events it cannot be said that either Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt possesses them. And the want of them may be as seriously felt by a party in opposition as by a party in power. The party in power has more inducements to cohesion than its opponents, except when these have an immediate prospect of victory before them. They have more to lose both morally and materially. But to keep an Opposition together, even if united, when it seems destined to the cold shade for many years, taxes the ability of a leader to the very utmost. To rein a disunited one in the same circumstances might have baffled either a Lord John Russell or a Mr Disraeli, the two most successful leaders of Opposition in the present century.

It is needless to say that Mr Gladstone's Liverpool speech has widened the breach between the two halves of the Opposition, and has made it more difficult than ever for them to act in unison on questions of Foreign Policy. Lord Rosebery gives them excellent advice. Let them choose a leader and stick to him. "When you have chosen him, close up your ranks and follow him: for this I can tell you, that a united party behind an inferior leader is more efficacious than a disunited party with the best leader that ever lived." Lord Rosebery alludes pathetically to all that he had to undergo through his own party neglecting this

golden maxim. The famous defeat of his Government by a majority of two at the beginning of their first session has evidently not yet lost its sting—*hæret lateri*. But it is not difficult to guess at what he means by an inferior leader with a united party. This is clearly a side-blow at Sir W. Harcourt, who does not answer to that description. Lord Rosebery, like Mr Jingle, "does not presume to dictate," but he returns thanks to several gentlemen of eligible mediocrity for their cordial support of himself; and it may be supposed that it is from among these that he would wish the choice to be made. Mr Asquith seems to be his special favourite, because "his head is not equal to his heart": an odd reason it may be thought for recommending a man to a position of great political responsibility. But his Lordship's *curiosa felicitas* in such matters is now familiar to us. Whether either the late Home Secretary or any of the other friends to whom Lord Rosebery expresses his obligations, something in the style of a bidding prayer, would keep the two hostile parties between the traces, especially with Sir W. Harcourt out in the cold, Lord Rosebery knows better than we do. But if these gentlemen are to represent Lord Rosebery's views on the Eastern question against Sir W. Harcourt representing Mr Gladstone's, we do not envy them their berth.

Not but what Lord Rosebery's own view of the subject is really worthy of a statesman. His Edinburgh speech, as far as it dealt with the Armenian question, leaves hardly anything to be desired. He, perhaps unconsciously to himself, reproduces what was once both the Whig and Tory doc-

trine, that England can only go to war by herself when her own direct interests are threatened, and that as part of the Police of Europe she can only act in concert with others. This was the doctrine of Lord Palmerston in 1849, of Mr Canning in 1826, and of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878. "The doctrine of English interests," said Lord Beaconsfield, "has been stigmatised as selfish. It is as selfish as Patriotism." Soon after Canning's acceptance of the Foreign Office he wrote to our ambassador at Constantinople: "You know my politics well enough to know what I mean when I say that for Europe I shall be desirous now and then to read *England*." The whole of Mr Canning's policy relating to the Turko-Greek question, and his views on the "coercion" of Turkey, to which he was strongly opposed, might be studied with great advantage at the present moment. They are in principle the same as Lord Rosebery's and Lord Salisbury's. These are so directly in conflict with those expressed by Mr Gladstone that, as long as the Armenian question lasts, there can be no possibility of any accommodation between them; and seeing that the Armenian question is, as Lord Rosebery says, only the fringe of a much wider one, there seems little chance of a really united party being formed under any living statesman of Liberal or Radical principles, however inferior he may be. If there are men who will not consent to serve under Sir William Harcourt, is it to be supposed that there is any one in the House of Commons under whom Sir W. Harcourt would consent to serve?

The dilemma which the Opposition have to face is plain enough. If the leadership of the party is

left to Sir W. Harcourt, Lord Rosebery's friends are estranged. If a friend of Lord Rosebery is appointed, he has to reckon with Sir William Harcourt. The compliments exchanged between the ex-Premier and Mr Gladstone can deceive nobody. It is evident that if the latter is consulted, his vote will be given for Sir William. And, as regards Lord Rosebery and his quondam lieutenant, it is certain that if the forged letter had been genuine nobody would have believed it. If his lordship speaks the truth when he assigns as one of the principal causes of his abdication the want of support which he experienced in the House of Commons — Mr Gladstone considers it the one cause—it must have been in Sir William Harcourt's power to prevent it. Whatever the intention with which the forgery was concocted, the only effect of it has been to give greater prominence than ever to the differences between the two men.

But it is time to glance at the broader and more remote question to which we have already referred—the effect, namely, of the new cleavage on the future position of parties. One or two general propositions may be hazarded on this subject without much risk. What the Opposition could not do, when in theory it was still united, it can hardly be expected to do when an open rupture has occurred. If it is to gain the confidence of the country and to win at the next general election, it must speak with one voice, and represent one definite policy. If that was necessary, as Lord Rosebery thought, in 1895, it will be still more necessary in 1900, or whenever the present Parliament is dissolved. Lord Rosebery's retirement is said to be a sacrifice

in the cause of unity. He resigns his own position for the benefit of the party, and in order that all rivalries and jealousies may disappear from its counsels. But how is Lord Rosebery's retirement to effect this object. Lord Rosebery has a party as well as Sir William Harcourt, and would they ever act cordially with one who had practically driven away their leader? There would still be two parties, though nominally one head. On the other hand, if the Radicals could not submit to Lord Rosebery, would they be any the more inclined to submit to Lord Rosebery's deputy?

For the present, then, and in the existing condition of the Liberal party, such unity seems impossible. What is the chance of its being restored at any future time? In other words, are we able to see, at any not very remote distance, the prospect of a new Liberal or Radical party, sufficiently strong and united to take office when the chance occurs, and to conduct the Government with credit; and is the step taken by Lord Rosebery likely to accelerate or retard such a consummation?

Our present opinion is that it is in no way calculated to promote it. Lord Rosebery has just now made himself very popular in Scotland, and has improved his position in the country at large. But that is a very different thing from growing into a statesman recognised by the public in general as a leader among men, and capable of forming a great party to fight under his own banner. Lord Rosebery has, as yet, given no evidence whatever of his possessing such qualities. His name has hitherto been of no account. It is no name to conjure with or to kindle enthusiasm. He had won some distinction at the For-

eign Office, but for all that he was only a Premier *de convenance*. His friends were among the older and more Whiggishly inclined of the party. Thus we have seen the curious spectacle of a young leader at the head of an old party, and an old leader at the head of a young party. But it is hardly from the loins of the former that the party of the future is to come.

If out of the wreckage of the present Opposition—and such, as matters stand, seem all that is left of it—there is any possibility of another one being constructed, which shall attain in time the dimensions and cohesion of a regular political party standing on its own bottom, in what quarter shall we look for it? It certainly seems to us that the materials for what used to be called a third party, or a middle party, were all used up when the fusion was effected between the Liberal Unionists and Conservatives. The vacancy, if it ever existed, is now filled. What line of policy can be indicated, at once more advanced than what the Unionists profess and less revolutionary than what the Radicals desire? And even if it could be, it must be too full of refinements and ambiguities to lay hold of the popular mind. But the truth is, such a party is only an idea. The Unionists can now do all which such a party was ever thought capable of doing, and do it better. How many British members of Parliament there are who, without being Radicals, are hostile to both the foreign and domestic policy of the present Government we cannot undertake to say. But be they few or many, they represent a vanishing phase of party politics; and, whether they know it or not, are a simple anachronism. They are not wanted. Their work has

been taken out of their hands, and is being done elsewhere. Even if at some future time they should be joined by a contingent from the Liberal Unionists, supposing Home Rule to be shelved, what would they have to do? They would be in the same plight as they are in now. They would have no cry, and must go to the Radicals to get one.

There is no longer any halting-place between Conservatives and Destructives, and it may be that Lord Rosebery's appreciation of this truth had something to do with his retirement. But, however this may be, the Radicals represent a young, vigorous, and earnest party, monopolising all the vitality and energy which still remains to the Opposition; and they are led by a patrician demagogue of the type of Wilkes, Burdett, and Duncombe, men who regard the interests of their own order, and even their own fortunes, as a feather in the scale when weighed against the immediate calls of personal ambition—political gamblers, in fact, by which name Burke describes them. This is the party of the future, with whom the Conservatives will have to cope. If Sir W. Harcourt retains his health and strength for a few more years, it may become really powerful. It appears to us that the resignation of Lord Rosebery will give a fillip to this party, and that it is the revolutionaries who will be the real gainers by it. They have shown that they can get their own way. They objected to a leader in the Lords, and he is gone. Whatever slight check may have been placed upon them by his presence is removed. Nor do we seriously think that this is a result with which Conservatives have any reason to be dissatisfied. On the contrary, we are inclined

to believe that it may be of some service to them.

Whatever tends to the more complete separation of the Radicals from the Liberals; whatever accelerates the development of an Opposition, no longer sailing under false colours, but openly professing to be what it really is, purely Radical, and ready to call itself by that name,—must in our judgment be an advantage to the Conservatives. The world would then be able to judge more fairly than they can now between the two parties. We should know with whom we had to deal. Party names would have a real meaning; and the slippery compromise ycleped Liberalism, which assumes as many shapes as Proteus, would disappear from our vocabulary.

There is an old tradition among the safe and cautious school that if the two parties—the Radicals and the Conservatives—are ever brought face to face, with no buffer between them, the constitution will be in great danger. This has been so often said as to be generally believed. But the truth really is, that the buffer serves rather to conceal the danger than to parry it. The advantage of knowing our enemy and being always on our guard against him would more than compensate for any disadvantage arising from the absence of a buffer.

Do we suppose, then, that such a sharply cut division of parties is likely to be one of the indirect results of Lord Rosebery's decision? Well—we hope that it may be. We think it, at all events, more likely than the formation of any third party, still refusing to call itself Radical, under either of the rivals. We can see no room for it. Whereas the genuine Radical party has an open field before it. It has a

definite purpose, and is not actuated merely by the desire of place and power. It is, as we have said, young and growing, with unfulfilled aspirations to sustain its energies, and an honest belief in the necessity of great changes, founded on an intelligible theory, and not professed only for the sake of gulling the illiterate. It seems to us, we must own, that a party of this kind is the natural growth of our present social condition; and we hold the step which Lord Rosebery has found it necessary to take rather as a symptom than as a cause of its approach. This may be retarded for some time by the want of leaders. Except Sir William Harcourt, the Radicals have no man to hoist the flag and rally round it the latent forces of destruction, which in England, as elsewhere, only lie beneath the surface. But it can hardly be doubted that the man will be found in time: and if the party system continues to flourish, and affairs in general go on in the same groove, such is the most probable disposition of the contending armies which a few years will witness.

Conservatism, too, has a theory: and though time and fate have been hard upon it, and much ground has been lost, much still remains; and the great Constitutional army, whose duty it is to guard our institutions, and to protect the principles by which society is held together, has not lost its ἀρχή. It occupies, like Radicalism, an intelligible position, and speaks to the people in a voice which all can understand. But Liberalism is a mass of floating opinion, drifting hither and thither according to circumstances, with no fixed theory of government or society, and no clear principles by which to guide its course. It was per-

haps a necessary evil during a transition period. After the break-up of the old régime, some word was wanted to denote those who welcomed the change, but did not want to go a great deal further. So such gentlemen found a convenient refuge in the word Liberal, which might mean anything or nothing at discretion. Whoever invented the word, it was a happy thought, and has done good service in its day. It served to hoodwink the British electorate for nearly forty years; and it was not till the "Conservative working man," not nurtured in such traditions, was called into existence that the trick was detected.

Whether they like it or not, the leaders of the party opposed to the Conservatives will have to call themselves Radicals, or by some name which shall satisfy the Radical working man that they mean no nonsense. Some of them, perhaps, are uneasy, feeling that they have only a plank between themselves and Socialism. But they must lie upon their bed as they have made it. We do not include Sir W. Harcourt among the nervous ones. But between some other prominent politicians, who have helped to hound on Radicalism for their own purposes, and the new Labour party, there is no love lost. But they cannot help themselves. In all that we have said of Radicalism and the party of the future we were thinking quite as much of the Radical party in the country as of the Radical party in the Commons. There may be weak-kneed brethren among the latter. But this does not affect the general truth of our remarks.

No doubt it is possible—nay, we should incline to say probable—that Radicalism is destined to as long

a period of wandering in the wilderness as the Whigs were before the first Reform Bill. We apprehend no danger from any Radical party that is likely to make its appearance within the next dozen years. The principles on which the present Government is formed will hold their own for that time at all events. The men may change. But we shall not have the revolution upon us before then. It may never come at all. We only say it is from that quarter that the political danger of the future is to be expected. The old Liberalism is effete. The withered plant, which some people would fain persuade us is a flourishing forest-tree, is powerless now either for good or for evil. The new Liberalism, as far as it embodies any distinct creed, is Radicalism and nothing else. We hold Lord Rosebery's retirement to be the best possible proof of this assertion. But if he could not get on with the Radicals he cannot get on without them, and if he rejoins them the old cause of offence will again crop up.

The several secessions from Radicalism which have marked the history of Liberalism since it was first known by that name in England are a measure of the strength and growth of Radical ideas, not of their weakness or decline. But just as the small remnant of Gladstonian Liberals who prefer Lord Rosebery to Sir William Harcourt cannot do without the Radicals, so the Radicals in turn cannot do without the Socialists. That is the combination that we have to expect; and it is by no means improbable that a Planagenet may be found to lead it. "Do we not see how lightly people

treat their fortunes when they are under the passion of gaming? The game of resentment or ambition will be played by many of the great and rich as desperately and with as much blindness to consequences as any other game. Passion blinds them to the consequences as far as they concern themselves, and as to the consequences with regard to others, they are no part of their consideration."¹ Sir William Harcourt has played the game of resentment pretty successfully once, and will play it again if he has the chance. The other Radical leaders will have to give in to it or abandon their political career; and we repeat, in short, that whatever is to be feared in the shape of hostility to the Conservative party and the Unionist Government is to be expected from that quarter, and not from the formation of any middle party for which no materials exist.

Our readers will see that we have been assuming throughout the continued presence of Sir W. Harcourt at the head of the Radical party. Should he be compelled to quit the helm before any competent successor is ready to take his place, the Radical march may be arrested for a time: but so tempting a bait as the command of a party, with a blank cheque to fill up at his discretion, and an almost absolute democratic dictatorship at the end of the vista if he wins the game, would soon attract some gentleman of more parts than principle to the vacant post, ready to try his chance against the heaviest odds. And a gentleman the Radicals must have. No one knows that better than themselves: and the man, we venture to believe, will not be wanting when the time arrives.

¹ Burke, Appeal from New Whigs to Old.

But he must be a new man. The present occupants of the front Opposition bench would only make Radicalism contemptible.

But the Radical pear is not ripe yet, and no effect which Lord Rosebery's secession may produce on the Unionist numbers at the next general election will convert the British majority into a minority. Till that is done the House of Lords will be justified in throwing out any measures sent up to them by such a House of Commons as that of 1892: and what is more, any such substitute for the House of Lords as reformers have proposed would do the same thing, and do it more boldly and readily, as having less to lose. The Radical programme could not fare worse at the hands of the hereditary chamber than it would do in an Assembly composed as an elective one necessarily must be. The first object of the Radical party, therefore, will be to reduce Parliament to a single chamber; and in this attempt they will never be joined by men of the type of Lord Rosebery, whether Peers or Commoners. The object of all reformers is to make the veto of the Upper House more acceptable to the nation—which, however, does not seem to object to it at all, even in its present form—by divorcing it from what they suppose to be certain invidious characteristics. This would only make it all the stronger, and defeat the whole Radical scheme; and this, of course, they will resist. They will agitate for the abolition of a second chamber altogether. The present Government would not be averse to a reasonable plan of reconstruction, which should remove anomalies, harmless indeed

in practice, but looking like abuses on paper. But between these two, the Conservatives ready to reform and the Radicals anxious to destroy, where are Lord Rosebery and his party? What alternative has *he* to propose that will make him a leader on his own hook? None.

It seems to us, therefore, that the only or principal effect of Lord Rosebery's secession will be to bring into sharper outline the whole Radical policy, and to make the Radical party—*serius ocius*—the Opposition in the House of Commons.¹ We repeat we should see nothing to regret in this. Such a result would restore the party system to a healthier state, based on two opposing theories, distinct and definite, with no room for that mystification of the popular mind which has been practised with such success for two generations. Liberalism apart from either theory is rather a mental attitude than a political principle; and the attempt to represent it as the latter has been the source of endless confusion. If the step now taken by Lord Rosebery contributes in any way to the disappearance of that confusion, we shall all be grateful to him.

Home Rule still remains to complicate the situation, and to impart an element of unreality to all speculations touching the party future. But we need not enlarge at any length on this point. If Lord Rosebery abjures Home Rule, he becomes simply a Liberal Unionist, and must sink from the position of a leader into that of a follower. That he should form a separate party of his own we have already stated to be incredible. If he adheres to

¹ This article was written and ready for press before the publication of Lord Charles Beresford's speech at Birmingham, in which a similar opinion is expressed

Home Rule, he must simply support it as an independent member of the House of Lords, leaving all the practical benefit of the Irish alliance to be reaped by the Radicals. The schism which he created may be temporarily patched up. Outward unity may, by some arrangement which we confess we are unable to forecast, be restored for the moment. But all the bone and muscle of the Opposition will be with the Radicals, and it is on them and on their leader that our attention rightly should be fixed.

Were Sir William Harcourt ten years younger, and could he step into Lord Rosebery's place with the cordial consent and approval of the whole Opposition, he might possibly give the rein to his aristocratic instincts, throw over the ultra-Radicals, and make a bid for the leadership of a third party, just as it has been suggested that Lord Rosebery may do. But neither condition is present. He has neither the popularity nor the physical strength to carve out such a position for himself in the year 1896, even if circumstances were in other respects more favourable to such a scheme than we have shown them to be. Lord Palmerston began his career as Prime Minister in his seventy-first year. But then there was a vacancy; and Palmerston had for many years been a national favourite. Now there is no vacancy; and Harcourt is no favourite. No—he must remain where he is, and trust to the Radical and Home Rule Alliance for whatever successes he may yet hope to achieve.

And now, what are these likely to be? In other words, what is the general feeling of the country with regard to political questions at the present day?

To begin with the working classes of Great Britain, we may

take it for granted that a substantial majority of them are opposed to Home Rule, and a very considerable percentage to disestablishment. These two questions separate them at once from Radicalism. But there is also a very large section, whether a majority of the whole body or not we will not undertake to say, who are not merely anti-Radical on these two subjects, but regular Conservatives in the full party sense of the word. This is not the place for analysing the causes that have made them so; we are concerned only with the fact. The Radical party has therefore no monopoly of the working classes, as is sometimes too easily believed. But when we have deducted from the whole number those who, for any reason whatever, whether negative or positive, have declined to follow the lead of either Sir W. Harcourt or Lord Rosebery, there will still remain a powerful residuum prepared to support a social and political revolution to the last cartridge. These men believe in certain principles, and belief in a principle, even though a wrong one, will sustain men in a prolonged struggle more effectively than the mere desire to promote their material interests. The Radical party in Parliament have this spirit to rely upon among the working men; and we would not underrate its value.

But it must spread a great deal further than it has done as yet, either in town or country, before it can supply the element of strength required; while if we turn to the classes whose education has taught them to reason and reflect, we are justified in thinking that the real meaning and the moral influence of Conservatism are far better appreciated among them than they were half a century

ago. With the disappearance of a host of abuses which obscured the real excellence of many of our institutions, men have begun to think more deeply about their essential nature, and the kind of national character which they are calculated to develop. They are beginning, perhaps, to have some notion of a science of Conservatism, and to understand that our party conflicts here in England are only part of that great struggle which has been going on, we may say, since the world began between rival principles which have both found numerous adherents — the principles of authority, subordination, religion, property, law, order, on the one side; and on the other side the negation of all these, as so many superstitions and falsehoods imposed upon the many for the benefit of the few, and calling for total destruction at the hands of all such as are shrewd enough to see through them and brave enough to resist them. Which of these two creeds is productive of the greater amount of human happiness is a question to which philosophers may give different answers. But Englishmen and Scotsmen, when they see what their country has become under the prevailing influence of ideas which have been more deeply respected perhaps among ourselves than in any European community since the days of ancient Rome,

ought surely not to hesitate; and our belief is that the more they reflect upon the true nature of the struggle which our political parties represent, the more firmly and the more generally will they cling to the Conservative side.

But there must be no confusion of issues: and the real fundamental truth for which they are contending, apart alike from both men and measures, must be kept steadily before the eyes of the educated classes if it is to exercise the influence of which it is, or ought to be, capable. In calculating our party future it is not perhaps out of place to glance briefly at considerations lying a little out of the beaten track of ordinary politics, but such as should occasionally be present to the minds of all who have any share, however humble, in shaping or influencing public opinion. Even supposing that the particular struggle now going on in this country is destined to terminate unfavourably for the cause we have at heart, that is no reason for relaxing in our efforts. It will be something to preserve as long as possible the existence of a system which we believe to have contributed so largely to form the moral fibre of the British people, and to ensure that our children and even our children's children should be brought up under its influence, even if we can do no more.

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VOL. CLX.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER VIII.—THROUGH THE CORN.

ACCORDING to Farmer Bandilow (who was now our last old tenant, striving to escape from the wreck of plough, by paddling with spade and trowel), the London season begins with turnip-tops, and ends with cabbage-grubs. But this year it must have lasted well into the time of turnip-bottoms; otherwise how could my sister, Lady Fitzragon, have been in London? Not that we knew very much about the movements of her ladyship, for she found our cottage beyond the reach of her fat and glittering horses; only that she must have been now in town, because our Grace was with her. And this was a lucky thing for me; for if Grace had been at home, she must have known all about my wounded arm, and a

nice fuss she would have made of it. But my mother, though equally kind and good, was not very quick of perception; and being out of doors nearly all the day now, and keeping my own hours, I found it easy enough to avoid all notice and escape all questions. For the people at the cottage very seldom came to my special den, the harness-room; and I kept my own little larder in what had once been a kennel close at hand, and my own little bed up a flat-runged ladder, and so troubled none but a sweetly deaf old dame. And this arrangement grew and prospered, whenever there was no Grace to break through it.

However, there is no luck for some people. One night, when I felt sure that all the cottage was

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asleep, I had taken off the bandages, and was pumping very happily on my left forearm, where the flesh had been torn, when there in the stableyard before me, conspicuous in the moonlight, with a blazing satin waistcoat, stood the only man who could do justice to it. For this gallant fellow had a style of his own, which added new brilliance to the most brilliant apparel.

"Why, Tom," I cried, "where on earth do you come from? I can't shake hands, or I shall spoil some of your charms. Why, you must have been dining with the governor. New togs again! What a cockcomb it is!"

"Never would I have sported these, and indeed I would never have come down at all, if I had known Grace was out of the way."

He was allowed to call her *Grace* to me.

"How slow it is without her! But I say, old chap, what a frightful arm you've got! Pitchfork again, I suppose"—for I had received a scratch before—"only ten times as bad. Why, you mustn't neglect this. You'll have it off at the elbow, if you do. Why, even by this light—By Jove, what a whacking arm you've got! Why it is twice the size of mine. I could never have believed it. Let me pull off my coat, and show you."

"But you cannot want one the size of mine"—I answered with a laugh, for it was thoroughly like Tom to fetch everything into his own person; "you could never put it into a waistcoat like that."

"George, you are an ass," was his very rude reply, and it seemed to ring into me far beyond his meaning. "My dear fellow, you will be, in your own parish, what nobody has seen anywhere—a dead jackass; if you go on like this.

There is a black stripe down your arm; the same as you see on a 'mild-cured-haddy' when he shines by moonlight. What does that mean? Putrefaction."

"Rot!" I replied, meaning his own words; "I'll pump on you, waistcoat and all, my dear Tom, if you go on with this sort of rubbish." And yet I had some idea that he might be right. But the worst—as I need not tell any strong young fellow—of the absurdities our worthy doctors try to screw into us now—that a man must not draw the breath the Lord breathed into him, for fear of myrio-mycelia-micro-somethings, neither dare to put his fork into the grand haunch of mutton, which His Maker ordered him to arise and eat—of all such infantile stuff the harm is this, that it makes a healthy man deride the better sense that is in them.

"Come to my hole, and have a smoke," I said to my dear friend. "And mind you, not a word about this scratch to my good people. To-morrow we shall cut our first field of wheat. Though it won't pay for cutting and binding, Tom, the sight is as glorious as ever. What a pity for our descendants, if we ever have any, to get no chance of ever seeing the noblest sight of Old England! Come to this gate, and take a look. In a few more years, there will be no such sight."

"Poetry is all very fine in its way," replied Tom, who had about as much as I possess, although he could make a hook and eye of rhyme sometimes. "But the moon will go on all the same, I suppose; and she does most of our poetry."

She was doing plenty of it now, in silence, such as any man may feel, but none can make another feel. We waited a minute or two by the gate, till a white cloud

veiled the quivering disc, and then all the lustre flowed softly to our eyes, like a sea of silver playing smoothly on a shore of gold.

"After all, love is rot," said Tom, carried away by larger beauty, after some snub of the day before. "I should like to see any girl who could compare with that. And a man must be a muff who could look at this, and then trouble his head about their stupid little tricks. Look at the breadth of this, look at the depth of it! Why, it lifts one; it makes one feel larger, George; that is the way to take things."

"Especially when some one has been making you feel small," I answered at a venture, for I understood my friend; and this abstract worship of beauty was not so satisfactory to me now. "But come into my place, and tell me all about it, my dear Tom. You were so mysterious the other day, that I knew you were after some other wild goose."

"I am happy, most happy," Tom went on to say, after pouring forth the sorrows of his last love-tale, through many a blue eye and bright curl of smoke; "I feel that I cannot be thankful enough at the amount of side that girl puts on. And the beauty of it is, that she hasn't got a rap, and her husband would have to help to keep her mother. How lucky for me she never can have heard of the glorious Tinman, or my oofy maiden-aunt; wouldn't she have jumped at me, if she had? A fellow can't be too careful, George, when you come to think. But you'll never make a fool of yourself. Not a bit of romance about you, Farmer Jarge; and a fellow of your size and family has a right to go in for ten thousand a-year. How about those gipsies in the valley, though? You mustn't go

on with that, even if you could, my friend. Great swells, I dare say, but no tin."

"What business of yours? What do you know about them? I'll thank you to hold your tongue upon subjects that are above you."

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Tinmen must look up to tinkers, must they? How dare I call them tinkers? Well, it is just like this. These people are gipsies, all gipsies are tinkers, therefore these people are tinkers. But don't get in a wax, George. I was only chaffing. It may be Cleopatra herself, for all I know, come to look after her needle—would not look at it, while her own, will look at nothing else, when lost. Oh, I know what women are."

"And I know what idiots are," I answered with a superior smile; not being quite such a fool, I trust, as to pretend to that knowledge which even the highest genius denies to man. "And an idiot you are to-night, Tom."

"Well, I may be a little upset," said he, striking his glorious waistcoat, and then stroking it to remove the mark. "I confess I did like that girl. And she liked me; I am sure of that. Why, bless her little heart, she cried, my boy! However, it was not to be. And when I told her that I must look higher (meaning only up to heaven) for gradual consolation, what a wax she did get in! Never mind. Let it pass. There are lots of pretty girls about. And no man can be called mercenary, for I am blest if any of them have got a bit of tin. I thank the Lord, every night of my life, that my old aunt never was a beauty. And that makes her think all the more of me. Sir, your most obedient!"

Behind my chair was an old looking-glass, which Grace had insisted upon hanging there, to make

the place look rather smart; and Tom, who had not seen himself for some hours, stood up before it in the weak candle-light, and proceeded in his usual manner. "Tom, my friend, you don't look so much amiss. If your heart is broken, there is enough of it left, to do a little breaking on its own account. Don't be cast down, my boy. You may not be a beauty, though beautiful girls think better of you, than your modesty allows you to proclaim. But one thing you may say, Tom; whoever has the luck to get you, will find you a model husband."

This I thought likely enough; if only he should get a wife with plenty of sense and love to guide him. But what was the opinion of a tall hard man, who stood in the doorway with a long gun on his arm, criticising Erricker's sweet self-commune, with a puzzled and yet a very well-contented gaze?

"Mr Stoneman!" I exclaimed, giving Tom a little push, for he stood with his back to him, in happy innocence of critics. "We did not expect this pleasure so late at night. This is an old friend of mine—Mr Erricker. Allow me to introduce you, Tom, to Mr Jackson Stoneman." My old friend turned round, without a symptom of embarrassment, and bowed almost as gracefully as he had been salaaming to himself.

"I have heard of Mr Erricker, and have great pleasure in making his acquaintance," our new visitor replied, and I saw that the pleasure was genuine and knew why; to wit, that he was thinking in his heart "That little fop to make up to Grace Cranleigh!" For no doubt he had heard of Tom's frequent visits, and the inference drawn by neighbours. "But I must beg pardon," he continued, "for daring to look in at such a

time. It was only this, I have been down to the pond at the bottom of the long shrubbery, to look for some shoveller ducks I heard of, and see that no poachers are after them. I don't want to shoot them, though I brought my gun; and going back I happened to see your light up here."

"Sit down, Mr Stoneman," said Tom, as if he were the master of the place. "I have often wished to see you, and I will tell you why. I am a bit of a sportsman, when I can get the chance. But this fellow, Cranleigh, is so hard at work always that he never will come anywhere to show me where to go."

"And he has not many places to take you to now." I spoke without thinking, for to beg permission from this new landowner was about the last thing I would do. And I was vexed with my friend for his effrontery.

"Of course I should never dream," proceeded Tom, for he had some reason in him after all, "to ask leave to shoot on any land of yours, or where you have taken the shooting rights. But there is a little warren with a lot of rabbits, on Bandilow's farm, where Sir Harold gives me leave. But I must go a mile round to get at it, unless I may cross the park with my gun. May I do so, without firing, of course?"

"To be sure. As often as you like. Any friend of Mr Cranleigh may do much more than that. And I am come to ask a favour too. I have three fellows doing next to nothing. They have just finished bundling a lot of furze. Capital fellows with a hook, I believe; and so I don't want to turn them off. I hear you intend to begin reaping to-morrow. Can you find a job for them, just for a few days?"

This was a very pretty way to put it. I knew that he had plenty of work for the men, but wanted to help us with our harvest labour, having heard no doubt that we were short of hands. I thanked him warmly, for these men would be of the greatest service to us. And then he turned upon me severely, as if my health were under his superintendence, and I was trying to elude it, by keeping my arm from his notice.

"You are doing a very stupid thing. You have a shocking wound in your left arm, caused by the tooth or the claws of a dog; and instead of having it treated properly, all you do is to pump upon it."

"Halloa!" cried Tom Erricker, "a dog. I wouldn't have that for a thousand pounds. George, how could you play me such a trick? You told me it was a pitchfork."

"I told you nothing of the kind. I simply said nothing whatever about it. It can concern nobody but myself. And I will thank Mr Stoneman, and you, too, to attend to your own business."

"It may be no business of mine, perhaps," the stockbroker answered severely; "but it is the undoubted business of any intimate friend of yours, and most of all that of your family. Such behaviour of yours is not true manliness, as I daresay you suppose, but foolhardy recklessness, and want of consideration for your friends. And what does that come to but selfishness, under one of its many disguises?"

Tom chimed in to the same effect, even going so far as to ask me what my father and mother could do without me, even if they survived the trial of seeing me smothered under a feather-bed. But when both my friends had killed me of rabies to their entire

satisfaction, I showed them in very few words how little they knew about what they were talking of. For I had done for myself all that could be done, as well as any doctor could have managed it, and now there was nothing for it but cold water, and an easy mind, and trust in Providence.

As soon as Tom Erricker heard of Providence, he began to yawn, as if he were in church; so I begged him to go to bed, for which he was quite ready, while I had a little talk with our tenant.

"How did you hear of this affair?" I asked, hoping for some light upon other matters; "none of our people know it. They make such a fuss about a dog-bite, that I was obliged to keep it close. I will beg you to do the same, if you wish to oblige me."

"There is nothing I wish for more than that." Stoneman drew his chair over, as he spoke, and offered me one of his grand cigars; and I was not above accepting it, with my knowledge of his feelings. "I have your permission to call you *George*. I will do so, now that your bright young friend is gone. When I think of the reports that reached me—but I will say no more. A fine young fellow, no doubt, or he would not be a friend of yours." The vision of Tom Erricker at the mirror brought a smile to his firm lips; but for my sake he suppressed it. "Now I want to talk to you seriously, *George*. And you will not take it as a liberty, knowing my very warm regard for—you."

"You may say what you like. I shall take it kindly. I am well aware that you know a thousand times as much of the world as I do."

"And a very poor knowledge it is," he replied, gazing at a cloud of his own smoke. "When the

question is of deeper matters, the wisdom of the world is a broken reed. And yet I want to bring it into play just now. In the case of another, that is so much easier; just as any fool can pass judgment on the labour he has never tried with his own hand. Excuse me, George, if I speak amiss, I do it out of good-will, as some of them do not; but to show their own superiority. To cut the matter short—I know all about—no, not all, but a lot about your new friends down in the valley.”

“They can scarcely be called my friends, if I require to be informed about them.” My mind had been full of them, although it was clear that they cared not to hear any more of me.

“You are surprised, perhaps, at my knowledge of what occurred the other day. That was by the purest accident; for I am not the sort of man to play the spy. You know that, I hope. Very well, I took the liberty then of inquiring for my own sake, and that of the neighbourhood, who these mysterious settlers were, and I knew where to go for my information. Like most things, when you get nearer to them, there is no real mystery at all. The only wonder is that they can have been there so long, without attracting notice. If the country had been hunted, as it used to be, when people could afford to keep up the pack, they would never have been left so quiet. The parson of the Parish, as a general rule, routs up every newcomer for Church purposes, no matter what his creed may be; and I know that they seldom give much start even to the tax-collectors. But the parson of that parish is a very old man, and has no one to look after him, and the country is very thinly peopled. Well, they seem to have bought

the place for an old song, so that nobody can interfere with them. And they soon put it into better order——”

“But who are they? And what are they doing there? And how long do they mean to stop?”

“Don’t be in a hurry, my good friend. There is plenty of time for another cigar. Pipes you prefer? Very well, fill again. However, for fear of being knocked on the head, I will resume my parable. Nothing can be done without paying for it. That is the golden rule in England, and everywhere else upon this planet. And wherever money passes, it can be followed up. The strange thing is that these people seem to care very little about concealment, though they are not sociable. What their native language is, we do not know, though they seem to be great linguists. French, German, Russian, Arabic, and I don’t know what else, and some of them very good in our beloved tongue, the hardest to learn of all the lot. They are of Eastern race, that appears quite certain, though neither Jews, Turks, nor Armenians. But what they are here for seems pretty plain—forgery!”

“Ridiculous!” I exclaimed, though without showing any wrath. “They are people of high rank, I am sure of that. Political exiles, refugees, Anarchists, or even Nihilists—though I cannot think that. But as for forgers——”

“It scarcely sounds nice; and yet I have little doubt about it; and the police have come to that conclusion, and are keeping a sharp eye upon them. For what other purpose can they want a mill? And a mill which they have set up themselves, to suit themselves. The old water-wheel they had, and the cogs and all that, left from the old corn-grinding time;

but they have refitted it for quite a different purpose, and done almost all of it with their own hands. What for? Plain as a pikestaff—to make their own paper, and get stamping power, and turn out forged notes, foreign of course, Russian rouble, the simplest of all.”

He had made up his mind. He was sure of this solution. He had no doubt whatever. Ah, but he had never seen the majestic man who met me, much less that beautiful nymph of the shrine!

“Stoneman, all this sounds very fine.” I met his smile of confidence, and as it seemed to me of heartless triumph, with a gaze of faith in humanity—which some people might call romance. “But there is not a word of truth in it. What inference does a policeman draw? The worst he can imagine—grist for his own mill. They make the world a black chapter, to suit their own book. But I have no motive. What motive could I have, to make out that people are better than they seem? I tell you, and you may take my word for it, that this little colony, of whatever race it may be, has no evil purpose in coming among us. I might even go further and say that I am sure of their having an excellent object, a noble object, some great discovery, perhaps surpassing all my brother’s, and some thing that will be of service to entire humanity.”

“Money, to wit. You know what the last great forger who was hanged, before we left off that wise plan, what he said when exhorted to repentance, ‘You make money for yourself, sir, I make it for the good of the public.’ No doubt they take that view of the case.”

“Very well, you take a lesson from them, and improve the morals of the Stock Exchange.”

The stockbroker smiled very

pleasantly, as one who was thoroughly at home with that old joke; then he took up his gun, and marched off for the Hall, leaving me to make the best of things.

Feeling how small are the minds of mankind, even the best of them, when they listen to the police, and knowing that I could not sleep as yet, I went once more to the gate at the top of the yard, and gazed over the wheat, which was to lie low on the morrow. Although I had just received proof of friendship, from two very nice fellows better than myself, which should have encouraged me to think the best, sadness came into my heart, and a sombre view of life depressed me. There are two things only that can save a man from deep dejection occasionally. One of them is to have no thought whatever, except for affairs of the moment; and the other and surer is to believe with unchangeable conviction that all is ordered by a Higher Power, benevolent ever, and ever watchful for those who commit themselves to it. That atom of humanity, which is myself, has never been able to sink to the depth of the one condition, or soar to the height of the other. So there must be frequent ups and downs with ordinary mortals, gleams of light, and bars of shade; and happy is the man who can keep the latter from deepening as his steps go on. But who am I to moralise?

Enough that any fellow worth his salt must be grieved and lowered, when suspicions arise, concerning those of whom he has formed a high opinion. How much worse, when his own judgment owns that things look rather black, and memory quotes against his wishes more than one such disappointment. If it were so, if

those who had made so deep an impression on me were skulking rogues and stealthy felons, no wonder they had not cared to ask what became of the stranger, who by remarkable presence of mind had saved the life of their valued warder, and then with a modesty no less rare, had vanished before they could thank him, if they ever had the grace to intend it. "All the better," I said to myself, with the acumen of the wisest fox that ever entered vineyard, "even if all had been right, it never could have led to any good; and see what a vast amount of work is coming on all at once, with no one else to do it! And all the time is there any one but myself to see to my young sister's doings? Here is this fellow Stoneman sweet upon her, wonderfully sweet, quite spoony—who could have believed it of a stockbroker? What do I know about him? Nothing, except that he has endless tin, and spends it certainly like a brick. Is he worthy of her, and if he is, will she even look at him? Rather a romantic girl, too fond of her own opinions, and yet a little prone to hero-worship. She might fall in love with some hero in London, who hasn't got a half-penny—halloa, what can that be, winding in and out so, through the wheat?"

The moon, now very nearly full, was making that low round of the sky which is all it can manage in August, and seemed rather to look along the field than heartily down upon it. The effect was very different now from that which Tom and I had watched. For the surface of the luxuriant corn, instead of imbibing and simpering with light, was flawed and patched (like a flowing tide) with flittings and hoverings of light and shade. And along a sweep of darkness near the

shadow of a tree, there was something moving stealthily like the figure of a man.

For a moment or two, I did not enjoy that calmness of mind which is believed (by Britons) to be the prerogative of Britons. The period of the night, and the posture of the moon, and peculiar tone of things not to be told, as well as some dread of a mischief to my brain—through what had befallen me recently—took away from me that superior gift which had enabled me to beat the bull-dog. However, I might just as well not have been afraid—as we generally find out afterwards—for the other apparition, whatever it might be, was ever so much more afraid of me.

"What the deuce do you mean?" I shouted bravely, when this welcome truth came to my knowledge. "Can't you stand up like a man, and say what you are about?"

A little figure rose at my remonstrance from the corn, with a very strange head-dress and other outlandish clothes, and a loose idea generally of being all abroad. "You are the little chap I saw the other day," said I.

He nodded his head, and said something altogether outside of my classical attainments; and then he pulled forth from a long coat, whose colours no moon, or even rainbow could render, a small square package, which he lifted to his eyes. With a rush of my heart into the situation, I seized him by his collar, or the thing that represented it, and twisted him over the gate, and he looked thankful, having some fear perhaps of English five-bars.

In half a minute, I had this little fellow in my den, where he trembled and blinked at the light, and then grinned, as if to propitiate a cannibal. And I was pleased to see that he had pluck

enough to put one hand upon the hilt of a little blue skewer, which he wore in his belt, and then he looked at me boldly. With a smile to reassure him, I offered to take the missive from his other hand. But that was not the proper style of doing business with him. He drew back for a pace or two, and made the utmost of his puny figure, and then with a low bow stretched forth both hands, and behold there was a letter in the end of a cleft stick! Where he found the cleft stick is more than I can tell. At the same time, he said *Allai*, which turned out afterwards to be his own name.

"Sit down in that corner, little chap," I said as graciously as if he knew English. "And make yourself at home, while I get on with this." Perhaps he was out of practice in the art of sitting down, for instead of accepting the chair I offered, he clapped himself in some wonderful manner upon a hassock. But it was impossible for me to attend to him much, until I knew what he had brought.

Now there was nothing particularly foreign about this. It looked like an ordinary English letter, except that the paper was not like ours, and the envelope was secured with silk, as well as sealed. But the writing was the daintiest that ever I did see; and I longed to get rid of that "darkie" in the corner, whose eyes flashed at me from the gloomy floor. And his hand was playing with his *kinjal* all the time, for so they call those deadly bits of steel, without which they never think their attire complete. Being unaccustomed to be looked at so, I could not enter into my fair letter as I wished; though that little fellow would have flown

up to the slates, before he could get near me with that hateful snakish thing. And to tell the truth I did him wrong by any such suspicion; for there could never be a more loyal, honest, and zealous retainer than Allai. "Here you are," I said, addressing him in English, though well aware now that he was none the wiser; "here's a drop of good beer for you, young man. You take a pull at that, while I write my answer. Ah, you won't get such stuff as that in — well, I don't know where you hail from; but all over the world I defy you to get anything like it."

Allai gave a grunt which I took for acquiescence; and leaving him to enjoy himself, I wrote a few lines and enclosed them in a cover. Then I found a bit of sealing-wax, and sealed it very carefully, and fixed it in the cleft wand, and handed it to Allai.

"You go straight away, quick-sticks with this, and don't you lose it, or I'll break your neck. Why, I'm blest if the pagan has drunk a drop of his beer! Can such a race ever be brought up to date? Why, he takes it for virulent poison!"

The young savage had poured my good ale upon the floor, and was soaking the point of his dagger in it. He had put the glass to his lips no doubt, and arrived at the sage conclusion that here was swift death for his enemies. However, he possessed some civilisation as to the meaning of a broad crown-piece, which in the fervour of my joy I set before him. To a rich man it would have been well worth the money, to see the glad sparkle of those black eyes, and the grin upon those swarthy cheeks. Suddenly with a deep salaam his slender form turned and was gone like a shadow.

And then I was able at last to dwell upon this very beautiful letter, which might to the outward eye appear to convey not a token of anything more than "Miss Mary Jones presents her compliments"; but to my deeper perception, and hopes higher than any telescope may carry, it showed the sky cast open at the zenith, like a lily, and a host of golden angels letting down a ladder for me. For no longer could I hide my state of mind, or disguise it from myself. Henceforth I shall be open about it, though hitherto ashamed to say half of what I thought, while I had such a little to go upon. But here is my key to Paradise. Let every man judge for himself; bearing in mind that he never can be wise, until he has been a fool seventy times seven.

"SIR,—My dear father, Sûr Imar, of Daghestan, has been injured very greatly by your alien conduct to him. Your actions were of high bravery, and great

benevolence to us. But when we desired very largely to inform you of our much gratitude, we could not discover you in any place, and we sought for you vainly, with great eagerness of sorrow. And then, for a long space of time, we made endeavour to find out the name of the gentleman, who had done us so great a service, but would not permit us to thank him. We are strangers here, and have not much knowledge. After that, a man who possesses three goats pronounced to us that he understood the matter. According to his words, I take the liberty of letter, entreating you, if it is right, to come, and permit us to see to whom we owe so much. And my father is afraid that the gentleman was injured in the conflict with a furious English beast. If then this should have happened he can remedy it, as perhaps you cannot in this country. I desire also, if it is right, to join my own entreaties. I am, Sir, Yours very faithfully,
DARIEL."

CHAPTER IX.—STRANGE SENSATIONS.

"Yours very faithfully." Oh if that were only written in earnest, instead of cold convention! To have, faithfully mine, the most lovely, and perfect, entrancing, enslaving, poetical, celestial—tush, what word is there in our language? None of course; because there has never been anything like it until now. Gentleness, sweetness, gracefulness, purity, simplicity, warmth of heart, gratitude for even such a trifling service—all these were very fine things in their way; but away with them all, if they want to tell me why I love my darling! Because I cannot help it, is the only reason. It must be so, because it is so.

Surely this is their own fair logic, and they must feel the force of it.

All this jumped with reason well, and was plainer than a pikestaff. But the path of true love still was crossed by one little bar, without a sign-post. In the name of the zodiac, where was Daghestan?

Man had not quite hatched board-schools yet; though already, under the tread of Progress, incubating of them. Having been only at a public school, and then for two years at Oxford, no opportunity had I found for hearing of Modern Geography. That such a thing existed, I could

well believe; from the talk of undergraduates, whose lot it was to cram for competition of a lower kind. I had been a prefect at Winchester, and passed my little-go at Oxford, and might have gone in for honours there, though very likely not to get them. But in all this thoroughly sound education, I had never dreamed of Modern Geography. I could have told you, though it is all gone now, the name of every village in Peloponnese, and of every hill in Attica, and the shape of every bay and island, and a pestilent lot of them there was, from the Hellespont to Tænarus. But if you had asked me the names and number of the counties of England, and other wild questions of that sort, I should have answered, as a friend of mine did, who got an open scholarship at Oxford, and then went in for something in London, "There are about half a hundred, more or less; but Parliament is always changing them." And this man got the highest marks in the geography of that year; because the examiner was a Welshman, and therefore laid claim to Monmouth.

But wherever Daghestan might be, I felt sure of its being the noblest country (outside the British dominions) of all the sun could shine upon. Moreover, it sounded as if it had no little to do with the Garden of Eden. Ispahan, and Teheran, and other rhymes for caravan, had a gorgeous oriental sound, as of regions of romance, inhabited by Peris, and paved with gold and diamonds. And the glow that flickered through the wheat that day, as the mellow fountains danced before the blue half-moon of sickle, was warmer than an English sun can throw, and quickened with a

brilliance of heavenly tints, such as Hope alone, the Iris of the heart, may cast.

"Farmer Jarge, here's nuts for you. What do you suppose I have found out now?"

This was that lazy fellow Tom, sprawling in the yellow stubble, with his back against a stook, and a pipe in his mouth, and a dog's-eared novel on his lap. We had knocked off work for half an hour in the middle of the day, just to get a bit to eat; and I was not best pleased with Erricker, because of the difference between the noble promise of the breakfast table, and the trumpery performance in the field.

"Get away," I said; "you can talk, and nothing else. All you have found out is where the beer-can is; you are not even worthy of your bread and cheese." However, I gave him some, and he began to munch.

"Won't you laugh, when I tell you about this? And it upsets all your theories that you are so wonderfully wise with. I must have heard you say a thousand times, that it is only a fool that ever falls in love."

"You never understand a thing that anybody says. There are limitations, and conditions, and a whole variety of circumstances, that may make all the difference; otherwise a man would be a fool to talk like that."

"Fool to do it? Or fool to talk about it? You seem to be getting a bit mixed, friend George. It's the stooping that has done it. By Jove, I couldn't stand that. Nature never meant me for a reaper, George. And you may thank the Lord, that I did not cut your legs off. But what do you think 'Stocks and Stones' has done? And you can't call him a fool altogether. Head over heels,

'Stocks and Stones' has fallen in love with our Grace!"

"*Our Grace*, indeed! Have you a sister of that name? If you should happen to refer to my sister, I will thank you to call her 'Miss Cranleigh'! Is there anything this fellow does not meddle with?"

"Mr George Cranleigh, Mr Jackson Stoneman aspires to the hand of Miss Grace Cranleigh, daughter of Sir Harold Cranleigh, Bart. Is that grand enough, Mr Cranleigh? And if so, what do you think of it?"

What I thought of it was that there scarcely could have been a more unlucky complication, than was likely now to be brought about by Tom's confounded discovery. It was not in his nature to hold his tongue; and if he should once let this knowledge escape him, in the presence of my father and mother, or worst of all in that of my sister, it would be all up with Stoneman's chance of marrying Grace Cranleigh. And as to binding Tom to secrecy, as well might one blow the kitchen bellows at a Dandelion ball, and beg it not to part with a particle of its plumage. On the spur of the moment, I said more than facts would bear me out in, when they came up at leisure.

"Don't tell me, you stupid fellow. How many more mare's nests must come out of your eyes, before you see anything? But if you must take in such rubbish, just do this, Tom, will you? Keep your eyes wide open, my boy. You know how sharp you are, Tom. But not a word to anyone, or it would spoil your game altogether. By the by, where is Daghestan, Tom? You are such a swell at geography."

"Daghestan! I seem to have heard of it, and yet I can't be cer-

tain. Persian, I think. No, that is Ispahan. Tut, tut, what a fool I am—of course I know all about it. Why, it's in the United States, a prime place for scalping and buffaloes."

"No, you old muff, that is Dakota. Quite another pair of shoes. I don't want to disturb the Governor, or I could find out in a moment. Never mind, it doesn't matter, and here we go to work again. Now what is the sweetest smell, do you think, in all the world of farming? Not a great over-powering scent, but a delicate freshness through the air."

"I should say the hay on an upland meadow, when it begins to make. Or perhaps a field of new bean-blossom. I never knew that till this year; but upon my word it was stunning."

"No, the most delicate of all scents is from the clover first laid bare among the wheat where it was sown. No blossom of course; but the fragrance of the leaf, among the glossy quills that sheltered it. But come along; if you can't swing hook without peril of manslaughter, you can bind, or you can set up stooks, or earn your keep some little. Why, Grace is worth a score of you. Poor Tom, is your finger bleeding? You must come harvesting in kid gloves."

"I will tell you what it is," said Tom, after keeping his place among the binders for about five minutes. "I am a thoroughgoing countryman, and I know a lot about farming, and you know how I can jump and run, and a good light weight with the gloves I am; but this job beats me altogether. 'Pay your footing, sir, pay your footing!' You'll have to pay for my headstone, George, if you keep me on much longer. How you can go on all day long—but I want

you to do something for me, and by the Powers, I have earned it."

He wanted me to promise, in return for all his labours, to give up my plans for the evening, and present myself at dinner-time for the ceremony at the cottage. This, though a very simple business, must be done in the proper form; and then it would be my duty perhaps to offer to take a hand at whist, and be ready for the wearisome wrangle, which even well-bred people make of it. But I had nobler fish to fry.

"Tom, I can't do it. You like that sort of thing; and my mother is delighted with your sprightly little tales. Go and put your brave apparel on. Everybody admires you; and you love that."

He knew that he did. Why should he deny it? The happiness of mankind is pleasure, though it passes without our knowledge, because we never can stop to think of it—as a man in a coach sees the hedges race by—and if it comes to that, where may you find true bliss so near at home, as in being pleased with your own good self? Our Tom had a happy time. Nothing long tormented him. He carried a lofty standard with him, and flopped its white folds joyously at little gnats and buzzing bees; and he never failed to come up to it, because that standard was himself. "What else could it be?" he says to me. "And that is why everybody likes me."

CHAPTER X.—UPON THE GROUND.

Alas, to come down from those pleasant heights, if ever I did attain to them, to the turbulent dissatisfaction with oneself, and contempt of every creature in the world, save one, which lonely love engenders! Never had I seemed to myself so low, so awfully prosaic and unpicturesque, as when I was trying to make myself look decent that very evening. Since then I have learned that even pretty girls, who are roses to thistles in comparison with us, are never quite certain at their looking-glass that another touch might not improve them. And what did I behold? A square-built fellow, with a stubby yellow moustache, and a nose fit for the ring—or to have a ring through it—a great bulky forehead, like Ticknor's bull-dog, and cheeks like a roasted coffee-berry. The only thing decent was the eyes, firm and strong, of a steadfast blue, and the broad full chin that kept

the lips from drooping in a tremble even now. Proud as I was of my Saxon breed, and English build and character, in the abasement of the moment I almost longed for a trace of the comely Norman traits. "As if any girl could love you!" I exclaimed, in parody of that handsome Tom's self-commune.

In for a penny, in for a pound. Without a trial, there's no denial. Handsome is that handsome does. Beauty is only skin-deep. And so on—I laboured to fetch myself up to the mark, but it was a very low one. The neap of the tide, or the low spring water—which goes ever so much further out—was ebbing away on the shores of self-esteem, as I entered the glen of St Winifred. Tom Erricker would have descended, as if the valley and its contents belonged to him. Heaviness of heart may sometimes visit even a healthy and robust young man, living the life intended for

us, working in the open air all day, and sleeping on a hard palliasse at night. Heaviness and diffidence, and clownish hesitation, and fear of losing precious landmarks in a desert-dazzle. Surely it were better to turn back before they can have seen me, set the sheepish face to the quiet hill, and thank my stars that not one of them yet has turned into a comet.

Sadly was I perpending this, slower and slower at every step, while the shadows of the trees grew longer, and the voice of birds was lower, and the babble of the brook began to sink into the lisping of a cradled child, as the draught of the valley hushed it; and falling into harmony with all these signs, my breath was beginning to abate me, when along a trough of sliding mist like a trysting track for the dusk, appeared the form of my friend *Kuban*. Courage at once arose within me, and spirit of true patronage. To men and women I may be nought, but to him I am a hero. Lo, how he licks my hand, and whines, as if he had never seen my like, and would never believe it, if he did! He longs to roll upon his back, and offer himself a prostrate sacrifice. But he knows that I should be vexed at that, because it would not be safe for him. The labour of his great heart is to show me all his damages, and make me understand that, but for me, he could not display them. What with love, and what with fear, and the utter unsettlement of my mind, down I went on the grass beside him, and took him paw by paw, to feel how much of him was still existing.

Now if I had thought of it in the coldest blood—if there still were cold blood in me—there was nothing in the world I could have

done so wise as this abasement. What says Ovid, in the "Art of Love"? Many low things, I am afraid, that no Englishman would stoop to. But if that great Master arose anew, to give lessons to an age of milder passion, probably he would have said to me—"Water those wounds with your tears, my friend."

My eyes, being British, were dry as a bone; but upon them fell, as they looked up, the lustre of a very different pair, like bright stars extinguishing a glow-worm. And the glory of these was deepened by the suffusion of their sparkle with a tender mist of tears. No blush was lurking in the petal of the cheeks, no smile in the brilliant bud of lips; pity and gentle sorrow seemed to be the sole expression.

I dropped the dog's great legs, and rose, and with all the grace that in me lay—and that was very little—took off my hat, and made a bow, the former being of the bowler order, and the latter of the British.

"No, no. Please not to do that," she said, "it is so very grievous. Forgive me, if I am sad to look at. It always comes upon me so, when I behold things beautiful."

"But," I replied, being quite unable to consider myself of that number, even upon such authority, "it is I that should be shedding tears. It is I that behold things beautiful."

"It was of the dog I meant my words"—this was rather a settler for me—"and the beautiful tokens he manifests of gratitude to the kind gentleman. And we have been desiring always; but the place we could not find. It is my father who will best speak, for he has great talent of languages. He was hoping great-

ly that you would come. I also have been troubling in my mind heavily, that we must appear so ungrateful. It is now ten days that have passed away. But we could not learn to what place to send; neither did we know the name of Mr—but I will not spoil it, until you have told me how to pronounce.”

“*Cranleigh, Cran-lee*; as if it were spelled with a double e coming after the letter l,” said I to her. While to my all abroad self I whispered, “May the kind powers teach her to spell it, by making it her own, while she looks like that.”

For sometimes it is vain to think, and to talk is worse than lunacy. Her attitude, and manner now, and her way of looking at me—as if I were what she might come to like, but would rather know more about it—and the touches of foreign style (which it is so sweet to domicile), and the exquisite music which her breath made, or it may have been her lips, with our stringy words—I am lost in my sentence, and care not how or why, any more than I cared how I was lost then, so long as it was in Dariel’s eyes.

If Dariel’s eyes will find me there, and send me down into her heart; what odds to me of the earth or heaven, the stars, the sun, or the moon itself—wherein I am qualified to walk with her?

Possibly that sweet Dariel saw, but could not comprehend my catastrophe. She drew back, as if from something strange, and utterly beyond her knowledge. Then she cast down those eyes, that were so upsetting me; and I felt that as yet I had no right to perceive the tint, as of heaven, before the earth has glimpsed the dawn, which awoke in welcome wonder on the wavering of her

face. See it I did however, and a glow went through me.

Who can measure time, when time acts thus? *Kuban* arose, as if his wounds were all a sham, or as if we at least were taking them in that light, and hating—as a good dog always does—to play second fiddle, turned his eyes from one to the other of the twain, in a manner so tragic that we both began to laugh. And when Dariel laughed, there could be nothing more divine, unless it were Dariel crying.

“Oh how he does love you, Mr *Cran-lee*!” she exclaimed with a little pout, pretending to be vexed. “What a wicked dog he is to depart from his mind so! Why, he always used to think that there was nobody like me.”

“If he would only think that I am like you, or at any rate try to make you like me, what a blessed animal he would be!” This I said with pathos, and vainly looking at her.

“I am not very strong of the English language yet. It has so many words that are of turns incomprehensible. And when one thinks to have learned them all, behold they are quite different! To you I seem to speak it very, very far from native.”

“To me you seem to speak it so that it is full of music, of soft clear sounds, and melody, that no English voice can make of it. It is like the nightingale I heard when first—I mean one summer evening long ago; only your voice is sweeter.”

“Is it? Then I am glad, because my father hears it always. And he knows everything I think, before I have time to tell him. And he can speak the English well, as well as those who were born in it. Seven different languages he can speak. Oh, how he

is learned! To hear me talk is nothing—nothing—folly, trifles, nothing more than deficiency of wisdom, and yet of himself he thinks no more, perhaps not so much as you do.”

“I think nothing of myself at all. How can I, when I am with you? Yet a great many different people think highly of me, and I do my best to deserve it.” This was no vain word, although it is not like my usual manner to repeat it.

“I am glad of that,” she answered simply, looking with kind approval at me; and I saw that her own clear nature led her to believe everything she heard. “That is the proper way for people, and as the good Lord intended. But how long we have been discoursing, without anything to be said, while the dusk of the night is approaching! It is my father beyond all doubt whom you have come by this long road to see. And he has been desiring for many days to obtain the privilege of seeing you; not only that he may return his thanks, but to learn that you did not receive a wound; for he says that the wound of a dog is very dangerous in this country.”

“Yes, I did receive a wound, and a bad one rather,”—how mean of me it was, to speak like this! Although I was telling the simple truth, for there was a deep gash all down my left forearm. “But I would gladly receive a hundred wounds, for the sake of anything that you loved. For what am I? Who could find any good in me, compared with you, or even with *Kuban*?”

But this fine appeal to the tender emotions did not obtain any success that time. If the pity, so ignobly fished for, felt any tendency to move, it took good care not to

show itself in the fountains watched by me.

“Mr Cran-lee speaks much from his good will to please. For there must be good in him, even to compare with *Kuban*, if a great many people think highly of him, and he does his best to deserve it. But is it not the best thing to hasten at once with this very bad wound to the one who can cure it? Let us waste no more time, but go at once to meet my father.”

There was no getting out of this; and I said to myself that Miss Dariel was not quite so soft after all. What had she told me about herself? Nothing. How much about her father? Very little. And here was I being towed off to him, when I wanted to talk with her, study her, make way with her, find out whether there was any other villain in pursuit of her marvellous attractions, in a word make my best love to her.

But this was the very thing she would not have at present; and I felt like a man tumbling out of a tree, through making too lofty a grab at the fruit. So I fell into the opposite extreme of manner, to make it come home to her that I was hurt. This was another mistake; because, as I came to understand long afterwards, the feminine part of mankind is never struck all of a heap, as we are. If you will only think twice, you will see that it never could be expected. For drop as we may—and the ladies too often call upon us now to drop it—the sense that is inborn in us, of a purer and higher birth in them, which they kept and exalted by modesty—even if at their own demand we let fall every atom of that, and endeavour to regard them as bipeds on a wheel, with limbs rounder than our own, I say that we ought to try still to regard

them as better than ourselves, though they will not have it so. And what could say more for their modesty?

I looked at Daniel, and saw that she was not thinking of me at all, except as a matter of business. And fearing to have gone too far, I tried to behave in every way as a well-conducted stranger. This put her into a friendly state of mind, and even more than that. For it was now her place to be hospitable; and I displayed such bashfulness, that believing her father to be the greatest man on earth, she concluded that I was terribly afraid of him.

"You must not be uneasy about meeting him;" she spoke in a voice as gentle as the whisper of the wind in May, when it tempts a young lamb to say "Ba!" "I assure you, Mr Cran-lee, although he can be very stern with persons at all wicked, to those who are upright and good, he is a great deal less austere and rigid than even I am. And I am afraid that you have discovered much harshness in my character, for you appear to dread a walk with me."

I had fallen behind as we approached the door, partly to show my humility, and partly to admire the grace and true perfection of her slender figure in motion. English girls may have lovely figures, but none of them can walk like that.

"No," I said, after some delay to make her turn her head again, and repeat that look of penitence; "you have been as kind as I could expect, perhaps more kind than the ladies of your country are to a mere stranger."

If ever I deserved a good hearty kick, and too often that has been my merit, here was a solid occasion for it. She stopped and spread

both hands to me, and looked at me with her clear chin raised, and trembling lips, and soft dark eyes, whose radiant depths appeared to thrill with tender sorrow and self-reproach. What eyes to tell the tale of love, to the happy man who shall inspire it!

No dawn was there now of any warmth, but light alone, the light of kindness and good will, and the tranquil beams of gratitude. What more could I expect as yet, though myself in such a hurry?

"What a beautiful place! I had no idea that it would be like this."

I spoke as we stood within the wall, for the maiden now seemed timid. "Why, I must have lost my wits altogether, when I was here the other day, for I do not remember a bit of this. What a wonderful man your father is! What taste, and skill, and knowledge! But it must have taken him many years to bring it into this condition. It was nothing but a pile of ruins, inside an old ruinous wall, at the time when I used to come home from Winton. And how beautifully it is laid out! I should like to know who planned it. Why, you must have quite a number of men to keep it in such order. It is almost like a dream to me. But how rude I must appear to you! Though really if the light were good, I could sit here for an hour together, and like to look at nothing else but all this perfect loveliness."

She had come quite close to me as I spoke, with a bright smile of pleasure on her face—for I warmed my description knowingly,—and as I said *perfect loveliness*, I think she knew where I found it. For she turned away, as if to look at the distance I was praising; and being in rapid chase of ever so trifling a thing to encourage me,

after the many mistakes I had made, I tried with the greatest delight to believe that she did that to rob me of a conscientious blush. But the wonder of all these zig-zag ways, when a straight solid man tumbles into them, is that they tussle him to and fro, a hundred times as much as they upset a slippery fellow whose practice is to slide in and out at pleasure. "Oh for the wits of Tom Erricker now!" was the only thought of things outside, that came to me in this crisis. Then again in a moment I scorned that wish. For a strong heart from its depth despises surface gloss and frothy scum.

"What is the proper expression for me? I see your noble father in the distance. How shall I accost him?" That I used such a word as *accost*—which I hate, but no better word would come to me—shows the state of mind I had fallen into; not about him, but his daughter. For the great Sûr—

whatever that might mean—I did not care a fig as yet, and in fact felt rather annoyed with him. But it was of the utmost moment now to make her prize my deference. That she did, far beyond the value, and smiled at me with a superior light.

"In his own land he is a prince," she said; "not as those Russians call everybody; but a Prince of the longest generations. He, however, makes lightness of that; for he must have been the same without it. I have read that you are proud of your English race, which comes down to you naturally. But my father is purer than to dwell upon that. He allows no one to call him *Prince*. And I never call him anything but Father. We have not many names in our country. He is Imar; and I am only Dariel."

Before I could go further into that important subject, I found myself looking up at the most magnificent man I ever saw.

CHAPTER XI.—SÛR IMAR.

Although it may seem very wonderful to those who have never been in that state; nevertheless it is quite true, that in this condition of my feelings, the magnitude of no man was a question that concerned me. Let him be taller than the son of Kish, or wiser than Solomon the son of David, with supreme indifference I could scan the greatness of his body, or even of his mind. If Shakespeare had marched up to me, at that moment, with 'Hamlet' in his right hand, and the 'Tempest' in his left, I should only have said to him—"My good sir, are you the father of Dariel?"

But the beauty of goodness has some claim too, although more

rarely recognised, because so rarely visible. Sûr Imar's face invited love as well as admiration, not only when his glance was resting on his gentle daughter, but even when he had his eyes on me, who was longing all the time to steal her. And I put on a manner whence he might conclude that it had never occurred to me to look at her.

But Dariel was above all thoughts of that, as much as I wished him to be.

She rose on her purple sandals, which I had not observed till then, and kissed her dear father, as if she had not seen him for a month; but I suppose it is their fashion, and he glanced at me as if he meant to say—"Nature first;

manners afterwards." Then he looked again with some surprise; and her face, which could tell all the world without a word, seemed to say to me—"Now be on your very best behaviour."

I was afraid she would use some foreign language, but her breeding was too fine for that.

"Father, at last we have the pleasure to see and know the kind gentleman, who was so very brave, and who did us that great benefit. You behold him; and his name is Mr Cran-lee. Mr Cran-lee, you behold Sûr Imar."

Being still in the skies to a certain extent, I longed for a hat of greater dignity, to make a better bow withal; but still I stood up as an Englishman should, in the presence of the biggest foreigner, until he knows more about him. I have thought sometimes that as every player at chess, golf, or billiards, knows almost at the first contact when he has met his better, so we (without any sense of rivalry, and without being ever on the perk about ourselves) by some wave of Nature's hand along the scale of her gifts to us, are aware, without a thought, when we come into converse with a larger mind. Not of necessity a quicker one, not peradventure a keener one, possibly one that we could outdo, in the game of chuck-farthing, now the highest test we have.

This foreigner made me no bow at all, though I expected a very grand one; he took me quietly by both hands, and said, "I am very glad to know you. Will you do me the favour of coming to my room?"

The light of my eyes, and of his as well—for that could be seen in half a glance—vanished with a smile; and I followed my host through a narrow stone-passage to an ancient door, studded with

nails and iron fleurs-de-lis. That solid henchman was standing on guard, whom I had seen before, and known as Stepan; and inside lay that other mighty dog, of whom I had seen but little as yet, *Orla* the son of *Kuban*. The room was not large, but much loftier than the rooms of an old dwelling-house would be, and the walls were not papered nor painted, but partly covered with bright hangings, among which mirrored sconces were fixed, with candles burning in some of them. Stepan soon set the rest alight, so that the cheerful and pleasant aspect of the whole surprised me. But against the walls were ranged on shelves, betwixt the coloured hangings, metallic objects of a hundred shapes, tools, castings, appliances, implements unknown to me, and pieces of mechanism, enough to puzzle my brother Harold, or any other great inventor. But although they were not in my line at all, I longed to know what they were meant for.

"One of the great and peculiar features of the English nation," my host said, with a friendly smile, and slow but clear pronunciation, "according to my experience is, that they never show much curiosity about things that do not concern them. A Frenchman, a German, an Italian would scarcely have cast his eyes round this room, without eager desire arising in his bosom to know what the use of all these things may be. Even if he were too polite to enquire, he would contrive to fill me with some conclusion of a duty to him—the duty of exposing to him my own affairs. With you it is entirely different. You do not even entertain a wish, you are free from all little desires to learn what could not in any way be your own business."

All this he put not as a question, but a statement of facts long proven. Whereas I was pricked internally with a very sharp curiosity. Could he be chaffing me? I almost thought he must be, so far were his words from describing my condition. But on the other hand it would be too absurd, for a foreigner to attempt to chaff an Englishman in his own language, and at the first conversation. So I tried to look as if I deserved the whole of his compliments, and more. For I never like to think that a man is chaffing me; not even one of my own nation, and of proper rank to do it. Two bad turns of mind at once ensue, contempt of myself for being slow, and anger with him for discovering it.

"That is all a trifle," continued Prince Imar; for so I felt inclined to call him now, to console myself for having such a cut beyond me—"but I did not bring you here for a trifle, Mr Cranleigh. You Englishmen think very little of yourselves. Not in comparison with foreigners, I mean; for when it comes to that you have much self-respect. I mean with regard to your own bodies. You detest what you call a fuss about them, such as the gallant Frenchman makes. But, as this has happened to you on our behalf, you will not deny my right to learn what it is. I am not a man of medicine, but I have been present among many wounds. Will you do me the favour of allowing me to see what has happened?"

It would not be right for any one to say that I had fallen under this man's influence. No doubt I did that, when I came to know him better. But as for any abject prostration of will, on the part of any healthy and sane man to another, at first sight, and through

some occult power, some "odylie force," and so on—let the people believe in that, who can do, or feel it. Nevertheless I showed him what had happened, because that was common sense.

And he took it strictly as a thing of common sense. "You have done the very best that could be done," he said, after looking at it carefully; "it is a bad rent, even worse than I expected, and there will always be a long scar there. But it will not lessen the power of the arm, if there is no other mischief. One thing is very important to know. Of the two dogs, which inflicted that wound?"

I told him that I could not pretend to say, having been in the thick of it between the two. And it had not occurred to me to think it out since then. But remembering all I could of the ups and downs, I thought it more likely that his dog had done it, having been so much more up in the air, while the bull-dog fought low, and was striving to grip upward. Probably *Kuban* was making a rush at his foe, while I tried to get him by the neck.

"I hope with all my heart that it was so," my host replied very cheerfully; "for then we need have no fear of any bad effects. There is no venom in the teeth of our noble mountain breed. But you will leave yourself to me."

This I did with the utmost confidence, and while he was using various applications carefully and with extraordinary skill, I ventured to ask in a careless tone—"Of what mountain race is *Kuban*?"

"Is it possible that you do not know? He is of the noblest race of dogs from the noblest mountains of the earth. A wolfhound of the Caucasus."

Sâr Imar's voice was very sad, as he dropped for a moment the herb he was using, and fixed his calm dark eyes on mine. For the first time then I became aware that the general expression of his face was not that of a happy man; but of one with a sorrow deeply stored, though not always at interest in the soul. He was very unlikely, in his proud quiet way, to enlarge upon that; but of the common grief he spoke, with less heat and much greater resignation, than we feel about a railway overcharge.

"I am banished from the land where I was born. Of that I have no complaint to make. If I had been on the victorious side, perhaps I should have done the like to those who fought against me. Perhaps I should have been obliged to do so, whether it was just or otherwise. That question cannot have any interest for you; and I owe you an apology for speaking of it. But I am so grateful to the hospitable land, which receives me as if I belonged to it, and allows me to go anywhere without a passport, that I wish every Englishman to understand that I shall never make mean of their benefit. Will you do me the favour of tasting this? You have borne much pain without a sign. It is Kahiti, the choice wine of the Caucasus, made within sight of Kazbek."

Where Kazbek was, or what Kazbek might be, I had not the least idea then, though I came to know too well afterwards; but in fear of hurting his feelings, and perhaps his opinion of myself, I looked as if I knew all about it. And as he began to pour out a pinkish liquid from an old black bottle, with a fine smile sparkling in his quiet eyes, I could not help saying to myself—"He deserves to

be an Englishman." He was worthy also of that crown of bliss, and came uncommonly near to it, when he praised his liquor, as a good host does, with geniality conquering modesty.

"If you could only make this in England!" he exclaimed, after drinking my health most kindly; and I answered, "Ah, if we only could!" with a smack of my lips, which meant—"I hope we never should."

"Is this scratch likely to require further treatment? Or can I manage it myself now?" My question recalled him from some delightful vision, perhaps of grapes blushing on the slopes of some great mountain, perhaps of the sun making a sonnet of beauty, perhaps of his own honeymoon among them, with the lovely mother of Dariel. It was rude of me to disturb him; but why, if he wanted true politeness, why not send for a certain nymph to taste her native Helicon?

"Orla, come and show your teeth," he said; "now, Mr Cranleigh, his teeth are the very similarity of his father's. That is the one that inflicted the wound, the right canine; quite different would have been that of the bull-dog. You need have no alarm. Shall I give you a—what call you it—written testimony, to set your family at ease? What? Have you never told them? Ah, but you take things with composure. It is therefore all the more necessary for me to administer the proper measures. I shall require to see you in three days from this, and then at least once a week for the following two months."

Oh what a chance, what a glorious chance of improving my acquaintance with Dariel! Of course I could not expect to meet her every time, still now and then—and as

for that big Stepan, I warrant he knows what a crown-piece is, as well as little Allai. With admirable self-denial, I contended that such visits never could be needful, and that it was out of the question to spare so much time, &c., &c. But the great Caucasian stopped all that, by declaring that unless I trusted him entirely, and obeyed him implicitly, he should consider it his duty to inform my friends, that they might place me under strict medical treatment. Thereupon, what could I do but consent to everything he required? Till with many directions as to my own conduct, he led me as far as the door of *Little Guinib*, as he playfully called his snug retreat, and showed me before closing it behind me, how to obtain entrance at any time by pressing my hand against an upper panel, and he gave me leave to do so, as he said "Good-night."

"No stranger would dare to enter thus, with *Kuban* and *Orla* loose inside, but you have made

them both your faithful slaves. Good-night, and the Lord be with you."

Now, though a Briton may be, and generally is, a very loose-seated Christian, only gripping on his steed when he is being taught to ride, or when he has to turn him into Pegasus, he is able to stand up in his stirrups high enough to look down upon every other pilgrim. When the Prince opened that bottle of wine, I said in my heart, "Hurrah, this great father of Dariel cannot be a thorough-going Islamite;" and now when he committed me to the Lord, instead of any Anti-British Allah, a strong warmth of the true faith—which had been languishing, until I should know what Dariel's was—set me quite firmly on my legs again. Thus I went upon my way rejoicing, and the beautiful ideas that flowed into my mind were such as come to no man, except when deep in love; and such as no man out of it deserves or cares to hear of.

THE ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

To all who are interested in the wellbeing of our army the present condition of its Medical Department must be a matter of very grave concern. It is tolerably well known that there is considerable unrest and some discontent among the officers of the Army Medical Staff; unrest and discontent which are having the effect of preventing eligible and efficient men from seeking the commissions offered for competition and are sapping the good qualities of those officers now in the service. We believe that the subject is under the consideration of the Secretary of State for War and that definite proposals have been laid before him by the heads of the department, which, if acted upon, may have the desired result of putting matters on a more satisfactory footing and of securing to an important part of our military organisation the national confidence, which is now somewhat imperilled. It seems an appropriate time to glance generally at the history, characteristics, and present position of the Medical Department of the English army, and it may be that, in doing so, the readers of 'Maga' will be introduced to some facts possibly unknown to them formerly and be able the more readily to form an opinion on some of the points now at issue.

The necessity of medical attendance with an army in the field seems to have been always more or less recognised. In the days of Edward II., Edward III., Henry V., and Edward IV., physicians and surgeons are recorded as having formed part of the levies which were taken into the field;

but till the sixteenth century the proportion of such men to the whole force was very small, and for this Grose says that one reason may be assigned, "which is that, immediately after a battle, such of the meaner sort of soldiers, whose wounds seemed to require a considerable time for cure, were by the general dismissed with a small pecuniary provision to carry them home; this, according to Barnes's 'History of Edward III.,' was done immediately after the battle of Poitiers." It may be a question whether it was not rather an advantage to escape falling into the hands of the surgeons of the time, for the treatment was in the highest degree barbarous, empirical and stamped with ignorance. "Cautery with boiling oil" was one of the recognised methods of treating gunshot wounds, and Grose notes that a famous surgeon of Turin proposed a balm of which two young whelps, earthworms, oil of lilies, terebinth and aqua vitæ were the principal ingredients. Terrible, indeed, must have been the sufferings of the unfortunate wounded after a medieval battle, whether they were treated by the so-called professional men or had to trust alone to the *vis medicatrix naturæ* and, if they made any recovery at all, the final result was probably just as good in the one case as in the other.

In an expedition, organised in the reign of Mary, fifty-seven surgeons were provided for an army of about 6000 men; and when James I., sixty years later, proposed to send an army of about 25,000 foot, 5000 horse and twenty guns to the Palatinate, an estimate was made for a large num-

ber of surgeons. Besides others, there was to be a surgeon for every company of 150 infantry, and one for each troop of 100 cavalry. It is curious to remark that on this last occasion, although the medical officers were detailed, there was no allowance or provision in the estimate for medicines or hospital appliances, and this is the more striking because there is a very minute detail of every other kind of necessary store. It would appear that the surgeons were supposed to find their own instruments, dressings and medicines, and that the wounded on a battle-field were to be dependent on their comrades' care for removal to a place where they might find shelter and nursing.

Besides the allowance from the king, surgeons received a stoppage made weekly from the pay of the private soldier, and this was probably intended to cover the expense of medical and surgical appliances; for in a MS. of Queen Elizabeth's time it is noted that every "souldier, at the paye-daye, doe give unto the surgeon 2d., as in tyme past hathe beene accustomed, to the augmentation of his wages, in consideration whereof the surgeon oughte readilie to employ his industrie upon the soare and wounded souldiers. . . . Regarde that the surgeon bee truelye paid his wages and all money due to him for cures, that bye the same hee maye bee able to provide all suche stuffe as to hym is needfull."

At the time of the formation of a standing army at the end of the Stuart period, there was a distinction made between a physician and a surgeon, which existed till the middle of the eighteenth century, "so much so that not unfrequently during Marlborough's campaigns in Germany we read

of the commander-in-chief promoting a surgeon to be a physician, and, as late as 1764, Brocklesby wrote how necessary it was that the military surgeons should be educated as physicians."

It is not till the time of Marlborough that we find any sign of prominence being given to the medical service of the army; but it was nearly forty years later when the first great reforms in military medicine and sanitation were introduced by Sir John Pringle. This distinguished man was a professor in Edinburgh when, under the auspices of Lord Stair, he was appointed in 1742 physician to the military hospital in Flanders. He was present at Dettingen, and was appointed in 1744 by the Duke of Cumberland to be physician-general to the forces in Flanders. He was recalled for service in the Scottish campaign of 1746 and afterwards settled in London, though he continued for some years to be physician to the army. He was among the first to see the importance of putrefactive processes in the production of disease, and was quite the first physician to apply his principles to the prevention of dysentery and hospital fever—the scourge of armies of his day. The sanitary measures which he advocated are now considered essential to the preservation in health of troops in the field or camp and he may be regarded as the father of modern military medicine. It was probably also at his suggestion that Lord Stair proposed to the Duc de Noailles that military hospitals should be held neutral and mutually protected, which was done throughout the campaign and has been the subsequent practice in all wars between civilised countries.

The long series of wars in which

England was engaged at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries produced many able men who left their mark on the organisation of the army, and the record of whose work and methods is still full of instruction and example to combatant and departmental officers of to-day. Among these old heroes, who made of their England the foremost and most powerful nation in the world, Sir James M'Grigor was by no means the least meritorious servant of his country. His simple and modest autobiography tells a story of trials and labours more than Homeric in their severity. Now voyaging in a small and crazy transport commanded by a drunken and incapable captain, now encountering disease of the most virulent and fatal type, now suffering from lack of food and the commonest necessities, everywhere taking a full share in all the recognised perils of a soldier's life from shot and steel, in siege and battle, he must have been a tough Scotsman, of iron mould and most undaunted courage. Beginning his career as a military surgeon in 1793, M'Grigor served at Bergen-op-Zoom, in the West Indies, in India, in Sir David Baird's force which, landing at Kosseir, crossed the desert and moved down the Nile to Alexandria, again in India, then in high administrative work in England. He was then specially sent to grapple with the sickness which had overtaken the ill-fated Walcheren expedition and finished his service in the field as principal medical officer in Portugal and the Peninsula under his old friend the Duke of Wellington. No man could have affronted a longer succession of deadly perils than he, from typhus, yellow fever, the plague, from shipwreck and the

enemy's weapons; but ever in the midst of danger he was collecting and digesting facts, ever in the few periods of respite from active campaigning he was studying the best professional works of his day and striving to adapt their lessons to the benefit of the suffering humanity with which he had to deal. To this great man, who had gathered unexampled stores of experience and had added to them the fruits of diligent research, it was due that in the department of which he was afterwards the head, order was evolved out of what had previously been more or less chaos, and that the Army Medical Service became an organised body, uniting in itself the best traditions of two noble professions. Space is here wanting to enumerate all the many improvements which he introduced into institutions which he found existing, all the new usages which he himself originated, during the long period when he was Director-General after the time of the great war. As one example of the admirable work which was accomplished under his directing hand in the Peninsula, it may be told that "in the interval between the siege of Burgos and the battle of Vittoria (some ten months) the total number of sick and wounded passed through the hospitals was 95,343, and yet by the assiduous care of the medical officers there were only 5000 sick on the eve of the battle, the ranks being recruited by convalescents who had been properly treated and returned to their duty."

In the long peace that followed Waterloo, our military machinery rusted from disuse or decayed from lack of means to renew its various parts as they became worn out. Nothing was left but a splendid collection of regiments, and few

or none of the various supplementary services which are necessary to form an army had been maintained in a condition of efficiency. Of these supplementary services, probably the Army Medical Department was at least in a better condition than any other. All of the staff and regimental surgeons were men who had received a high training and the greater number, in the face of many disadvantages, had kept themselves fairly abreast of the forward movements of medical science. As a rule, they were imbued with the devotion to duty which has ever been the chivalrous attribute of the medical profession, and in whatever situation of trial or stress English troops found themselves, there was ever perfect confidence that their surgeons would be ready to show unstinted devotion in their efforts to help those under their care and to relieve their sufferings. But the department really consisted of the surgeons alone, and even they were so organised that the fullest benefit could not be obtained from their exertions. Of all the many details which go to make up a complete provision for the care of sick and wounded in war there were none. The arrangements which had been made and the material which had been collected in the old war-time had all disappeared, nothing had taken their places and, when a day of trial came, the best endeavours of the best men were powerless to grapple with all the problems which were to be faced, and the result was much misery to individuals, much discredit to the nation, much loss of military power to the English army in the field. The Crimean war showed to the full the old quality of self-devotion among all the surgeons in the field; among many the qualities of personal capacity and skill and among

some few, who had an opportunity of showing it, the power of organisation which is such an important factor in all attempts to deal with masses of human suffering; but it also showed how completely the lessons of old experience had been forgotten, how comparatively helpless was a department which had none of the means for carrying out even an antiquated system of operations. The delusions prevalent for many years past, that an era of universal peace in Europe had set in, were rudely scattered and England was forced to recognise that she must not only maintain in the future such a number of armed men as might be necessary to guarantee her national honour and security; but that, if these men were not to be merely a *nominis umbra*, they must be supported and made effective for their duties by the provision of thoroughly organised and equipped subsidiary services, of which the Army Medical Department was by no means the least important.

Before going any further, we may here take note of the Army Medical Staff as it was constituted at the time of the Crimean war and for seventeen years later. Roughly speaking, it was divided into two classes, staff surgeons and regimental surgeons, though the whole were borne on one list, and, up to a certain rank, were interchangeable. After a surgeon had attained a certain seniority, however, and was promoted to the rank of first-class staff surgeon, he ceased to be a regimental surgeon, and was thenceforth employed in superintendence and regulation rather than in personal professional practice. Almost all the officers of the Army Medical Staff had at one time or another been regimental surgeons; the regimental surgeons were the men

who were best known to the army at large, and on them depended to a great extent the estimation in which the department was held, the character which it bore both among soldiers and civilians. And, generally speaking, well and honourably did these officers accomplish their task, maintaining under all circumstances a high standard of attainments, zeal and soldier-like qualities.

The system, long pursued, of gazetted medical officers to individual corps (in the days of long service and before the necessities of linked battalions came to cause a constant movement of officers and men) had many advantages both socially and professionally. The surgeon was naturally better educated and had a more cultivated mind than most of the officers with whom he was associated and, if he was a sympathetic, genial man, he frequently became a very intimate and trusted friend of all his comrades. He belonged as peculiarly to his regiment as any other officer, was as fully imbued with its *esprit de corps* and entered thoroughly into the hopes, fears, pursuits and prejudices of all ranks. He became a sort of family physician to officers and men, and his intimate personal knowledge of their constitutions and habits enabled him generally to perform his duties with peculiar efficiency and satisfaction to his patients. He was of essential service and support to the commanding officer and, knowing the rank and file as he did, he was in a position to be a valuable confidential adviser in many matters of discipline and interior economy. To the troop or company officers he was very often the man to whom they could go in a difficulty with the certainty of receiving kindly advice and possibly the

aid of personal influence. To the non-commissioned officers and men he represented tender care in sickness, alleviation of pain, perhaps rescue from threatening death, and in many cases a knowledge of and sympathy with cares and troubles that could be confided to no one else. In one regiment that we could name, so completely did the surgeon represent all this that he was familiarly, and with no irreverent thought, always known as "our father." We have many other old regimental surgeons in our mind who certainly possessed in great measure all the qualifications which we have essayed to describe, and we think that we may safely ask any old soldier if he cannot also call many such to kindly and grateful remembrance.

But if the system had many advantages, it had also many undoubted drawbacks. The first and most important of these was that, when surgeons arbitrarily and definitely belonged to particular corps, there was always a difficulty in utilising them elsewhere, and thus, if the public service was to be carried out, the total number of surgeons to be maintained required to be much greater than would have been the case if all were available for employment according to the special necessities of time and place. In our days of necessary economy this in itself condemned the system. But, putting aside this consideration of economy and distribution of work, other serious disadvantages were very obvious. It was found that in many instances the regimental surgeons, unless they were very exceptional men, had a tendency to drift into a quasi-routine method of professional practice. It might often happen that for long periods they

were not called upon to treat any but the simplest ailments and injuries; they had no occasion to maintain in its proper vigour their professional knowledge, and they had little opportunity or stimulus for its improvement. Of course very many of them, from their own initiative, kept themselves quite abreast of the march of medical science and lost no opportunity of profiting fully by such experience as came in their way; but there was inevitably a certain proportion who, possibly not looking or hoping for any career outside their regimental life, took things very easily and when a time of stress came were unable to meet its requirements. The proportion to the whole strength of the department was no doubt small, but it certainly existed, and amusing stories are told of the straits in which some of these gentlemen found themselves when they were overtaken by emergency. Of these one will be sufficient to illustrate our meaning. After the battle of the Alma, there was ample work for every surgeon on the field in attending to the large number of wounded. One regimental surgeon, a most worthy and popular man in peace-time and then quite equal to his simple duties, was not to be found anywhere. At last he was discovered in his tent, into which he had brought a dead Russian, refreshing his surgical knowledge by cutting off a leg. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. We do not vouch for the absolute accuracy of the story, which has been often told and, even if it is true, the case was no doubt an extreme one.

In 1858 a Royal Commission, with the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert as president, was ordered to report on all matters connected with the status and work of the Army Medical Department, and

from the time of that Commission's report may be dated the entire remodelling of the department and the organisation of a practical army medical school. From that time also date many practical reforms in the administration of military medical affairs. The end of the Crimean war had seen the creation for hospital duties of the Army Hospital Corps, a body of men possessing a complete military organisation, and all the material was thus provided from which an efficient medical service might be made. It was not till 1873 that the system of regimental surgeons was finally abolished and all the medical officers of the army were constituted as one staff. Since then no corps (except the Household regiments) has had any medical officer permanently attached to it, and regimental hospitals have been altogether abolished. Thenceforth medical officers have been detailed to do duty with any corps or portions of corps as might be most convenient for departmental arrangements, and the only hospitals have been the general hospitals and station or field hospitals. For purposes of medical and surgical care, all regimental organisation ceased to exist and all arrangements have been in the hands of the Medical Department alone. It may with truth, indeed, be said that previous to 1873 there was no Medical Department properly so-called. Medical attendance on troops in all situations was provided more or less effectively by men whose energies were not properly organised and directed, and it was only by the talents and experience of individuals that a fairly good result was ever attained. Shortcomings in the field were common, not due to the fault of the officers employed, but to a defective system.

Next to the great change in 1873, perhaps the most important modern alteration in the condition of the Army Medical Staff was made in 1877, when authority was given to medical officers to command the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Hospital Corps, and also all patients in military hospitals, as well as soldiers attached to them for duty. The medical officers then *ipso facto* ceased to be purely professional men, forming part of the army for one specific purpose; but they were invested with the military command of men trained, disciplined and sometimes armed, and became responsible that these men were employed to the best advantage in the country's service. Primarily, no doubt, their command would only be exercised in the administration of hospitals and in caring for the sick and wounded; but it is sufficiently obvious that it involves the performance of many other duties and differs in no respect from the responsibility resting upon any commissioned officer in any branch of the service. The training, discipline, supply, payment and movement of soldiers were put into their hands, and it might well happen that the direction of soldiers in fight might also be their duty. The rules of the Geneva Convention and the neutrality of hospitals are not recognised by many of the enemies which English troops may be called upon to encounter, and though in war with civilised nations the medical officers and the men under their command are not supposed to take any part in actual combat, circumstances are conceivable in which such a necessity might be forced upon them. In any case the medical staff have always the most trying

experience in siege or battle, that of performing an overwhelmingly anxious duty, exposed to all the dangers from the enemy's shot and steel, and of leading men in action during the performance of that duty into positions of extreme peril.

As a necessary sequel to the giving of actual command to medical officers, it was found that in their titles of rank the grade of authority which each officer possessed must be indicated, and in 1891 a warrant was issued laying down that, in lieu of the denominations hitherto employed, the medical staff were to be named "Surgeon Major-General," "Surgeon Colonel," "Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel," &c., &c., and it was understood that these titles were to carry all the advantages and status indicated by the military portion of the title.

The Medical Department of the army now consists of 949 officers, known as the Army Medical Staff, and 2600 non-commissioned officers and men, known as the Medical Staff Corps. Its tasks in peacetime and the responsibilities which are laid upon it are so numerous and varied that it is impossible here to do more than name some of them. They include the general treatment of all sick—officers, men, women and children; the observation and regulation of the sanitary surroundings of the soldier in many climates and under many conditions; the examination of recruits; the invaliding of men in the ranks who are medically unfit; the management and control of all general and station hospitals, hospital ships, lunatic hospitals and hospitals for women and children; the supervision and control of all officers and men in hospital and those doing duty in hospitals, and the entire command of the Medical Staff Corps.

It may be interesting to sketch here, however, the manner in which the department is distributed for service on a campaign; for there is much vagueness of thought on the subject even amongst soldiers, and the number of civilians who have the slightest acquaintance with it must be few indeed. Its duties in war may be summed up as follows: "Immediate provision for sick and wounded at the front, and the evacuation to the base of operations and to home of all who from wounds or sickness are unlikely to be again fit for service with the army during the campaign." For convenience of nomenclature the officers and men of the department with an army in the field are said to be organised in three lines. In the first line are the medical officers with corps and the bearer companies; in the second line are the movable field hospitals; and in the third line are the stationary field hospitals. There are, besides, general hospitals at the base of operations and, as English campaigns are happily always carried on beyond the seas, our country's marine is represented by hospital ships and hospital transports. The total provision for an army corps, consisting of three infantry divisions besides corps troops, such as artillery, engineers, &c., is—for each of the three divisions, two bearer companies and three field hospitals; for the corps troops and general purposes of reserve, one field hospital. The cavalry division operating with the army corps has two bearer companies and three field hospitals. For each regimental unit there is one medical officer, and there are about 104 medical officers for general purposes. The whole, under the command of a surgeon

major-general, forms a strength of about 154 medical officers, eight bearer companies, thirteen movable field hospitals and an advanced depot of medical stores. The movable field hospitals are each equipped for 100 beds and are divisible, in order to be able to accompany detached forces, into half hospitals of 50 beds. Stationary field hospitals are scattered along the line of communications, buildings being used when available, and are more fully equipped than the movable field hospitals. Each of them accommodates 200 sick, and receives all disabled men passing from the front as well as the sick from the troops employed on the line of communications.

Let us follow the *modus operandi* of the department in the field. When a soldier falls wounded in the fighting line, he is reached and attended to as quickly as possible by the medical officer attached to his regiment or corps, and is carried or assisted to the collecting station, which is the advanced post of ambulance transport and the various forms of wheeled carriage. From this point all the wounded are passed on to the dressing station, about 1500 or 2000 yards from the fighting line:—

"The dressing station is specially adapted for relieving the most seriously wounded, restoring those who are exhausted, and for performing the *necessary* operations. . . . From the dressing station the wounded are passed to the field-hospital, which is placed in some suitable position beyond the reach of fire, or under cover from it. There is here provision for men to remain two or three days if necessary, and they may either be discharged to duty again or passed to the base hospital along the line of communications."

What does all this practically mean? Let us accompany the

medical officer of an infantry battalion into action. He has probably been roused before daylight from a very rough bivouac and, after a scanty meal, including, if he is lucky, a cup of hot tea or coffee, he has ridden for hours through clouds of dust or amidst a sea of mud. Everybody is sleepy and tired or silent under the mental strain inseparable from the consciousness of an impending crisis. Suddenly there is a galloping of orderlies and an increased amount of flag-signalling, and almost simultaneously the roar of artillery is heard. The enemy is in front in position, and the first act of a great drama has commenced. The battalion is halted for a time, and some of the men begin to fumble nervously with their accoutrements, some look with strained eyes in the direction of the coming battle. At last the order is given for an advance, the thunder of the guns becomes more and more distinct and probably some of the enemy's shells are heard shrieking overhead. The medical officer receives a message from a superior pointing out to him a spot, somewhat sheltered by a little eminence, as the dressing station, and he sees a tent being pitched, while a small knot of vehicles and animals are collected round, and the white flag emblazoned with the red cross waves over it. But his battalion is still advancing and he follows. Probably he passes two or three huddled-up and shattered objects, which are all that is left of some gallant soldiers, and he sees some wounded men with pale, drawn faces staggering to the rear. All the officers near him have drawn their swords, and there is a sympathetic quiver of nervous excitement in the ranks which is almost as nearly allied to fear as it is to courage; but he must keep himself

perfectly cool, thinking of nothing but his personal duty. Some orders are given and the battalion extends. Perhaps the colonel or one of the senior officers finds time to tell him that a movement is to be made against a feature in the country in front which is occupied by the enemy, and he knows that his work must soon commence. Now the whistle of rifle-bullets seems to fill the air, and the ground is knocked up at his feet by something like the heavy rain-drop of a thunder-shower. Ah! at last he hears the cry, "Where is the surgeon?" passed from the front, and he runs forward through the fire, which is searching the ground pretty closely. Two men have fallen. One he sees at once is past all aid. He turns to the other, and, kneeling beside him, finds that he has been shot through the leg. A bone has been smashed, and there is a good deal of bleeding, but he is able, from the equipment carried by his orderly, to apply the necessary splints to the fractured limb, and adjust a tourniquet to control the loss of blood; he then affixes to the man a tally naming the nature of the wound and the treatment adopted and helps him on to the stretcher, which two of the bearers have brought up. "Take him to the collecting station." Again and again he hears the call for his assistance, and backwards and forwards he runs on his errands of mercy. "Why has No. 2 stretcher not returned?" "One of the bearers has been killed." "Well, some of the wounded must lie where they are till the action is over." The medical officer does what he can for each victim, and if he himself is still unscathed at the end of the day, which, considering that he has been more exposed than almost anybody, is not

too probable, he at last manages to collect most of them and to convey them to a place of some shelter where they can be duly attended to. Smeared with blood, fainting from exhaustion, and weary in mind from prolonged effort, he has now to brace himself to assist his colleagues in a long night's work of the most delicate operations, of the most anxious thought and, still unreposed, he may probably have to accompany his battalion on the following day. No one who has not seen the medical officers of the army doing their duty coolly, calmly, and methodically in the midst of all the excitement and turmoil of battle can realise how much they display complete self-abnegation, the sense of duty, the training and skill which will not allow itself to be disturbed by any surrounding circumstances and the true soldierly bearing in extreme peril.

As an example of what is done by medical officers, it may be permitted to tell of an incident of the Ashanti war in 1874. The English force was hotly engaged at Amoafu, and the 42d were gallantly making their way through the dense bush. Several men had fallen, and every surgeon on duty with the fighting line was fully occupied, when two Highlanders were seen coming into the open space, where were collected the

brigadier and other officers, supporting between them the regimental sergeant-major, a magnificent old soldier wearing the medals for the Crimea and Mutiny. He had been shot through the neck and the arterial blood was spirting like a fountain from the wound. The gallant principal medical officer, who had pushed to the front to watch the progress of the action and superintend the work of his subordinates, saw the wounded man approaching, and saying, "If that man is not attended to, he will be dead in five minutes," at once set himself to the task, to perform which there was no other officer available. He extemporised a support for the poor fellow's head and laid him down. Then, while the ugly "phit," "phit" of bullets sounded all around, he tied the carotid artery with as steady a hand and as unshaken nerve as if he had been in the best appointed operating-room in England. A brave and skilful man acted with courage and skill, and the life of another brave man was saved to his country. The medical officer was Surgeon-Major (now Sir W. A.) Mackinnon,¹ until lately the Director-General.

We have glanced at the work of a medical officer with a battalion. Let us follow the stream of wounded men which is making

¹ As Sir W. Mackinnon's name has been here mentioned, it would be a pity not to record another specially gallant deed performed by him which is not without its ludicrous side. At the unfortunate assault on the Gate Pah in April 1864, Surgeon Mackinnon not only sedulously attended to the wounded under a heavy fire, but personally protected them by keeping the enemy at bay. Seeing a Maori chief, rifle in hand, leading his followers towards the place where the defenceless sufferers were lying, the brave surgeon seized a wounded man's musket and fired; then (this was before the days of breechloaders) snatching up another loaded musket, he again fired and the Maori leader fell, shot through the leg. The enemy's attack repulsed, the Maori wounded were brought in for treatment under the same conditions as the English soldiers, and Surgeon Mackinnon completed his share in the action by skilfully amputating the leg which he had himself damaged.

its way to the dressing station, and see what is being done there. We shall find two or three officers hard at work, taking case after case and disposing of all with the utmost promptitude combined with the most tender care and skill. There is no time or means here for performing any operations which can by any possibility be deferred till the injuries have received more prolonged examination; but every case has to be diagnosed, the ghastly injuries inflicted in modern war have to be examined, and even if the final resources of surgery are not at once brought into requisition, as must often be the case, the powers of fainting nature must be strengthened by restoratives, the first treatment must be given, and the many patients must be put into a condition to endure the transit to the nearest field-hospital. And all this must be done within the wide-ranging influence of modern battle, in a position which, if not within the zone of hottest action, is still full of anxiety and danger. Truly the men who toil here must have nerves of iron and a cool determination that nothing can shake. From the dressing station convoy after convoy of mangled humanity is passed, by road or rail, still under the organisation and care of the Army Medical Department, to the field hospital; and here, though the work is still at the highest pressure, there is comparative leisure to examine cases thoroughly, comparative facility to treat them completely. We need not follow the movement to the stationary hospital, to the base hospital and to the hospital ship. Suffice it that every contingency is foreseen, every requirement of skilled treatment, of nursing, feeding, transport and shelter, is provided. All this great service is entirely in the hands of

the Army Medical Department. From the moment a campaign is opened, its members are called upon to display coolness, skill, pluck and resource in the field itself, and the highest administrative and professional qualifications on the line of communications and at the base. Through their care the ranks are recruited by many men who would otherwise have been lost to the country's service, the pains of those who have been sorely hurt in the performance of duty are mitigated and many lives that would have been sacrificed are preserved.

There is apparently a curious anomaly connected with the military official arrangements for the employment of the Army Medical Staff in the field. It is laid down as a principle that "the principal medical officer of a force will normally have his headquarters with the general of communications; but he will be available, when required, for consultation with the general officer commanding-in-chief, to whom he will give advice in writing in reference to rations, clothing, shelter, sanitary arrangements, and precautions for preventing disease, and on all other subjects bearing on the health and physical efficiency of the troops." Most people would imagine that the principal medical officer is a very important member of the commander-in-chief's staff. Sir James M'Grigor made daily personal reports to the Duke of Wellington and was constantly in consultation with him. Baron Larrey, in like manner, was ever in close attendance on Napoleon in all his campaigns. It may be that there are excellent reasons why a modern English commander-in-chief can dispense with the presence of his principal medical officer, but they are certainly not very obvious. Supposing, for instance, that an

English force was ordered next year to move on Khartoum. Of what use as an adviser to the commander-in-chief would be a principal medical officer at Assouan or Wady Halfa? It would be almost as reasonable that the officers commanding Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery should be posted on the line of communications. The head of a great department ought surely to be where he can watch the progress and requirements of the campaign, instead of having to form a professional opinion from the reports of others, who are presumably less able and experienced men.

Before leaving the subject of what the Army Medical Department is and does, two important branches of it must be shortly noticed. Wherever the English flag flies, wherever the English drum rolls, the name of Florence Nightingale is held in reverence and honour. The story of the work which she organised and carried out during the Crimean War was more familiar to an earlier generation than it is to-day; but it is sufficiently well known that that gallant lady went as a ministering angel among the sick and wounded soldiers in our pest-stricken hospitals, and instituted such a system of nursing as had never before been known to the victims of war. She led to a self-imposed task a number of trained lady nurses, and completely revolutionised the old ideas of hospital attendance. Never before had sick soldiers known a woman's pitying care, never had their pains been soothed by such soft sympathy and such a tender touch as only a woman's hand can give. Many a poor lad who had given his health and strength for his country blessed Florence Nightingale as she passed, and we may

here repeat the anecdote, now wellnigh forgotten, how a sick man kissed in adoration the place where her shadow had fallen. The work which she inaugurated is still going on, and a corps of nursing sisters is enrolled and serves under the Army Medical Staff. These ladies serve abroad as well as at home, in war as in peace, and are detailed for duty by the Director-General. There is no service where great pay and honours are to be gained; but their chief reward must be the satisfaction which gentle hearts feel in soothing the agony of a sick-bed and the knowledge that they have the love and gratitude of the whole army.

It was noted above that part of the outcome of the 1858 Royal Commission was the institution of a practical army medical school. This took effect in the great establishment now located at Netley. This magnificent school, looking out on the silvery sheet of Southampton Water, embowered in rich woodland, specially secluded and healthy in its surroundings, comprises in itself a hospital and a college. There all men, except Royal Artillery, who are invalided to England with wounds or sickness come for repose and cure. There they are nursed with the utmost solicitude and have all the benefits of the latest scientific discoveries. There the abilities of medical officers are tested, and they have such an opportunity of watching the course of tropical and other complaints special to soldiers which no other hospital in England could give. There the valuable organisation of trained lady nurses is taught and brought into relation with military discipline. There all inventions bearing upon sanitary conditions, treatment of disease in general and the casualties to which soldiers are

liable in particular, are thoroughly tested, elaborated and added to the magazine of knowledge and *matériel* with which a modern army surgeon takes the field. There also is the very perfect bacteriological school, where every disease is traced to its parent germ, and the bacilli of cholera, diphtheria, typhoid in all its stages, and of other diseases have been identified so completely that they can be produced, cultivated and rendered innocuous at will. Nowhere is instruction more complete, nowhere can its results be more accurately verified than at the Netley school. It is the home of military medical science, an institution of which our country may be proud, and a monument of the great attainments of those to whose care she trusts the lives of her soldiers.

We have now traced, very briefly no doubt, the past history of the Army Medical Department, and we have seen something of the great labours with which it is intrusted, the responsibilities which it has undertaken, and the part which it must play whenever the country may feel obliged to maintain its honour or secure its safety by force of arms. Let us now examine the causes of the unrest and discontent which, as we said in the beginning of this article, are now preventing good men from seeking commissions in the Army Medical Staff and are sapping its vigour. Speaking broadly, they all resolve themselves into the question of status and the recognition which medical officers receive from the other branches of the service. And this is no fancied and sentimental grievance, but a very real and practical foundation of complaint.

There apparently now exists most lamentably a caste feeling among many so-called combatant

officers which forbids them to look upon the Army Medical Staff as a part of the Crown's military forces bearing any kind of equality in condition with themselves. There is a mediæval flavour about this sentiment, recalling the days when the offices of surgeon and barber were united in the same person, before the sciences of medicine and surgery had taken birth, before human suffering could be warded off or relieved by the skill and devotion of highly trained men. As well might the cavalry officer of to-day look down upon him of infantry, because the one is a descendant of the mailed man-at-arms and the other represents the archery who were levied from their lords' estates and occupied a humble position. As well might cavalry and infantry scorn artillery, because, when gunpowder was first introduced, the artillery officers were (like Robert Borthwick, King James's master-gunner in the Flodden campaign) not even knights, and had none of the prestige attaching to the great feudal chiefs.

In our modern days many social changes must follow the advance of science and the perfecting of every vocation. Have we not seen men of every walk in life most deservedly and honourably placed in such positions as their predecessors could never have aspired to? When the great brewers and manufacturers of our time become peers of England, it is not a little absurd that men who, to say the least, practise a somewhat nobler calling under the most trying circumstances, should not be honoured in the profession to which they are affiliated. May not the medical officer, somewhat in Shakespearian words, say to the combatant officer: Is not the medical staff in every military

condition like you? Are we not exposed like you to all the chances of war? Suffering the same hardships, under fire to an equal extent, obeying the same commander-in-chief, serving the same country, looking like you to glory as our principal reward? Are we less highly educated than you are? Have we not the same feelings of honour and devotion to duty? Are our toils less than yours? Do we not often indeed work and watch while you sleep, and is not our stress often longer than yours? Do we not accompany you everywhere, and are you not likely to be dependent upon our care, knowledge, and tenderness for alleviation of pain under grave injuries—ay, even for the preservation of your life?

Let us see what really happens in the relations between the medical and combatant branches of the Queen's military service. Some of the matters may seem slight and trivial in themselves indeed, but they all have a common meaning, all have a common tendency to depreciate and mortify one class of officers as compared with another. Although it would appear by the Queen's Regulations that all officers of a certain rank and position are entitled to military compliments from guards, it has lately been ruled that this does not extend to the Army Medical Staff, and that guards are not to pay them such compliments. A medical officer may have the rank of general or colonel, but for him the badges of his grade are an empty letter; they are not to receive the recognition due to them. The compliment is supposed to be paid to the uniform, to the ensigns of the Queen's delegated authority. Why should these ensigns be disregarded on one man and not on another?

Again, it is the very proper custom of the service, one most highly conducive to discipline, that junior officers should address any one in the rank of field officer as "sir." True, this is the case; but it does not apply to the medical officers of any rank, who are frequently addressed by the last-joined subaltern by their names *tout court*, as if they were equals in the dignity of appointment, in the value of position. Whenever a garrison board is assembled—it may be to consider an important question of sanitation, food, or some other matter gravely concerning the health of the troops—no medical officer, whatever his rank and experience, can claim to sit as president. The president is almost invariably a combatant officer, and may be a comparatively junior and untried man, while the medical officer, with all his technical knowledge, the Queen's commission naming him of a certain rank, and with the accumulated experience of long years of service, only appears as a witness or adviser. The military status conferred on medical officers is practically meaningless, except for ceremonial functions. In official correspondence they are generally referred to as doctors and seldom as officers, Royal war-rants notwithstanding, while the unwieldiness of titles, such as "Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel" renders their use in society impossible. What, then, is the use of the rank? What is its real meaning? Apparently none.

The worst of the caste prejudice on the part of combatant officers is that, although it is very far from being universal, it is very widely existent, very influential in all ranks of the army from the very highest downwards, and is frequently expressed not only on

purely military occasions, but also in the social intercourse and institutions of private life. Its results are before the world in the difficulty which exists in inducing pupils of the highest class in the great medical schools to come forward as candidates for service in the Army Medical Staff. There are numbers of men of the best qualifications, sprung from precisely the same rank of life as most officers in the army, who would willingly join the Queen's service on the medical staff, but are now deterred by the certainty that, in doing so, they will subject themselves to such slights as would never fall to combatant officers, who may be their own brothers or near relations. And this feeling exists not only among the men, who might possibly enter the Army Medical Staff, but is universal in the great medical profession of our country, and is approved by it. The medical men of England have themselves very strong caste feelings, and, proud of their grand calling's past achievements, proud of its teaching, its organisation, and its weight in human affairs, all feel aggrieved by any indignity to its members, and will not encourage them to place themselves where such indignity may be suffered.

It has been said, we believe, that the Army Medical Department are not soldiers, but only attendants upon soldiers. What is it that makes a man a soldier? Is it necessarily to bear deadly weapons, and to have no other occupation but to use them or to cause others to use them in action? If that is the case, how many invaluable departments of the army at once cease to have the qualification! Let us take the pontoon train, for example. Are not the men composing it soldiers? And

yet they do not directly form part of a line of battle. Let us even take the great majority of staff officers. How often is it the case that the ablest and most useful of them never have the good fortune to see a shot fired during a campaign? But who can question the fact that all staff officers, like the pontoon train, are undoubtedly soldiers? Let us now turn to the Army Medical Department.

How far could an army go and what great operations could it undertake, without the aid of the medical staff? Few people are aware how they must be consulted at every turn, and of what essential service they are to the officer in command in all the preliminaries of action. Fewer still realise the intense anxiety, the constant toil, which the medical staff go through in order to keep the troops at their fighting strength, and to prevent their *moral* from being sapped by active disease or even by declining health. And when the day of action comes, who can say that the medical staff is not exposed to as much danger as any purely fighting men? Let the long roll of their killed and wounded answer the question. Above all, does the performance of acts of the noblest courage, of the most chivalrous self-devotion before the enemy give to any body of men the right to be called soldiers? Without travelling back beyond the campaigns of our own day, when was the Victoria Cross ever more worthily gained than it was by Surgeon Captain Whitchurch at the defence of Chitral? Of all the brilliant features of that most gallant feat of arms, none stirred a stronger thrill of admiration throughout our land than the rescue of his comrade by the young surgeon from a savage and

ruthless enemy. Since Sir Philip Sidney died at Zutphen where can we read of an act of self-devotion, even during the last moments of life, equal to the sublime deed of Surgeon Arthur Landon at Majuba Hill? "Mortally wounded, with the agony of death closing in, in the midst of his own pain and weakness, he heard a wounded man shrieking aloud in his sufferings, and creeping, forgetful of self, to where this man lay, gave him a morphine injection to relieve his distress, and, giving it—died."

We believe that so far has the prejudice against the Army Medical Staff gone in some minds that it has actually been proposed to abolish it altogether as an integral part of the army, handing over the care of the sick in peace to the civilian practitioner of a district, and in war replacing it by a purely civilian medical department, organised and enrolled for duty when special occasions should arise. We will put out of sight considerations which may not readily occur to everybody, such as the enormous difficulty and friction which would arise in distributing, controlling and utilising a large number of men who were unaccustomed to discipline and unacquainted with the wants of soldiers and their routine of life. Let us consider the question of expense. What remuneration would it be necessary to offer to men in good practice (and it would only be men in good practice who would be qualified for the higher positions) to induce them to undertake the tremendous work, the serious personal risks of war? Would it be always possible to induce civilian practitioners, temporarily engaged, with no feeling of military honour, a plant of slow growth, to push forward into the

fighting line or undertake the work at a dressing station? Some might do so, no doubt, but would all? And if there was any doubt in the matter, if the soldier did not feel confident that aid was near when he was exposed to the enemy's weapons, how much would the *moral* of the army be deteriorated, what would be the result on its power as a fighting body? No. To any one who will give the matter the smallest thought, it must be apparent that the medical staff of an army cannot be other than a definite and permanent part of that army. Of course we do not for a moment mean to imply that civilian surgeons should not be engaged in any number that may be necessary if an occasion arose. It would be quite impossible for the members of the present Army Medical Staff to meet all the requirements of a great war, and if England unfortunately found herself committed to such a war, large numbers of civilian practitioners would have to be engaged and employed. But these gentlemen would generally be made use of at base hospitals, and they would always be controlled and directed by experienced men of the regular medical staff. They would supplement the present organisation, and would in no sense replace it.

There is one matter connected with the status and recognition conceded to the Army Medical Staff in which these officers consider, and we think with reason, that they have recently been treated with less than justice as compared with other officers in the army. They point to the Gazettes which announce the honours after each campaign for the last fifteen years, and certainly these Gazettes mention the names of very few medical officers in proportion to

the numbers employed. It is unnecessary here to multiply examples, but we may select the Gazette for the Burmese campaign, as the operations in Burma were carried on in very unhealthy conditions and the medical service had even a greater amount of work and responsibility than usual. In that Gazette the following rewards were given :—

	Combatants.	Medical.
Promoted . . .	43	0
K.C.B. and C.B. . .	29	0
D.S.O.	51	6

It can never be expected that, to able medical men especially, the public service can offer such pay as will rival the attractions of a civil career. The balance must be struck by the bestowal of honours and distinctions and, if these are withheld or given with a niggardly hand, it cannot be expected that men who are conscious of possessing capacity and knowledge will seek for commissions in the Army Medical Department.

The net result of the present dissatisfaction among the officers of the Army Medical Staff and the sympathy which is felt for them by the great medical profession at large, is that there is a marked deficiency of candidates for commissions. This "leads naturally to a lower standard of efficiency in a service recruited by competitive examination, and what the medical officers now fear is . . . that their ranks will be recruited from the refuse of the schools, and that the efficiency of their service will be damaged for a generation."

What, then, is the status to which the Army Medical Staff considers that it is entitled, which we think all reasonable persons will agree should be conceded to it and which alone will satisfy its natural and legitimate aspirations? Its officers must be everywhere recognised as soldiers, and the titles which they bear must represent real military rank, to be recognised by the usual forms of military compliment and courtesy. They must have their proper share of honourable distinctions instead of the small amount allotted to them in every war of late years, with the exception of the last Ashanti expedition, when their services were fully recognised by the present Commander-in-Chief.

The whole problem might be solved in the easiest possible way without the smallest expense to the country. If the Medical Staff and Medical Staff Corps were united into one corps, called "Royal Surgeons," or some such title, on the same lines as the "Royal Engineers," there could be no further question of prejudice or quasi-superiority on the part of other corps. The medical officers would be on precisely the same footing as that held by other gentlemen bearing the Queen's commission. They would have their definite duties to do and their command would be restricted as at present; but they would have the position due to the memory of their department's great services in the past and the heavy responsibilities which will be laid upon it in the future.

THE MAN AT AMNAT.

MANY a curious episode of travel has been left unrecorded from the fear that the public may fail to believe in events which in their ordinary lives would seem impossible. Yet, what I have to write here is truth and not fiction, let the judgment be what it will. I have of course altered the names of the place and the principal actor in the scenes I am about to describe, for I have not his permission to publish the facts of the case.

I am sure that I will be forgiven if I wander from my story for a moment or two to explain how it was I came to know anything about the events in question. I had been prospecting in a hazy sort of way for precious metals, though if I had chanced to find them—which I did not—there would have been little probability that the concessions for working them would have been forthcoming. My travels had led me far afield from the ordinary path of travellers, into a wild and inhospitable region, to all intents and purposes a howling desert. Summer was over, and a few of the first showers of autumn had fallen, and the cool weather seemed about to commence. But all my hopes and expectations for a fall in the thermometer were disappointed, and the temperature once more reached its high summer record. My mules and horses were tired out, and my men weary of marching, so I decided to strike away across country some seventy miles to the little town of Amnat, where not only would I be able to replenish my stable and my stores, but also obtain a welcome glimpse of a European; for on leaving the

coast I had been informed that a representative of one of the firms trading with the country in question resided there. I had made further inquiries about him, and learned that he was an ill-paid clerk, who had volunteered to exile himself to this far-away spot, where from year's end to year's end he probably never saw another European. The sum he received annually for this sacrifice seemed pitifully small, but the merchant excused himself for paying more on the grounds that the trade with that district was very insignificant. What had tempted the young fellow to go was no doubt the fact that, small as his salary was, it was nearly double what he had been drawing previously.

As one evening, after a hot weary march, the flat-roofed white houses of Amnat appeared shimmering over the hot sand some three or four miles ahead, I called to mind all these facts, and decided that I would seek some means of repaying the Englishman any hospitality he might show me. I rode into the town a little ahead of my caravan, and, guided by a native, drew rein and dismounted at a large doorway opening into a yard, surrounded on all sides by a colonnade. All that I gathered at my first glimpse was this paved court, piled with bales of local produce, and a group of natives squatting in a semicircle on the ground, one and all talking volubly. Giving my horse to a man to hold, I entered, and as I did so I saw a young man rise from the group of natives and move toward me. His appearance, I confess, was not at first sight very prepossessing. Dressed in a rather dirty suit of

white cotton clothes, with a limp shady hat on his head, he did not cut a striking figure; nor was his appearance improved by a stubbly red beard of perhaps a week's growth, and untidy, ill-kempt hair. Nevertheless he was a European, and as such a most welcome sight.

We quickly introduced ourselves one to the other, and I sat down on one of the bales while he paid off the workmen for the night. When the last had gone we strolled together through the streets of the little town, with its mud-built houses and thatched bazaar, to the residence of my host, for he had insisted that during my stay I should "put up" with him, which I was willing enough to do. A man was despatched to lead the caravan to its destination, and an hour or two later I found myself comfortably ensconced, enjoying the luxury of a real hot bath, with tea and buttered toast to follow.

Everything was simple enough in the house, which in reality consisted only of a small courtyard with three rooms leading off it, one on each of its sides, and a kitchen and room for the native servants besides. But it was clean and tidily kept, though scantily furnished, principally with local wares, the tables and chairs having, my host told me, been put together by himself during his spare time. Between the united endeavours of his cook and mine we obtained a very decent dinner, with some quite palatable native wine to add zest to the little feast. While I was employed in bathing and changing my travel-stained clothes my host shaved and did likewise, so that he presented a very much more respectable appearance than he had previously done.

I sat opposite him at the small

round table, and did not fail to remark his every feature and his manner, for I felt a strange interest in a man who had voluntarily exiled himself from all the fellow-beings with whom he could have anything in common, and taken up his residence in practically one of the most outlandish quarters of the world. H——, for such I will style him, was a man of perhaps rather above thirty years of age, with a face that looked if anything younger. Small in stature and delicately made, he was the very opposite of what I had pictured him on my journey; for it had struck me that none but a man sure of his own strength and power would venture to live in such a spot, where any day he might be attacked. But such was not the case; and H—— not only bore every sign of possessing no bodily strength worth speaking of, but his manner also was soft and gentle, as was his voice. In spite of the climate in which he resided he was scarcely sunburnt at all, though his fair skin was plentifully sprinkled over with freckles. His light eyes, with their yellow lashes, seemed particularly ill-suited to the glare of such regions, and the slightly red-tinged rims clearly told that they were not. His expression was decidedly a pleasing one—though he seemed all through dinner, and even for a day or two, by no means at his ease with me; and he was constantly apologising for his neglect as a host, whereas, in fact, I could see that he was worrying himself to discover how he could add to my comfort in every direction. He allowed me to do most of the talking for the first two or three days; but after that he became more communicative, though his ideas seemed narrow and his knowledge

of the country far less than one would expect to discover in the sole European resident of the place, where, too, he had resided for some seven years. I had been employing the spare moments of my journey in writing a voluminous diary, and I had looked forward to meeting H—— in the hopes of his being able to give me a quantity of information regarding the religion and customs of the various tribes. It did not take long, however, for me to come to the opinion that he cared but little for these questions, and seemed extraordinarily void of information. Yet I could not help realising that if his ignorance was as great as he pretended, he must almost pass through the streets with his eyes closed, for to my questions regarding the everyday religious life of the people he returned no answer, professing entire ignorance. So keen was I to fill in the gaps that were wanting in my chapter on the native habits and customs, that I pressed my interrogations perhaps further than I ought to have done without a chance of wearying my host. At last one evening we were seated in the open courtyard of the house, and once again I reverted to the question. It was once too often, for H——, in spite of his mild looks and nervous, shy manner, lost his temper.

"Enough," he said, "of your questions. I am delighted to see you here, and to have you stay as long as you like, but if you continue harping upon that one subject I shall find means of making you go. You see I am angry. You have made me lose control of my temper, and I am infernally rude. Forgive me, but at the same time promise me to ask no more questions about the religion of these people. Enough that it

is revolting, and that the very subject horrifies me."

For a moment I was inclined to be extremely annoyed with H——'s brusque manner, but one look at his face proved that he was in real earnest, and that his thoughts were running far greater riot with him than his words. He was seated in the doorway of his own bedroom, his chair half in the room and half in the courtyard, and while he spoke to me he kept his head turned to one side, and his eyes were fixed apparently on some object in his own room. His manner was altogether so strange that it quite shocked me for a moment, but I held enough restraint over my temper to apologise for worrying him and to promise to do so no more.

The incident, however, upset me. I saw clearly enough that my visit was a pleasure to H—— except for this one point, and I had no intention of going away. Mules and horses were difficult to procure, and I had decided to rest until my own were refreshed instead of buying new ones, and I knew that H—— was glad enough to have me meanwhile. What, then, meant this strange dislike he had to converse on a subject of which he *must*, willingly or unwillingly, know a great deal? No man could live for seven years alone with natives, pick up their language and speak it with the facility of the people themselves, and yet remain in ignorance as to their religious customs and ideas. I remember lying awake a long time that night thinking over the matter, and trying to fathom H——'s reluctance to even hear the subject mentioned, but all to no avail. For a moment I thought I had guessed it, and wondered whether he himself was writing upon the subject, and jealous of

my researches into the question. But I put aside this theory quickly enough, for surely instead of losing his temper he would have told me that such was the case, or else laughingly asked if I expected him to give me the information he had been working for years to collect. But no; he had simply lost control of himself, and forbidden the question being put to him any more, or the subject mentioned, and had expressed himself in words that, to say the least of it, were rough.

But if he was reticent upon this subject he was not so as to his own personal affairs, and after the strangeness of new acquaintance had worn off he confided in me his hopes and ideas for the future. He was engaged to be married, and his bride was even then on her way out. On her arrival at the coast she would be married to him by proxy; and the morning following the strange marriage service, at which the bridegroom would be represented by a deputy, she was to leave on the long journey to Amnat, some sixteen days' travelling by caravan. Already he had sent his two most trustworthy men and a good mule down to the coast, with tents, &c., in order to escort her on her journey. So full was H—— of his bride's arrival that he easily obtained a promise from me to remain until then as his guest, and help him to prepare the house against her coming.

At such times as these it was a real pleasure to witness the happiness of my host, whose seven long years of labour were to be crowned with their reward; for it was for the sake of this girl in England that he had suffered his long exile, to save money so that when at last she came there could be something to start house on. And

now, after their long waiting, the goal was within reach. But in spite of the high spirits in which H—— generally indulged, every now and then it was clear that he suffered from reaction, and, strive hard as he did not to show it, I could perceive that he was under the influence at times of melancholy. He would go to his own room, and I could hear him double lock the door on the inside, and there he would remain for hours together. Even when we sat in the courtyard, on to which the room opened, he always guarded his doorway with his chair, which he could push back sufficiently far to be able to see within the room; and often he would turn suddenly and look in, then glance at myself to see if I had noticed his action. Several times I had been on the point of asking him what he was looking at so anxiously, but remembered, in time to check myself, the manner in which he had treated my other question. So I remained in silence, but was puzzled nevertheless.

One evening we were sitting talking thus, and he was telling me what arrangements he was going to make to render his house more suitable for his wife, when he ceased speaking suddenly, breaking off in the middle of a sentence.

"Did you hear it?" he asked, suddenly.

"What?" I questioned.

"It," he replied, his eyes gazing into his room.

"I heard nothing," I continued, "except the wind."

"Sometimes *it* cries," he said, without moving, his voice sounding far away and hollow.

Then suddenly he pulled himself together with a start.

"The house is full of rats," he ejaculated.

But I was not satisfied with

this explanation, for only the night before he had told me that there wasn't a single rat in the place.

H—— was called off for a considerable part of the day to his work in the caravanseraï where I had first found him, and thus I was left a good deal alone, and perhaps on this account brooded more over the many little strange characteristics that I had noticed in my host. His alternate high spirits and fits of melancholy puzzled me. True, he never let me see much of these latter, but would retire to his room with the excuse of a headache, and having locked the door would not reappear for hours. He seemed, however, to recover somewhat as the time approached for his bride's arrival, and we began to put the house in order. The carpenter—a native, of course—was called in, and repaired the door and windows. The walls were freshly whitewashed, and a few pictures and ornaments, collected against this day and carefully packed away in a box, were brought out. It was when we were getting ready the bedroom that I first noticed a peculiar article of furniture that had escaped my notice before. H—— had gone to his work, and I had taken the opportunity to paint the panels of the door and the window-frames, a work that amused me and helped to pass the time. I had just finished when I noticed that a curtain drawn across a corner of the room was not fully closed, and instead of the wash-hand-stand I had expected to see behind it there was something else. Curiosity tempted me to push aside the curtain. The corner was completely taken up by what is known as a corner-cupboard, a tall black box, fitting into the angle of the wall, and strongly barred and padlocked. There was

nothing very unusual about it, except its sombre colouring, and the first thought that struck me was that probably it was here that H—— kept his money, until I remembered that in the living-room of the house was a safe, in which I had seen him deposit coin. What, then, was in the cupboard, so strongly barred, bolted, and padlocked? My thoughts were prevented from further searching for the answer by the appearance of H—— himself, standing in the doorway watching me. I was half ashamed that my curiosity had led me to look behind the curtain, but the tin of paint and the brush, both still in my hand, gave the reason of my being in his room. I did not notice him particularly, merely realising that he was there.

"Whatever you have in here," I said, laughingly, pointing to the cupboard, "you keep it secure."

"Yet in spite of that it gets out," he replied.

I turned, startled by his strange answer, and stared in astonishment, almost in horror, at H——. His face was pale as a sheet, his light eyes apparently gazing through the casing of the cupboard into what lay within. His lips, almost blue in colour, opened and closed, trembling with fear, and I almost imagined that the hair of his head was standing out with terror. I stepped up to him quickly and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Why, old man, what's the matter?"

He shuddered once, then turned quickly toward me, made a great effort, and recovered his composure, though still pale and haggard.

"Nothing," he replied, with a feeble attempt at a smile; "only the sun—I think—heat—you know——" and he fainted.

I called one of the native servants to aid me, and together we lifted him on to his bed, and chafed his hands and feet, and bathed his temples; but it was some time before we could bring him round again, and when at last we succeeded he prayed to be left alone. Out in the courtyard I took the servant aside and led him into the living-room. The man spoke English fluently, having come with H—— from the coast, where he had been in the employ of a merchant firm. I plied him with questions as to his master's health, for I was now really alarmed, but could gain little but half-hearted answers, until a bribe loosened the fellow's tongue. There is no need to tell here all he narrated, suffice it to say that his story was briefly as follows:—

H—— had brought the man in question with him from the coast, and as he spoke English fluently he had made a confidant of him, and as far as I could judge the fellow seemed honest enough. H—— spoke at this time not one word of the native tongue, so that this one servant was the only soul with whom he could hold converse. It is little to be wondered at, then, that he confided in him all his hopes and fears, and when still on the march the negro had learned nearly all there was to learn about H—— and his associations. He had told him that in addition to his salary he hoped to be able to gain a further amount by corresponding to the press, and that he had already made an arrangement with the '—— Herald,' the principal organ of his native town, to write articles on the country, its customs, and its people.

For a year after their arrival H—— studied hard at the language of the country, and by the

end of that time was fairly proficient. The negro had been his master, and in addition to the language had disclosed all he knew as to the life of the natives. Besides the use he made of this information in writing the articles to the newspaper, he seemed to be extraordinarily attracted by the subject, and spent nearly all his spare time in jotting down notes in a manuscript book. Every detail of native life seemed sufficiently important to be included, and the negro smiled when he narrated to me examples of some of the—to him—seemingly unimportant items.

What seems to have attracted H——, however, more than anything was matter referring to the religious beliefs of the tribes around; and here, as the negro made haste to tell me, was a difficulty, he himself coming of a family which for generations had been Moslems. The language once mastered, however, H—— had held intercourse with the people themselves, and his very absence of strength, and simple ingenuous manner, had rendered the tribesmen much more ready to confide in him than they would have been in the case of any man in whom they felt a superiority of strength, or even the presence of a more vigorous mind than he possessed.

But in spite of the fact that a very considerable amount of information was collected by H—— direct, he seemed to have chafed for a long time under the idea that much was being held back from his knowledge, and that, ready to speak on more general subjects as the natives were, there was a conspiracy existing to prevent his reaching the more fundamental points. And it was these that he had made up his mind to discover, and almost daily he tried some

new means to acquire them, but for a long time without success. As time wore on, however, the reluctance of the natives seemed gradually to disappear, and there was no doubt that H——'s desire was being accomplished. Impatient as he was, he went slowly to work, and in the end met with success.

All this I had to gather indirectly from what the negro told me, for the workings of a European mind were to him almost incomprehensible, and it was clear that all along he suspected H—— of having some plot on foot by which to gain not merely information, but also wealth. That so much time and trouble should be given to a question from which little or no money was to be made seemed to him incredible. But as his tale proceeded he came to facts.

One day he heard a rumour that H—— was to be told all there was to know regarding the mysteries of the native religion, and a week or two later H—— himself informed him that he was going away for several days with a body of the tribesmen, and that he—the negro—must remain and look after the house. Argument had only tended to upset H——'s temper, and the servant had been told to mind his own business. Three days later H—— had set out accompanied by a dozen or so of wild tribesmen.

The negro's suspense until his master's return had been apparently very real, and great was his delight, a week later, when a messenger arrived stating that he would be back the same evening, and ordering him to prepare his room and a meal. At sunset he appeared, fatigued with his journey and suffering from jungle-fever, which proved, however, to be only a slight attack. An old negress accompanied him, bearing

on her head a box of native workmanship, to which both H—— and she paid the greatest attention. For some days the old woman stayed in the house, and left suddenly one night, no one seeing her go. H—— had probably opened the door for her himself. But she left the box behind her, and for a while H—— occupied all his time in making the cupboard which had attracted my attention behind the curtain. Once completed, it was painted black, and the padlocks and iron bars, in which his trade in Amnat partly consisted, were affixed, and the dismal article of furniture set up in the corner of the room. Whatever had been in the box had been transferred thither, for one night H—— had lit a bonfire in the court and burned the wooden case that the old woman had carried—and the negro showed me the black stain of the fire on the plastered floor.

For a time afterwards his master had seemed alternately depressed and excitable, but any question the servant had dared to ask as to where he had been was met by a sharp rebuke.

All this had occurred, as far as my informant could recollect, some four years previously, but he seemed to have only the vaguest idea as to dates.

Since then things had gone on as usual, with a few differences. His master's character had in some respects changed. He had ceased altogether to collect notes, and the manuscript book, in which a couple of years' information was contained, was destroyed. The negro could not remember his asking one single question as to the natives or their ways since this journey, the only one he had made during the seven years he had resided at Amnat. There was but one more item of interest in

the negro's story that I can recollect,—the reappearance at stated intervals of the old black woman, who invariably arrived and departed at night. The house door was always locked, so that H—— must have let her in and out himself. She never seemed to knock at the door, for in that case the servants could have heard her; but either his master had some given signal with her, or else he knew previously the dates at which she would appear. No, there was nothing extraordinary about her appearance. She was old and very ugly, that was all.

Such was the negro's story.

The following morning H—— was himself again, but I noticed that one of his fits of depression was upon him, and from time to time he would look at me curiously, as if wondering to himself what I had thought of his strange manner and his attack of fainting the previous day. I had enough sense, however, not to mention the subject, except to warn him in an innocent manner to be careful of the sun, telling him that in my opinion he had only just escaped a serious sunstroke. Yet all the time I knew that the sun had nothing to do with the matter, but that he had some secret which was driving him, perhaps, on the high road to insanity.

The more I thought over his condition the more disturbed I became. The young bride must have reached the coast by now, and after a few days' rest would be starting for Amnat. The thought of a young English girl arriving as the wife of a man who, though sane enough to be sure, was distressed by some horrible secret that held him in constant fear, distressed me beyond measure, and after three days of careful thought I determined to have the

matter out with him. I began at dinner by talking of solitude and the way it affected different people; how bad it was to give way to thoughts of morbidness or native superstition, and what the results sometimes were. H—— said nothing at first, but let me talk on. I had expected, and was prepared for, a show of temper such as I had experienced before; but instead of that he seemed to get comfort from my words, and seldom interrupted, and then only to agree in what I was saying.

Having prepared the way for what was to come, I brought the conversation to a climax in the courtyard of the house, after our coffee. Locking the door that led into the passage on to which the kitchen and servants' room opened, I stepped up quickly to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said—

"Look here, H——. You may or you may not have gathered from my conversation at dinner to what point I was leading. You may think, now that I am going to talk to you straightly, that I have no right to do so; but I have a right—stop! A young English girl is coming all this long journey to marry you—coming to live in this damnable climate, amongst those accursed natives, for your sake; but, by God! if you and I do not have it out now and at once, I shall forbid it."

"Forbid it!" cried H——. "*You* forbid it! How?" and he sprang to his feet.

"By telling her you are mad, and by showing her the cupboard in your room."

For a moment his face was a picture of hate and fury; the next the hard lines relaxed, and with a sigh he sank down again into his chair.

"Are you answered?" I asked.

"What do you want?" he said, slowly.

"Not, 'what do I want?' but what do I mean to do?" I retorted. "Listen! and I will tell you. I mean now and at once to break open that cupboard and relieve it of its contents, and you of your secret."

He stammered out half-broken sentences, full of rage and hatred and fear.

"Your choice?" I asked him, and standing over him, so that he could not move from his seat—"your choice? I open your cupboard, or you do so yourself—or shall I tell your wife that you are mad and that she must return, and point out to her that in that coffin-like box lives a secret that she may never know, a secret of which you yourself live in abject terror?"

He did not answer, so I moved towards the door of his room. In a moment he had sprung to his feet and snatched a dinner-knife off the table, but I knew well enough that I was his match, knife or no knife. Almost before I could speak he burst into tears and laid the knife back on the table.

"Stop!" he cried; "come back. I will tell you something."

I returned, and found him struggling to compose himself.

After a while he was able to speak.

"It is true," he said, "either *It* or my bride must go. It is for you to decide."

"Then let it be *It*."

"Yes, but you do not know. You must destroy it; it would kill me—besides, I love it so."

"What is it?" I asked, sternly, thoroughly alarmed by his strange manner and talk.

"Hush!" he replied, softly; "you will see presently. Look, here is the key of the cupboard.

Yes, it unlocks all the padlocks. I am going out into the town. I cannot be here to see—you must do it alone;" then he paused for a while. "Only fire will destroy it. Light the fire first; there is straw and wood there"—pointing to some packing-cases—"get a good blaze burning, then open the cupboard, and seize it and hurl it into the flames."

I waited for more directions, but none came. H—— sat still for a moment, his eyes fixed on the door of his room, then rose and walked to the other end of the court, turned back and shook hands with me, and went out. My first act was to call his faithful negro, tell him hurriedly that his master was very queer, and give him orders to follow him at a distance and let no harm befall him. As the negro departed I shut and locked the door.

I was alone now in the house, and I must confess, as I stood in the moonlight with the key in my hand, I felt nervous and excited. No time was to be lost, however; so collecting straw and wood, I lit a fire in the centre of the court. I almost wished it would not have burned so easily and quickly, for great as was the pitch of excitement I was in, I was by no means looking forward to the opening of the cupboard, though for all I knew to the contrary there might only be some most harmless object within. Lighting the lamp in H——'s bedroom, I turned the wick up as high as it would go without flaring, for in my present state I had no desire for darkness. I remember now distinctly looking at the key and thinking to myself how strange it was that so ordinary a padlock should conceal so great a secret; for no matter what the cupboard contained, it was easy to see the influence that it had upon H——'s whole life.

With a half-prayer, half-curse, I commenced to unlock the cupboard, and a minute later the three padlocks that fastened it lay upon the floor. Yet even then I hesitated for a moment, and took a step back, when slowly the door opened by itself. Within, in the full glare of the light of the lamp, sat a mummified body of a native child, a horrid grinning thing, such as I had seen once before on the coast, where it was brought as a proof in the trial of a chief who had been accused of making human sacrifices, and I knew that I was looking upon one of the most sacred and most terrible of all native fetishes. But I confess to feeling a certain relief as well as horror, for at all events the nasty thing could do me no harm. I approached and examined it more closely; for as a curiosity it was extremely rare, the art of mummifying having been lost by the natives some centuries ago. It was evidently the body of a child of a few months old. The missing eyes had been replaced with discs of white glass, and these and a string of common blue beads round its neck were all that did not belong originally to the child as it lived. Even the hair showed in woolly tufts over the tightly stretched skin of the skull. The lips were slightly parted in a horrible grin, the white teeth showing between them. The shrunken limbs accentuated the larger bones of the joints, and added another revolting feature to the mummy. It was seated cross-legged upon a common piece of sacking, its hands touching the ground on either side of its hips, in a most natural and ordinary position. In fact it was the very resemblance to life that rendered it most revolting.

This, then, was H——'s secret.

This horrid, undecayed, dead thing that ought to have been dust centuries ago—powerless to move or speak, and yet instilling into his mind a feeling of abject terror.

I laughed aloud, for, to tell the truth, I had feared to find some nasty venomous beast—some snake or scorpion—in the cupboard.

But all of a sudden my laughter ceased, for slowly the door closed, just, as I remembered then, it had previously opened. I distinctly felt a cold sensation creep up my spine and die away somewhere in my neck—a feeling that I recognised as terror.

Then I realised that the wind might easily have occasioned so simple a thing as the opening and closing of the cupboard, and that it was only the strained state of my nerves that had upset me. I opened the cupboard again. At the first glance everything seemed the same, until I suddenly noticed that the position of the hands of the mummy had altered, and the arms had bent, the hooked fingers of the hands being extended before it, as if preparing to scratch. Pulling myself together, I tried to make myself believe that it had been so when first I had seen it; but the more I attempted to persuade myself, the more certain I became that it had moved. All this takes a long time to describe, but I doubt if I had been in the room above a minute.

Again I felt the same cold creepy sensation in my back, and realised that it was now or never; that H—— and his wife's future were at stake, and that I should never dare face him with my task unaccomplished.

With a spring forward I seized the tiny creature and hurried with it, holding it out in front of me, from the room. As we entered

the courtyard the fire blazed up, and at the same moment I found myself in the most terrible state that in all my experiences I have ever felt; for the *thing* was moving, slowly at first, but vigorously and more vigorously as we neared the flames. God! I could not shake it off, though I thrust it right over the fire. With teeth and hands it held on, and just as I thought myself free, would grasp with its dead dry hands or its cold teeth to one or other of my fingers. I almost shrieked with horror at my situation, but struggled on, until at last, its infernal strength worn out, it sank into the midst of the flames. The tar or resin with which it had been mummified caught fire, blazed for a moment, and destroyed it for ever. My nerves were now in such a state that I feared madness, nor do I know what would have happened had I not heard H——'s voice calling at the door of the house for me to open. I staggered across the court and drew back the bolt.

"You have done it?" he asked, excitedly.

I pointed to the fire, for I could not speak, and H——, seeing my state, led me to a chair and plied me with wine, under the influence of which I was soon myself again.

We sat up all night, for neither of us dared think of sleep—fearful of dreams—and in the morning burned the black cupboard and its padlocks. I did not tell H—— of

my experiences, for from the very first I could see the enormous relief that the destruction of his "fetish" had brought about in him, and I judged his state of mind to be such that a tale of horror would easily upset him. He asked no questions, except the one I had answered by pointing to the fire, and we avoided all mention of the subject, passing the hours that yet remained till daylight in conjuring up recollections of our lives at home. Confidences that we would neither of us have bestowed upon the other came freely to our lips, and we spoke as friends might do who had known each other all their lives.

I stayed on until his bride arrived,—a pretty, fair English girl,—and then I left them. But they did not remain in Amnat long, for through some friends of mine I was able to find him a better post in one of our colonies, where to-day he is a man of some little importance and the father of a family.

Whether the old negro woman who had regularly come at intervals revisited him I never knew, nor did we ever mention again before my departure the incidents of that night. I have never seen him since. Some day perhaps I will hunt him up and obtain from him the information that will fill up the gaps in this story. But at present I have told all I know about it.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

So far back as 1829, Charles Greville records in his diary that Mr Lemon, the keeper of the State Paper Office, had shown him the original documents relating to the Gunpowder Plot, which he was then sorting and indexing;¹ and "exceedingly curious" they were in Greville's opinion, for there then came to light for the first time those famous manuscripts now so familiar to us—the warning letter to Lord Monteagle, King James's instructions as to the "gentler tortures,"² and Guy Fawkes's own depositions taken down as he lay stretched upon the rack. A few years later, Mr David Jardine embodied the substance of these documents in the preface to the second volume of his 'Criminal Trials'; and twenty years afterwards, in 1857, he rearranged his materials in his admirable and exhaustive History of the Plot itself. This little volume was the fruit of almost endless labour and research, for Mr Jardine had ransacked every possible source of information—the Crown Office, the State Paper Office, and the Bodleian Library; and he had access given him by special favour to the *Baga de Secretis*—a large press secured by three different locks and filled with records of attainders, forfeitures, and convictions dating from the reign of Edward IV. Hitherto, Mr Jardine's book has been justly regarded as the standard work on this intricate and difficult subject;

and his views and conclusions have been generally accepted by historians of repute such as Dr Lingard and Mr Rawson Gardiner. But *singula prædantur anni*—Time is constantly robbing us of our dearest illusions, especially in matters of history. Most of the familiar legends of our childhood—Arthur and his Round Table, Alfred and his cakes, Clarence and his Malmsey Butt—have been ruthlessly consigned to the limbo of romance; and now, in the present year of grace, comes Father Gerard, armed with a host of authorities to prove that Guy Fawkes and his lantern, his cellar and his powder-barrels, are as mythical as Tobit and his Dog, or the She-Wolf and the Twins; that "the true history of the Gunpowder Plot is now known to no man, and that the history commonly received is certainly untrue."³ And by way of emphasis the motto prefixed to his volume is a quotation from Sir Edward Coke's speech at the trial, "Ages to come will be in doubt whether it [the Plot] were a fact or a fiction."⁴

Clearly it must be admitted that Father Gerard has the courage of his opinions, and in his apparently impossible task of proving a negative to all previous conclusions on the subject he has analysed and dissected the evidence before him with the critical ingenuity of his Order, and has brought to bear upon his work that spirit of laborious research which in a larger

¹ Journal, vol. i. p. 161.

² "Let the gentler tortures be used first unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tendatur*—and so by degrees let him be racked to the last extremity."

³ 'What was the Gunpowder Plot?' By John Gerard, S.J., p. 234.

⁴ "Quis hæc posteris sic narrare poterit, ut facta non ficta videantur?"

sphere and by other hands has given us the monumental history of the Fathers of the Church.¹ If we cannot always accept the author's conclusions or adopt his train of reasoning, it is not from want of faith in his *bona fides* or honesty of purpose. From first to last he seems animated by a strong desire to extract the truth from the complicated and often contradictory narratives before him, and to be singularly fair and impartial in his estimate of men and events. If he cannot be always said to have "extenuated nothing," he has certainly "set down nought in malice." If he errs, it is in the excess of that critical ingenuity mentioned above, which has led him in more than one instance to raise difficulties and detect errors and discrepancies which to an ordinary mind are non-existent. It could hardly, of course, be expected that Father Gerard should use warm terms of praise in describing a statesman like Cecil or an Attorney-General like Coke; still less that he should dwell upon the double-dealing (to use the mildest term) of characters like Tresham and Garnet. But *suppressis supprimendis*—if we may coin the phrase—he has told his story well, and if he has not proved much—indeed he says himself that his conclusions are purely negative—he has certainly made many ingenious suggestions, has added some interesting details, and has thrown new light on several phases of what might have seemed a barren and exhausted episode of our political history.

There is probably no trial in our annals of which such abundant materials are left for forming a judgment, and yet of which as

regards many of the details it is wellnigh impossible to arrive at the truth. From the very first the Government seemed determined to publish just as much and just as little as suited their own political purpose. For six months after the arrest of Fawkes the king's commissioners continued their investigations. The three greatest lawyers of the day gave their closest attention to the subject. No less than five hundred depositions and examinations were taken down from the lips of the various conspirators; and yet, when the "King's Book" (wrongly ascribed to James himself), purporting to give "a true and perfect account" of the Plot, was published shortly afterwards, only two of these countless examinations appeared in it—namely, Guy Fawkes's "declaration" and the confession of Thomas Winter. As Mr Jardine has pointed out, so far from being a "true and perfect account," "it is obviously a false and imperfect relation of the proceedings; a tale artfully garbled and misrepresented, like so many others of the same age, to serve a State purpose." Any fact that told in favour of the accused is distorted or deliberately suppressed, and any circumstances likely to damage the Catholics and their religion are highly coloured and exaggerated. Then, again, the histories written by the Jesuit Fathers, by way of counterblast, to correct and qualify their opponents' statements, are themselves partial and misleading. Even Father Greenway's narrative, on which Lingard bases his own account of the Plot, though true enough probably as regards the main facts and motives of the conspiracy, is cer-

¹ Abbé Migne, S.J., *Patrologia Latina*, 221 vols.

tainly by no means trustworthy as regards the latter part of the history. And when we come to the State trials both of Catesby and his companions, and subsequently of Father Garnet, we enter an atmosphere of lying witnesses and tainted evidence, of spies and informers, of perjury and equivocation, of confessions made, like Tresham's, under threats of torture and afterwards recanted in the pangs of death, of garbled fragments of conversations treacherously overheard by the Government hirelings, or of declarations extorted, as in the case of Bates and Fawkes, on the rack itself.

From the days of Catiline to the Communists there have been always reckless and desperate adventurers ready to take vengeance on society for real or fancied injuries. Such desperadoes are in fact among the commonplaces of history. But in this case the conspirators, so far from being needy spendthrifts or social waifs and strays, were in seven instances at least, as Coke described them, "gentlemen of good houses, of excellent parts, and of very competent fortunes and estates." Catesby himself was the lineal descendant of Richard III.'s favourite Minister, and was the heir to large estates in the Midlands. He is said to have been tall, of a noble presence and most dignified and attractive manners. John Wright, one of the best swordsmen of his time, and Thomas Winter, an accomplished linguist, both belonged to old county families. Thomas Percy was related to the Earl of Northumberland, and was certainly in easy circumstances. Tresham and Rookwood represented two of the most

opulent and ancient houses in England. Sir Everard Digby, one of the most chivalrous and high-minded men of the day, belonged to a talented as well as wealthy family. Nor was Fawkes himself the ruffian and hired assassin of popular legend. He was a Yorkshire gentleman of good birth, who had spent his patrimony and then enlisted as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army; and, if we may believe Father Greenway, "was a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of cheerful demeanour, and an enemy of broils." Certainly, it could have been no question of money or earthly goods, still less was it disappointed ambition or the mere restless desire for change, which drove these "gentlemen of name and blood" (as Fawkes called them) to embark on such a desperate scheme of revenge; and we must seek for their motives in their position and the circumstances of the time. They had most of them suffered either in themselves or in their families from the Penal Laws—"a code as savage as can be conceived since the foundation of the world"¹—which pressed with intolerable severity upon the rich and distinguished Catholics. Without accepting every detail of Lingard's highly coloured picture, there can be no doubt of the suffering and ruin caused by these atrocious Acts of Parliament, which impoverished and disgraced men whose only fault was that they clung too closely to the faith of their forefathers. It is true that these laws were not always enforced, and had in fact lain dormant during the first two years of James I.'s reign; but, probably

¹ The late Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge to Lord Mayor Knill, November 9, 1892.

acting on the advice of Cecil, who both hated and feared the Jesuits, the king soon reverted to the severe system of Elizabeth. "Recusants"—i.e., those who would not attend a Protestant church—were fined £20 for every month of absence. The priests were proscribed and banished, and it was a capital felony to harbour a Jesuit. The judges received strict orders to enforce the Penal Laws, and at the summer assizes of 1604 several unoffending laymen were sentenced to death at Manchester and Salisbury merely for attending mass.¹ Francis Tresham's father had paid £200 annually for twenty-four years in the way of fines. Rookwood's cousin, Edward, of Euston Hall, had been reduced to beggary by fines, and died in the prison of Bury St Edmunds; and he had himself been indicted before the Middlesex magistrates as a notorious recusant. Catesby, again, had been almost ruined by the enormous amount (£30,000) imposed upon him for his share in the Essex conspiracy. Furthermore, there seemed to be an even gloomier outlook in the future, for James had expressed to his Council "his utter detestation of that superstitious religion," and declared "that he would rather see his son and heir buried before his eyes, if he thought that he would favour it after him."² Bancroft, the archbishop, had sternly told some Catholics, when they had humbly begged for relief from their intolerable burdens, that "the measures of Elizabeth, which they thought severe, would be found mild indeed in comparison with those soon to be passed and executed against them."

Not only was there a bitter feeling of resentment among these proud and sensitive country gentlemen, who saw their religion proscribed and their families reduced from affluence to poverty, but there was also the remembrance of all the righteous blood that had been shed in the merciless persecution of the priests and Jesuits in the last reign, that dark tale of wrong and suffering which may be read in the pages of Froude—of the victims who had languished in the Tower or perished under the executioner's knife; the "Scavenger's Daughter" and the "Little Ease," the rack and the quartering-block, which had been the portion of Campion and his companions. It was not difficult for Catesby and his friends to persuade themselves that they were engaged in a sacred cause, that some of the more ardent spirits should have had the "Passion of our Lord" engraved upon their swords, and honestly believed that "they were entering on a crusade for the greater glory of God."³ Desperate diseases, as Fawkes said, require desperate remedies; and thus it was that after long brooding over their wrongs, hopeless of redress and despairing of earthly justice, they deliberately planned their appalling crime. Hume, in an eloquent passage, puts *more suo* into Catesby's mouth the sentiments which probably animated him and his companions:—

"To serve any good purpose, we must destroy at one blow the king, the royal family, the lords, the commons; and bury all our enemies in one common ruin. . . . Choosing the very moment when the king harangues both Houses, we must consign over

¹ Gardiner's History of England, i. 225.

² I.e., Prince Henry, who was supposed to favour the Catholics.

³ Butler's History of the English Catholics, iii. 284.

to destruction these determined foes to all piety and religion. Meanwhile, we ourselves, standing aloof, safe, and unsuspected, shall triumph in being the instruments of divine wrath; and shall behold, with pleasure, those sacrilegious walls, in which were passed the edicts for proscribing our Church and butchering her children, tost into a thousand fragments; while their impious inhabitants meditating, perhaps, still new persecutions against us, pass from flames above to flames below; there for ever to endure the torments due to their offences.”¹

How sincere the belief of the conspirators was that they were doing God service by destroying the king and his nobles, may be seen from a letter written by Sir Everard Digby to his wife shortly before his execution, in which he expresses his grief and astonishment that the enterprise for which he had sacrificed all earthly happiness was generally condemned both by the priests and laymen of his own communion. “If,” he says, “I thought there had been the least sin in it, I would not have been in it for all the world; and no other cause drew me to hazard my fortune and life but zeal in God’s religion.” So again Ambrose Rookwood, the most gentle and lovable of men, a devoted husband and father, and of blameless personal character, was no less firmly convinced that his undertaking was justifiable in the sight of God and man:—

“The procession to the place of execution in Palace Yard passed by a house in the Strand in which Rookwood’s wife lodged. She had placed herself at an open window; and Rookwood, raising himself as well as he

could from the hurdle on which he was drawn, called upon his wife to ‘pray for him.’ She replied in a clear and strong voice, ‘I will! I will! and do you offer yourself with a good heart to God and your Creator! I yield you to Him with as full an assurance that you will be accepted of Him as when He gave you to me.’”²

Father Gerard ridicules and discredits the traditional story of the Plot. He disbelieves in the mine and the barrels of gunpowder, and is severe as well as sarcastic in his comments on the position of Guy Fawkes’s cellar, which he says seems to have followed the House of Lords from St Stephen’s Palace to the House of Requests, and from the House of Requests to the Painted Chamber. All the familiar details of the story seem to him equally absurd and preposterous:—

“A group of men, known for as dangerous characters as any in England, men, in Cecil’s own words, ‘spent in their fortunes,’ ‘hunger-starved for innovations,’ ‘turbulent spirits,’ and ‘fit for all alterations,’ take a house within the precincts of a royal palace, and close to the Upper House of Parliament, dig a mine, hammer away for over two months at the wall, acquire and bring in four tons of gunpowder, storing it in a large and conspicuous chamber immediately beneath that of the Peers, and covering it with an amount of fuel sufficient for a royal establishment, and meanwhile those responsible for the government of the country have not even the faintest suspicion of any possible danger. ‘Never,’ it is said, ‘was treason more secret, or ruin more apparently inevitable,’ while the Secretary of State himself declared that such ruin was

¹ Lingard (vii. 25), the Catholic apologist, expresses the same idea in other words: “They pronounced it a lawful retribution to bury the authors of their wrongs amidst the ruins of the edifice in which laws so cruel and oppressive had been devised and enacted.”

² Jardine, p. 154. This anecdote is quoted from the Greenway MS.

averted only by the direct interposition of Heaven, in a manner nothing short of miraculous."¹

Against this it may be said that the main facts of the Plot rest upon what has always been regarded as indisputable testimony, and have been accepted by writers whose knowledge of the period is (to say the least) as accurate, and whose researches are as extensive, as those of Father Gerard himself. History is as full of surprises as life itself, and to reject a story simply because it is improbable would be tantamount to asserting that our actions are governed by laws as unvarying as arithmetical formulæ. Moreover, it may be added that adventures usually come to the adventurous, and that the men who had the audacity to conceive such a scheme were not likely to be deterred by any ordinary difficulties. Taking the facts as they have been stated times out of number, there seems nothing intrinsically improbable in the secrecy preserved by the conspirators in a populous neighbourhood, or in their disposal of the stones and soil they excavated, or in the engineering work itself, though (as Mr Gardiner naïvely puts it) "it was not an easy task getting through nine feet of wall." They had the requisite tools and implements; they worked continuously by relays; the Thames was close at hand; and if they found means to ferry over their gunpowder from Lambeth, they could

with equal ease dispose of the *débris* from the excavation. The daring and ingenuity of criminals is a commonplace of history as well as of fiction. Colonel Blood's attempt to steal the regalia from the Tower, single-handed and in the broad light of day, was a more audacious attempt, and far more nearly successful; and without going back to the exploits of Edmond Dantes or Jack Sheppard, we may quote a recent case reported in the newspapers, where a convict in Pentonville had bored through a brick wall, making an aperture large enough to force his body through; had concealed the opening with leaves torn from his Bible, and then whitened with dust from the wall; had ground the bricks thus removed to powder, which he hid in his mattress; had constructed a ladder fifty feet long from the lathes of his bedstead; and then had finally made his escape—and all this with warders and officials constantly making their rounds.² This seems to us quite as wonderful in its way as the work of the conspirators in the cellar. No doubt there are certain inconsistencies and discrepancies in the story as it has come down to us, and it is difficult after the lapse of time and the destruction of the old Houses of Parliament to fix the exact spot where Fawkes was arrested or even the position of the cellar itself.³ But this does not affect the evidence as to the material facts; and we certainly do not think that

¹ Gerard, p. 76.

² Daily Telegraph, October 13, 1896.

³ It is, however, worth noting that when the foundations of the old House of Lords were examined in 1823, distinct traces of the conspirators' work were discovered. "At the north side [of a small room adjoining the ancient kitchen] there had been an opening, a doorway of very solid thick masonry, through which there was a way seemingly forced by great violence. . . . In 1799 it was asserted that this was always understood to be the place where the conspirators broke into the vault which adjoined that called Guy Fawkes's cellar." Mr William Capon in '*Vetusta Monumenta*,' vol. v., quoted in Gerard, p. 87.

Father Gerard is justified in calling them "amazing contradictions."¹

We may pass on to another debatable question, which is discussed at great length by Father Gerard—namely, the alleged complicity of the Government in the matter. There can be no doubt that this idea was widely prevalent, and shared in by writers both Protestant and Catholic of various types of mind. Sanderson, Welwood, Goodman, Osborn, Oldmixon, and even Burnet and Fuller, bear witness to the impression that the Ministers had "secretly spun the web to entrap these poor gentlemen," and that "the design was first hammered on the forge of Cecil." Indeed, James I. had to a certain extent countenanced these ideas by calling November 5 "Cecil's Holiday":—

"So extreme, indeed, does the incredulity and uncertainty appear to have been, that the Puritan Prynne is inclined to suspect Bancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to have been engaged in the conspiracy; while one of the furious zealots who followed the lead of Titus Oates mournfully testified that there were those in his day who looked upon the Powder Treason 'as upon a romantic story or a politic invention or a State trick,' giving no more credence to it than to the 'histories of the Grand Cyrus or Amadis the Gaul'—or, as we should now say, Jack the Giant-Killer."²

Much of all this must be put down to Cecil's personal unpopularity, and to the general belief in his Machiavellian astuteness. No Minister that ever lived was so feared and hated. He seemed to have inherited a double portion of the statecraft of Burleigh and Walsingham. He was the "man of many wiles"—the Ulysses of the Privy Council; and his dark and inscrutable character, his ten-

acity of purpose, the untiring zeal with which he unravelled a plot or wormed the secret out of the heart of a conspirator, made him as terrible a personage to the Catholics as Alva or Richelieu were to the Protestants. After his wife's death it is doubtful if Cecil had a friend in the world; and there was a general sense of relief in England when it was known that the little crooked-backed Minister, who had sent so many nobler men to their deaths before him, was at last dead himself. But though there is no foundation for the belief that Cecil was "the fabricator of a bogus conspiracy," it does not therefore follow that the Government was living in a fool's paradise during the eighteen months that elapsed between the conspirators' oath of secrecy and the meeting of Parliament. Hints and rumours of a plot had undoubtedly leaked out. Cecil had an army of secret agents who noted the comings and goings of every recusant squire and Jesuit seminarist throughout the kingdom. Spies of the type of Tilletson and Southwick were sending in daily reports to headquarters. And, though Father Gerard seems to us somewhat over-confident in stating that the particular "treason" reported to Cecil by two of his agents "was none other than the Gunpowder Plot," there is no doubt that he was practically well aware that some mischief was brewing, and in a letter to the Ambassadors, written after the failure of the Plot, he says as much himself: "I had sufficient advertisement that most of these who are now fled [*i.e.*, the conspirators] had a practice in hand for some stir this Parliament."³ Probably the intelligence had come

¹ Gerard, p. 139.

² *Ibid.*, p. 47.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 110.

from France. The French spies in Rome had informed the Duke of Sully that some great blow was soon to be struck by the Catholics, and Sully had passed on the intelligence to Cecil. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the Minister had secret information from various sources. To quote Mr Hepworth Dixon's somewhat theatrical language: "A sorcerer named Wright, a spy named Williams, and an informer named Col sent warnings to Cecil, whose agents were in Enfield Chase, in Warwick, in Stratford, in Dunchurch, following the Jesuits from mass to funeral, from pilgrimage to hunt, counting their number, marking their proselytes, mapping out their haunts."¹

It has always been a debated point as to which of the conspirators violated his solemn oath of secrecy and practically gave warning to the Government in the famous letter to Lord Monteagle. Father Gerard's own opinion apparently is that Thomas Percy was the traitor, and he mentions several circumstances which tend to inculcate him. It is certain that his moral character was by no means blameless and that he was leading a double life, being looked up to in Yorkshire "as the chief pillar of papistry," while in London he was frequenting wine-shops and worse places, with two wives on his hands at once. He had been seen by a reliable witness coming out late at night from Cecil's house just before the discovery of the Plot, and had been allowed the use "of three good horses," as he was posting to town from the north "on the king's special service." Then it has been hinted by more than one writer that Percy was purposely shot

down in the courtyard at Holbeach House to prevent his making inconvenient disclosures afterwards. It was no uncommon thing (as Lord Castlemaine expressed it) to hang the spaniel after the game had been secured; and Bishop Goodman anticipates Father Gerard's idea, as well as probably represents the current gossip of the day, when he writes that "the great statesman [Cecil] gave special charge and direction for Percy and Catesby, 'Let me never see them alive,' who, it may be, would have some evil counsel given." Furthermore, the lucky man who killed these two conspirators at a single shot received a liberal pension—a pound a-day for his life—though we may remark (*pace* Father Gerard) that the reward for getting rid of these two conspirators seems by no means exorbitant, whether we regard them as dangerous traitors or as compromising witnesses.

Such is the summary of Father Gerard's argument in his seventh chapter, and we give it for what it is worth. It might be objected (and with some reason) that Percy was too deeply compromised in the Plot to venture to play the traitor; that his supposed visits to Cecil rest on the testimony of a single witness; that his journey from the north was to bring Lord Northumberland his rents; that the king's pass and order for posting-horses may have been procured by the earl himself; and that both he and Catesby were shot down at Holbeach while making a desperate resistance, standing back to back, sword in hand, and fighting furiously. In fact death probably came to both of them as a release: they had been daunted by their failure and by the open hostility shown

¹ Her Majesty's Tower (fourth edition), ii. 158.

even by their Catholic friends; they had been chased from county to county by the hue and cry; and finally the accidental explosion of their own powder-flasks completed their discomfiture, and seemed the very judgment of God upon their iniquitous scheme.

Upon another of the conspirators, rightly or wrongly, suspicion fastened at once. Francis Tresham (Catesby's cousin) had been only asked to join the Plot at the last moment on account of his great wealth, and from the first was distrusted by his companions. He was the owner of Rushton—a fine estate in the heart of the Midlands—where the famous Triangular Lodge, built by his father and covered from roof to basement with armorial bearings and intricate emblems of the Trinity, still delights and bewilders the archaeologist. Tresham had always been a restless and discontented spirit. He had taken part in the Essex rebellion, and had been heavily fined in consequence. Personally he was timid and irresolute, a half-hearted traitor, brooding over his family wrongs and eager to avenge them—

“Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.”

He had two brothers-in-law among the thirty Catholic peers in the House; and probably others of the band were reluctant to involve the innocent in the same destruction as the guilty. We know that even Fawkes was anxious to spare his patron, Lord Montague. Catesby alone insisted on the folly and danger of exciting suspicion; though he afterwards gave way to Sir Everard Digby, and assured him that “such of the nobility as are worth saving shall be preserved and yet know not of the matter.”

Tresham himself, though sworn to secrecy like the rest, did all he could to discourage the actual execution of the Plot; and after vainly trying to induce his friends to take a ship which he had ready moored for them in the Thames and escape to Flanders, he unquestionably either wrote himself or had written for him—the more probable supposition—the letter which disclosed the Plot to his brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle. His friends naturally had better opportunities than we have for guessing who was the traitor in the camp, and so certain were Catesby and Winter of his treason that they summoned him to meet them in Enfield Chase, and had he not absolutely denied all knowledge of the compromising letter, they would have poniarded him there and then. But what reliance can be put in the denial of a man—even if he denies a fact “on the salvation of his soul”—whose favourite reading is the ‘Treatise on Equivocation,’ and who died literally with a lie on his lips? Contrasting him with such men as Catesby and Fawkes, he appears the most contemptible character in the Plot; and as Queen Mary preferred Lindesay to Ruthven, so our sympathies are with the bolder villains rather than with “the smoother but deeper traitor.” Tresham was left at large for more than a week after Fawkes had been arrested, and was then committed to the Tower. He made a long and laboured defence, in which he inculpated every one except himself. Then, fortunately for all concerned, he was seized with a mortal disease—for there is not the slightest evidence that poison or violence was used—and in his death-bed confession he withdrew his charge against the Jesuits—nay more, as Mr Gardiner

says, "in the mere recklessness of lying" he solemnly stated that he had not seen Garnet for sixteen years. For once in a way Sir Edward Coke's language is not too strong for the occasion: "This is the fruit of equivocation (the book whereof was found in Tresham's desk), to affirm manifest falsehoods upon his salvation *in ipso articulo mortis*. It is true that no man may judge in this case, for *inter pontem et fontem* he might find grace; but it is the most fearful example I ever knew to be made so evident as now this is."¹

Adverting again to the famous letter, it seems, as Father Gerard says, hardly credible that the astute and cautious Tresham should have used such a clumsy contrivance, without any previous communication, to warn Lord Monteagle. It is far more probable, as Father Greenway, Mr Jardine, and other writers suggest, that the letter itself was a blind—"a device of the Government to cover Tresham's treachery, or from some other State reason to conceal the true source whence the information was derived."² Lord Monteagle was selected as a convenient go-between, being on intimate terms with several of the conspirators as well as in high favour with Cecil. It is clear that he expected to receive this letter; that he went to supper at Hoxton knowing it would be delivered to him there; and that he purposely handed it to Thomas Ward (a friend of Winter's) to read, that he might warn the conspirators. Had they only taken the hint and fled at once to Flanders, Tresham's object would have been accomplished, and he would have averted the danger from his friends in the

House of Lords and at the same time have saved his other friends—the conspirators—from the commission and the consequences of a great crime.

Cecil probably knew the purport of the letter beforehand and told the Council its secret meaning; but it hardly needed an Œdipus or a Solomon to solve this riddle, although it was an article of faith both then and subsequently, as expressed by Coke at the trial and in the preamble to the special service for the Fifth of November, that this dark secret was brought to light by a divine inspiration emanating from the king's most excellent majesty. James himself was especially proud of his sagacity, and more than once alluded to it in the manner described in 'Nigel':—

"By my saul, Steenie, ye are not blate to say so!" said the king. "Do I not ken the smell of pouthier, think ye? Who else nosed out the fifth of November, save our royal selves? Cecil and Suffolk and all of them were at fault, like sae many mongrel tykes, when I puzzled it out; and trow ye that I cannot smell pouthier? Why, 'sblood, man, Joannes Barclaius thought my ingine was in some measure inspiration, and terms his history of the plot, "Series patefacti divinitus parricidii"; and Spondanus, in like manner, saith of us, "Divinitus evasit."'"³

The delay which took place between the receipt of the letter and the search made in the cellar seems to Father Gerard altogether inexplicable. "Can it be imagined," he says, "that any Minister in his right senses would have allowed the existence of a danger so appalling to have continued so long, and have suffered a desperado like Fawkes to have gone on

¹ Letter to Lord Salisbury.

² Jardine's Gunpowder Plot, p. 91.

³ Nigel, chap. xxvii.

knocking about with his flint and steel and lanthorn in a powder-magazine beneath the Houses of Parliament?"¹ This and what follows seems to us somewhat captious criticism. Until Parliament actually met, there was little danger of a premature explosion. It was no part of Cecil's policy either to hurry matters or strike the blow too soon. The Lords of the Council had agreed that the search should be purposely delayed as long as possible, so that the final capture of the conspirators might be more complete. Probably also, as Bishop Goodman puts it, the arrest of Fawkes was partly delayed till the last moment in order to increase the stage effect of Cecil's triumph: "The king must have the honour to interpret that it must be by gunpowder; and the very night before Parliament began it was to be discovered, to make the matter the more odious and the deliverance the more miraculous. No less than the Lord Chamberlain must search for it and discover it, and Faux with his dark lantern must be apprehended."²

The picturesque details of the search and the discovery of the gunpowder are too well known to need description here. Then followed the headlong flight of the conspirators, as fast as their horses would carry them, eighty miles in less than eight hours, from London to Ashby St Legers, the ancient home of the Catesbys. The old manor-house, with its oriel windows, gabled roof, and ivy-covered parapets, stands much as it stood when those desperate men on their tired horses broke in upon Lady Catesby's supper-party; and a wainscoted hall (now used as a billiard-room) is probably the ac-

tual chamber where Lady Catesby was about to sup when her unwelcome guests arrived. A room of timber and plaster work above the gateway is still known as the "Plot-room," where, according to local tradition, Catesby and his friends were accustomed to meet. From Ashby the party rode on to Dunchurch, seizing arms and horses as they went along, and vainly trying to rally the Catholic gentlemen to their side. Then followed the pursuit by the Sheriff and his *posse comitatus*, and the last desperate stand at Holbeach House, when five of the band were shot down and the remainder carried off to London. Fawkes had been left at his solitary post till he was suddenly pounced upon and taken to Whitehall, where at midnight he was brought before the Lords of the Council, who had assembled in the king's bedchamber. He showed a reckless and undaunted demeanour, would admit nothing and confess nothing—not even his own name, still less that of his friends: he told James to his face that he would have killed him as an excommunicated heretic; and when a Scottish noble asked him what the barrels of gunpowder were intended for, he fiercely retorted, "To blow the Scotch beggars back to their mountains." Even Cecil was struck by his haughty self-possession. "In all this action," he wrote, "he is no more dismayed—nay, scarce any more troubled—than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway." It was not until Fawkes had been tortured almost beyond the limits of human endurance that his resolution at last gave way, and he allowed himself to sign the declaration which appears in the

¹ Gerard, p. 133.

² Court of King James I., p. 105.

so-called "King's Book." A man of such iron nerves and inflexible courage would scarcely be hindered by the difficulties which Father Gerard apparently regards as insuperable.

"If the session was to begin on November 5th, how could Fawkes hope not only to remain in possession, but to carry on his strange proceedings unobserved, amid the crowd of lacqueys and officials with whom the opening of Parliament by the sovereign must needs have flooded the premises? How was he, unobserved, to get into the fatal 'cellar'?"

"*Probl.* If it would have been hard for Guy Fawkes to get into the 'cellar,' how was he ever to get out of it again? We are so accustomed to the idea of darkness and obscurity in connection with him and his business, as perhaps to forget that his project was to have been executed in the very middle of the day, about noon or shortly afterwards. The king was to come in state with retinue and guards, and attended by a large concourse of spectators, who, as is usual on such occasions, would throng every nook and corner whence could be obtained a glimpse of the building in which the royal speech was being delivered. It cannot be doubted, in particular, that the open spaces adjacent to the house itself would be strongly guarded, and the populace not suffered to approach too near the sacred precincts, more especially when, as we have seen, so many suspicions were abroad of danger to his sacred majesty, and to the Parliament. On a sudden, a door immediately beneath the spot where the flower of the nation were assembled would be unlocked and opened, and there would issue therefrom a man, 'looking like a very tall and desperate fellow,' booted and spurred, and equipped for travel. He was to have but a quarter of an hour to save himself from the ruin he had prepared. What possible chance was there that he would have been allowed to pass?"¹

To this we may reply that a man who has for months carried his life in his hands, who has the courage and fanaticism of a Felton or a Ravallac, is not likely to flinch at the supreme moment of action. As Fawkes told his captors, if they had seized him only a moment later, he would have fired the train and blown both them and himself into eternity. If he thought of escaping at all, he probably trusted to pass unnoticed in the crowd and confusion, when he would either have galloped off to join his friends or have gone on board the yacht that was lying ready near the Parliament Stairs and have sailed to Flanders. But more probably, as Charles Lamb suggests in his ingenious essay, "this arch-bigot," "this heart-whole traitor," this "best of cut-throats"—"regardless of the lives of others and more than indifferent to his own"—remained at his post with the desperate courage of the leader of a forlorn hope; "armed with the Holy Spirit and with fire, he was the Church's chosen servant and her blessed martyr."²

The subsequent fate of the conspirators was a foregone conclusion. They had engaged in an atrocious enterprise, and had most justly forfeited their lives. The tedious examinations and interrogations, which lasted for weeks, were carried on, not to prove their guilt, which was unquestionable, but—if possible—to implicate the Jesuits who were still at large; and it is a noticeable fact that on the very day on which Garnet was arrested at Hendlip the first batch of criminals were dragged from the Tower to execution. For a long time they preserved an obstinate silence; and even a

¹ Gerard, pp. 142, 143.

² Eliana, "Guy Faux."

month after their apprehension Cecil wrote: "Most of the prisoners have wilfully sworn that the priests knew anything in particular, and obstinately refuse to be accusers of them—yea, what torture so ever they be put to." With a refinement of cruelty Lord Dunfermline had suggested that "they should be confined apart in darkness, should be examined by torchlight, and that the tortures should be slow and at intervals, as being more effective";¹ and there is no doubt that the rack and thumb-screws were in daily use either in the "Plot-room" in the lieutenant's lodgings or in that grim vaulted chamber which still exists beneath the armoury. Confessions of some kind or another were at last wrung from the wretched victims; but how much or how little was dictated or suggested by the Commissioners, or how much was garbled or suppressed subsequently, it is impossible even to conjecture. Father Gerard gives some remarkable instances of the manner in which these so-called "declarations" were manipulated by the Lords of the Council; and in one case—that of Robert Winter—it appears from a manuscript at Hatfield that the copy of his confession was actually made two days before the original was signed.² Fawkes's own "declaration" also appears to have been grossly tampered with; and probably in every instance, only fragments of the true and actual statement made by the prisoner were brought into court or printed for the public benefit. It must be remembered that the only evidence against these unfortunate men rested on their extorted depositions; and,

as in the case of Garnet, only the admissions which bore heavily against the accused were selected and read, while other statements, which qualified these admissions and suggested their innocence, were purposely suppressed. As Mr Jardine most truly remarks: "This mode of dealing with the statements of an accused person is pure and unmixed injustice. It is in truth a forgery of evidence; for when a qualified statement is made, the suppression of the qualification is obviously no less a forgery than if the whole statement had been fabricated."³ A flagrant instance of this unpardonable suppression of evidence is given by Father Gerard:—

"In regard of the oath of secrecy taken by the conspirators, Fawkes (November 9, 1605) and Thomas Winter (January 9, 1605-1606) related how they administered it to one another, 'in a chamber,' to quote Winter, 'where no other body was, and afterwards proceeded to another chamber where they heard Mass and received Communion at the hands of Father Gerard. Both witnesses, however, emphatically declared that the Father knew nothing of the oath that had been taken, or of the purpose of the associates. Such testimony in favour of one whom they were anxious above all things to incriminate, the Government would not allow to appear. Accordingly Sir E. Coke, preparing the documents to be used in court as evidence, marked off the exculpatory passages, with directions that they were not to be read. Having thus suppressed the passage which declared that the Jesuit was unaware of the conspirators' purpose, and of their oath, Coke went on to inform the jury, in his speech, 'This oath was by Gerard the Jesuit given to Catesby, Percy, Christopher Wright, and Thomas Winter, and by Greenwell [Greenway] the Jesuit to

¹ Gerard, App. K, p. 259.

² Ibid., p. 163 *et seq.*

³ Jardine's Gunpowder Plot, p. 226.

Bates at another time, and so the rest.”¹

Only a short time previously, Raleigh had been condemned on the written testimony of a single witness, who was not even produced in court, in spite of his remonstrance: “You try me by the Spanish Inquisition, if you proceed only by circumstances without two witnesses.” To this the Chief Justice (Popham) replied: “If three conspire a treason, and they all confess it, here is never a witness and yet they are condemned.” This was, in fact, the established law and custom of the period. Witnesses were rarely called; but both the judge and the Attorney-General supplied that deficiency by themselves (as in French law-courts at the present time) interrogating the accused with the hope of entrapping them into some unguarded statement or unwary answer. Coke was at this time Attorney-General, and his violent abuse of the unfortunate prisoners and his brutal and overbearing manner have (as Lord Campbell says) “brought permanent disgrace on himself and the English Bar.” He passed all bounds of decency in his savage attack on the gentle and chivalrous Everard Digby:—

“When Sir Everard Digby, interrupting him, said ‘that he did not justify the fact, but confessed that he deserved the vilest death and the most severe punishment that might be, but that he was an humble petitioner for mercy and some moderation of justice,’ Coke replied, with a cold-blooded cruelty which casts an eternal stain upon his memory, ‘that he must

not look to the king to be honoured in the manner of his death, having so far abandoned all religion and humanity in his action; but that he was rather to admire the great moderation and mercy of the king in that, for so exorbitant a crime, no new torture answerable thereto was devised to be inflicted on him. And for his wife and children: whereas he said that for the Catholic cause he was content to neglect the ruin of himself, his wife, his estate, and all, he should have his desire, as it is in the Psalms: Let his wife be a widow, and his children vagabonds: let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be quite put out.’

“I am glad [Lord Campbell adds] for the honour of humanity to quote from the report: ‘Upon the rising of the Court Sir Everard Digby, bowing himself towards the Lords, said, “If I may but hear any of your Lordships say you forgive me, I shall go more cheerfully to the gallows.” Whereunto the Lords said, “God forgive you, and we do.”’”²

We now pass on to the trial of Garnet; and here we may remark that it is at least unfortunate that Father Gerard should have regarded Garnet’s case as “beyond the scope of the present inquiry.” It seems to us impossible to dissociate the guilt or innocence of the Jesuits from that of Catesby and his companions. Furthermore, it is the most involved, the most intricate, and the most keenly debated episode in the whole drama. It engrossed the time of the Lords of the Council for months, and it took the united talent of the English Bar to obtain a conviction. Assuredly, it is more important to know, from a historical point of view, whether Garnet directly or indirectly authorised the plot, than

¹ Gerard, p. 200. He gives a facsimile of the actual manuscript, with the word *hucusque* (up to this point) written in red ink by Coke on the margin of the document.

² Campbell’s *Lives of the Chief Justices*, i. 263.

whether Percy or Tresham wrote the letter to Lord Montague; and again, it is more interesting from every point of view to know Father Gerard's own views on the doctrine of "Equivocation," as expounded and acted upon by Garnet, than to know the exact situation of Guy Fawkes's cellar. "The whole story of the Plot," writes Mr Gardiner, "so far as it relates to the lay conspirators, rests upon indisputable evidence, but as soon as we approach the question of the complicity of the priests, we find ourselves on more uncertain ground."¹

There were three questions to be answered in Garnet's case, as determining his guilt or innocence—Did he know anything of the conspiracy beyond what he heard from Greenway under the seal of confession? was he justified in keeping his information secret, however obtained? and did he behave during the trial with a due regard for truth and sincerity—*i.e.*, how far was his doctrine of Equivocation compatible with the laws of truth and honour?² And here it may be noted that (as Mr Gardiner puts it) the Government shrank from joining issue on the second point (the seal of confession), for "they dreaded the envenomed acrimony of the whole Catholic world. They shrank from taking their stand upon the moral principle that no religious duty, real or supposed, can excuse a man who allows a crime to be committed which he might have prevented."³ Of direct evidence

against Garnet there was literally none, and it was impossible to prove the act of treason charged against him in the indictment; but circumstantial and corroborative evidence was by no means wanting. From the first Garnet had been hand in glove with the chief conspirators. He had been their adviser and confessor, as well as their guest and boon companion. He had been constantly staying under an assumed name at White Webbes, the lonely house in Enfield Chase where the Plot was hatched; a month before the time fixed for its execution he had gone with thirty other Catholics (including Rookwood) on a pilgrimage to St Winifred's Well—apparently, though proof is wanting—to consecrate the great project in hand; thence he had passed on to Sir Everard Digby's house at Goathurst, and then to Coughton, the seat of the old Catholic family of Throckmorton, where he had exhorted his hearers "to pray for some good success to the Catholic cause at the beginning of Parliament," had celebrated a solemn intercessory mass, and had quoted a hymn singularly appropriate to the occasion;⁴ and at last, after wandering from house to house, when his name had been proclaimed as an attainted traitor, he had been tracked down and taken at Hendlip Castle—a favourite refuge for persecuted priests, and provided by the architect, who must have had a sense of prevision, with secret staircases and concealed chambers. Naturally, all these in-

¹ History, i. 258.

² These are Mr Butler's three questions, taken from Father More's account, *Lives of the English Catholics*, iii. 313.

³ History, i. 266.

⁴ "*Gentem auferte perfidam,
Credientium de finibus,*" &c.

But, as Mr Jardine points out, these lines occur in the hymn appointed for All Saints' Day, when this service was celebrated.

criminating circumstances told against the prisoner; but it was not the man so much as the Jesuit system that was the object of Coke's laboured and abusive harangue. Every plot and treasonable intrigue from the days of the Armada was laid to the charge of that secret and ubiquitous society, of which Garnet was the head and superior in England. And though it might be in a certain sense unjust to saddle him with all these antecedent acts of treason, some justification must be found in the all-pervading fear and hatred inspired by the increasing power of the Order itself. It is impossible in these days of tolerance and indifference even to realise faintly the anger and suspicion with which the average Englishman then regarded the Pope, the Jesuits, and all their works.

"In fact, the scene at Guildhall [where Garnet was tried] was a political rather than a judicial spectacle. Neither those who were the principal actors nor the multitude who thronged every approach to the Hall regarded it as the sole or even as the chief question, whether the old man who stood hopeless but undaunted at the bar, and who, even by his own confession, had been acquainted with the recent conspiracy, had looked upon it with favour or abhorrence. It was to them rather an opportunity which had at last been gained of striking a blow against that impalpable system, which seemed to meet them at every turn, and which was the more terrible to the imagination because it contained elements with which the sword and the axe were found to be incapable of dealing. Any man who should have hinted that it was inexpedient that men should be put to death unless their guilt could be proved by the clearest evidence, would have been looked upon as a dreamer, only fit for Utopia. The Pope was still too much dreaded to

make it possible that fair-play should be granted to the supporters of his influence. He was not yet what he became in the days of Bunyan, the old man sitting in his cave, hopelessly nursing his impotent wrath. His power was to Burghley and Salisbury a power which was only a little less, and which might any day become greater, than their own. They thought that if they could get the wolf by the ears, it was the wisest policy, as well as the strictest justice, to hold it fast."¹

It must be admitted that Garnet bore himself with singular courage and dignity throughout the pitiless attacks of Coke and Cecil. Few men could have appeared at the bar under greater disadvantages. He was already prematurely old, and had been weakened by his six weeks' confinement. He had been twenty-three times examined and re-examined in his prison (as he says himself) "by the wisest of the realm." Every sentence in his declarations had been twisted and perverted, with the dread of torture hanging over him perpetually. His conversations with his friend Oldcorn had been treacherously overheard by two Government spies; his private letters from the Tower had been intercepted and used against him; and now he had been dragged out to take his trial before a merciless judge, a hostile jury, and the ablest and—it must be added—the most overbearing Attorney-General known in the history of the Bar. But if circumstances were against him, he made his own case appear tenfold worse by his conduct at the trial. The question which (as we have already said) it was impossible to prove by direct evidence was, whether he had any personal cognisance of the Plot apart from what he heard from Greenway under the seal of

¹ Gardiner, i. 263.

confession. Had he discouraged the idea, or had he aided and abetted the designs of the conspirators? Unfortunately, Garnet's own protestations of innocence are practically worthless. He was convicted of falsehood after falsehood in his examination. Firstly, he had denied all knowledge of the Plot until his conversation with his fellow-prisoner had been overheard in the Tower. Then he had strenuously denied the fact of the conversation itself, until convicted by two witnesses and by the written declaration of his brother Jesuit. He had denied "upon his priesthood" having written to Father Greenway since he was at Coughton, and was confronted by the letter in his own handwriting being produced by the Commissioners. Then he had taken shelter under the detestable doctrine of "Equivocation," declaring that he was morally justified in denying a fact until it was proved against him; that he could lawfully reserve in his mind what he did not utter with his tongue; that he could subsequently, if it seemed necessary, confirm his falsehood (as he had done) by a solemn oath, and that the immorality of a lie consisted in the difference between the words uttered and the intended meaning of the speaker. Though Father Gerard has not touched upon Garnet's moral guilt—possibly indeed he may have shrunk from undertaking his defence—another member of the Society of Jesus has boldly justified his conduct at the trial.

"By equivocation the modern world understands the falsehood from the guilt of which the liar must excuse himself by some double meaning in his own mind, and unexpressed by

gesture, sign, or circumstance. By equivocation Father Garnet understood such speaking as we very unscientifically call 'white lies,' such as the conventional 'not at home,' 'not guilty,' and the whole field of sarcasm, irony, and jokes, in all of which the *something unsaid* is supposed to be sufficiently eloquent to the person addressed to relieve the speaker from the obligation of expressing it."¹

Surely this apology is worthy of Garnet himself. It is both illogical and untrue—the very refinement of casuistry—the quintessence of special pleading; and after reading it one may well ask, "What, then, is truth, and where does falsehood come in? What is the value of an oath, and in what does perjury consist?" Surely matters of death and life, of honour and good faith, of solemn asseverations made before God on a man's "priesthood" and "on his salvation," are hardly to be classed with the polite fictions of modern society. There are doubtless rare occasions when a lie is a thing not only justifiable, but noble in itself, and the liar is *splendide mendax*; and we may take two familiar instances from modern works of fiction. When John Inglesant, in obedience to the Jesuits' instructions, forfeits his own honour and risks his life to shield King Charles from the consequences of his duplicity; or when, again, M. de Marsac—that Gentleman of France *sans peur et sans reproche*—tells lie after lie, in the presence of the scornful beauty who despises him, solely that he may soothe the last moments of his dying mother,—we feel, knowing well all the bitter humiliation involved in each case to the speaker, that these falsehoods are heroic and sublime. Here there is no subterfuge, no

¹ 'Father Garnet,' p. 3. By John Hungerford Pollen, S.J.

evasion, no mental reserve, no selfish thought of personal safety. They are not "white lies" or polite *façons de parler*, but are rather the *γενναῖα ψεύδη*—the "noble falsehoods" immortalised by Plato.

Garnet's moral guilt has frequently been the subject of heated controversy; but we will not allude further to that war of re- crimination and apology waged by scholars like Casaubon and theologians like Bellarmine. The whole system of casuistry, as practised by the Jesuits—with its doctrines of compromise, evasion, and mental reserve—received its death-blow in the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal; but it had always been strongly repugnant to English

feeling, as tending to release men from their civil obligations, and to destroy the very meaning of such terms as truth and honour. With us, at all events, falsehood and duplicity have carried with them their own stigma; and as a nation we may fairly boast that we have taken as a motto the famous lines, put into the mouth of Achilles,—the lines which Milton prefixed to his answer to the "Ikon Basilike," and the translation of which by Pope Mr Gladstone pronounces "not quite unworthy" of the original,—

"Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My soul detests him as the Gates of Hell."¹

¹ Homer's Iliad, ix. 312.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA.

SUN WÊN'S ARREST.

THE recent arrest and imprisonment of Sun Wên at the Chinese Legation raises an interesting question, and one which doubtless will be settled with due regard to diplomatic forms and personal considerations. But the immediate incident is connected with a matter of far greater importance in the eyes of the Chinese Government than the mere question of diplomatic jurisdiction. What Disraeli said of Europe is still more true of China. The whole empire is honey-combed with secret societies, and if the agents of the Government are to be believed, Sun is not only an active member of the "White Lily" Association, but is a prominent leader of that very revolutionary body. The "White Lily" Association is second in importance only, both as regards numbers and objects, to the Kolao Hui, and has lately shown a disturbing activity in the neighbourhood of Canton. Both societies present unspeakable terrors to the official mind, and at the outbreak of the late Chinese and Japanese war the emperor's Government viewed with the greatest alarm the possibility of an insurrection on the part of the Kolao Hui and other societies associated with it. If the "Hui" had risen in the central provinces at the same time that the Japanese attacked the north-eastern frontiers of the empire, there can be little doubt that, had Europe abstained from interfering, the fate of the Ts'ing dynasty would have been that of the numerous imperial houses which have in succession ruled over the destinies of the empire. Fortunately

for the Ts'ings, the Kolao leader, who is now enjoying the congenial climate of a certain South American Republic, issued a *mot d'ordre* that not a man was to move, and the existing order of affairs was preserved.

This want of action showed, from the society's point of view, a lack of zeal in the cause and power in the field; and no doubt the fact that the members are scattered over widely separated portions of the empire does to a certain extent weaken the central authority. The "White Lily" Association, on the contrary, concentrates its forces in particular districts, with organised branches planted in congenial environments, and not by any means always appearing to the outer world under the same title as that of the parent society. "The Vegetarians," for instance, who lately committed such ruthless murders on English missionaries in the neighbourhood of Foochow, form part of this confederation, and would, with other affiliated leaguers, be ready to be summoned to the ranks in case of an uprising. The original home of this society was in the north of the empire, and more particularly in the Province of Shantung, where its active presence occasioned much anxiety to the mandarins some years ago. But of late its leaders have turned their attention to the south-eastern provinces, and notably to the neighbourhood of Canton. As is not uncommonly the case with secret associations all over the world, the ostensible aims of the "White Lily" Society are purely philan-

thropic, and in some of their primitive rites and ceremonies there would almost seem to be traces of some early and debased form of Christianity, possibly Nestorian. In the promotion of the benevolent objects which they profess, its chiefs regard themselves as commissioned by high Heaven to regenerate the empire, and their zeal ever prompts them to raise the standard of revolt against the tyranny of corruption, cruelty, and wrong under which the unhappy subjects of the emperor habitually suffer.

It cannot be denied that, owing to the general maladministration of the country, China offers a thoroughly congenial soil for the growth of all sorts of illegal combinations. Under oppression and tyranny secret societies spring into life as weeds grow on a rubbish-heap; and so iniquitous and cruel is the political system of China, that it is only by combination that the people are able to resist the more flagrant wrongs which the mandarins seek to impose upon them. In some provinces, where large family clans exist, the members band themselves together under the patriarchal head of the tribe, and succeed in resisting the illegal, and sometimes even the legal, exactions of the local authorities. In Fuhkien, for example, the Chang clan numbers something like 10,000 persons; and so well are they organised that the emperor's writs only run among them by the consent of the elders. Such a combination unquestionably presents a difficulty in the government of the province, and the luckless mandarins, finding themselves powerless to enforce the usual exactions from the members of the clan, are driven to impose even heavier burdens on the still more luckless people who are left

outside the protective influence of the potent tribe.

Failing these social associations, the people are driven by misrule to combine in secret societies. Throughout the long course of Chinese history the existence of these "Hui," or associations, has been recognised and recorded. At various times they have adopted different titles. We read of the "White Lily" sect, the "Yellow Caps," "The Society of Heaven, Earth, and Man," the "Triad Society," the "Hung League," the "Kolao Hui," and countless other associations. More often than not these bodies have been started as benevolent societies, but almost invariably, certainly in the cases of those we have named, the philanthropic zeal of the founders has degenerated into political fanaticism. Some of the greatest political changes in the empire have been due to their action. The Mongol dynasty, established by Jenghiz Khan and his followers, mainly owed its downfall to the energetic action of the Hung League; and it is beyond question that had it not been for the support that we gave to the Government of China in its struggle with the T'ai Pings, who trace their origin to the same secret society, the present Manchu dynasty would have shared the fate of the Mongol emperors.

At the present time the Kolao Hui is numerically the most powerful secret society in China. Its members number upwards of a million, and its organisation is in theory as nearly perfect as the loose ideas possessed by Chinamen on such a subject can make it. It is a direct descendant of the Hung League, the universality of which is expressed by the symbol, composed of parts signifying "a mighty flood," which is employed to write

the word Hung. This society was governed by three chiefs, who were known as the "Ko" or Elder Brothers. For reasons best known to themselves—probably the hostility of the mandarins may have had something to say to it—it was considered advisable to change the name of the "Hui," and the title "Kolao," derived from the epithet of the chiefs, was adopted in its place. From the illegal and secretive nature of the society it is difficult to get at particulars concerning it, but it is an open secret that the southern and central provinces form the main centres of its activity, while the provinces of Hunan, Fuhkien, and Canton are especially honeycombed with its branches. Although, however, it is not easy to gain access to direct information with reference to its present proceedings, we are able, from the knowledge acquired of the doings of the society which gave it birth, to describe its general features. "Faith" and "Righteousness" are the watchwords inscribed on its banners, in bitter mockery of the ends and conduct of its proceedings. The claims put forward by the leaders to religion and morality have at various times induced the Chinese Government to relegate all religious sects other than Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism to the category—hateful to bad Governments—of political, and therefore dangerous, organisations. Under the influence of this confusion of ideas the heavy hand of persecution has more than once fallen upon Christian communities; and in his celebrated commentary on the maxims of K'anghi, the Emperor Yungchêng classed Roman Catholicism with the "White Lily" and other sects as dangerous associations. It was in the reign of this sovereign that the Hung League, the forerunner of

the Kolao Hui, took a new lease of life. The iniquitous cruelty and exactions of an infamous judge in Fuhkien set the spark to the powder of discontent, which is always ready for an explosion in the Flowery Land, and the destruction by this man of a celebrated Buddhist temple was the moving cause which prompted the five priests who survived the outrage to raise the standard of revolt.

When the minds of men are excited by wrongs and by a desire for revenge, heaven graciously, according to legend, vouchsafes portents for the encouragement of the oppressed. On this occasion the fugitive priests, on approaching a river, saw a white porcelain censer floating on the stream. On taking it from the water they found inscribed upon it the legend, "Overturn the Ts'ing and restore the Ming dynasty." Recognising this as a confirmation of the justice of their cause they proceeded on their way, and were yet further braced up for their enterprise by discovering a miraculous sword inscribed with the same mystic words. As the priests drew recruits to their standards it became necessary to choose a claimant to the imperial throne whose pretensions they might champion, and in a youthful descendant of the last emperor of the Ming dynasty they recognised a representative of their cause who bore all the supernatural marks of a heaven-born ruler. As a first step towards organisation ten lodges were formed, which were variously called "The Blue Lotus Hall," "The Phoenix District," the "Hall of Obedience to Hung," the "Golden Orchid District," "The Hall of our Queen," "Established Law District," "Blended with Heaven Hall," "Happy-Border District," "Extensive-Conversion Hall," and the

"Dike West District." The sites for these and the other lodges which were subsequently established were carefully chosen with a view to concealment, and were situated for the most part in obscure mountainous and wooded districts. The more inaccessible the spot, the better suited it was for the meetings of the conspirators. The following is a description discovered by Professor Schlegel of the entrance to a lodge in the province of Shantung:—

"A stone road leads to the first pass, called the Heaven-Screen Pass. Past this is the Earth-Net Pass. Next comes the Sun-Moon Pass, at which pass each brother is obliged to pay one mace and two candareens (about one shilling). After this pass comes a stone bridge over a river, which leads to the Hall of Fidelity and Loyalty, where are the shrines of the five ancestors, flanked on the right by a council-room and on the left by the court: here the brother must produce his capital (three Hung cash) and diploma. From this goes a long road along the mountain-chain Huiling, girded on the one side by the mountain and on the other by the sea. At the end of this road is the outside Moss Pass, called also the Pavilion of the Black River. Thirteen Chinese miles farther on is the Golden Sparrow frontier, so called on account of the name of the mountain at whose foot it lies. Past this are four buildings: over the front one are written the words, 'To extend the empire let righteousness flourish.' The second one is called the Palace of Justice, with the civil entrance to the left and the military entrance to the right. The lodge follows immediately."

It is not always, however, that such a well-concealed meeting-place can be discovered, and it often happens that the brethren have to meet in large and crowded cities. In such cases the formal lodge is dispensed with, and the meetings

are held in the houses of the presidents, or in other convenient buildings. The recruits to the ranks of the Kolao Hui are commonly gathered from the dregs of society, — time-expired soldiers, unemployed work-people, and professional thieves form the familiar substrata of the various lodges. In furtherance of their objects, which are for the most part disorder and rapine, modified by a keen anxiety for their own safety, these ragged regiments find it necessary to improve their *personnel* by enlisting as many householders as possible into their ranks. This is done in several ways. If a man who is regarded as a desirable recruit resists the overtures and enticements of members of the lodge, steps of a stringent nature are taken to arouse in him a sense of the danger he entails by resisting the commands of the league. In such a case the householder may possibly find on his table on his return home from work a note bearing the stamp of the society, ordering him to betake himself at a certain hour to a given place, and threatening the murder of himself and family if he should dare to refuse or venture to give information to the authorities. Occasionally, when desirable, a stratagem is employed to entice the recalcitrant recruit into some secluded spot, where he is surrounded by members of the Hui, who compel him *vi et armis* to accompany them to the lodge. Outposts and guards keep a strict watch over the approaches to this arcane retreat, and the appearance of policemen and soldiers following in the wake of neophytes is signalled to headquarters with such speed that the aims of the invaders are almost invariably frustrated.

On arrival at the "City of

Willows," as the lodge is called, the recruits are marshalled before the vanguard of the lodge, who, having made himself acquainted with their names and addresses, orders the brethren to form "the bridge of swords." At the word of command the brethren, with the precision of soldiers, draw themselves up into opposing ranks, and drawing their swords, which are of steel on the one hand and copper on the other, cross them in the air so as to form a bridge or arch. Beneath this militant gateway the new members are led by one of the initiated, and thus, in the mystic language of the society, "pass the bridge" which separates the world of loyalty from the camp of disaffection.¹

The recruits are next introduced to the interior of the lodge, where they are instructed in the objects of the society, and where the iniquities of the present Government are emphatically descanted upon. Having been primed with these essential items of initial knowledge, they are brought into the council-chamber under the charge of the vanguard, who, as their sponsor, replies to the questions of an extremely lengthy catechism which are addressed to him by the president. The catechism is curiously arranged, and the answer to each question is confirmed by a quatrain of poetry. For instance, the second question runs thus, "What business have you here?"

"I am bringing you numberless fresh soldiers, iron-hearted and valiant, who wish to be admitted to the Heaven and Earth Society."

"How can you prove that?"

"I can prove it by verse.

"The course of events is clear again,
and sun and moon harmonious;
The earth extends to the four seas, and
receives four rivers.
We have sworn together to protect the
throne of Chu,²
And to help it with all the power of
man.'³

To the ordinary mind these lines do not convey any conclusive argument. To the initiated, however, they are doubtless convincing, and they serve as a password in virtue of the acrostic they form, the first characters of the lines being *T'ien Ti Hui Jên*, or men of the T'ien Ti League—in other words, of the Hung League. In the same way the four first characters in the following quatrain, which confirms the vanguard's answer to the next question, repeat the watchword of the society, "Overturn the T'ing and bring back the Ming." When the weary vanguard has answered the hundred and eleven questions which fall to his lot, the president directs that the recruits who express themselves willing to join should be admitted to the ceremony of affiliation; and at the same time he passes sentence of death on those who decline membership. It probably very rarely happens that this decree has to be pronounced. Chinamen are not commonly made of that stern stuff which induces men to endure persecution rather than belie their political faith. To their supple minds it appears infinitely preferable to make the best of both states—sedition and loyalty—by accepting membership with the lips while their hearts are far from it, to facing the danger of death in defence of an abstract belief. The processes of washing

¹ Thian Ti Hwui, The Hung League. By Gustave Schlegel.

² The founder of the Ming dynasty.

³ Thian Ti Hwui.

the faces of the recruits, of divesting them of their ordinary clothes and attiring them in white garments of the shape peculiar to the Ming dynasty, are next performed, to the accompaniment of an intolerable deal of very bad poetry. Then follows a prayer addressed to the gods, which concludes with the following petition :—

“All the benevolent in the two capitals and the thirteen provinces have now come together to beseech Father Heaven and Mother Earth; the three Lights, Sun, Moon, and Stars; all the gods, Saints, Genii, Buddhas, and all the Star Princes, to help them all to be enlightened. This night we pledge ourselves and vow this promise before Heaven, that the brethren in the whole universe shall be as from one womb, as if born of one father, as if nourished by one mother, and as if they were of one stock and origin; that we will obey Heaven and act righteously; that our faithful hearts shall not alter, and shall never change. If a just Heaven assists us to restore the dynasty of Ming, then happiness will have a place to which to return.”¹

The oath, which is almost as long as the catechism, is now read to the recruits, who listen on their knees to the thirty-six articles of adjuration which bind them, under dire pains and penalties, to be incurred here and hereafter, to be faithful to the league, to be true and just in all their dealings with their brethren, to live on friendly terms with the priests of Buddha and Tao, to assist brethren in every difficulty, whether they be in the right or in the wrong, and at all times to be prepared to stand by the league at all hazards. In confirmation of this oath the recruits, having partaken conjointly of tea, are presented with a large bowl filled with wine, over which each

man pricks his middle finger with a silver needle, and allows the resulting blood to pour into the vessel. This mixed chalice is passed from hand to hand, and is partaken of by all. After having thus served its mundane purpose, the copy of the oath is burnt in the furnace, that its smoke may ascend into the presence of the gods as a witness against any false or perjured recruits who may hereafter desert the standards of the league.

The president next presents every member with a diploma printed on linen, on the back of which the name of the holder is written in cryptographical symbols. This diploma serves a double purpose: it is a sign of membership, and it is also held to possess talismanic powers almost as potent in times of pressing danger as those of fern-seed. With the possession of the diploma the recruit becomes a full member of the association; and he is still further fortified by being presented with the laws of the society, which, like the other documents, certainly do not err on the side of brevity. His first duty is to make himself acquainted with these; and it is also incumbent on him to learn the secret signs and mystic sayings by which the brethren are known to one another in the world. He thus learns to lift his teacup with three fingers, to place his feet in certain positions, to wind his handkerchief in a particular way round the point of his umbrella, and to ask and answer questions which are bewildering in their *non-sequiturs*. He is expected also to have the slang terms of the Hui on the tip of his tongue. He learns to speak of the mandarins as “the enemy,” of Government troops as “a storm,” of men

¹ Thian Ti Hwui, The Hung League. By Gustave Schlegel.

as "horses," and of the common objects of daily life in strangely disguised terms.

It is impossible to study these rites and ceremonies without recognising a strong resemblance between them and some of those of the Freemasons. "The Bridge of Swords" is common to both societies, as are also the formation of lodges and their orientation. In both societies the members are entitled brothers, and confirm their oath with blood. During the ceremony of affiliation the recruits both among the Freemasons and the Hung League attire themselves in white garments and go through the form of purification by washing. In the Chinese lodges the triangle is a favourite emblem, and lamps, steelyards, and scales form part of the ordinary paraphernalia. It is curious to observe also that the three degrees of Apprentice, Fellowcraft, and Master among the Freemasons find their analogues in the Sworn-Brother, Adopted-Brother, and Righteous Uncle in use in the Chinese society.

Such are some of the regulations of the Hung League, and presumably of its offshoot the Kolao Hui. Of all the secret societies in China, this last, besides being the largest, is the most revolutionary in its aims. As has already been said, however, the Hui are not all on the same lines, nor devoted to the same objects, but may, speaking generally, be divided into two classes—the Religious and Seditious. The former of these, though using religious terms as pass-words, and adopting religious formularies, depart, as regards many of their dealings, in a marked and complete manner from all objects which can in any way be associated with the cause of religion.

Being, however, mutual aid societies, and being unconnected with political movements, they attract less of the attention of the mandarins than their more revolutionary congenitors. An attack on the dynasty is an attack on the provincial authorities, and these men are engaged in a death-struggle with the threatening disturbers of the peace. They have no such bitter hostility against societies like the "Fuhkien Hui," which has its headquarters in the province of Fuhkien, or the "Golden Lily Hui," which flourishes in Szech'uan. The existence of these and many other similar associations is well known to the provincial authorities, who not infrequently are called upon to deal with the leaders in matters relating to the civil obligations of the brethren. Their organisations are an open secret, and we learn, for example, from a semi-official native statement, that the members of the Golden Lily Hui are arranged under four military flags. Those residing in Hupeh, Hunan, and Kiangsi are marshalled under the white flag; those in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Fuhkien under the black flag; those in Yunnan, Kweichow, Shensi, and Kansu under the red flag; and those in Szech'uan under the yellow flag.

At the present time, supported as China is by the European nations, even the most dangerous of these societies do not threaten any immediate peril to the State; but China's difficulties will always be their opportunity, and if the time should ever come when China may again have to face a foreign foe, not the least part of her danger may possibly arise from enemies within her own household.

A NEW BOY IN FICTION.

By giving to his new story¹ the title of 'Sentimental Tommy,' Mr Barrie sanctions an interpretation of his intention therein which all discerning readers will have hit upon, although many dull ones, doubtless, will have missed it. The celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair at the age of five, and he is only fifteen, we may take it, when he disappears from us and from Grizel down the road that leads from Thrums to the Dubb of Prosen and the herding; yet he holds the field among all the men and women and children of this story, a "magerful" boy, by reason of qualities no less distinctive, no more rare, and (Mr Barrie would seem to wish us to believe) scarce more worthy, than those by which his father, Magerful Tam, broke the heart of Jean Myles and made Aaron Latto the "scunner of God and man." These qualities Mr Barrie has summed up in the one word "sentimental"; and as he pursues and catches and pins upon his paper the flying sentimental qualities in the making Tommy, as you might prepare a sheet of British butterflies, it becomes clear to us that they all belong to one genus, the genus "artist." 'Sentimental Tommy,' then, is admittedly the study of the artistic temperament at its springs. But it is more. In it, as it appears to us, Mr Barrie seeks to suggest, if, indeed, he does not profess to determine, the moral relation of art to emotion.

We meet Tommy first in London, whither his mother, Jean Myles,

has been brought by her husband, Magerful (Masterful) Tam. Jean was to have been married to Aaron Latto, in Thrums. They had been cried twice, and one night before the third Sabbath they went into the Den, and sat together on the Shoaging Stane, at the Cuttle Well. "She was a good happy lassie that gaed into the Den that moonlight night wi' Aaron's arm round her, but it was another woman that came out." Magerful Tam had been breaking her in to him by admiring masterful ways, and now this night he came down to the Cuttle Well and cowed Aaron and claimed Jean, and she went away with her master, and had no will to resist him. That is how Tommy came to be a London boy. A year or two later, when his father and mother are dead, he and his sister Elspeth are brought by Aaron to Thrums. Hitherto Tommy's companions, besides Elspeth, had been Reddy, "the laughing little girl from the more fashionable street," and Shovel, and a Cockney following: his playground the dirty stair and the doleful streets around it, and the enchanted colony of Thrums folk in London. Now, he is in Thrums itself, once more with a following and bodyguard, Corp of Corp second in command instead of Shovel; and he leads them through all the adventures of the Hanky School, the Muckley, the Jacobite Rising, Cathro's, and the Hugh Blackadder. All these characters and incidents, in London and in Thrums, affect Tommy's development, as such characters

¹ *Sentimental Tommy: the Story of his Boyhood.* By J. M. Barrie. Cassell & Co.

and incidents will; but it is not to show their influence on Tommy, but to show Tommy's attitude towards them, that they are introduced. They are all designed as mediums for the exhibition of Tommy's sentimental qualities, which Mr Barrie marks down so mercilessly.

He marks them shining in the wistful hungry boy, with the inscrutable face and smiling at his own pretty thoughts, who is forbidden to ask for things upon the stair, and carries out the injunction with almost unnecessary spirit, declining offers before they are made. Even thus early they lead Tommy to perceive that in that street, where kids are a disgrace, a deader is a distinction, and he reigns (though the shortest of reigns) over Shovel by proclaiming his mother a corpse. Again, for weeks Tommy enjoyed a glow from a benevolent dropping of a penny into a charity-box, and then, when that sensation paled, he picked it out with a thread and a bent pin. For Reddy the youthful artist dressed up stories of Thrums—his mother's stories adorned tenfold, yet Jean was no mean romancer; and when Reddy was gone he felt a great want, the want of some one to applaud him. When Tommy got his shilling (by deceit) from Reddy's father, he spent it on a present for his mother—a coloured picture of Lord Byron swimming the Hellespont. "It was noble of you," she said, "to spend all your siller on me." "Wasn't it, mother?" he crowed; "I'm thinking there ain't many as noble as I." A whimsical fear kept him from Reddy now, until he got into trousers, and then he went prancing up and down the street before her windows. But Reddy was dead, and her father took him in

and told him so; and when Tommy knew that Reddy was a deader he cried bitterly, and the man said very gently, "I am glad you were so fond of her." "'Tain't that," Tommy answered, with a knuckle in his eye, "'tain't that as makes me cry. . . . It's them! . . . She can't not never see them now," he sobbed, "and I wants her to see them, and they has pockets!" After that all the use the memory of Reddy had for him was as a bogey for Elspeth when she was obstreperous. Elspeth wept while Tommy told her sternly about Reddy. "Then followed a scene in which Tommy called himself a scoundrel for frightening his dear Elspeth, and swore that he loved none but her." But the Sentimental Tommy had his first great gallop in the affair of the S.R.J.C.

"On the stair Shovel showed him a yellow card with this printed on it: 'S.R.J.C.—Supper Ticket'; and written beneath, in a lady's hand, 'Admit Joseph Salt.' The letters, Shovel explained, meant Society for the somethink of Juvenile Criminals, and the toffs what ran it got hold of you when you came out of quod. Then if you was willing to repent they wrote down your name and the place what you lived at in a book, and one of them came to see yer and give yer a ticket for the blow-out night. This was blow-out night, and that were Shovel's ticket. He had bought it from Hump Salt for fourpence. What you get at the blow-out was roast-beef, plum-duff, and an orange; but when Hump saw the fourpence he could not wait.

"A favour was asked of Tommy. Shovel had been told by Hump that it was the custom of the toffs to sit beside you and question you about your crimes, and lacking the imagination that made Tommy such an ornament to the house, the chances were that he would flounder in his answer and be rejected. Hump had pointed this out to him after pocketing the fourpence. Would Tommy,

therefore, make up things for him to say; reward, the orange.

"This was a proud moment for Tommy, as Shovel's knowledge of crime was much more extensive than his own, though they had both studied it in the pictures of a lively newspaper subscribed to by Shovel, senior."

Tommy accordingly became patronising at once, and rejected the orange as insufficient, and ultimately worked upon Shovel to allow him to enter with the ticket, which he would drop out of the window, so that Shovel might join him inside. . . .

"I love my dear father and my dear mother and all the dear little kids at 'ome. You are a kind lady or gentleman. I love yer. I will never do it again, so help me bob. Amen."

"This was what Shovel muttered to himself again and again as the two boys made their way across the lamp-lit Hungerford Bridge, and Tommy asked him what it meant.

"My old gal learned me that; she's deep," Shovel said, wiping the words off his mouth with his sleeve.

"But you got no kids at 'ome!" remonstrated Tommy. (Ameliar was now in service.)

"Shovel turned on him with the fury of a mother protecting her young. 'Don't you try for to knock none on it out,' he cried, and again fell a-mumbling.

"Said Tommy scornfully, 'If you says it all out at one bang you'll be done at the start.' Shovel sighed. 'And you should blubber when yer says it,' added Tommy, who could laugh or cry merely because other people were laughing or crying, or even with less reason, and so naturally that he found it more difficult to stop than to begin. . . .

"But what was we copped for, Tommy?" entreated humble Shovel.

"Tommy asked him if he knew what a butler was, and Shovel remembered, confusedly, that there had been a portrait of a butler in his father's news-sheet.

"Well, then!" said Tommy, in-

spired by this same source, 'there's a room a butler has, and it is a pantry, so you and me we crawled through the winder and we opened the door to the gang. You and me was copped. They caught you below the table and me stabbing the butler.'

Shovel wished to stab the butler, or to bite him in the leg at the least, but Tommy thought that wouldn't be safe: Shovel would forget about the repenting, and brag about it. "I'm better at repenting," Tommy said.

"I'll tell yer, I'll cry when I'm repenting." Tommy's face lit up, and Shovel could not help saying with a curious look at it—

"You—you ain't like any other cove I knows," to which Tommy replied, also in an awestruck voice—

"I'm so queer, Shovel, that when I thinks 'bout myself I'm—I'm sometimes near feared."

"What makes your face for to shine like that? Is it thinking about the blow-out?"

"No, it was hardly that, but Tommy could not tell what it was. He and the saying about art for art's sake were in the streets that night looking for each other."

It had been Shovel's intention to strip Tommy of the ticket at the door, but the spectacle in front dazed him, and he stopped to tell a vegetable-barrow how he loved his dear father and his dear mother and all the dear kids at home. Thereupon Tommy darted forward and was lost in the crowd, and Shovel was aloft upon a full-grown man sufficiently long to see Tommy give up his ticket and saunter into the hall. Half an hour later a magnificent lady, such as you see in wax-works, appeared in the vestibule and made some remark to a policeman, who then shouted, "If so there be any lad here called Shovel, he can step forrard."

"If you are the real Shovel," the lady said to Tommy's victim, who had

mounted the parapet, 'you can tell me how this proceeds, "I love my dear father and my dear mother"—Go on!' Shovel obeyed tremblingly: 'And all the dear little kids at 'ome. You are a kind lady or gentleman. I love yer. I will never do it again, so help me bob. Amen.'

"Charming!" chirped the lady, and down pleasant-smelling aisles she led him, pausing to drop an observation about Tommy to a clergyman: 'So glad I came; I have discovered the most delightful little monster, called Tommy.' The clergyman looked after her half in sadness, half sarcastically; he was thinking that he had discovered a monster also. . . .

When Shovel found speech he began excitedly—

"I love my dear father and my dear——"

"Gach!" said Tommy, interrupting him contemptuously. 'Repenting ain't no go, Shovel. Look at them other coves; none of them has got no money, nor full pockets, and I tell you, it's 'cos they has repented.'

"Gar on!"

"It's true, I tells you. That lady as is my one, she's called her ladyship, and she don't care a cuss for boys as has repented.' . . .

"When I saw that," Tommy continued brazenly, 'I bragged 'stead of repenting, and the wuss I says I am, she jest says, "You little monster," and gives me another orange.'

"Then I'm done for," Shovel moaned, 'for I rolled off that 'bout loving my dear father and my dear mother, blast 'em, soon as I seen her.'

"He need not let that depress him. Tommy had told her he would say it, but that it was all flam. . . .

"Her ladyship returned and the boys held by their contract, but of the dark character Tommy seems to have been let not these pages bear the record. Do you wonder that her ladyship believed him? On this point we must fight for our Tommy. You would have believed him. Even Shovel, who knew, between the bites, that it was all whoppers, listened as to his father reading aloud. This was because another boy present half believed it for the moment also. When he described the eerie darkness of the butler's pantry, he shivered

involuntarily; and he shut his eyes once—ugh!—that was because he saw the blood spouting out of the butler. He was turning up his trousers to show the mark of the butler's boot on his leg when the lady was called away, and then Shovel shook him, saying, 'Darn yer, doesn't yer know as it's all your eye?' which brought Tommy to his senses with a jerk.

"Sure's death, Shovel," he whispered, in awe, 'I was thinking I done it, every bit!'"

And now a change came over Tommy. He remembered that Elspeth, for whom he had filled his pockets, was praying for him ("I'm thinking as I'll need it sore," he had told her, in anticipation of this night's work), and he broke into a hysterical laugh, and immediately began to sob.

"When the Rev. Mr —— rose to pray in a loud voice for the waifs in the body of the hall, Tommy rose at the same moment, and began to pray in a squeaky voice for the people on the platform. He had many Biblical phrases, mostly picked up in Thrums Street, and what he said was distinctly heard in the stillness, the clergyman near being suddenly bereft of speech.

"Oh!" he cried, 'look down on them ones there, for, oh, they are unworthy of Thy mercy, and, oh, the worst sinner is her ladyship, her sitting there so brazen in the black frock with yellow stripes, and the worse I said I were the better pleased were she. Oh, make her think shame for tempting of a poor boy, forgetting "Suffer little children." Oh, why cumbereth she the ground? Oh——'"

Tommy was expelled the hall.

Shortly after this, his mother died, and at the end she told him the story of her life. And she asked him to add this to his nightly prayer, "O God, keep me from being a magerful man!" That night Tommy said reverently, "O God, keep me from

being a magerful man!" Then he opened his eyes to let God see that his prayer was ended, and added to himself, "But I think I would fell like it."

Tommy comes to Thrums, Mr Barrie still pursuing. When Elspeth was eager for the first sight of those wonders she had learned of from his own glowing pictures, Tommy led her from the Den to the beauty-stairs, and from there to the town house, and from the town house to the Auld Licht Kirk (which he had sworn was lovelier than St Paul's), and from the Auld Licht Kirk to its minister (a "terrible big man")—from paling glory to paling glory; and then, when all had failed her, "Never mind, Elspeth," he said, "you have me yet," and got round the girl, as he well knew how, "until she affected not to mind, and then he deserted her, conscience at rest, which was his nature." The very first meeting with the Painted Lady's daughter, when he rescued her in melodramatic fashion from her school-boy tormentors, presaged all the relations between the sentimental Tommy and the splendidly truthful Grizel:—

"When it was all over, Tommy looked around triumphantly, and though he liked the expression on several faces, Grizel's pleased him best. 'It ain't no wonder you would like to be me, lassie!' he said, in an ecstasy.

"'I don't want to be you, you conceited boy,' retorted the Painted Lady's child, hotly, and her heat was the greater because the clever little wretch had read her thoughts aright."

From this triumph of his emotionalism sprang his consciousness that he could always "find a w'y"; and find it he did in the Three P's; and ("the Providence that watched over Tommy until

it tired of him came to his aid in the nick of time") in presenting the Painted Lady with the gold packet, which he might not give to Elspeth because of Grizel, nor to Grizel because of Elspeth,—the artist always in difficulty with his womankind; and in representing Corp in his interesting fits ("Oh, Corp, if I had these fits of yours," he had exclaimed, greedily); and in the case of Francie Crabb's Sword. He "found a hundred w'ys" in the romantic episodes of the Jacobite Rising and the Siege of Thrums. But it was in the scholar that Tommy stood fully revealed. Miss Ailie, in whose senior class he was, had come to Aaron to tell him that there was something wonderful about Tommy. Aaron had heard him saying something of the kind to Elspeth. But the result was that Tommy got his chance, and he was placed with Mr Cathro to be crammed for a bursary. A bursary or the herding it was to be, said Aaron, who hated Tommy. In a short time Cathro had come to hate him still more—as was natural, for Cathro was a clever man, and of all the characters in the book the ablest to fathom one part at any rate of Tommy's emotionalism. "He has a devouring desire to try on other folk's feelings, as if they were so many suits of clothes," he described the nature of the sacket. Further—

"'To be candid,' he said, 'I don't think he could study, in the big meaning of the word. I daresay I'm wrong, but I have a feeling that whatever knowledge that boy acquires he will dig out of himself. There is something inside him, or so I think at times, that is his master, and rebels against book-learning. No, I can't tell what it is; when we know that, we shall know the real Tommy.'"

Yet he had a hope for Tommy.

"It's a terrible thing to say it," he said, "but it's Gospel truth, it's Gospel truth—I'm trusting to the possibility of his diddling the examiners!" Cathro was a shrewd man, but he missed the artist in Tommy, though he branded him the Sentimentalist, and, as the hack can, made him suffer for his dem'd superiority. It was Cathro's rival, Mr Ogilvie, who recognised the virtue of artistic sincerity in the boy, in its great manifestation on the occasion of the Hugh Blackadder. The Hugh Blackadder was a prize for the best essay in the Scots tongue, and for this Tommy was entered when he had failed to diddle the examiners, and had returned from Aberdeen in disgrace without a bursary. Tommy's skill as letter-writer for the village (Mr Cathro supplanted) promised success for him in this minor enterprise; and indeed he might have had it all his own way, only that early in his paper he boggled at the right word—the "unique word" of Flaubert—and, refusing to proceed until he had found it, lost the prize. And so the herding it was, as Aaron had said.

We have asked our readers to carry the bag with us for the hunting Mr Barrie, in order that they may follow us in a consideration of the nature and quality of his sport. This excursion into boyhood in pursuit of its sentimental qualities, they will see at once, is something new in fiction. Here, the boy is not the wooden counter of some romantic game, as the boy so often is with the Henty and the Stables (excellent writers), but a creature of fermenting mind, companioning his own emotions. Mr Barrie is essaying that which hitherto the romancers have neglected, or have taken up tentatively only, as merely in

preparation for a greater work to follow. Most writers have written of boyhood on the outside,—of its external tricks, its material aspects and adventures,—without seeking to inform their work by suggestive insight of the boy's mind: Jacob Faithful and Japhet, for example, are not characters so much as occasions of the humorous. And this is only natural. There is nothing sensational in the boyish mind, no crisis, no great conflict of mental phase and mental phase; the boy is simple, receptive, unreflecting, unmoral, obedient to a law imposed upon him from without: he is not the expression of his mind. Childhood, in fact, is poetic, not dramatic; self-conscious, possibly, but unconsciously self-conscious, watching its queer ploys with interest, as Tommy watched his emotions, but not reflecting on their import for itself. When manhood is reached, on the other hand, we see, fighting together and interactive, feeling, imagination, thought, material desire—the staple, in short, of a composite psychology. And hence almost all novelists and dramatists, being concerned with love or other passion of the mind matured, begin subsequent to childhood, for only then do they find incident in plenty.

This neglect Mr Barrie corrects. He is heedful of the quiet growth that goes on in childhood, of the character patiently evolving. To some extent, therefore, he has the merit of a discoverer, the great wealth of his minute observation contrasting with the previous sterility. Not that he is the only writer who has treated boyhood informingly; and not that other, even subjective, writers are to be altogether blamed for their perfunctory treatment, and Mr Barrie

entirely praised for his elaborate. He is not the only writer who has exhibited the boyish mind with luminous sympathy. In 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,' and 'Wee Willie Winkie,' are there not things as startling in their insight as any one thing in 'Sentimental Tommy'? But then Mr Kipling's are scarce more than incidental sketches, while Mr Barrie's is a book, packed with observations. The perfunctory treatment, again, is not wholly unjustified, or the elaborate wholly to be commended. Childhood, we saw, is simple, evolving slowly, marked by mental growth rather than mental incident; so that—save in the case of a Tommy, the self-conscious dreamer, who has many minds and many emotional experiences, who tries on other folk's feelings, as if they were so many suits of clothes—there are few materials for the creation of character, not many occasions of psychological insight. In the 'Virginians,' for example, the characters of George and Harry unfold admirably from the first: the men they become evolve most naturally from the boys they are, the sequence, the consecution, being perfect; only in the 'Virginians' less importance is attached to childhood, as, indeed, in the life of ordinary boys, less importance attaches to it. So, too, Mr Meredith, in 'Harry Richmond' or in 'Richard Feverel,' portrays the making of manhood out of boyhood; but, even more than Thackeray, Mr Meredith is, not hastening to, indeed, but prospective of, the time when the law for the boy shall be inner instead of outer, when, in a word, he shall moralise himself. Whereas Mr Barrie dwells wholly upon the earlier stage; and with an insistence that is unjust, it has to be noted, inasmuch as it keeps out of sight the fact that, howso-

ever important may be the qualities in the boy (even the sentimental in Tommy), they may be informed later by a canon that transcends them.

Possibly it might be urged in Mr Barrie's defence here, as well as in proof of the subtle care with which he has selected his material, that Tommy is a Scotch boy, and that therefore more detailed attention may be given to his boyhood. Certainly the Scottish peasant boy, such as Tommy was, has a native inclination to dream himself to greatness or to ruin, as the case may be. He is bred of a brainy race, with a craning neck to the world to give him the aspiring mind, and there is so little of the romantic in his own life, which is "gey an' mean an' bleak," like the Marywellbrae, that he is forced to weave a world of the ideal for his own fancy to dwell in. Were he less brainy he would never aspire; were he less lowly, aspiration would not be for him the forecasting pleasure that it is. It is otherwise with the boy who has assurance for his birthright: he loses in anticipation what he gains in possession, and for him there is no dream or glory of a dream fulfilled; no wonder of the world, no harking forward, no eager waiting, no dubiety quickening to a sure delight. He looks upon life with a blunt, uncolouring eye. Why should he flutter, be anticipant?—the height of his ambition is not so far from his present elevation: if he fails to reach it, he has still a good perch of his own. There is no doubt that such an one has plain and honest virtues to balance, and, possibly, more than balance, any lack of emotional experiences, of fancied futures, of dreaming on the things to be. Without doubt, too, boyhood in all lands has cherished

idle sentiment and hope. It is not a point to be pressed unduly ; still, the Scotch lad, born of peasant stock, ambition native to his blood, forced by the bleak conditions of his life to go dreaming of a wider world, is probably the fittest subject Mr Barrie could have found for the purpose he had in view. Burns in the Leglen wood on a Sunday afternoon, quivering to think "This is where Wallace hid,"—there is the type. Therefore Mr Barrie, writing of a Scotch boy, more fluid, indeed, but not more romantic, than the average, has been tempted, may be, to dwell on the emotional aspects with greater insistence than a broader survey might justify. Childhood is mostly simple ; only, in Scotland it is metaphysical, and in Thrums, perhaps, it goes wag-gling its head over the discovery that it is "so queer!"

In spite of this reservation, however, we must consider that by dwelling so insistently upon Tommy's qualities, especially as if they were crystallised, Mr Barrie is at fault. The boy is simpler than he appears to Mr Barrie, a being of receptive rather than of active mind. Yet if the boy is to achieve morality and not to have it thrust upon him, if, in any generous and pregnant meaning of the word, he is to moralise himself, surely he must emerge from the more passive condition of boyhood, and become the creator of his own action, the master of his own development. As a man, amidst the perplexing interests of life, he must inform his warring qualities with a law that is his own apprehension of the truth. If the qualities are many and nobly informed, greatness will be achieved ; if many and uninformed, the character will be dissolute and uncohered ; if few and informed,

narrow and intense. All this is obvious. So, surely, is the fact that to have a wide emotional experience, and a mind capable of trying on many people's feelings, is not an evil, but rather a good, provided the mind is able to subordinate all its workings to a larger issue, to a more ultimate greatness. But this "self-command," when it is attained at all, is the victory of the reflecting mind which comes with manhood, of the higher consciousness that may grapple then with the lower to correct it. It is not possible to boyhood, which acquires, rather than transforms, the elements of character. And, therefore, we hold it to be utterly immoral to treat of boyhood as of a stage determinate and final, irrespective of a future which shall not be a mere sequence, but may be a vital regeneration, absorbing the former qualities and enriching itself while it changes them.

That Mr Barrie does not recognise all this, or, recognising, fails to do it justice, is the radical fault in 'Sentimental Tommy.' It is a fault that vitiates the novel in its thought and in its construction. When Tommy disappears from us at Caddam Wood in his early teens, he has become conscious of his own qualities, and of the use he shall make of them in the understanding of women and of life. That light breaks upon him in the admirable chapter so suggestively entitled "Who told Tommy to speak?" But he has not reached the higher consciousness which would lead him to struggle against them, and so present a drama of the inward nature. Because of the "power" (it is Mr Barrie's word) which is given him by his ready knowledge of minds other than his own, his life, we feel, and indeed we are told, will soon be rich and full. His portrait is

exhibited in the Royal Academy before he is twenty-five, and great days, glittering if brief, lie before him. But because he never "knows his own mind," is never master of himself, we are told, also, his life will be pitifully tragic: Providence will tire of watching over him, and his laugh in his emotional moments will have become a bitter laugh. All this is a great injustice. To make an artificial cleavage in a character thus, to stop short before the climax of a life because you have reached the 452d page in your written history of it, to treat boyhood in itself and not in the light of later development, is, we cannot but think, a mistake.

It is a lamentable mistake here; for Mr Barrie's intention to end this book with Tommy's boyhood, and to leave his manhood for a sequel, seems to have affected his conception of Tommy's boyhood itself. At any rate, whatsoever his reason may have been, Mr Barrie not only so conditions Tommy that his sentimental qualities cannot be other than they are, and not only warns us of his ultimate undoing, but tells us that this boy, who is not yet old enough to transform his qualities by a law transcending them, born of his reflection, is already predetermined, inevitably, to be the weak sentimentalist. Cathro brands Tommy, a callow boy, as the Sentimentalist, and chuckles dryly as he tells him to "wipe away, try hot water, try cold water, try a knife, but you will never get these letters off you: you are branded for ever and ever." Neither hot water nor cold water nor a knife might eradicate the stain; but Tommy might—not, indeed, have cast out the sentimental qualities, but—have used them to greater ends. As it is, Tommy is con-

demned without a chance of vindicating his character.

It seems to us that in this history of Tommy there is a failure to recognise that sentimental qualities such as his are evil only if evilly employed; and that in themselves they are good rather than evil, inasmuch as they contain the possibilities of greatness. For man progress is possible, surely it is true, only by his imagining himself the step forward, by his forecasting, and thus realising to himself in fancy the advantages of the other state, the other character, to which he aspires. In all human effort this imagination is indispensable:—even in science there must be the leap forward of the mind connecting the now and the then. And in his endeavour after moral ideals, the man as he is is connected with the man as he would like to be, by the emotional fancy—it pictures him as such (as Tommy always was picturing himself), and he is thus made conscious of the thing to seek for. This is evil only if the character is unable to subordinate these anticipations to practical ends, if they are connived at only because of the shocks and thrills they give,—and there are few who do not make some struggle to realise the dreams of their fancy in the conduct of their own lives.

Mr Barrie's view, to our minds, is unjust to the ordinary dreamer, and especially unjust to the dreamer who is the artist also, giving his dreams form upon the page—and that Tommy becomes such an artist is plainly told us. There are artists besides those whose individuality, like Tommy's, consists in having none, as Mr Barrie no doubt has been reminded many times since his novel was published; and yet—such is the paradox—there is no great writer, say,

who has not, like Tommy, often surrendered his own personality, in order to "put himself in other people's places," in order to understand them. It is the first condition of his calling. Comprehensive sympathy, a generous knowledge of the ways of men, is the primary, though not the ultimate, quality of the great writer; and how is he to be possessed of it if not by trying on other conditions of life like suits of clothes? It is the justification of all artists, by reason of which in every age it has been claimed for them that they lead the world, that because of their more fluid character they are, more than ordinary men, sensitive of excellence and of the varieties of excellence. A blunt and imaginative character, who rushes blindly to action because he knows a single possibility only, may lead us into a danger from which this sensitive tacker through life, by his knowledge of the infinite possibilities, would "find a way" of escape for us. The Sentimental Tommy is of value, there, to the world.

Nor, of course, is it necessary, as Mr Barrie by his treatment of Tommy undoubtedly suggests, that the artist shall fail in the conduct of life because, dreaming and talking so much of excellent possibilities, he fails to achieve an excellent reality. On the contrary, in order to be of value to himself, and to serve the world as leader rather than as example, he must be more than the mere actor, which the Sentimentalist (as such) inevitably is, who puts on and puts off his ideals for a moment's whim, not forced to realise them, however imperfectly, by a compelling greatness of the mind. That greatness, whatever form it may take, springs from some fiery or profound conviction; and the sentimental quali-

ties can be fused to such a conviction, howsoever they may reveal themselves in accidental follies or immoralities. Take Goethe, for example. Or take Byron, who, surely, was one of the most obviously emotional and immoral and theatrical of men, and yet, because of a profound sense, if little thought, of the larger issues of the world, is praised for his "sincerity and strength." Perhaps Mr Barrie does not say in so many words that sincerity and strength were not possibilities to Tommy, or that he was predestined by his sentimentalism to moral breakdown. But, even if he does not, that is implicit in his vindictive scorn of the artistic nature, and in the absence of a more developed artistic character to be a foil to Tommy. For the simple Grizel, who is no artist, it is to be noticed, is not such a foil, although we see her passing through a battle of the mind, and striving to struggle up while he is drifting down.

The same injustice is done by Mr Barrie to the Sentimentalist in his relation to women and his "power" over them, although in scarce any other book, perhaps, is the meaning of that relation so intimately shown, or the cause of that "power" so clearly understood. It is the power of the man who can do what he likes with other people, because he knows what they are thinking of—"did-dling" the man once only, perhaps, but the woman, too often, irretrievably. "He was aye saying things that made me think he saw down to the bottom of my soul,"—so Jean Myles said to Tommy about his father, who was an artist too, in a way, and vain of the wonder he aroused,—“what I didna understand was that in learning to master other women he had been

learning to master me." Magerful Tam knew what Jean thought of him; and because of this knowledge had a power over her, so that, while she ran from him, she says, she aye went looking for him too. Jean's tragedy anticipates the tragedy of Grizel and Tommy, however different the issue may be. For Grizel loves Tommy, and thinks him a wonder, yet hates him for knowing that she thinks it. "The clever little wretch reads her thought of him aright," because, being the sentimentalist, he can clothe himself with her feelings, and can accommodate his mind to hers, for example soothing her fear of him when she begins to see his "magerfulness," by the answer that exactly meets her thought. "If I had been that kind," he says, "would I have taught you Elspeth's prayer?" "N-no," says Grizel, "I don't think so." There were other women in the days to come, we are told, in whose presence Tommy was a boor, having no "power," we are to suppose, because he could not read their thoughts, and so pose for their admiring: women like the Madge of Mr Meredith, who gave Lord Fleetwood (a practised judge as Tommy was) plain look for look, from an eye in which there was neither depth nor shallow, simply the look, always the look, with nothing of revelation. No doubt with most, however, the sentimentalist has the "power"; and in revealing this, with scorn for him, and with a most tender feeling for his victims, Mr Barrie shows an admirable art, alive to all the sides and issues of a problem wherein the pitiful plights of Jean Myles, of the Painted Lady, and of Grizel, are caused by and illustrate the sentimental villany of "magerful" Tam, the Man Who Never Came, and Thomas Sandys. Only here

again Mr Barrie is unjust to the sentimentalist in seeming to make that villany a necessary consequence of the emotional qualities. There are few fates more cruel for woman than to belong to a dissolute sentimentalist; few more glorious than to belong to a resolute. But still crueller for her even than the man who understands too well, is the man who does not understand at all. So that, here again, there is nothing inherently wrong in Tommy's sympathetic, sentimental qualities, as they are now, but, rather, something inherently right; yet Mr Barrie never suggests, by the use of a foil or by any whole and luminous view, that they are other than despicable and bad.

It is not ungraciously, but rather from a sense of Mr Barrie's great accomplishment in the book—a book which, through its insight into character and especially its "fundamental brain-work," must be ranked in another and a higher category than his other works—that we have dwelt so long upon a radical defect, as we think, in 'Sentimental Tommy.' It is a defect which to some extent will disappear with the appearance of the promised sequel. All along, indeed, we have imagined Mr Barrie saying, "Wait until I have written the history of Tommy's further career, and you will see that I justify my warnings about the break-down in his manhood." We are awaiting the sequel with interest and the highest expectations. But the sequel cannot supply a foil for Tommy in his boyhood on Tommy's own plane. And if it be objected that that is impossible in the nature of the case, what is that but stating another side of the defect—that Mr Barrie has confined himself to a field where there is no passionate incident for the romancer of psy-

chology? Least of all can the sequel, however convincingly it may show us the sentimental qualities leading Tommy to ruin, justify the attitude of scorn, aversion, merciless rancour we have called it, taken up by Mr Barrie to Sentimental Tommy the boy,—an attitude upon which, rather than upon any one thing Mr Barrie says, we base our contention that his book is radically wrong and unjust. Not that we need think the aversion and the scorn unnatural. Who more likely at times to feel them than the genius himself, who observes, and colours his observation with sentiment, and is able then to stand aside and watch himself at the process?

But we turn with pleasure and admiration now to the excellences of Mr Barrie's really marvellous study. And, first of all, in the matter of design, the art of the novelist is wonderful. The disappearance of Reddy, it is true, may be objected to. Shovel passes out of the story almost as early; but Shovel is always felt, a gallant rascalion, in the background. The memory of him attends on Corp, and we hope that one day these two may meet, and the question of Bannockburn be once for all adjusted. Reddy, on the other hand, is sacrificed to show how much less Tommy thinks of her than of his breeches, and how to him she was of interest only because she was interested in him. Well, that may be a fault, although those precisians in design who hold it so, we think, carry their theory of no loose ends to a ridiculous point. Except in the case of Reddy, however, even they can find no fault with the way in which the story is knit together. It is not merely that the characters, in their various situations, are so many mirrors placed at angles to reflect the sentimental

Tommy. The pattern of the story is weaved with infinite subtlety. Heredity is made to account for Tommy as Mr Barrie pictures him. We have seen wherein the boy resembled his father in his delight in being considered a wonder, and in the "magerfulness" that comes of his ability to garb himself in other people's minds. And Tommy is even nearer his mother, who wrote lying letters to Esther Auld, and connived at her boy harrowing her feelings with tales of what the Thrums folk said of Jean Myles. The story of Magerful Tam and Jean Myles strikes the note of Tommy's story. As we have said, the relations between them are to be repeated, in some measure, between Tommy and Grizel. Even in this book, that is forecast, and it is with a thrill that we find the parallelism when Tommy (at whose bidding?) tells Grizel his mother's story, and Grizel, who always feared and hated Tommy, as his mother always feared and hated Magerful Tam, knowing him a black, leaps to the knowledge of Tommy's "magerfulness," and, even in the terror of the new discovery, cannot but follow him.

Mr Barrie is not only subtle in the constitution of his story, thus, but he is a master of mechanical device. He shows it in the use he makes of the Thrums folk in London, to interpret Jean's story for us, and to harrow her with it, through the mouth of the unsuspecting Tommy; and in the interplay of the London and Thrums elements in Tommy himself,—his boasts of Thrums to Shovel, and of Shovel to the Thrummies,—the better to reveal him to us, and the more to enrich him for that revelation; and, again, in the directer elucidation of him by the skilful introduction of old Blinder, and McLean, and, above all, of Cathro. And even the introduc-

tion of the Painted Lady, if it is to be counted a mechanical device (although we do not think it is), has a relevance to the main theme which preserves it from artificiality.

The execution of this story, so subtly and skilfully designed, reflects all the qualities of the writer displayed in his previous books: his keen observation, his delight in ruminating over his observed facts, his alternating humour and pathos, his fun, his literary instinct, his instinct for literary finish; and reflects them more brilliantly than ever. These find expression in a method that is sure, calculating, not very generous or passionate, and with, indeed, a certain smallness in it. It is not niggling, for Mr Barrie has a big, sure touch; but it is big in little, reminding us most, perhaps, of the art of certain old Flemish masters of painting, with their small and highly finished canvases, great technically, but wanting in sweep and largeness. For such a method, Sentimental Tommy is an admirable subject, inasmuch as, being always a boy, he is, so far as moral qualities go, a still thing lying on the cold slab for Mr Barrie's patient analysis. Or we might say that the curve of the writer's mind exactly follows the curve of Tommy's story, never off it. All this results in a wonderful accuracy, and a verisimilitude that is little short of indecent. Were we to meet Tommy now, we could swear to him with all the solemnity of "Dagont!"

The mass of detail accumulated by this close and patient observation is not only the material of sure portraiture, but is also rich matter to pass through the whimsical revolving mill of Mr Barrie's mind, to issue as pathos, or humour, or farce. But here Mr Barrie

has to guard against a danger. Very often, it seems to us, he makes the extent and proportion of an incident or situation depend not upon its relevance and value to the main narrative, but upon its pliability to this artificial alternating of humour and pathos. Points to laugh at and points to cry at—we seem to see the deliberate recipe—must follow each other, as serious and comic follow each other in a judicious variety of entertainment. And the determination to be funny here, at any cost, leaves a stupid jest on this page, and (which is worse) the determination to be pitiful there, even when there is nothing to be pitiful about, means a piece of bathos on that. Further, Mr Barrie, not content with having got a point, of one kind or another, is sometimes tempted to force it. Thus, even in this excellently constructed story, the design is often overloaded with irrelevant and false ornament; worse, it is disfigured sometimes by bad taste and even downright vulgarity. To interrupt a strong narrative with a little snippet of observation: "Oh, the agony—or is it the rapture?—of having to decide whether to marry in grey with beads or brown plain to the throat"; to speak of a pink path as being "dyed this pretty colour, perhaps, by the blushes the ladies leave behind them"—such things as these appear to us to be blemishes, from the point of view of art, though there may be readers whose taste is not offended by them. But who does not feel shame to find, among the beautiful pictures in the book, this?—

"Came Gavinia, a burgess of the besieged city, along the south shore of the Silent Pool. *She was but a maid seeking to know what love might be, and as she wandered on, she nibbled*

dreamily at a hot sweet-smelling bridie, whose gravy oozed deliciously through the bursting paper bag. . . .

"Suddenly Gavinia felt an exquisite thrill; a man was pursuing her. *She slipped the paper bag out of sight, holding it dexterously against her side with her arm, so that the gravy should not spurt out, and ran.*"

Or this:—

"‘Look at my clothes,’ said the cruel man; ‘I read when I’m eating, and I spill so much gravy that—that we boil my waistcoat once a-month, and make soup of it.’"

Yet though this attention to detail, sometimes ignoble, may be a dead-weight, keeping Mr Barrie down from higher, more imaginative romance, it makes his work instinct with sincerity. His mind follows, with sure exactitude, the matter it works upon through its subtlest windings. We feel as we read that even the smallest things have been realised to the writer himself: "They were now too near Double Dykes for speaking to be safe, but he tapped his head as a warning to her to remove her hat, for a woman's head-gear always reaches a window in front of its wearer." Or again: "I was just teaching her [Grizel] to fight," Tommy said, humbly. "You looked like it," Elspeth replied, "with the scorn that comes occasionally to the sweetest lady." Realisation—it is that which this great accuracy of observation brings with it. And on this account 'Sentimental Tommy' is not a book to be devoured, but one to be read slowly, with an eye that surely notes all the points that are surely noted by the writer. Else, it were an injustice to Mr Barrie's patient art.

And let it be observed that the note of passion is not entirely absent from this book. Mr Barrie has left the rattle and clash in the

mind of Tommy, the man, for a sequel; and here his subject is the still and passive boyhood. But discard Tommy, and leave those parts only of the book which tell the story of Jean Myles, of Miss Kitty and Miss Ailie, of the Painted Lady and Grizel, of Elspeth even, and we have another Mr Barrie. Tenderness for women—that is the big note in 'Sentimental Tommy'; and over and over again it gives dignity and poetry to his style: as here, "The hour when men steal homewards trickling at the mouth and drawing back from their own shadows to the wives they once went amaying with, or the mothers who had such travail at the bearing of them, as if for great ends;" and in the description of the meeting of Elspeth and the Painted Lady; and in this further picture of the Painted Lady:—

"It was a little face all of one colour, dingy pale, not chubby, but retaining the soft contours of a child's face, and the features were singularly delicate. She was clad in a soft grey, and her figure was of the smallest; there was such an air of youth about her that Tommy thought she could become a girl again by merely shortening her frock—not such a girl as gaunt Grizel though, who would have looked a little woman had she let her frock down. In appearance, indeed, the Painted Lady resembled her plain daughter not at all, but in manner, in a score of ways, as when she rocked her arms joyously at sight of a fresh bud, or tossed her brown hair from her brows with a pretty gesture that ought, God knows, to have been for some man to love."

The writer is a Champion of the Dames in no ignoble sense, as Tommy was. A very passion of tenderness for the weak and the helpless women throbs through the book. And for that we thank Mr Barrie.

THE FOLK WHOSE VOICE WE HEAR.

WHEN Europeans in the Straits Settlements fall sick, they either die, as a rule, or go home. But when they only fancy they are sick, they go up to a Government bungalow on a hill three or four thousand feet high to "recruit." They take their thickest winter clothes out of the wardrobe, to eke out the illusion that they will be really cold, and they bring with them great store of "Europe" provisions to help in the process of recruitment. They usually go up in pairs; and these two having become very intimate, one with the other, they generally quarrel after three or four days and jog down again, a quarter of a mile apart, without speaking.

On one of these occasions my companion, during the intimate stage of the period, told me the following story as we sat on the verge of the mountain-top throwing occasional pebbles into the tree-tops below. In the lonely silence the story seemed probable enough. Whether or not it will appear so when read in a European environment, I offer no conjecture.

The name of the man who told me the story would sound incongruously, and the name of the man of whom he told it is not easy to pronounce. So I shall call them respectively the Man from the West and the Man of the East. The Malay boatmen who constitute the remainder of the *dramatis personæ* will be found to be *personæ mutæ*, and their names need not be mentioned.

The Man from the West and the Man of the East were fellow-farers up a great river which ran

down to the sea through a great jungle that only here and there had been opened by the hand of men. The river was full of snags and rocks and shoals; and for a week, day after day, the boatmen had been poling and towing their boat up against the stream, over sandbanks and through rapids. But on the eighth day, in the afternoon, they were come to the place that was called the Rapids of the Folk whose Voice we Hear. There, for a mile or more, the river runs down among great rocks with wonderful swiftness, till it comes to the base of a high cliff,—deflected by which it makes a sudden bend to the south, running along under the cliff in a deep and troubled current. On approaching this part of the river, boats bound up-stream proceed as follows: They hug the right bank¹ (the opposite side to the cliff), where the water lies smooth and shoal, till they reach the "bend"; and there the crew must leave the boat and tow her with a line from the shore. If there is a dexterous hand at the steering-paddle, she will swing out through the whirlpool at the "bend" till she comes close, but not too close, to the face of the cliff; and then she will go about and run quietly up through the first rapid. But it wants but a single stroke of the paddle too many, and the swing of the water will lift the frail craft and dash her to pieces against the sheer side of the cliff.

On the occasion to which I am referring, the passage of the rapid was successfully accomplished, and the boat was moored for the night

¹ With Malays the "right bank" means the right bank as you go up-stream.

in a shallow back-water; and there and then the Man of the East told the following story to the Man from the West, which the latter subsequently re-told to the present writer.

Yes, sir, by Allah, I am enchanted; and, by Allah, I have *seen* the Folk whose Voice we Hear. (He was a little pock-marked man, with restless fingers, and red eyes that were always peering up and down the river.) And if thou wilt listen, I will tell thee the story of it: but the story is not yet ended.

At the very beginning, when I had but newly reached the fulness of my manhood, fourteen or fifteen years of age, before the white men came,—in those days the Sickness of the Good Folk was upon us. In those days no matter for laughter was the sickness, when not yet had the white men brought the charm of “planting.”¹ The sickness was heavy on our house, and I too was sore smitten, as thou seest. And first my mother died, and then my elder brother. But when I fell sick, my father was frightened; and he left me in the house alone, saying he would go down-stream for a charm from the witch-doctor. Now when he left me he shut the window, but he bade me shut the door from within. This I did: but because the sickness overcame me, I had not strength to get back to my bed; and so I lay there on the floor all through the afternoon, half alive and half dead. Suddenly a Girl came beside me where I lay. In her ears were swamp-lilies, and her skirt was red and white like the orchids in the marsh. Ah, sir, the beauty

of the features of her! She stooped over me and she kissed me; and her lips and breast were warm like the lips and breast of a woman. Sir, I am an old man, and vain to me are the ways of women: but then I was young; and as she kissed me, me that for three days had eaten not at all, my heart leaped within me, and my sickness was gone like the dew when the sun shines upon it, and from a dead man I was whole. I asked her if she was not some chance guest, and I told her of the sickness—for in those days the Sickness of the Good Folk was more dreaded than a tiger. But she played with my words, smiling on me; and I, who was but then at heaven's gate, felt life stir within me. And she abode with me till the night was spent.

But before the dawning, at the hour the fires are lit, she arose and bade me farewell; though with tears I begged that she should stay. Then said I, “If thou must begone, give me a love-token as a remembrance of thee.” Said she, laughing, “Do thou, first, give me my keepsake; give me thy dagger with two edges and the ivory hilt carved like a girl's hand.” So I gave it to her, wondering a little that she should know of it, for it was hidden away in the cupboard. When she had taken it and thrust it into the knot where her skirt was twisted over her bosom, she took a necklace from her neck and kissed it and gave it to me. It was a necklace of jungle root, and on it was strung a piece of silver, not like the dollars we men use, but four-sided, pierced with a hole. Such is the money of Those whose Voice we Hear.

¹ The Malay term for vaccination is *ka-tumboh-an*, meaning “planting” or “ingrafting.”

I took it laughing, and I said, "I will keep it and think of thee, and if I fail to do so, cursed be my lot." She laughed not back, but answered me, grave and slow. Said she:—

"So be it, and farewell. Whilst thou hast my pledge, fare well; and when thou hast it not, then shall I take it from thee. Kiss me shalt thou not again till the day when thou, faring up-stream, shalt leave thy boat and sail back with me down-stream."

Those were the words she said: "When thou hast it not . . ." *Allah—Allahi ill-Allah!*

So she spoke, and went her way; and while I wondered that she should have gone so quickly, I heard my father calling from without. "Thou in the house, undo the door!" Then first I knew, and feared and marvelled; for the door was still tied, as I had left it, with rattan from within. But when my father saw me, he laughed and said, "Little need is there for magic to treat this sick man." For truly I was whole. But the token and the story of it I hid from him.

So I grew to be a man, sir, and married a wife, and begat sons and daughters (Yusuf was my youngest-born: very clever at the carving of a kris-handle was he); and I did this and that according to the customs of the Malay men. And the piece of silver of the four sides I kept safe, as the Girl bade me. At the first I thought often of her—To-day will she come? To-morrow will she come? But as I grew old I cared more how to find my daily living. (That is the custom of the Malay men, sir: when we are young, we hold women in desire; but when we are old, we think of religion and of the sadness of the transitory world.) So that in the end I re-

membered her at times only, and not clearly, but rather as a log drifts in the current—half sunk and half afloat.

But last year, in the month of the Beginning of Spring, my last-born son, Yusuf, was twelve years old, and entered into the religion of Islam with all the ceremonies that are befitting—so far as I could make shift, being, as I am, no rich man. And in the midst of the ceremonies I bethought me of the piece of silver of four sides. I searched in my box and found it, and gave it to Yusuf to hang round his neck as a charm; but the story thereof I hid from him.

Not many days after that, when the ceremonial had been accomplished, early in the month of the Ending of the Spring, I went up into the jungle to look for ebony-wood for a dagger-hilt—following an order of my Raja to me. Yusuf saw me go, and called out to me, "Oh, father, wait for me!" And I called back, "Come, let us go together." So we fared into the old jungle looking for the ebony-wood. (No, sir, the ebony-trees grow not here. That place is still a day's poling up-stream; to-morrow I will show it thee.) So we went through the old jungle looking for the wood. The road was but a little foot-path where but one could go at a time, and I was going before, and Yusuf behind me a few tens of fathoms. But because the path was tangled with brushwood and thatching palm, and was not very straight, we could not always see one another though we knew we were close together. So we fared in this wise half a day, or not so long, when down the path to meet me came a Girl. Her skirt and her hair were wet from bathing; in her ears were swamp-lilies; and her skirt was red and white like

the orchids in the marsh, and it was twisted under her arms and across her bosom in a knot; and her hair was loose and dripping over her bare shoulders. But her face I little heeded, sir; for I am an old man, and care no more for women. Said she, "O old man, whither art thou wending?" Said I, "To cut ebony-wood, O my mistress." Said she, "Wherefore, old man?" Said I, "For my living, O mistress." Said she, "What thou hast, to give away! what thou searchest for, not to find! O fool!" And she pointed on me with her hand.

Then a very great fear fell upon me, and the breath failed my body, for I saw that in her hand she held a dagger with two edges and a hilt of ivory carved like a girl's hand. I remembered her as I had seen her that day of long ago,—as then fair and young, so now fair and young. And I remembered the law of the piece of silver that she gave me: *When thou hast it not, then shall I take it from thee.* But when I looked up, to beseech with her, she was gone.

Then I called back to Yusuf, "O Yusuf, bring me that piece of fairy money." He answered not. The path was crooked and narrow; I saw him not. I went back to meet him; I met him not. But his footprints I found straying from the path, and by his were other footprints—little footprints of a woman.

The slot I followed all the afternoon, through the old jungle, over the mountain, down the mountain, into the marsh. And at times I heard her laugh, and at times I heard him call, "O Father, come"; and at times I heard nothing but the forest noises only. And at nightfall I came to the side of a lonely sea: thither the footsteps of the boy and of the Girl led side

by side; and then there were no more.

What more is there to tell? That Thing was of Those whose Voice we Hear. Surely she was angry with me when I gave my youngest son the piece of silver; even as she had said, "*When thou hast it not, then shall I take it from thee.*" Wherefore is my son Yusuf pixie-led, to serve her in the fairy-land.

But for what she said, "*Kiss me thou shalt not again till the day when thou, faring up-stream, shalt leave thy boat and sail back with me down-stream,*" I know nothing yet. That doom is not yet run. Yet to-day, to-morrow, who can tell? For these rapids are haunted, sir.

[For us on the mountain-top the sun still hung clear of the horizon. But on the plain at our feet the blunt shadow of our mountain, pushing and widening across the distances, like the prow of some huge ship, was making premature nightfall. Up to this point the Man from the West had told his story glibly and confidentially, as an unlikely tale should be told. What remains he told nervously, in the half-jesting way of an Englishman who deprecates ridicule. He told the story in homely vernacular, but I find myself thinking in Malay as I recall it; while vivid pictures of the locality start up in my memory.]

He said that after supper they lay down to sleep in the boat—he and the Man of the East under the mat-shed awning in the middle, and the boatmen in the bow and stern. When he awoke, the moon was shining bright. He looked to his side where the Man of the East had lain down to sleep; and he

was not there. He went out from beneath the awning, and he saw the cliff, on the other side of the river, checkered black and white in the blue moonlight, with ferns and saplings and creepers on the face of it; and the river racing at its foot below, silver upon black. In the middle of the stream, right where the depth of the water begins, there is a great flat rock, which the Malays call the Unhallowed Rock, by reason of the danger that it is to boat-farers up and down the river; and on the rock the Man of the East was standing, naked to the waist, with the bright water dripping from him. The Man from the West called to him by name; but he did not answer or move, but stood peering up the river, listening and watching and waiting.

Then from far up the river, out above the noises of the night, the shrilling of the cicadas, and the wash of the whirlpool, there came a sound which the Man from the West says *might* have been the night-jar's call, but which at the time he recognised as the sharp, harsh Ha! ha! ha! ha! (a sound unmistakable, I should say, for any other sound on earth) of boatmen paddling furiously down-stream. Louder and nearer, louder and nearer it grew; and before there was time to wonder what thing it should be that would race through the death of the rapids in the night season, it seemed to sweep round from under the shadow of the trees on the left bank to where the water leaps and boils against the cliff.

Here unfortunately the story was told with much hesitation. The Man from the West says that he was so bewildered with the noise of the shouting that he could swear to nothing else. It *seemed* as if the whirlpool were cleft by

a flying furrow of water, trailing off into sharp curves right and left, like the wave from the prow of a row-boat. It *seemed* as if the furrow were churned on either side into flashes of foam as though from the strokes of furious paddles. But neither boat nor men were there, only the noise and the swift furrow gleaming in the moonlight. Down to the Unhallowed Rock it bore, till that strange wash rocked the human boat at her moorings; and the cry of the unseen boatmen (if boatmen they were) rang and re-echoed from the cliff, till all the river was full of the sound. But as it seemed to sweep by the Unhallowed Rock, in one blank moment the shouting and the churning of the water were cut off as if they had never been. The music of the jungle droned out again over the still night, and the boat at her moorings crunched upon the pebbles in the wake of the Thing that had passed; but the Unhallowed Rock lay bare in the moonlight, and the Man of the East was gone.

The Man from the West says that then for the first time he observed that the boatmen were awake and watching with him. He says that they were smitten with terror, and passed the rest of the night at their prayers.

The next day they went on their way up the rapids, and reached the place whither they were bound in safety, though short of their number by one man.

But before they unloosed from their moorings, the man who told me this story says that he waded out to the Unhallowed Rock, where last the Man of the East was seen. The current runs swiftly along it on the farther side, and at its tail, down-stream, it lies a few inches below the surface, all

covered with thick green slime. There, six feet from the dry portion of the rock, and at the very edge of the submerged portion, where it sheers into the rapid, something lay yellow in the weeds. The ripple ran across and blurred it, but it looked like a dagger with an ivory hilt. The man who told

me the story says that he fished for it, whatever it was, for several minutes with a boat-hook, till at last by an unlucky touch he pushed it over the rock's edge into twenty feet of water, and he saw it no more.

EDWARD A. IRVING.

BATU GAJAH.

BY THE AURELIAN WALL.

(IN MEMORY OF JOHN KEATS.)

By the Aurelian Wall,
Where the long shadows of the centuries fall
From Caius Cestius' tomb,
A weary mortal seeking rest found room
For quiet burial,

Leaving among his friends
A book of lyrics. Such untold amends
A traveller might make
In a strange country, bidden to partake
Before he farther wends ;

Who shyly should bestow
The foreign reed-flute they had seen him blow
And finger cunningly,
On one of the dark children standing by,
Then lift his cloak and go.

The years pass. And the child,
Thoughtful beyond his fellows, grave and mild,
Treasures the rough-made toy,
Until one day he blows it for clear joy,
And wakes the music wild.

His fondness makes it seem
A thing first fashioned in delirious dream,
Some god had cut and tried,
And filled with yearning passion, and cast aside
On some far woodland stream,—

After long years to be
Found by the stranger and brought over sea,
A marvel and delight
To ease the noon and pierce the dark blue night,
For children such as he.

He learns the silver strain
Wherewith the ghostly houses of grey rain
And lonely valleys ring,
When the untroubled whitethroats make the spring
A world without a stain;

Then on his river reed,
With strange and unsuspected notes that plead
Of their own wild accord
For utterance no bird's throat could afford,
Lifts it to human need.

His comrades leave their play,
When, calling and compelling far away
By river-slope and hill,
He pipes their wayward footsteps where he will,
All the long lovely day.

Even his elders come.
"Surely the child is elvish," murmur some,
And shake the knowing head;
"Give us the good old simple things instead,
Our fathers used to hum."

Others, at open door,
Smile when they hear what they have hearkened for
These many summers now,
Believing they should live to learn somehow
Things never known before.

But he can only tell
How the flute's whisper lures him with a spell,
Yet always just eludes
The lost perfection over which he broods;
And how he loves it well.

Till all the country-side,
Familiar with his piping far and wide,
Has taken for its own
That weird enchantment down the evening blown,—
Its glory and its pride.

And so his splendid name,
Who left the book of lyrics and small fame
Among his fellows then,
Spreads through the world like autumn—who knows when?—
Till all the hillsides flame.

Grand Pré and Margaree
Hear it upbruited from the unresting sea;
And the small Gaspereau,
Whose yellow leaves repeat it, seems to know
A new felicity.

Even the shadows tall,
Walking at sundown through the plain, recall
A mound the grasses keep,
Where once a mortal came and found long sleep
By the Aurelian Wall.

BLISS CARMAN.

A RAID AMONG BOOKS.

THE opening season has given us several biographies, to some minds the most attractive of all reading, which afford a fine and genial contrast between several sorts and conditions of men—for our instruction and pleasure. An Irish archbishop, with all the eloquence of his race, and a great deal of that wit which we once believed to be characteristic of his race, though, alas! now so drowned in floods of bathos that we have to travel far out of the old limits to find the Irishman we loved. And opposite to him, in all the cultured respectability and gravity which form a certain English type, very much in the front at this period of literature and history, the fastidious, judicious, perfectly excellent, and *tant soit peu* fatiguing, public-school-university, lawyer-scholar-official, Englishman *par excellence*, and admirable-in-everything. We are sorry to be tempted into so many hyphens; yet the 'Letters of Lord Blachford' lead as naturally into them as we are led into the freshest natural atmosphere and sensation of living by those of Archbishop Magee. It is a pity there was not a Scotsman on our list to balance those national types; though Magee, indeed, contains in him a solution, as it were, of the Scot by way of giving breadth to the Irish part of him. The third of our self-biographists does not give us any example of national development, but by way of being *sui generis* and of his own sort alone, affords an almost equally favourable contrast to the other

two: so that there is quite a dramatic force in the combination of this group not always to be found in books.

Archbishop Magee¹ was entirely a man of the age in which he was to play so important a part. Born two years younger than the Queen, and all alive from the period of his entrance into the world to his exit from it, he was an epitome of the best qualities of the Victorian epoch, with all its great and newly aroused sympathies, all its eagerness to be doing, and much of those hopeful anticipations—what we call in the fine language of another generation optimistic views—to which an age newly awakened to the conviction that it could make the world better was subject in its earlier periods. The optimist has ceased to hold his place in the foreground of life, and no longer rushes on confident, calling us all to follow him; but he is worth a hundred of his more languid successors in awaking interest and stimulating effort.

"The merry heart goes all the way,
The sad one tires in a mile-a."

Apart from all the lessons to be taught, "the light and help in difficulties and troubles" which Magee's biographer hopes this book may supply, but which, alas! the less cheerful spirit of the ending century is sadly doubtful about as coming from any book—there is a pleasure in finding ourselves in the company of a man so natural and genuine, not a piece of perfection, not a thinking and instructing machine, but a real

¹ The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York, Bishop of Peterborough. By John Cotter Macdonnell, D.D. London: Isbister.

living creature with a twinkle in his eye, and the keenest perception of fun wherever he meets with it, whether in the House of Lords or a club of working men. Between these two places, Archbishop—or as he held the higher appointment only for a few months, Bishop—Magee was everywhere at home. The navvies sent him a present in a delightful letter of their own, all bad spelling and good feeling; the bishops clung on to him, to use a very vulgar simile, nudging and pushing him up to speak in an emergency, like a bench of school-boys: he was never out of the current wherever he went, and generally on the top of the wave, useful and welcome to everybody with the genial characteristic of his race. What was his race? It was a blend of the three nations with Ireland atop, which secured him his infinite fluency, readiness, and indeed eloquence in one sense at least of the word—one of the best of mixtures, adding to all solid qualities the charm, the sparkle, the light and shade, which fascinate the mind as much in human character as amid the mountains and the lakes. We say so without prejudice, leaving ourselves free to characterise the other blends as they appear, each as the best, attributing perhaps to the English (when atop: for we all have the mixture more or less) a nobler justice, and to the Scots a broader humour. They have each their separate charm.

Magee was a clergyman of the clergymen (born in a library he says: we had almost said in the vestry where all the episcopal clothes were hanging ready to put on; but that the word has less pleasant associations, and sacristy is too priestlike). His grandfather was a bishop before him, his father the rector of a parish, all his com-

rades and his bringing up ecclesiastical. Was it clerical too, perhaps, to secure for himself, from the schoolroom upward, a friend, such a friend as Canon Macdonnell?—a bulwark in life, another self to whom everything could be said. What a piece of luck is that for a man, to secure some one who will always understand *à demi mot*, who gives the backing up of a sound judgment and unfailing sympathy to everything which is done or said! So far as appears, no important letter even, no decisive declaration, was given forth to the world, without being first submitted to this other half of him, who dwelt in a calmer atmosphere, and less subject to the confusions of the world in which the bishop had so great a part to play. The two volumes before us are almost entirely made up of letters to this cherished friend, where Magee is to be seen in his habit as he lived, no unnecessary decorations put on, the lawn sleeves as little apparent as possible, the apron, shall we say, tucked up? and the strenuous little man always hard at work, planning, arranging, preaching, talking, breaking out into a pleasant laugh, and flinging a joke here and there as he goes, with that spontaneous overflow which is better than anything concerted or planned. In the House of Lords or the chapter-house what does it matter? The grave rows of faces lighten up, and even the Peers grow cheerful—poor Peers who ordinarily have so little of the fun and excitement, but sit and are bored from day to day.

Curiously enough, Magee began his long and exceptionally active life by an illness which threatened to cut it prematurely short—and which he was sent to Spain to be cured of, if that were possible. So constantly is this done nowadays,

with issues not so fortunate as in Magee's case, that his own account of his state of mind while living alone in a Spanish village among the mountains is full of interest. He has been telling a friend of the great improvement in his health.

"Sometimes I hope for a final recovery. It needs a steady effort of my mind to keep in view the treacherous and deceitful nature of my disease,—to remember that I have come here to wage a long single combat with death, in which the odds are fearfully against me. I am in a strange perplexity sometimes between the advantage of forgetting this fact for the sake of my body, and the duty of remembering it for the sake of my soul; sometimes seeking to know the number of my days, at other times planning and arranging as if I had a long future before me. I feel myself under the mingled influence of these two states of mind, like one oppressed by the 'nightmare life in death' that Coleridge speaks of in his 'Ancient Mariner.' Doctors who send patients out to foreign climes for their health have little idea of the strange process of cure they are attempting. An intermittent mental ague is a curious and a terrible disease. A man should be well *etherised* by persuasion of certain recovery before he is sent to undergo the operations of a change of climate."

Even at this early period—he was twenty-six, and a curate of two years' standing—he had begun to lay the foundation of his power as a preacher, and still more had thought out and settled on his methods in a manner which showed how solidly these foundations were laid. In another letter from his place of exile he directs his friend where to find among his books a volume he desired. "The books will be better in your hands than rotting on the shelves," he says: "make use of my library, and consider what you take as a loan or as a legacy anticipated."

Of one author he adds, that though his style is old-fashioned, and he observes no order or method, "you may get from him handfuls of gold dust." But more interesting is his description of his own system on this important subject of sermon-writing, which, young as he was, he had given his most careful attention to.

"As to hints on sermon-writing, I think you know my plan. It is not the easiest, but in the end, I think, the best way, never to look about till I had the *idea* (in the Coleridgian sense) of my sermon sketched, and then to read everything bearing on the subject. The great aim of the preacher who means to excel is to master the mind of his hearers: to do this he must first master his subject, so as to be able to present it in a new light. He who can do this will always command attention. Another rule I always followed was never to have more than one idea in my sermon, and arrange every sentence with a view to that. This is extremely difficult. I don't recollect succeeding in doing it more than three times. A good sermon should be like a wedge, all tending to a point. Eloquence and manner are the hammer that sends it home; but the *sine qua non* is the disposition of the parts, the shape. I am convinced this is the secret of sermon-writing. I gave two years to the study of it; it was my passion; and just as I felt I had found it, just as I had experienced the most intoxicating of all pleasures, the sense of power, the magnetic sensation which the speaker feels as he perceives he is commanding his audience—then my mouth is stopped just as I felt I had gained the reward of two years' toil."

Poor youth, fighting for his life as he had fought for his power! and how pathetic this plaint would have been had he dropped on the way, and never carried his plans out. But when we remember what his matured powers were, and to

what use he turned them, we can afford to humour him as he makes his moan. How many have there been after him to whom the heavenly airs and sunshine of the South have wrought no deliverance? "I am not ashamed to confess to you," the young man adds, "that I was extremely ambitious, and that I felt I could succeed," which prevision was triumphantly carried out.

Magee had a varied fortune when he came back cured, and resumed the work of his profession. Though he was an Irishman of the Irish, his first preferment was in England at Bath, and afterwards at the Quebec chapel in London: he then spent some years as vicar of Enniskillen, and more still as Dean of Cork: then became Dean of the Chapel Royal in Dublin, and finally, after missing an Irish bishopric or two, to his vexation, for he loved and honestly desired promotion, was suddenly, it would seem to his own great surprise, appointed Bishop of Peterborough. He had not been without influence in his native country, but he fully recognised the superior importance of this new step in life. All these changes took place within twenty years from the time when the young clergyman imagined his mouth to be stopped and his prospect a blank. At Peterborough he remained for twenty-two years, only to be translated for a few busy months to the final distinction, the archi-episcopal throne. He was a most hardworking Bishop, giving himself no indulgence, and busy in the work of his diocese from morning to night: but the portion of his work which will most interest the reader is probably that which concerns his parliamentary life, as the chief orator of the bench of bishops, taking a most important part in all the ecclesiastical business of the

country. That important bench itself comes into the narrative with a whimsical familiarity. We see the prelates *chez eux* in all the simplicity of professional acquaintance. John Cork, C. Limerick, and R. J. Dublin, are amusing enough, but when we come to A. C. Cantaur, S. Winton, &c., instead of our well-known Taites and Wilberforces, the confusion is very quaint.

It is in this way that W. C. Peterborough always speaks of his right reverend brethren. He is extremely frank in his opinions as to their individual peculiarities, but the reader will, we are sure, note with pleasure that this racy and ready Irishman is not one of those who leave a sting even in an amiable description, as so many do. If we had space and time to make the selection, we could put together what would be an admirable and most honourable character of Archbishop Tait from the flying notes of these letters. A few words, a sentence here and there, and there rises before us the image of a right-thinking right-doing man, with characteristics totally different from those of the writer, and often fretting the writer by a slower pace and occasional waverings of judgment, but always weighty, dignified, and just. The same thing may be said of Bishop Wilberforce. Indeed, in these lively pages, with all their freedom and criticism of the public men about, there are none of the indiscretions, intentional or otherwise, with which recent biographies have abounded. Bishop Magee sees his neighbour's imperfections as clearly as any one, but he generally likes and never hates his neighbour. There is not a sour word in all the book. He was too busy, we imagine, to think of any recondite concealed motives, or to attribute an evil intention to the

snap of temper or the failing of courage which his quick eye perceived so readily.

The story of the downfall of the Irish Church is full of life and excitement. We ourselves feel a great reluctance to go back upon an incident which was politics only the other day, when it becomes history, brand-new and not sufficiently far off to secure all the necessary perspective. Yet Magee's letters, with their many glimpses behind backs, and the vividness of the *dramatis personæ*, all living and moving, bring the events so clearly before us that we almost feel the old excitement and uncertainty as to how it was all to end which moved the lookers-on of '68. "Take it in one word, we have not six months to live!" he cries, when the trumpets have just begun to sound, with many rapid sketches of the perplexed Irish bishops not knowing which way to turn—whether to call a synod or not, whether to act on their own responsibility or not. "John Cork is furious at our Memorial [for the assembly of a synod], and so is at least one other bishop—I believe Tuam. It is, it seems, an 'invasion of episcopal authority.' Bless their episcopal hearts! they will have more invasions than that to put up with ere long." "Gladstone's cat," he says, "is scratching his hands terribly just now in its efforts to get out of his bag. Dizzy's bag is stronger and his cat tamer." Disraeli's plan was to reduce and weaken the Church "by repeated bleedings," abolishing a number of smaller deaneries and bishoprics—certainly a tamer cat than Mr Gladstone's complete disendowment. "The Archbishop [Trench] wants nerve. Oh for one hour of Selwyn, or even of S. Winton!" The idea

of the Synod was "strangled by the lawyers with red tape." When there is a temporary lull in the attack the authorities of the Irish Church fall back into their natural grooves—"the Primate to his love of lobbying and dislike of any popular movement; the Puritans to their dread of the High Church Archbishop and synodical action; the lawyers to their love of routine and hatred and jealousy of clerical freedom and activity. The watchword now is, 'As you were;' and so it will continue—all practising the goose-step—until some new and more successful assault knocks them all into a confused and frightened heap again."

All these communications are mingled with the lively outbursts of indignation and glances of fun which keep the active movers of a reluctant undisciplined body, fearful and rash at once, from breaking down in the midst of the vacillations and hesitation of their party. "What an immense advantage in public business the Siamese twins ought to have had over all other men," cries Magee; "a walking conference and indissoluble counsel with no possibility of dividing after any debate!" "Some day or other," he says, "we will teach his Grace [the Irish Primate] that the production and maintenance of Beresfords is not the final cause of the Irish Church." Magee's efforts to stir up that Church to action were as strenuous as, and less appreciated than, his struggle in its favour with the outside powers. We are tempted to quote one of his speeches addressed to the Church Congress in Dublin when matters were coming to a crisis. He comments first upon the fact that "every religious body in Great Britain has had the kindness to meet together and discuss our present and

our future, and to make this or that recommendation concerning us, with the one single, and, I venture to add, singular exception of the Irish Church itself"—adding the following powerful illustration:—

"I have now to relate a brief narrative. About twenty years ago a ship sailing from the port of Liverpool to that of Derry was caught in a sudden and perilous storm. The first mate—who might be described as a kind of marine vicar-general to the captain—rushed forward in his great zeal, and, in order to save his chief from the inconvenient fears and inquiries of the affrighted passengers who crowded the cabin, threw over the hatches a heavy tarpaulin. The result was that there was no sound heard on deck from those who were below. No passenger's voice disturbed them as the ship righted herself amid the storm, and with her cargo of goods and her freight she reached the port in safety: but she reached it with the passengers dead! I think that that proceeding of the mate was an unwise, even though it may have been a well-intentioned, act on his part. He was tried for his life in consequence; but for his extreme ignorance of the laws of health—his inconceivable ignorance of the laws of nature—he was acquitted. The goods were saved, but the passengers all perished. Now the lives of the passengers were of more value than the most valuable cargo, and if it was an unwise thing for the mate to act as he did to the passengers, it would have been a still more unwise thing to have done as he did to the crew, who were there to assist in the struggle with tossing winds and roaring waves, and were ready when called on to risk their all. My Lord Archbishop, I can assure your Grace that a good many of us clergy who form the crew in this our ship have been feeling very uncomfortable under the tarpaulin which has been flung over our heads."

It was in the very midst of this agitation that Magee was caught up, as it were, upon the "tossing

wind" of his own reputation, and transplanted suddenly and without expectation into the green pastures of an English see. He had been, it would appear, so disgusted with the intrigues and weakness of the smaller hierarchy that he had written to Mr Disraeli to ask whether he might have one of the smaller appointments which would be made vacant by the filling up of the vacant Deanery of St Paul's. He had dropped into great despondency on the subject of advancement at this period. "The Tories will not promote me: the Whigs will leave no Church to be promoted in. So there is an end of it," he had written to a friend. Straight into the midst of this dilemma stepped the incalculable individual then at the head of affairs in England who followed no rules. "I regret," Mr Disraeli said ("on the first page of his letter," adds Canon Macdonnell, "with a touch of humour"), "that I cannot comply with your request, for . . . I felt it my duty to recommend her Majesty to nominate you, if agreeable to yourself, to the vacant see of Peterborough." It is seldom that good fortune comes as in a fairy tale in this unlooked-for way. Magee came into the Dublin Congress where his friend was speaking in what must suddenly have seemed to him the most vain of debates, and as soon as Canon Macdonnell (who was then Dean of Cashel) had ended, whispered to him to come out. "He looked so pale and like a man who had received a sudden shock, that I expected some very sad news." Thus life leaped up into a wider development, and he was delivered from the excitement at white heat of passion, of a patriotic but baffled leader vainly struggling against the weaker hands which held the control. He was "the first Irish-

man since the Reformation who has ever held an English See."

Naturally there was some pain as well as much pleasure in this sudden transformation. "I wish I had you here," he cries out to his friend, "for a talk over many things, and to ask your advice on some;" and he speaks of "the sinking feeling of isolation" with which he goes forth to a sphere he had never calculated upon. "I tremble for myself," he says, "and sigh to think of the dear friends I am leaving here," and especially "my oldest and dearest," to whom he was writing. It is pleasant to know that Macdonnell soon received an English benefice at his friend's hands, and later a canonry in Peterborough, which brought them into the closest relations again. Fortunate men, who to old age kept up the nearness of this tie!

All these struggles within the bosom of his own native branch of the Church being over, Bishop Magee stepped into—what was at once the first place as a parliamentary orator, and the often thankless position of champion of that Church, serving it against its will, and contrary to its own doubtful wisdom, which would have resisted still, though without the faintest hope of anything but defeat. Bishop Magee saw that this was hopeless, and manfully set himself to the difficult work of getting the best terms possible. His speech upon the second reading of the Irish Church Bill in the House of Lords was apparently the chief event in that debate. He felt the difficulty of his position very deeply. It was one in which he could not hope to please those for whom he struggled, and he was scarcely as yet prepared to look to a wider audience. "I would give all I possess

to escape speaking," he cries. "The responsibility, the novelty of the audience, the certainty that what I say will please no one, the necessary limit of time, the previous exhaustion of the subject,—all these things are against me!" "The day before he was to speak," Canon Macdonnell adds, "Archbishop Trench met him wandering about near the bishops' robing-room in a state of extreme nervousness, and he opened his heart to him, expressing his fear of the ordeal he had to go through, and the certainty of his disappointing the expectations of his friends. The Archbishop quietly and lovingly laid his hand upon his shoulder and said, "Never fear: you will do very well." There is another curious little note of the progress of this great speech, and how the orator in his high excitement was fretted and disturbed. "Lord Russell . . . sat near on the cross benches, and kept up a running commentary which was quite audible. He (the bishop) could hear for instance the words, 'He has put his foot in it now'—and a little after the words, 'I declare he has got his foot out of it again.'" One would suppose, however, that these comments must have struck Magee's lively sense of humour, and stimulated instead of irritating him.

Next day, however, things were improved. "The peers received it and me very kindly," he reports to his friend. "It was by far the most trying occasion in my life, and I was as near breaking down once or twice as well could be. It is over now, however, and I feel 'muckle the better.'" Lord Derby, no enthusiast, referred to the speech in the course of the debate as a speech "which kept your lordships entranced in rapt attention";

"a speech containing within itself the most cogent and most conclusive arguments upon the merits of the question, while its fervid eloquence, its impassioned and beautiful language, have never in my memory been surpassed, and rarely equalled in my long parliamentary experience."

We must not, however, linger too long on Bishop Magee, though we cannot omit his highly characteristic description of how he was led into one of his great oratorical performances. He describes how he found the Archbishop (Tait) and a number of bishops discussing a bill (it was the Public Worship Regulation Bill, not a happy effort, but that is a detail), and was received, along with several amendments he proposed, very graciously; but soon discovered that "he relied on me to fight for him and it, on the second reading": this Magee was very unwilling to do, and succeeded, as he thought, in getting off: but he had not calculated on the chances of the debate. One of the earliest speakers was Lord Shaftesbury, "evidently in for a deliberately prepared and smashing criticism on the whole bill and the Bench to boot."

"The Archbishop urged me to reply as he went on. But I was very averse to a second quarrel with Lord Shaftesbury, who had lately been reconciled to me, and had that very day written me a very civil letter on other matters. I held to this even after he had personally attacked me in his opening remarks. However, as he went ahead tearing the bill up, and with it his own of two years ago, the Archbishop got so excited and insisting that I had to yield: besides, the old Adam stirred in me as I saw Shaftesbury,

after attacking me in front, exposing his own flank so deliciously. Accordingly, I took my seat between the two Archbishops—they cramming me with facts and points in either ear, and I trying to listen to Shaftesbury with my eyelids. . . . I felt I was in for a big speech, and not prepared for it. However, I think I may say that I succeeded—at least, if I may judge not only from the cheering at the time, but from special thanks from the two Archbishops, and such opposite men as Lords Grey, Granville, and Cairns."

What a fine subject for a painter of humour and character! the vivacious little Irishman, all spirit and keen perception, between Tait, with that grave countenance on which sorrow had left an abiding trace of tragedy, and the somewhat heavy seriousness of Thompson—the three kingdoms after a novel kind, more characteristic than that in which they are usually represented.

It would be difficult, within the limits of intellect and education common to the two men, to find anything more unlike Dr Magee than Lord Blachford, or Sir Frederic Rogers, which is the name by which he is best known in contemporary history.¹ (These late lordships are a great trouble. A known man disappears; we wonder what has become of him: and lo! he stands by all the time, veiled in a new meaningless title!) Frederic Rogers is what we may call the University ideal of a typical Englishman—an ideal which has become exceedingly popular in recent times, while well enough known in all. In this day it has developed into a model of the irreproachable, which its very excel-

¹ Letters of Frederic Lord Blachford, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1860-1871. Edited by George Eden Marindin. London: John Murray.

lence goes far to render colourless—the picture of a man who is no man, like Lamb's solemn books, which were no books,—not that he has not all the necessary qualifications for making one, but that the utter blamelessness, correctness, faultlessness of him in mind, character, and style are too much for common humanity. We greatly fear that this ideal has been forced upon the academic world in a manner which is sadly against all development of individual character, as if those virtuous youths *que forment les délices* of dons and tutors could not be good without following a pattern which swamps individuality in perfection. In this case, too, is not *le mieux l'ennemi du bien*? Lord Blachford was no prig: but his imitators in their youth are prigs, and to be discouraged by all to whom humanity counts for more than this smooth and perfect outline. We should be disposed to offer a piece of advice to future biographers which none of them will take, so that we may enlarge with all freedom upon the advantages of it. We should say, cut out with a ruthless hand all University letters, the prosing of the young man to his friends or his mother and sister about his work, his high-minded consciousness that he has done his best, yet humble conviction that it has not been good enough, and his artless surprise to find that he has succeeded. These admirable youths all say pretty much the same, and have been tolerated long enough in literature. Let us in future consider the University portion of a man's career as said. It was the Oxford Movement, we think, which brought it into the forefront of life, and has made it appear ever since to the doubtful reader that the thinkings of a horde of harmless youths were of importance

enough to fill page upon page of respectable volumes. However, this is inappropriate to the present volume, though it has spoiled so many such; for Lord Blachford's University letters are those of a Don and not of the most virtuous of undergraduates,—a distinction in degree, however, but not in kind.

We confess for our own part that we are very tired of the Oxford Movement: after Lord Blachford,—who is not excessive on that point, and indeed the book is not excessive: one volume only, for which let us be thankful,—we profess that nothing will induce us to look at a book in which the names of Newman, Keble, Pusey, &c., are sprinkled over the pages. If we do not know enough of them by this time, we fear we are not likely to derive much knowledge from further instruction. These men have reduced the world in which they occupied so great a place into a sort of intellectual vacuum where no human merit or quality could exist but their own. A finer example even than Lord Blachford is Dean Church, for instance, a man of every excellence, fine intellect, admirable character, a man standing head and shoulders above his fellows—yet the curious fact has been pointed out that in the basket of fragments entitled his life and letters, there were exactly three letters which were quoted by every critic, and marked and referred to by anxious seekers after instruction and sympathy—always the same three, in the ocean of blameless goodness and irreproachable utterance. We doubt whether there will be one in the collection now before us—not we imagine because the man was incapable of any deeper touch, but because the intellectual has so far surmounted the human as to

make the barren excellence seem actually the better way.

Having relieved our mind by this protest, we will add a note which shows how Newman, according to the perception of his disciple, agreed with it, though in different nomenclature. Rogers has been describing the larger sympathies of Newman—how “he caught at once all that you meant or were driving at in a sentiment or philosophical reflection or a joke” (which last is startling, for the joke is hard to find):—

“I should add that he always seemed to me to have a kind of repugnance to the highly finished manners of the man of the world. Nothing covers what is behind it so completely as mental or moral polish. It reveals nothing but what it reflects. And this Newman did not like. It baffled him and kept him at a distance. He did not know what matter of interest he could touch with confidence; and this to a man who is keenly alive to sympathy or the want of it means an atmosphere of artificial constraint.”

This is admirably said, and it expresses exactly what we had meant to say. “Highly finished manners” are not, perhaps, the cause to which we should attribute this blankness. Intellectualism, the subordination of everything else to the dominion of the abstract, the overmastering solicitude to say nothing that is not up to a certain standard of “moral and mental polish,” is more baffling than fine manners. But that “it reveals nothing but what it reflects” is precisely the criticism which we should apply to the many books constructed from this point of view, which profess to disclose to us men who are really worthy to be known, though perhaps indeed they never did unveil themselves, and walk as men among men.

A number of Lord Blachford's letters are the ordinary traveller's letters about Rome and Italy, of which we have had so many that they are quite beyond criticism. There is, however, here and there a little touch of something tangible, as in the story of “a certain priest called Pentini,” who was concerned in the Rome of other days in “an interesting system of *retraites* for the poorer classes and soldiers”:—

“They are a society of twelve priests incorporated by the Pope, but quite independent, with twelve (or more) working men (without authority) under them, who simply buy a house large enough to accommodate about seventy people, with beds, a kitchen, a chapel and oratory, lecture-room, and yard to walk in—catch their seventy men, partly with, partly against, their will, and then inflict upon them eight or nine days of preaching, silence, meagre diet, finishing with confession and communion. When we went through the house they had got fifty or sixty soldiers in hand. They came, we were told, of their own free will; but those who would not come of their free will were compelled to come. When they went out, a batch (*muta*) of townsmen were to come in; and so Pentini said about twelve or fifteen hundred people passed through their hands during the year, with, on the whole, the very best results.”

On a second visit Rogers and his party saw the following extraordinary scene. They had gone to hear a sermon, the subject of which was the Blessed Virgin:—

“Near the end of the sermon we were sent out of that part of the chapel, and shortly Pentini rushed in with all the soldiers in a body after him, who all threw themselves, sobbing and groaning, before a picture of the Virgin over the altar, he standing at their head and leading the way in vehement ejaculations to his men, with a kind of shouting encouragement to pray on, and pray earnestly, much in the way, *mutatis mutandis*,

in which you would cheer on men who were fighting—all the men going on sobbing loudly, and apparently quite overcome, as ‘Pray to her, pray earnestly, cry to her—you know not how she loves you: cry, Viva Maria!’—and then there was a low shout of Viva Maria!”

These were the Papal methods in the days when the priests were supreme—which they were not always, however, as in the case of this earnest evangelist, whom the present writer knew many years afterwards as Monsignor Pentini, a sort of local Prince and Saint at Frascati, to whom all the peasants about brought their quarrels for arbitration, but who was kept back, it was said, from the Cardinal’s hat, which he deserved, because he was “a Liberal”; also a little because the gorgeous red carriage and footmen with which a Cardinal was compelled to drive about was too much for his finances, impoverished with almsgiving. He did eventually, however, attain that honour.

When Mr Rogers became weary of University life, he “went in for” law, and came to London, where he was speedily immersed in official business: a man born for secretaryships, private and public, and the pulling of the strings of persons on superior altitudes, not so clever as himself. His first occupation, however, as he pursued his legal studies, was as leader writer to the ‘Times,’ a business performed in the most curious way.

“I dined with Mr Walter and his son in Printing House Square at five o’clock, and found that I was expected to write an article there and then on one of the subjects of the day. I protested my inability, not supposing myself capable of doing such a thing in less than a week. This was pooh-pooed. I tried, found it possible, and found also that I was expected

to repeat the process next day, same hour, same dinner, short conversation after dinner: then the subject was announced, and I was left alone till tea-time, when Mr Walter appeared, read aloud what I had done, with criticisms, and after correction, carried off the paper to the printer. When the article was finished the same process was repeated, and when I was disburdened of the whole article I went home to bed. Gradually, it appeared that I was expected (*exceptis excipiendis*) to do this every evening.”

This tremendous engagement at “a very liberal salary”—but this, it appeared, was not wanted,—happy Rogers!—continued for a whole year, after which the dinners were got rid of. These were the days when the ‘Times’ was the Thunderer, and led, or followed seeming to lead, popular opinion. The dinners at five o’clock, we may believe, are at least abolished now. “The phrase, ‘monster meeting,’ was due to me,” Sir Frederic adds modestly. It is not a great thing to claim.

One of the occasional glimpses behind the scenes in which official life is rich, occurred in rather an amusing way when Rogers (now Sir Frederic by the death of his father) accompanied Mr Chichester Fortescue to a meeting with Lord Palmerston, in respect to a New Zealand Bill which he was bringing in. “Pam” “sat himself down, put his hands between his knees, and assumed a kind of fixed, resigned look, drooping his shoulders and sinking his eyes like a man who was to undergo a shower-bath.” Rogers had expected “a kind of arguing and examination,” but Lord Palmerston accepted the whole thing “in such a free and easy way, and with so little trouble to himself,” after hearing the statement, that the two negotiators, when they left him, burst into a fit of laughter.

"This is being behind the scenes," said Mr Fortescue.

"He had quoted to Palmerston with great force a passage in favour of his present proceeding from a despatch of Lord Carnarvon's. 'Of course I shall read that in the House,' as if that were the testimony of an enemy. So when we got into the cab, I told him that that despatch was my writing, so that when the Whig Under Secretary quotes the Tory Under Secretary in favour of the Whig measure, it will be in fact quoting Sir Frederic Rogers's despatch as a hostile testimony to the merits of Sir Frederic Rogers's Bill. I told him this, and he laughed, and said, 'Behind the scenes again.'"

It is difficult to characterise the writer who follows these two very definite men with one of the most curious books that the present day, so given to odd and foolish Reminiscences and Autobiographies, has seen.¹ What is Mr Augustus Hare? He is neither anybody nor nobody—neither male nor female, neither imbecile nor wise. He has been of use to the world, we believe, in various ways, specially to travellers in his Walks in Florence, Rome, &c., which are good so far as guide books go, and carefully manufactured. A great many years ago, we forget how many, he produced a book to the honour and glory of his family, in which an innumerable band of pious women, with a sprinkling of admirable men, were canonised, deified—inhabitants of a mournful paradise extending from somewhere beyond Alderley Edge, on the bleak brows of Cheshire, to the downs of Sussex. These ladies were called Stanley, Leicester, Naylor, &c., &c., and were woven in and in with branches of the family of the Hares; and they were all voluminous letter-writers, all in constant

bereavement from the death of some near friend, and receiving letters of condolence thereanent; or else writing similar letters of condolence in their turn to others. The book was entitled 'Memorials of a Quiet Life;' which quiet life, we imagine—it is so long ago that we have forgotten the details—was that of Mrs Augustus Hare, the nominal mother of the writer, round whom all those devoted and devout Lucies, Georgianas, and Carolines revolved, and who was, as indeed they all were, a saint on earth. One black sheep only there was among those snow-white lambs, and she was but mildly black, the perpetrator of one great fault, which perilled her salvation, but no more. This lady was Mrs Julius Hare, and her sin was that she had burned a great number of letters of the Hare family, letters which would have furnished materials for another volume to Mr Augustus—which, considering that the book was very successful and sold largely (we believe), was a tangible reason, with which at least a manufacturer of books could sympathise. *En revanche*, but probably that made her crime the deeper, this lady published a book of her own, likewise made up of letters of condolence, which had a great sale. But except this peccant Mrs Julius, all the Mrs Hares in the book, except the real mother of Mr Augustus, who was avowedly worldly, were angels of perfection—mournful angels, as we have said, generally clothed in widows' weeds, and with a gift for condoling with each other which was amazing and left the reader speechless. We ourselves remember, after a few volumes, to have profanely demanded of our surroundings a French novel, no

¹ The Story of My Life. By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: George Allen.

matter how naughty, to take the taste of such superlative virtue out of our mouth.

But the whirligig of time has as usual brought about its revenges. All these good ladies are dead, they can condole no longer, their bereavements are over; and no new letters calculated to promote the manufacture of other saleable volumes can now be looked for. This circumstance has cleared the eyes and loosened the tongue of Mr Augustus Hare. He has looked back upon his saints, his widows, his virgins; with misgivings he has looked back. Did he perhaps add a grace which was not there by nature? He has bundled them all into the balances, mourning veils and lachrymatories and all. And in the clear light of this later day they have been found wanting. The saints have turned into what the profane call old cats, cruel, sharp-clawed, sharp-tongued, mean and silly women; and it is Mr Augustus, with all the suppressed wrongs of his boyhood to avenge, who, in the bitterest accents of the spiteful showman, shows over again in distinct tableaux, and with many details, the real though hitherto secret history of the House of Hare.

"It is an ill bird," says the proverb, "who files his own nest." In the case of Mr Augustus, however, there is this quaint plea in diminution of damages, that, like so many other adopted children, he was never quite clear about his own nest,—whether it was the secluded house at Hurstmonceaux, where all the evangelical vices were rampant, or the light-hearted, sometimes impecunious, but amusing foreign apartment in which "Italima"—that is to say, Italian mamma—flourished among her other children. It is true that he

loved the mother-aunt, and disliked the real authoress of his being; but the double bond was no doubt confusing all the same. And looking back, Mr Augustus finds that he was a very cruelly used unhappy little boy among the saints. His spiritual welfare was so much considered that he was scolded, punished, whipped within an inch of his life. He was not allowed to have his pudding when it was a particularly nice one; he was locked into dreadful bare solitary rooms; he had no fire, no bath, and had to break the ice in his small washing-basin before he could wash his miserable little face. This began from his earliest years, when Uncle Julius chastised him with a large whip when he was naughty; but his persecution became diabolical when Uncle Julius married, and a prudish aunt, Esther, with the countenance of an angel, but a mind constantly employed in schemes for his destruction, came on the scene. Poor little Mr Augustus! what a bad day it was for him when his careless mamma gave him up out of her too well filled and riotous nursery to the prim but savage virtue of Hurstmonceaux! It is true that Hurstmonceaux has hitherto been considered a home of all the graces, as well as all the excellences, of life. But now we are undeceived. Archdeacon Hare was a man of great learning, of genial and graceful philosophy, not over-deep: a man whose house was lined from floor to ceiling, every room in it, with books—a sort of early father of the Broad Church, liberal, slightly unorthodox, the most amiable of men. Nothing of the sort. He was a black Calvinist, one of those religious demons who think terror the best of incentives to piety, and that to break a child's spirit, and

train him in every kind of privation and disappointment, is the way to make him a Christian; a man of savage utterance, and still more savage action, whose roar of speech filled the house with alarm. Mrs Julius Hare we have also been accustomed to hear spoken of with respect and kindness. We ourselves remember with much admiration her soft countenance, surrounded by the widow's cap, and looking young and fresh in that enclosure, with a clearness which always suggested to us "the clear shining after rain" of Scriptural simile. Not so. Her devil was a softer devil than that of her husband, but also a far more subtle and prevailing one, though chiefly given up to inventing tortures for a certain small boy, contriving to make everybody unjust to him, to overwhelm him with pains and penalties, and make his life miserable. This is the corrected record which Mr Hare gives forth to the world as affording a true picture of his family and surroundings.

But this is not all. The mother whom he adored, and upon his adoration and devotion to whom Mr Augustus traded for his own honour and glory in after-days, was only so much less bad that she was the influenced person, allowing, not inventing, the system, permitting him to be thus cruelly treated for his good: yet indeed she herself presented a stern aspect to the boy, as he says, through all the earlier portion of his life. It was she who took away the nice puddings from under his disappointed nose. It was she who counted out to him, when he was almost a young man, the exact amount of his travelling expenses, without leaving a penny over: so that this son of wealth on one or two occasions walked the

streets all night because he had no money to get a bed, and starved all day, gladly accepting a bit of bread from a passer-by, because he had not a penny left to buy a roll. Ill-used and miserable boy! David Copperfield was nothing to him. Aunt Lucy too, Mrs Marcus Hare, one of the chiefest saints of the 'Memorials,' hated him because he took some part of the attention of visitors from her own son, and pursued him with feminine malignities. There was not one individual that came near this unhappy urchin in his childhood who was not in himself (or herself) abominable, and in his (or her) conduct to him a monster and savage. He was not more fortunate when he went to school, and no reader of this book but must feel that the fact of his growing up and actually coming to manhood after the tortures of his youth proves the existence of such vitality on the part of Mr Augustus as is very seldom met with.

A curious home certainly was his in its earliest stage. The house of Mrs Augustus Hare and her little boy was not far from the Rectory at Hurstmonceaux, where Uncle Julius was: and during all the Archdeacon's bachelor life he came every evening at six o'clock to dinner, the sound of his loud voice thrilling through the house and through the terrified soul of the child, who, except when he was whipped or put through some discipline of disappointment, existed behind-backs, and was taken little notice of. After the Archdeacon's marriage his wife, that no breach of unity might be supposed to come by her means, insisted that Mrs Augustus and her boy should dine every day at the Rectory, which in winter necessitated sleeping too, and the consequent laying open of the unfor-

tunate boy to all Aunt Esther's horrible schemes against him. To live thus in two places at once must have been sufficiently uncomfortable, however, without any schemes, though it seems to point at rather an excess of love and charity than any deficiency. But all these eccentricities fade before the spectacle of this strange being, who remembers so venomously after fifty years the grievances, real or imaginary, of his childhood, and deliberately avenges himself at sixty upon the persons who maltreated him at ten. Such a tenacity of ill-feeling, such a cold rage of vituperation, is very rarely to be met with. And to think that all this overflow of gall should have followed the rather sickening honey of the 'Memorials' is still more curious. Perhaps it was inevitable, however, that having gone so far in one direction there should be a reaction on the other. Nothing is so virulent as the valet who—contradicting the proverb, by making an intolerable hero of his master in public, as sometimes happens—avenges himself by gathering every rag and scrap of obloquy to heap upon his name in private. Such an instance, however, has perhaps never been known in the world of gentlemen, so called, before.

There are, however, some amusing anecdotes scattered between hands, of which we may take the advantage as we wade through this foam of superannuated wrath, spite, and malice. Here is one which shows clearly enough the much discomfiture of a scholar and philosopher when brought into contact with the real facts of life:—

"Uncle Julius would have given the world to have been able to speak easily and sympathetically to his people, but he could not get the words out. Sick people in the parish

used to say, 'The Archdeacon he do come to us, and he do sit by the bed and hold our hands, and he do growl a bit, but he do zay nowt.'

"One day he heard that a family named Woodham was in great affliction. It was just after poor Haydon had committed suicide, and he took down Wordsworth's Sonnet on Haydon and read it to them by way of comfort. Of course they had never heard of Haydon, and had not an idea what it was all about."

We remember in ancient days, when it was usual to dwell upon the inefficiency of female education, a story which was current of a young wife, who, eager to solace her husband in his illness, made with the most anxious care, and brought to his bedside—a steaming bowl of paste, the only thing she knew how to make! The Archdeacon with Wordsworth's Sonnet is something like a parallel case.

It must be confessed, however, that when Mr Augustus Hare is not malignant, he is very much less interesting and amusing than when his paragraphs plump like drops of concentrated venom on the dinted page. He is a good hater, if ever man was. It is a pity, however, that he has not reflected upon the unlikelihood, to use the mildest expression, that everybody he met with in his youth was bad and cruel. A bad and cruel person is in general life the undoubted exception, else the world must cease to go round. But indeed Mr Augustus's mind as here expressed is uncomfortably like the mind which we usually attribute (in many cases no doubt, very unjustly) to a waiting-maid: whose power of inventing evil motives and believing in them is so extraordinary, as well as her conviction that she is surrounded by plotting enemies. And the credulity which induces Mr Hare

to believe in the story of the Family Spy, said to be a "Sicilian nobleman," who follows the Hares (let us specify—the Francis Hares, the real parents of Mr Augustus) wherever they go, watching their doors and windows night and day, but not allowing himself to be spoken to, except on an occasion when he brought important occult information,—is exceedingly like a story warranted to please the Servants' Hall—or perhaps rather the Housekeeper's Room. And we sadly fear, though we hesitate upon the term, that our author is a Snob, in Thackeray's sense of the word. The fundamental fault of Aunt Esther and her family was, that they were of so different a rank to himself and his mother that they never could have agreed; and when he went to Oxford he specifies his special friends, each with a little footnote attached, "son of Lord So-and-so," and deplores that he could not keep company with most of the other young men, who again were of inferior rank to his own. These sentiments, to be sure, are not very uncommon, especially on the waiting-maid level; but they are seldom so openly expressed, and quite rare, we think, in the revelations of a member of a college respecting his fellows there.

We must not, however, omit to acknowledge that there is a storehouse of curious stories in the three stout and squat volumes in which Mr Hare relates the incidents, so wonderfully diluted, of his not eventful life. These tales, in many cases, are related to us as having happened to members of the widely spreading and inexhaustible family of the Hares, in behalf of whom, notwithstanding the generally unamiable character attributed to them by their

kinsman, the powers unseen must have taken a quite remarkable interest. We have already alluded to the Family Spy. A still more uncommon agent was Madame de Trafford, a lady with a familiar spirit, who not only prepared the minds of the Hare ladies for inevitable misfortune, but supplied to a certain extent the funds necessary to meet it. This is, perhaps, the first instance on record of supernatural guidance accompanied by hard cash. "You want £80: here it is. I brought it down with me to dinner, knowing you would have need of it." This is real friendship, and we confess would do much to convince ourselves of the reality of spiritualist aid.

These occult visitors, however, are so completely pat to the occasion, so much to the point in every way, that out of the very abundance of the proofs given, doubts arise. Once upon a time a famous teller of stories in society, of whom Mr Hare has no doubt heard, encountered in a country house after an evening's entertainment *un enfant terrible*, who explained to him a feeling existent in the house. "Do you know," said the urchin, "Mr So-and-so, mamma says they're all lies." We would not be uncivil like the objectionable small boy; but Mr Hare's spirits certainly are too good. They never palter, in a double sense, as spirits use. They do not keep the word of promise only to the ear. They are, on the contrary, most serviceable beings, always helpful and ready to save their *protégés* trouble—which is very admirable, and really a great improvement upon the ordinary kind who delight in deception, and generally leave their believers in the lurch. But then even the most tricky of spirits must recognise that there is something not to be trifled with in the native

dignity and superiority of the Hares. It is a pity that the historian of the family should have turned it topsy-turvy by this truculent performance. He would have done better had he left his previous works, in which he did nothing but sing litanies to the family in all its branches save one, uncontradicted, and refrained from those joys of revenge in which he has now indulged. We fear nobody will put Mr Augustus in the place from which he has spitefully endeavoured to pull Julius Hare down. Whatever the Archdeacon might appear to the naughty little boys of his family, he was a person of different stature from his traducer. His wife, too, is dead and defenceless—all her family of her own generation dead, so that nobody's feelings may be hurt by his disclosures, Mr Augustus tells us, with seeming satisfaction—nobody left, let us say, to vindicate the gentle memory or silence the spiteful tongue of detraction. These victims, however, of this vicious and venomous personal onslaught are partially avenged by the too great diffusion of the venom. Everybody of their generation could scarcely be so bad—all the schoolmasters, private tutors, &c., the aunts and cousins who had the misfortune to come within the range of this dangerous little boy, even the savants and philosophers whom he met for an instant. It is a melancholy sight to see a man of sixty or so (the dates are his own), after nursing the child's animosities for half a century, dedicating thus an entire volume, or nearly so, to a revenge so petty and vindictive. He may be sure at least that in overthrowing as much as he can the reputation of his relations (including the adopted mother, of his devotion to whom he has made capital for

so long), he is very far from having added to his own.

The next books on our list are books which may be called entirely of the New Schools in literary art. The cheerful biography of our archbishop, the sober records of our man of the world, are a little old-fashioned, let us allow, not "up to date,"—being simple annals of things that happened, and thoughts not arranged upon any plan, but rising and falling with the breath of life; real thoughts, not fiction—genuine facts not classified according to any theory. Let us thank heaven that in the chronicle of actual lives we shall still preserve that essential thread of nature until the day of the pessimist and the optimist is overpassed, and even fiction begins to see clear again. At present fiction, alas! cannot be said to see clearly at all. When it is not absorbed in the odious question of sex, it is so overstrained in the pursuit of the unusual, so determined at any hazard to humanity and with every possible breach of its prevailing laws to get something new, so that no man may say, "We have heard that before"—that its inventions are sometimes monstrous, and its call upon our attention rather an offence to us than an advantage. The lady who chooses to veil herself (very imperfectly) under the name of Lucas Malet is capable of very excellent and very delicate work. The first book that introduced her to the public dwells upon our recollection, though we have forgotten the story, like an exquisite and soft picture in what we call black and white, which means every delicate shade of grey, and subdued suggestion of hues and tints which would mar the conception if more

insistently expressed. Not so long ago another quite delightful picture of one of those exquisite feminine souls who, retired in the country in the absolute bonds of duty and banishment from all enjoyment and emotion, preserve youth and freshness and virginal sentiment almost to immortality, came from her pen in the person of the Lydia Castern who loved and rejected Anthony Hammond, after such a record of "the hopes and fears that kindle hopes," the fluctuations and vicissitudes of the heart, as very few writers are capable of. But Lucas Malet, like so many persons endowed with a specially fine gift, hankers after other expression than that most congenial to her genius, and has, we think, a special desire to show herself as capable of treating the very bad as she is to embody the very good, the blameless and beautiful.

We are bound to say, however, that it is difficult to tell what precisely she means in the picture of the *Carissima*.¹ The girl is beautiful, seductive, charming. We are not permitted to see any evil turn in her nature: yet her behaviour is so odious and cruel, her motive so altogether mean, and her method of securing it so barbarous, that after all is come and gone we do not quite know whether we are expected to loathe or to admire. The story is told by the same Anthony Hammond who was the unheroic hero of Lydia Castern's dream, and who now appears in the character of that floating spectator of society who reports other men's stories, and is the universal referee and confidant on both sides,—a post better adapted to a woman than a man. His friend, the lover of the book, is

possessed by a ghastly hallucination which he cannot get rid of. He believes himself to be haunted by a horrible dog which he had once seen in a still more horrible scene of death and destruction in Africa on the veldt, which he tried to kill but did not, and which pursues him night and day, but chiefly at night and in the dark. An alarming scene, in which he betrays himself to the young lady to whom he is engaged, compels him to tell her the whole story; and we allow that if the girl had shrunk from carrying out her engagement with a man so afflicted, there would have been nothing wonderful in that fact. But Lucas Malet has made up her mind to be much more subtle than that. The lover, notwithstanding his hallucination, is a most impassioned and adoring lover. The girl—we have no confidence in from the first: but at least she accepts his attentions, his presents, his devotion. They have been engaged for a long time. They are travelling under the escort of her father and mother in Switzerland, and it only remains to fix the time of the marriage.

This is a situation very attractive even to the ordinary romancist. The many slips there are between the cup and the lip are his delight and his easiest inspiration. The experienced novel-reader, equally pleased to find a crisis quite after his heart (should we not say *her* heart?—for are not novels written for women?), knows from the first word that there is to be no marriage. But the author adds an additional complication, which would in vulgar hands be quite destructive of our interest in the heroine, but which, in the wonder and mystery thrown by the author about the workings of the young

¹ *The Carissima*. By Lucas Malet. London: Methuen & Co.

lady's mind, do not somehow destroy our interest in her. The lover is very rich; the parents well enough off, but in the useful predicament (to the novelist) of possessing only an income which dies with the comic papa. How is she to secure the money, yet escape the husband? It seems a common, not to say vulgar, dilemma; but we assure the reader that it is worked out in no vulgar way. What we cannot understand is, how a girl, not apparently without some sense of better things, should have been capable of concerting with another suitor in the most pitiless and horrible way the cruel trick by which the unfortunate lover is goaded almost into madness, and made to believe that he has infected his bride with his hallucination, and that she too sees the spectre. This is beyond surely all those latent possibilities of evil which our present teachers assure us are always lurking under the fairest exterior. This incident happens on the evening of the day in which the civil marriage has taken place, and after the bridegroom's will has been signed. So that the Carissima (so called by her foolish father) is poor Leversedge's actual wife and legal heir to his fortune. The reader divines, of course, what is the only way out of such a frightful situation, for the bride, incapable (all the mischief being done) of keeping up the deception, tells him in her passion and horror with herself that she does not love him, cannot endure him, and that to shake him off has been her object all along.

This is why we place Lucas Malet, much against our will, in the "new" school. These atrocities in human nature may or may not exist. We have certainly never heard of anything so monstrous and dreadful either in real life or

in poetry; but have we so completely come to the end of all the possible motives and imaginations which actuate people on the general level of humanity as to be obliged to have recourse to those extreme and unnatural methods? People do not take Semiramis or Catherine of Russia as heroines of a work of fiction; and both of these ladies—we confess to a weakness for the latter—are models of innocence in comparison with this diabolical plotter against the life and reason of the man who loves her. Miss Braddon's old fair-haired charmer, who pushed her former lover into the well and so got rid of him and her secret together, is innocence itself in comparison. The great crimes that are out of nature are also, except in very unusual circumstances, or with the highest tragic meaning and on the highest altitude, out of art also. And they are assuredly out of fiction, which is the great domestic entertainment of the English, and from which to the young and uninstructed the first ideal of life is in so many cases formed. That at least is the tradition; but we know that in all the New Schools, of which there are so many, the chief object is to shock and startle, to give the reader pain instead of pleasure. We are not at all sure that Lucas Malet means us even to disapprove of the Carissima. It would almost seem as if the disgusting personal peculiarities of her fellow-conspirator were the chief things the author herself disapproved of. And we hope that those ladies who lead the fashion are not going to bring in upon us the old-fashioned idea of beauty as excusing and covering everything. Beauty is all very well when the interest is not psychological and the heroine is more or less passive; but it does

not come into analysis or the study of character. There would seem, however, to have been a tendency, a current which has set in this direction ever since Mrs Humphry Ward began to gloat over the charms of her Marcella—and now here is Lucas Malet following her lead. To be sure, Marcella is virtuous to the length of the impossible, and the Carissima is subtly, cruelly wicked; but beauty in the first case supplies the want of argument, motive, and reason in every crisis, while in the second it excuses every step astray, when the latter young lady has said or done something unusually wicked. Her attitude,—“the girl’s mouth gathered into that strangely seductive shield of a kiss,”—her eyes like stars, confuse everybody’s moral sensibilities, as Marcella’s more highly toned beauty makes her foolishness sound like wisdom, and her failures look like success. We hope we are not going to be delivered over in the realms of fiction to this completely immoral agency. We protest. Beauty, ladies, if you will,—we do not object; but not beauty and psychology too.

Mr Arthur Morrison’s work ¹ is another development of the New School. It is not a piece of deliberately constructed pessimism (which is the fashionable word), like the horrible story of the Carissima, in which there is so little trace of a real story to tell, or any natural impulse, and so much of elaborate manufacture. Mr Morrison’s method is different. He does not attempt to horrify us by the sudden apparition of the demon under an exterior made up of all the attractive graces. There is nothing attractive at all in the world which he opens to our gaze. It is

a world without hope or desire of any fair or pleasant thing, knowing nothing but the foulest sediment of existence, unable to conceive of anything better—brutal, filthy, miserable, yet in a measure content. The “Mean Streets” of his former work were meaner, more squalid and horrible even, than the reality, terrible to contemplate, and madding to think of. It is strange to think upon what rule it is that pictures like these please the imagination, and are received by so many in the character of an entertainment, a portion of the relaxation of life. It may be well that we should see how another part of the world lives; and indeed the reports of some benevolent societies afford here and there similar stories, told without skill, as bare records of fact, which make little impression, and which we may glance over for duty, but certainly not for refreshment. In these publications, however, the “cases” are generally exceptional, and we are not called upon to accept them as the ordinary level of life.

But Mr Morrison’s narratives are professedly on that level, and the scenes he puts before us are too foul for any imagination, and, in all their horrible details, must either be fact or a lie, since no one, we imagine, could invent them. What are they for? to make us all a kind of missionaries, impelled by disgust and horror, if by no better motive? If that were so, they might be justified—nay, might be better than the most weighty and powerful arguments. But we know that at least in many dens of London, if not in the particular Mean Streets here illustrated, the missionaries, whether of religion,

¹ *A Child of the Jago.* By Arthur Morrison. London: Methuen & Co.

or of scrutiny, or of benevolence, jostle each other already, and send out appeals and demands without cease. Are we then to take these doubtful tales for amusement? France has accepted a similar kind of amusement from M. Zola; but only when highly spiced with vice and the peculiar kind of garbage upon which the French novel-reader has chosen to feed. Seldom, however, does the historian of the Jago bring in this element to make his horrors palatable. He shows us all the uncleannesses of the streets excepting that. So far as we can recollect the appalling sketch, called 'Lizerunt in the Mean Streets,' in which the brutality becomes tragic and so almost justifies itself, is the only one in which the great pollution of all is so much as referred to. Sheer filth, misery, blows, and bloodshed, hunger, squalor, nakedness, cold, and filth again—the lowest depths to which human creatures can fall—are the subjects, the atmosphere, the meaning of these tales. To read 'A Child of the Jago' is voluntarily to place yourself in a spot reeking with every odious smell and sight, among savages whose sole instruction is how to thieve, and whose children are as proud of their first efforts in stealing as others are of a successful lesson or a prize won. What can be more extraordinary than that we should receive these disclosures as a source of recreation and relaxation to our own minds, to occupy our lighter hours and charm our weariness? In the days which are now old-fashioned we used to be warned against the "sensibility" which wept over fictitious distresses, but rarely, so said our mentors, was moved thereby to any act of charity. What shall we say for the fictitious horrors which are now pressed

upon us for pleasure? But perhaps Mr Morrison will say that he does not wish to please, but only to exhibit another phase of life.

We are glad to say that we have been assured, by an authority very well qualified to speak on the subject, that such a den of horrors as the Jago is so little common that she, with an immense experience of the slums, finds it difficult to believe in its existence,—from which so much comfort as is practicable may be taken. Mr Morrison, however, gives us a map of the district in which that region of utter lawlessness, intestine warfare, crime, and savagery is to be found; where two factions, men and women, fight to the death periodically without interposition of the police, sometimes even killing, often wounding and maiming, each other, quite unchecked by the law. He even gives us chapter after chapter descriptive of these illustrious fights, and the Homeric encounters of the Ranns and the Learys, with wild interludes of single combat led by the bleeding furies Norah Welsh and Sally Green. In the midst of all these horrors there arises a little boy, an imp so far contradictory of his "environment" that, though the commandment has been read to him, Thou shalt steal, and he feels the excitement of his first achievement in this way, and of the pursuit and flight that follow, to be glorious,—is all the same a fresh little dutiful soul out of heaven, knowing no evil, and full of love, obedience, and trust. Dicky is born to steal and fight, as other boys are to be good and get on in the world. He knows no other way, until it is suddenly revealed to him that there is such a thing as working and getting wages, an alternative which he embraces with his whole heart, though without any sort of conviction that it is more virtuous;

but thieving is precarious and its rewards irregular, and the serving of the shop, and its protection from all predatory prowlers, is infinitely elevating and delightful. Poor Dicky is slandered by a diabolical "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, who fears his talents are to be lost to his natural profession, and thus is plunged again into the vile current from which he has almost escaped; but he is no less an innocent and naturally honest child, because he is a poor little thief, bound by both hatred and love, such love as is possible in the Jago, to its horrible lot. This strange problem Mr Morrison has worked out very tenderly and pathetically. His little hero is in no way superior to his surroundings, has no aspirations after excellence, no dreams of either cleanliness or godliness; yet the little soul in that human hell has still a faint trail of the light that came with him from a brighter world.

It is a pity that Josh Perrott, the father, should follow so closely in the steps of Bill Sykes, who did it better—both the flight over the housetops and the rest. But the murder for a moment raises the Jago and its dreadful inhabitants into something like humanity. We cannot say very much for the Parson, whose figure is visionary, and whose muscular Christianity seems somehow out of date, a thing which has gone by, which indeed is quite true, though perhaps a pity. Let us hope that Father Sturt will yet get possession of his uneasy parish, and, aided by all the new lodging-houses, succeed in clearing out the Jago. But it will be to little purpose, we fear. The rooks disturbed will cluster anew in some other rookery. They will find the half-ruinous houses, the familiar dirt, in some other quarter, and

the new tenements will receive another class. Will it ever be possible, driving them thus out of one hole of misery into another, to wear away these dreadful tribes altogether? Who can tell? But the prospect seems an unlikely one.

We have an apology to make to Mr Morrison. His motto shows that it is not without purpose that he has taken up this subject. But perhaps when a writer quotes from the prophet Ezekiel to show his motive, it would be better for him to put his work in another form. Fiction is scarcely the medium for a lesson taught in such miserable detail, and in colours so dark and terrible. It is a gruesome book to sit down to by the fireside after a day's work, when our minds require repose rather than stirring up to a consideration of the most bitter of problems. Perhaps he thinks it is the best way to seize the attention of the frivolous public; but we think he is mistaken, and that, however much he may secure it, very little practical service will come from the people who are thus beguiled into a lesson, and that of the most serious kind, when they expected entertainment. It is not in this way, we fear, that any practical good is to be done. And in these days the public is not by any means exclusively devoted to fiction as the sort of sugar adapted to coat a pill. On the contrary, the gentlest of readers prefers to be seen with Nordau, or Kidd, or Pearson, quite superior kinds of literature, upon her table. And there is a great future before the man who will expound to us with all the guarantees of fact, and for some real purpose, those scenes to which we highly object when they are served up for our amusement. Then Mr Morrison will no longer need to give point to his story with an episode *à la* Bill Sykes.

But we advise him in the meantime to study the Parson of to-day with diligence. He is by no means the Parson of yesterday, but a very different person. Muscular Christianity has, we fear, much disappeared from the Mean Streets; but there are other powers at work of much potency and well worth expounding. Do they accomplish as much as the cost of personal outlay and endurance warrants? We know not. When Mr Rudyard Kipling with his keen eyes descended into the slums, of which, indeed, in the nature of things (so far as that is of any avail with a born See-er) he ought to have known nothing, he found there a Catholic priest, an Anglican curate, and certain women, all fighting the devil in their several ways. Was it merely from the exigencies of art that he placed them there? Is it with respect to the exigencies of another kind of art that Mr Morrison keeps them out? Facts apparently, so far as we are able to get at them, and with our imperfect means of sifting and verifying them, are on the side of the angels, so to speak, and reveal a web of closely woven agencies penetrating everywhere, or almost everywhere, in that dark world. Fiction has the great disadvantage as an expositor that we never can be quite sure that it does not add a light, or heap on a darkness, almost involuntarily in the interest of its picture. We should very much like to know which is true.

Mr Whibley's 'Book of Scoundrels'¹ is realism run not mad but silly, a preposterous adaptation of very old-fashioned and never much esteemed methods to catch a *blasé* fancy. It has caught a feeble breath of fashion, puffed up by sundry publications of a similar

kind, with the intention, presumably, of giving a new savour to the *fade* and wearisome life of every day. There are no doubt many scoundrels in the world, to whose adventures a certain amount of interest attaches; but we think few readers will find them among the handful of thieves whose easily fathomed records have been flung together in this book, with as little vigour or character as if they had been so many peaceable weavers earning starvation wages at home. Nay, the weavers are infinitely more interesting than the highwaymen, of whose high art and gallantry Mr Whibley treats with laborious irony and a whipped-up enthusiasm, which could take in only the simplest intelligence. Happily no ingenuous youth will ever be led to emulate Jack Shepherd by such diletante and philosophical studies, so that we may dismiss from our minds any sort of apprehension on that subject. One wonders, indeed, in what kind of artificial world the man can live who thinks it worth his trouble to make a book out of such paltry materials. The 'Newgate Calendar' has a rude greatness which the diletante can never reach; its adventures are not art but reality: there are no fine lights and shades, no picturesque bits, no ironical admiration in that sturdy chronicle. When a writer would use these elegant methods he should choose another subject if he wants to impress and instruct: and there is certainly very little to amuse in the grim and trivial episodes which end invariably in the gallows. We fear that Mr De Quincey has something to answer for in the production of these elaborate performances: but then the author of "Murder as one of the Fine

¹ A Book of Scoundrels. By Charles Whibley. London: Heinemann.

Arts" was Mr De Quincey, and the author of the 'Book of Scoundrels' is Mr Whibley, which makes a difference too keen and biting to be diluted by further comparison. "There are other manifestations of greatness than to relieve suffering or to wreck an empire," says the latter author.

"Julius Cæsar and John Howard are not the only heroes who have smiled upon the world. In the supreme adaptation of means to an end, there is a constant nobility, for neither ambition nor virtue is the essential of a perfect action. How shall you contemplate with indifference the career of an artist whom genius or good guidance has compelled to exercise his peculiar skill, to indulge his finer aptitudes? A masterly theft rises in its claim to respect high above the reprobation of the moralist. The scoundrel, once justice is quit of him, has a right to be appraised by his actions, not by their effects; and he dies secure in the knowledge that he is commonly more distinguished if he be less loved than his virtuous contemporaries."

This is very dull fooling, if fooling it is. Substitute another word for theft, and it would sound uncommonly like the beginning of a lecture at Toynbee Hall, where everything is conducted in dead seriousness, we hope, and the highest morality always inculcated. Adapted to the story of an obscure painter, how noble would it not make all the shopboys feel themselves in having found that exquisite artist out! But with our best ingenuity we cannot shape it into a joke. It is true that there are not very many professors of that special art of tragic pleasantry. Dean Swift and Defoe, and in a later generation De Quincey, are examples which Mr Whibley has evidently studied (if he has studied them) in vain. But he might have done better than this. Archbishop Magee, indeed, a very recent example, and not profes-

sional, wielded the delicate instrument so cleverly that he convinced Messrs Tyndall and Faraday that, according to their modern principles, an old woman suffering from various painful diseases should be put to death summarily and charitably as if she were an old horse. The philosophers concurred and applauded, and never knew that they were being laughed at. But Mr Whibley is not so convincing as Dr Magee—indeed the field is so *fine* that we do not recommend it to new writers. Let them stick to their own weapons, and not attempt to put this needle-lance in rest.

Mr Whibley takes for the motto of his work certain words usually employed in a different context—"To the Greeks FOOLISHNESS." What does Mr Whibley mean? Is it his fine wit and irony that is foolishness to the Greeks? Indeed we are with him there, and have just said so. But does he then think his own lucubrations WISDOM? (This word, he will allow, is even more deserving of capitals than the other.) Or is it his subject that is important enough to be contemplated by all the sages, and weighed in their balances? But no man likes to be robbed, and we do not imagine that any Greeks, from Socrates down to M. Gennadius, let us say, would think it foolishness to have his pocket picked or a pistol presented at his head—things not unknown either in ancient or in modern times in classic regions. It must be then Mr Whibley's irony that the Greeks would find foolishness,—and we have already said we agree with them completely; but foolishness, alas! that is dull, and gives no inclination to laugh. What a good thing that Mr Whibley himself has been able to gauge so accurately the feelings of his readers.

Pah! take the dreadful Jagos and the dull highwaymen away. Take away even, we regret to say it, the odious little demon whom Lucas Malet has put into the frock and ribbons of an English girl; let us have some fresh air, some natural light, some honest speech again. And here in a good hour is our excellent friend, our old acquaintance Mr Skelton, to take away the evil odours and fill the dark corners with the light of day. Why, by the way, do all the newspapers call him Doctor Skelton, which makes us think of a medical gentleman or a German professor? One might as well say Dr Froude or Dr Tourgenieff, since both had, like their friend, an honorary degree. But never mind the hood: here he stands again before us, full of wit which is not foolishness, either to the Greeks or any one else, and with that art which is superior to any other art we know—of making the winds blow and the sun shine, and our hearts to rejoice in the sight of God's creatures everywhere about, and of the common day. Let the new lions roar as they will, there is nothing so true, nothing so noble, beautiful, and inspiring as the common day—the mingled glory of the sun and clouds, the storm and calm which God Himself saves from monotony by all delights and sorrows, by the trouble and the relief which are never absent from it. We do injustice to Mr Skelton's fresh delightful volumes¹ by dragging them in at the end of a sheet for our own selfish purposes, to make it up to ourselves for less agreeable excursions. Yet why should we attempt to criticise such a well-known friend of the public as this admirable writer, in whom

everybody who is worthy knows that he will find a delightful companion and guide to a hundred beautiful scenes, and the most genial talk, and many a beautiful thought. Let him lead us where he will, to Highland loch or Swiss mountain, we know that we never shall be tired—never smile aside at a prolixity, or be startled by a false pretension. There comes a time to all of us, if we live long enough, when these lochs and mountains become impracticable to tired feet, and our souls long for some other way of maintaining our acquaintance with beloved scenes, with Nature herself, lest we should lose her in the shades of the coming night—

“Oh ye fountains, meadows, fields,
and groves,
Forebode not any severance of our
loves.”

But here is help at hand to hinder that breach. We smell the salt-ness once more, and see the great rollers break in a whirl and foam of white over the sunshine that penetrates that rounded mass of salt water, and the clouds of birds rising from the rock, and the sky in an ecstasy of stillness “breathless with adoration.” What shall we give him who transports us to such scenes, who wipes away the smoke and the foulness, and relieves the brain and refreshes the heart? Thanks only, and honour, and that grateful sense of companionship which warms and consoles the wanderer in the farthest corner of the earth as well as him who sits at home. It is the only reward for his pains that we can give, and perhaps it is the most lasting and the best.

¹ The Second Series of Table-Talk of Shirley. By John Skelton, C.B. 2 vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THERE can be no doubt that the Eastern question is once more upon us, and might at any moment or on any indiscretion assume an acute phase. It periodically recurs every twenty years. The leading features are always the same: there are the vital interests of surrounding Powers, who are all armed to the teeth; there is the deadly scramble in view in case the Ottoman Government collapses; there are the shrieks of sympathy, in great part well founded, in some part exaggerated and factious, with the unfortunate victims of Ottoman misrule.

The Eastern question is in reality a string of questions, and no one can judge it wisely who fixes his attention on one issue to the exclusion of all others. The issue which has been placed before Europe during the last eighteen months exclusively relates to the mode in which Abdul Hamid governs, and the consequent sufferings of his subjects. English public opinion has dealt with that issue in 1896 precisely in the same way as it has done before. It is horror-stricken and indignant, but conscious of its inability to interfere without certainly calling down on the objects of its compassion still worse sufferings than they already endure, and probably widening immensely the area of that suffering by the consequences which past experience has shown result from all forcible interference. It is also conscious that, besides the controversy between the Sultan and his ill-governed subjects, there is that wider controversy — quiescent at present, but at any moment liable to awaken — amongst his powerful neighbours which relates to scam-

ble for territory, and which, as soon as it comes prominently forward, not merely dwarfs, but effectually obscures and even puts out of sight for years, the local miseries of local tyranny.

At indignation meetings and in newspapers of one-sided but at the same time generous and humane views, which we all respect from the very bottom of our hearts, the extreme contention has been that circumstances throw upon Great Britain the right, the duty, and the power of interfering between the Ottoman Government and its subjects. Indignation and sympathy are soon felt to be unpractical; on the other hand, practical suggestions as to how our interference is to be effected and effectual are left severely alone. The utmost that orators can achieve on the subject of effective aid to the victims of oppression is that Russian aggression should be encouraged or invited, or that, as Mr Gladstone puts it, our ambassador should be withdrawn and we ourselves put on the inclined plane which leads to war, resolving beforehand to arrest our downward course in that respect the moment that Europe shows signs of interposing. Neither the one course nor the other commends itself to the public mind. All admit the impossibility of pursuing Kurdish cut-throats into the mountains with English ships; and most people believe that any attempt to force the Dardanelles, or, as Mr Gladstone used to urge in 1876-78, "to wring the neck of Turkish power on the Bosphorus," would be followed by Armenian extermination, increased oppression of subject races, massacres and confiscations which would affect other

than subject races, and probably at no great interval by European war.

It is desirable to examine for a moment the question of our right, duty, and power of forcible intervention. It is admitted that there is no treaty right or duty conferred in so many words, but it is contended that both the right and the duty are to be implied from the advantages which we derive from the treaties especially of 1856, 1871, and 1878, which guarantee the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. That is a very specious contention, which overlooks the fact that Turkish independence is not maintained to suit our convenience alone, but in the interests of all Europe; that it is not maintained as a favour to the Turks, but to prevent the long and devastating wars which all the statesmen of all the Powers of Europe foresee and dread from the collapse of the Turkish Government. The real reason, however, why we have no duty to interfere is that we have no power to interfere. There can be no responsibility where there is no power. The notion that Turkey is a Power which exists only under protection and while it is in tutelage is a notion very prevalent in the minds of our well-intentioned philanthropists. The Duke of Argyll the other day wrote that it was nothing but the creature of the Powers, and can be made at any moment the submissive instrument of their will. Such a notion has no place in the minds of the Sultan and his advisers. In the interval between the Crimean war and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 there were some reasonable grounds for our indulging in that notion, but those grounds no longer exist. During that interval they were founded on this, that when Russia put forward its pretensions in 1853

to the exclusive protectorate of Eastern Christians, the then condition of European politics led to Great Britain and France stepping forward as principals in the controversy, treating the claim at once as one which affected their interests more than it did the interests of Turkey. The whole way through, during negotiations and war, the idea prevailed that the dispute was between Russia and the Western Powers; and Turkey, shrewd enough to enjoy her chestnuts being pulled out of the fire without exertion of her own, stood idly by whilst France and England fought her battles and maintained her independence and integrity. The plausible inference was that Turkey had no real independence—that the Western Powers maintained her position, and consequently held her in leading-strings. The condition of the Eastern Christians was soon lost sight of in the larger issue raised by Russian aggression. And the political result was that Turkey came to be regarded as the puppet of Europe, held in leading-strings, in tutelage and dependence; whilst no one, least of all Liberal Governments in England, interfered with her mode of government through fear of raising the Eastern question and its perplexities. So matters went on for twenty years. When Russia in 1876 again claimed the protectorate of Eastern Christians, the position of Europe was altogether different. France was effaced, and England was governed by Lord Beaconsfield and not by the disastrous Coalition of 1853. The Bulgarian atrocities alienated European sympathy in the same way that Armenian atrocities alienate it now. Russian aggression proceeded, with the result that Turkey had to fight her own battles, unaided and alone. The year 1877 bore witness to her vigorous cap-

acity of self-defence. Plevna is not yet forgotten; and although Russia in the end prevailed and dictated the Treaty of San Stefano, she was weakened, and her resources almost exhausted by losses in men and money, in the effort to strike the blow. The result showed that if the Turkish empire could not finally prevail against a powerful aggressor, it could at least struggle hard, and that it had a second string to its bow, another line of defence to its existence and authority.

United Europe in its own interests, not in those of Turkey, in fulfilment of well-ascertained treaty obligations amongst the Powers, not out of friendship or sympathy with the Turks, intervened between the exhausted combatants and compelled Russia to disgorge her conquests and submit to her treaty being displaced in favour of a fresh European settlement at Berlin on the lines of the earlier treaties, which made the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire part of the public law of Europe. It is sometimes contended that this was Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and that the election of 1880 shows that such policy was not approved by the country. Lord Beaconsfield's resolution and tenacity of purpose were no doubt the main source of the success of that policy, but in reality such was the will of united Europe, and the approval or disapproval supposed to have been expressed at the general election of 1880 has nothing to do with it. The lesson taught by the Berlin Congress and the preceding events was that any Power which in future steps outside the European concert and endeavours to deal with Turkey by force of arms does so at its own peril. Its forcible measures are liable to severe resistance by the Turks themselves, and if event-

ually it wins it must bring, according to the established public law of Europe, its results into Congress and remodel them so as not to prejudice the interests of the Powers. Turkey as a military and naval Power cannot be said to be helpless or dependent, when she can struggle effectively for herself and in the last resort appeal to public law. War conducted on that principle has no temptations for any aggressive or self-seeking Government, and Russia, taught by experience, persistently declines forcible interference herself and gives it clearly to be understood that she will not tolerate it on the part of others. If we embarked on a war of that kind we should desire it to be believed that it was solely for humanitarian purposes. But how long would the humanitarian motives last or hold exclusive possession of the country, and what foreign Power would believe in their existence or their permanence? War has horrors of its own, particularly when conducted on an extensive scale, compared with which even Bulgarian or Armenian massacres are a trifle; and no sane person ever yet embarked in a sanguinary war from humanitarian motives. The mere fact that forcible interference with Turkish measures of government, or forcible dethronement of the Sultan, is impossible without war, means that we have no power to prevent or punish these massacres, and being without power, we are without responsibility.

Europe is not without experience of the course which our philanthropy takes, or, to put it more plainly, which our sentiments of horror and indignation, probably shared by all the better class of Turks themselves, take. There was the loud uproar in 1876, of which Mr Gladstone, then in the zenith

of his powers, put himself at the head. The excitement, fanned to a white-heat by party managers, spread like wildfire through the country, and for a moment shook the Beaconsfield Cabinet in its seat; and the cry arose of "Better the Russians on the Bosphorus than the Turks in Europe." But what followed? How long did it last? In a celebrated speech at Aylesbury Lord Beaconsfield rebuked the uproar which had arisen, and recalled the country to sobriety and common-sense. The excitement subsided as quickly as it had arisen. In less than three months public opinion ratified and applauded Lord Beaconsfield's note of defiance to the Czar at the Guildhall. All through the session of 1877 Mr Gladstone, who had elevated himself to the high pedestal of a national hero in the previous August, was unable to win the slightest approval from the House of Commons. He prepared a string of resolutions in the spirit of his autumnal manœuvres, but meekly withdrew them because his own party and its leaders would not support them. Great Britain followed the results of the war in a spirit of strong sympathy with the Turk, and staunchly supported its Prime Minister in his successful efforts to rally all Europe to the vindication of public law by abrogating the Treaty of San Stefano, and by cancelling the successes of the Muscovite. The only political result traceable to the agitation was that it probably hounded on Russia to the attack, or at least deprived Russia, who by armed occupation had put itself on the inclined plane which leads to war, of all power or opportunity to retrace its steps. Russia is not likely to be fooled in that way again. Recent experience has shown that if you want to know in which way a whole nation will

move in a given crisis, you must inquire which way its interests and its duties to itself, its real responsibilities, its destiny, point, and not rely too much on its humanitarian feelings, which, however sincere, are apt to be evanescent. Europe owes its tranquillity in the East at the present moment to the Berlin Congress and its achievements. Had that Congress or Conference never sat we might now have been in the throes of a political crisis every day, with the prospect before us of being at any time called upon to make a supreme effort for the maintenance of our empire. Russia learnt her lesson then, and abstains from aggression. We who taught that lesson must follow her example.

No doubt the cry of suffering which rises from time to time from both the eastern and western portions of the Ottoman dominion is extremely distressing, and if we could listen to it and stop that suffering we would gladly do so. The Turk, or rather the Sultan and his advisers, are the objects of loud-voiced execration all over the country, and notably to a meeting of emotional speakers lately at St James's Hall. We have the greatest respect for their emotions, though very little for their judgment, and still less for their practical suggestions, which were conspicuous by their absence. "To shriek," said Carlyle, "when certain things are acted is proper and unavoidable." He is speaking of the September massacres during the French Revolution. He points to the difference between customary slaughter, which is war with its laws of war; and uncus- tomary slaughter during revolution, which is less frequent than war, and has not yet got its laws of revolution. And he adds in words which we commend to the

orators of St James's Hall, "O, shrieking beloved brother block-heads of mankind, let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking and begin considering." Mr John Morley, too, another philosopher who is also a statesman, regards those September massacres with what he calls "sombre acquiescence." We are very far from regarding either the Anatolian or the Constantinople massacres with sombre acquiescence, but it seems to us more useful to try and ascertain the order of ideas which leads to their perpetration, than to indulge in useless shrieks, lamentation, invective, and threats. Our belief is that it is terror rather than revenge which is the principal cause of massacre. The men of the French Revolution sprang to the frontiers with all ferocity to cope in open war with their assailants; they provided in sheer terror against the contingency of an enemy in their rear by putting all their prisoners to death. The position of Eastern Christians in the Ottoman dominion is politically that of aliens and internal foes whose face is set in the direction of Eastern or Western Europe, as the case may be, in preference to their own Government. For some generations the protectorate of Eastern Christians was the lever by which Russia sought to compass the fall of the Ottoman Power. The Western Powers, as they guaranteed the integrity and independence of the Turkish dominions, stipulated in their later treaties for the reform of Ottoman Administration, the better government of the subject and Christian races; and diplomacy is every now and again interfering with that view. And as Ottoman power declines in Europe, the Asiatic remnant of those vast dominions becomes increas-

ingly important in the eyes of the Ottoman Government, and hence the extraordinary ferocity of the attempts to crush all projected disaffection which may lead to internal disorder and external interference. Revolutionary committees in London, established to promote disaffection abroad; agitators in England, who, finding loose gunpowder lying about the dominions of the Sultan, try their best to ignite it; Armenians themselves who play with revolution and dynamite, when they are neither armed nor disciplined nor ready to proclaim an organised rebellion and openly stand the chances of a civil war,—have much to answer for. The massacres probably fall on those who are not actively participating in these measures of disaffection, which at times and in certain places have expanded into open insurrection. We do not, however, know on what information or with what motive the Ottoman Government proceeds, or whether it is animated by the blind fury of men conscious of the insecurity of their position, and panic-stricken at the mere appearance or beginning of hostility to their authority. What we do know is that there is savage, remorseless cruelty on the one side, terrible misery and suffering on the other; and that at the same time there are no known methods of interfering without war between a government and its subjects except by the force of public opinion and the influence of diplomatic representation, both of which, in this particular instance, are perfectly powerless, or, if effective at all, do more harm than good.

The various populations which inhabit the Turkish dominions would task the powers of any government, Mussulman or Christian. The former may resort to massacre on principle and without a doubt

as to its being a legitimate expedient for repressing disturbance and preventing anarchy; but we should be sorry to live under a Christian Government in serious terror as to its own security and the spread of internal strife. India during the Mutiny, France in dread of the Huguenots, Spanish power in the Netherlands in dread of heresy, in America through lust of dominion and gold, the Roman Catholic hierarchy everywhere, when Protestantism threatened its ascendancy,—have given to the world horrid examples of massacre, torture, and cruelty. In Turkey a weak Government has to struggle with notorious difficulties. It is said that there are, or were very recently, no less than eleven races hating each other on religious and race grounds within European Turkey alone. As regards the Armenians, recently they have been more talked of than ever in Europe, and are regarded as the nucleus of agitation directed by foreign agencies against the stability of the Sultan's Government. Their headquarters have been at Constantinople, they spread through Anatolia, especially its eastern half, and they number at least three millions, when their overflow through the towns of Syria, Irak, and Egypt are taken into consideration. While the Poles have been proselytised into Russians by the knout and the mine, the Armenians under centuries of Turkish rule, which will at any rate stand comparison with Muscovite rule, have remained unchanged, according to Mr Palgrave's authority, in body, mind, religion, usages, and even institutions. Their energies are devoted to agriculture, day-labour, and usury at rates varying from 24 to 100 per cent. It is as usurers that they have brought down upon themselves the hatred of their

neighbours. According to Mr Palgrave, who wrote on this subject in 1872, long before any party question arose, "all classes are his victims, but the chief sufferers are naturally the poor, and more especially the peasants." Usury is abhorrent to a Mussulman as forbidden by the Koran, and is excluded from his practice. Turkish and Arab landlords abhor eviction; not so the Armenian money-lender, who spreads eviction over wide tracts of country. "Entire villages have thus been unroofed, and cultivated lands left to pasture or downright desolation. The European traveller, primed with staple ideas about Turkish oppression, the Sultan's horse-hoofs, barbarian rule, and the like, sees the ruin along the wayside and notes for subsequent publication his observations on the decadence of the Turkish empire." The active cause of the desolation is the Armenian usurer; and if a Mussulman Court declared his contract void, a cry would be raised through Europe that no justice is to be had by Christians. "Sometimes," says Mr Palgrave, "the usurer is also farmer of the Government revenue, and then oppression is redoubled." Their title to European sympathies before these horrible massacres were instituted is thus described: "What social merits they have, they share with the Mahometan population round them; their vices are their own. Nor are they the while subject to any disadvantages, civil or otherwise, nor to any persecution, nor inconvenience even; in fact their exemption from military conscription, their national and recognised tribunals, and their foreign appeal through consuls, ambassadors, and newspapers, render them objects of envy, not compassion." Races change little in the East. The Levantine Christian differed little in 1872 from

what he was during the whole of the Byzantine period, and remains in 1896 what he was in 1872. The Eastern Christians as a body have a great deal too much European sympathy wasted upon them, partly on religious party grounds, and partly from political motives. The Melchite Greeks of Syria are said to be the only class amongst them who neither possess nor desire that sympathy; and, alone amongst the other classes, are neither servile nor degenerate. That sympathy

"implies for those who seek or enjoy it, a mendicant spirit, a dependent tone, an aimless dissatisfaction, a new element of intrigue, a loss of what one has for an unprofitable striving after what one has not. Further, it implies the hatred of the surrounding Mahometan populations and of the Ottoman Government itself, which naturally enough sees with disgust that its subjects have their faces habitually turned to the worship of another star than its own. Hence it may occasionally and in the progress of events imply violence and even massacre. Did not the Mahometans in general, and the Turks more especially, believe, not without reason, that the Eastern Christian population is the chosen field of European intrigue, the door always open for European interference; did they or could they look on the Christians simply as subjects of the empire, differing from among themselves in form of belief only, united and loyal in all besides;—the Christians of the East would not be left in peace merely, but would take rank among the most favoured subjects of the Porte from Constantinople to Bagdad."

In their past history they have been for ages secure under Mahometan rule. In these latter days the hatred against them has been fanned by diplomatic protection, armed interference, foreign agitations, foreign insults to the Sultan and his Government, incendiary committees, overt acts of

insurrection, dynamite outrages. Matters of this kind bring consequences in their train. Time after time the population and the Porte lose their long-provoked patience, and the debt of years is paid off in days of blood and fire. We may deplore and denounce as much as we please the ferocity or fanaticism which presides over these massacres. It is another and totally different thing to call for European war in order to avenge or prevent them. "Save me from my friends" may well be the prayer of Eastern Christians, as they listen to Mr Gladstone's powerful invectives at a safe distance on their behalf; for those friends encourage and aggravate the horrors of the position which they have made for themselves, and they are utterly powerless to prevent or avenge them.

The present relations between the Ottoman Government and the Armenians are intelligible though indefensible. According to the earliest version of the former, certain Armenians in 1893—some resident, some abroad—had stirred up the villagers to refuse payment of taxes, which we can readily believe were oppressive in amount and oppressively levied. Violence ensued on both sides, and eventually massacres. Then some Armenians presented a birthday testimonial to Mr Gladstone at Hawarden on December 29, 1894, and drew from him one of his tremendous diatribes, from a safe distance, against the Turkish Government, which contrast so strangely with his supineness in office, and offer violent provocation, of which others have to bear the brunt. Then come diplomatic representation, increased activity amongst the Armenians, more massacres. According to a special correspondent sent by Reuter's agency

early in 1895, there existed in Armenia an extremely vigorous revolutionary movement, and the methods of its leaders were no less shocking than the barbarity of the Turks in repressing it. Armenian conspirators were reported as having planned the murder of American missionaries, and the fastening the blame on the Turks, so as to induce the United States to interfere and render Armenian independence possible. On the other hand, the Ottoman Government is alarmed by diplomatic interference, and by the growing indignation in England, stimulated by Mr Gladstone, always so valiant when he is without responsibility, and sees an opportunity for an inflammatory speech, and by increasing trouble and insurrections in Macedonia and Crete. Sanguinary measures of repression result. Indefensible and brutal in their conception, and unjust in their indiscriminate application, it nevertheless cannot be said that they are without provocation. And if Armenian agitators and English orators will not abstain from provocation, it is at least unreasonable to urge that this extreme application of the unascertained laws of revolution is to be redressed by the widespread slaughter which the well-known laws and practice of extended warfare would speedily involve.

The views expressed in the French Chambers were those of sympathy and indignation. But at the same time it was pointed out that European influence and interference had much to answer for. Armenia, it was said, became restless after the Berlin treaty. In 1885 there arose an Armenian movement. Committees were formed in Europe. In France the movement was slight, but not so in England, owing to the interven-

tion of the Bible societies, and the incursion of Protestant missionaries, who made themselves the correspondents of the consuls and ambassadors. The object of the demonstrators was described. It was to draw the attention of Europe to the situation in Armenia, and to promote a kind of crusade in favour of that province. The result was that after 1893 conflicts broke out everywhere in the towns and villages. Excesses were committed, and the repression was severe, without probably any attempt to discriminate between the guilty and the innocent. Nevertheless French policy will not hear of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire being touched, nor of any direct—that is, forcible—interference, nor of any condominium being established. Any one of the three would be a most precarious and dangerous expedient. What the French Minister hopes for is that, owing to recent exchange of views with the Russian Emperor, united Europe will come to some united conclusion, and then be able to make the Sultan understand what it means. Whether there is any ground for supposing that the Sultan will pay the least attention to it when it is arrived at, was not discussed; but it was assumed that French chivalry was illustrated by its fancied protectorate of the East.

Now, if European sympathy and intrigue have in the past worked nothing but mischief, the further question arises, What good have indignation and interference done when misgovernment on the one side and disaffection on the other have produced their inevitable results? Our well-intentioned philanthropists will not grasp the idea that you cannot forcibly interfere between a Government and its subjects without dislodging that

Government and providing for a transfer of its responsibilities. Least of all can the Turkish Government be so interfered with, and any attempt to coerce it would have to be made with immense efforts, at immense risk, and under immense difficulties. Until that attempt is made and is successful, it is unreasonable for ourselves or others to assume that we are responsible for anything which goes on within the ambit of those dominions. Great Britain has assumed widespread dominion, and wherever she has done so she is responsible for what goes on. Wherever our Government extends we claim that we have put an end to oppression and violence, and introduced a reign of law and order, and thereby largely diminished the sum-total of the world's misery. Within the last fifteen years we have undertaken, not without exciting the jealousies of other nations, the control and administration of a large portion of Ottoman territory—viz., Egypt and the Soudan; with results as regards the former which all acknowledge to redound to the lasting credit of this country. While our philanthropists were in power, rather than incur efforts which no foreign Power would have impeded, we handed over the Soudan to the rule of the Mahdi, to become a scene of torture, cruelty, slave-driving, and oppression, which finds no counterpart in either European or Asiatic Turkey. Many of us thought at the time that British honour was somewhat trailed in the dust by these transactions, and certainly British philanthropy scored no credit. By our actions then we incurred more responsibility for the misery which resulted than we do for the misrule of the Sultan. Lord Rosebery has pointed out that during the same space of time we have largely

added to the area of our empire, and proportionately extended our responsibilities. To say that over and above this Atlantean burden we are also responsible for the fate of the Levantine Christians, or for the mode in which the Sultan attempts to preserve order amongst the different races which inhabit Asia Minor, involves the assumption of authority and self-importance which foreign Powers will take good care that we do not reduce into practice.

We only need to go back to 1876 to answer the question, What good has come of past interference? That year was memorable for the outbreak in England over the Bulgarian atrocities. As a result, and before war was declared by Russia, a congress was held at Constantinople, at which all the Powers attended, in order to devise, with the consent of the Turks, some plan of supervision under which Europe might enforce a better system of administration in the provinces of Turkey. So certain were our agitators that some such plan would be elaborated and forced on the acceptance of the Sultan's Government, that they took to lamenting beforehand that honourable men, the ambassadors of civilised nations, would actually have to sit as equals at the same council-board with the authors of Bulgarian atrocities, and demanded that the Turk, instead of being treated as an equal, should be called up (the language was Mr Freeman's) in his own capital as a criminal to hear his sentence. In their eyes the plenipotentiaries or representatives of European nations sat at Constantinople to dictate terms to a guilty administration, whose only mode of escaping just chastisement was to submit to whatever was demanded. But in dealing with a Turk you must conquer before

you can dictate terms. Russia was gathering its forces, and overhung the north ready to invade; while Servia and Roumania had practically thrown off subjection. Even reasonable people supposed that in such critical circumstances the Porte would concede to the mediation of five Powers what she refused to the threats of Russia, and agree (in order to avert a Russian war) to some plan which should satisfactorily guarantee improved administration. What happened? Even under the stress of immediate peril the Turkish Government clung with its habitual tenacity to its independence, refused to abdicate the rights of an independent Government and submit to have its internal affairs controlled by outside interference. One by one the demands of the Powers were whittled away, and withdrawn or rejected. Nothing was effected. On the one side irreducible minima were pressed upon the Sultan's attention; on the other side were heard perpetual exclamations of *Jamais, jamais*, and the whole affair ended in smoke. To show the utter contempt with which the Turk treats all attempts to interfere with his administration, the Turkish Minister assured the Foreign Ministers that he had never read the Andrassy Note, which was the basis of the proceedings which led to the conference; and the Sultan contemptuously pleaded toothache rather than undergo the ceremony of bidding farewell to his self-constituted advisers, who had come to his capital to teach him how to govern.

The real fact is that, in dealing with this question of massacre which periodically recurs in Turkey—traceable (when it occurs) to foreign intrigue, fomented disaffection, and exasperated fury of re-

pression—we had better get rid of the notion once for all that the Ottoman Government is a weak Government, capable of being coerced, existing on sufferance. While it lasts it is nothing of the sort; and revolutionary committees which raise Armenian questions and excite Armenian discontent owe their own security to safe distance, while their miserable *protégés* or victims pay the penalty, and are left face to face with the tiger whose sanguinary fury has been aroused against them. Europe can do nothing, for every Power is pledged to the maintenance of the Turkish empire, and has found by repeated and bitter experience that every attempt to infringe that principle brings war, misery, and exhaustion in its train. Sympathy can be had in abundance and indignation in its most exalted mood; but let a single Power lift a finger for the protectorate of the Eastern Christians and it is at once the object of time-honoured and universal suspicion, committed to a war which will only aggravate the miseries of its clients and task its own resources in vain. It has been suggested that England should withdraw its ambassador, proclaim a self-denying ordinance, embark in war on the principle of limited liability—that is, resolving to desist the moment Europe objects. This may satisfy the enthusiasts who are all anxious to “do something,” though they know not what. It would throw the East into convulsion, provoke the Ottoman Government into worse outrages than any which it has yet been incited to commit, and would necessarily under the conditions prescribed be barren of any political result. There is no use in war except with a view to proclaim the extinction of the Turkish empire, and to partition the vast territories, or some of them, of which

it is composed. Burning questions would immediately arise even if the object could be achieved within the lifetime of the youngest amongst us. There would be the question of the Straits, the freedom of the Danube, the possession of Constantinople, the question of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and the question of the highway to the East from Trebizond to the Persian Gulf, and the question what Government should replace that of the Sultan. All Europe is determined that the controversies pending on these momentous questions shall not be precipitated. They will have to be settled piecemeal in the future as in the past, as Turkish power gradually recedes and dries up.

Until that time arrives, and so long as Ottoman government endures, there is no known method, consistently with public law or practical politics, of forcibly interfering between an independent Government, tenacious of its independence, and its subjects. It is impracticable to supervise the manner in which an independent Government exercises its authority or conducts its administration. It cannot be effected by treaty, and for that reason Lord Palmerston in 1856 refused to have any stipulation to that effect introduced into the Treaty of Paris. It cannot be done by joint diplomatic intervention if the Government refuses to attend, and stands on its independent dignity and rights. It cannot be done through the influence of public opinion, for the public opinion of Western or Eastern Europe has no influence on a Mahometan Government. It can only be done, as in Egypt, by taking the power of government bodily out of the hands of those to whom it belongs and assuming it ourselves. Then, under whatever forms it may be convenient to

adopt, power, responsibility, and the duty of supervision are all in the same hands. Until that can be done, and we all know that it cannot be done, there is no remedy. We may detest and denounce the Armenian massacres to our hearts' content, and applaud our own humanity and high-mindedness while we do so. But the only way in which it is possible to prevent them, except by discouraging the intrigue and interference which excite them, and the dashing oratory which aggravates them, is to take the government of those provinces out of the hand of the Turk and administer them ourselves. Even the attempt to carry out such a scheme would be ruinous to the Armenians, and probably to a large part of the white population in Turkey. Its successful execution would place this country in a position compared to which a hornet's nest would be paradise.

Then as to the suggestion that if we will not act in that way Russia should be invited or encouraged so to do, that opens up a very wide subject, on which it is fortunately unnecessary to enter; for no invitation or encouragement from us is likely to be listened to. Though Russian Armenia compares favourably with Turkish and Persian Armenia, Poles and Jews know what Russian rule is like, and we have not forgotten the disgust of Russian Slavs in 1877 when they witnessed the more prosperous condition of their compatriots whom they had come to deliver from the Turk. Russia, taught by Lord Beaconsfield and the way in which England acted in 1876-78, stands on the faith of treaties and abides by the public law of Europe, which forbids intervention. She knows by the experience of those years that all Europe will in the end be against her if

she departs from the principle of non-intervention. The conduct of Great Britain in those years showed that, although in her enthusiastic reprobation of cruelty she may apparently swerve from her allegiance to public law, she will speedily recover her sound judgment and place herself in the van in the defence of that law and in resistance to encroachments which may imperil her interests, the liberties of Europe, and the independence of other nations besides Turkey. The conduct of the other Powers on that occasion showed that they were all either openly or secretly animated by a firm adherence to the treaties which they had signed, and determined to vindicate them sooner or later by overt action. There is no reason to suppose that that determination has changed; while the resolute adherence of Russia to the same treaty rights which she twenty years ago set at open defiance marks an epoch in the history of Europe which presages a period of assured peace, at least so far as the perplexed politics of South-Eastern Europe are concerned.

In urging this view of south-eastern politics, we yield to none in our detestation of Turkish barbarity, or in regret that so large a portion of the earth has not the blessing of civilised usages and a civilised government. It is not, however, for Armenians, or any body of Eastern Christians, to give the signal for the catastrophe, for United Europe is the only authority which can solve the difficult problems which will arise. The political arrangements which are to follow an upheaval of the present Ottoman empire will vitally affect Great Britain. They are a matter of life and death to Austria, which would speedily disappear

from the map of Europe if Russia converted the Black Sea into a Russian lake and dominated Constantinople and the Straits. Until the catastrophe occurs in the ordinary development of affairs, or is precipitated by the united decision of European statesmen, it is far better, as the Roumanian Premier points out, to make use of the peaceful and law-abiding section of the Christian population, rather than to stimulate the turbulence of those classes which excite the animosity of their neighbours and prematurely indulge in insurrection, without adequate preparations for sustaining their cause. A hostile demonstration like that at Hawarden in 1894 ought not to have been made, except as a signal for an effective uprising. Prodding a tiger with a red-hot bar from outside is not a very valiant act; if your friends are in the same cage with him, you are to a large extent responsible for results. If Mr Gladstone could, as a second Peter the Hermit, signalise his extreme old age by launching all Europe in a crusade against the Turk, the attempted remedy would aggravate the disease. But his influence is powerless to induce Europe to stir a finger; and his wisest course in the interest of his *protégés* is to abstain from provocation. A policy of threats unsupported by force or any intention to use force, such as that instituted by Lord Rosebery, is the worst possible course to adopt; and the cessation of unofficial provocation would smooth the course of the only palliative to be employed—that is, friendly intervention to restrain ill-devised and premature efforts at insurrection on the one side, and to encourage on the other the introduction of measures of administration calculated to promote a reasonable degree of public safety.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AS I SAW IT.

I.

THE Presidential campaign which closed on November 3 has made more noise in this hemisphere than any American domestic event for a generation. That it should do so was due in part to the fact that Europeans found themselves pecuniarily interested in an American political question, in part to the extraordinary importance attached to this election in the United States themselves. It made its appeal to the two master passions of the people of that country—patriotism and business. Politics in the narrow sense command little respect there. They are regarded as a possibly necessary but rather disreputable pursuit, which may from time to time attract a man of high character and capacity, but which, as a rule, is best left to Irish saloon-keepers and the less scrupulous sort of attorneys. The direct and only cause of this is the system of filling up every kind of public office from among the partisans of the faction in power. The consequences of this system are almost immeasurably pernicious. From the President to the meanest ward politician, there is hardly a man but has his price, and makes it his business to turn that price over as often in four years as possible. The thing goes round in a vicious circle. Because office is the reward for political service it must be made remunerative to the holder; because it is worth selling it is worth buying. Bought it accordingly is, either by open bribes to constituents in the way of public money squandered in their district, or else by more

secret but even directer methods. The enormous extent and population of the country for which the two parties are contending requires an enormous and elaborate political machine to work it. Yet, however vast and elaborate this may be, and even because of its vastness and elaboration, it is plain that the rising units of party organisation—the precinct, ward, county, district, state—must be kept in their actual working within the hands of a very small proportion of the voters they respectively cover. These are the professional politicians, and these are the men to buy. Their interest in politics marks them out as eligible articles for sale; the sphere of their influence, whether in precinct, county, or state, automatically fixes the scale of their price. A man so influential in a state that he can name its senator commands a high figure, just because a senator, being one whole eightieth of a branch of the Legislature, can command a very high price himself. So the would-be senator pays the state boss, and the state boss pays the county boss, and so on down to the little boss who controls the hundred votes or so of the precinct. Having bought his place at a stiff rate, it is the senator's business to get his money back by selling his vote for patronage to the President, and for cash or shares to anybody who wants to engineer a private tax or private bill. Meanwhile, he is also in a position to refresh the zeal of his partisans in State Assembly, district, county, ward, and precinct by getting them

grants of public money to embank unnavigated rivers and dredge unentered harbours. And so the game goes round and round, and the politician grows fat, and the non-political public pays the bill.

This is not a picture of American politics universally. It is very much less widely accurate than it was some years ago, and is becoming less and less so. But no candid citizen of the United States will deny that the state of things here sketched not only exists in his country to-day, but is almost publicly admitted to exist. And this being so, it is not surprising that the better sort of Americans are content as a rule to leave politics to politicians. Yet, though it may sound paradoxical, there is no people on earth more fervently amorous of their country, or so quickly and intensely aroused by any danger that appears to threaten it. As long as the politicians are merely filling their pockets, the rest of the people will usually pass by and go about their business. The moment the politicians appear to be jeopardising the fundamental institutions of the country every man is at his post to defend them. In the case of this election there was a very decided idea that the country was in peril, though it might have puzzled many of its defendants to say exactly how. One side thought liberty sick to death; the other believed the remedy proposed more likely to kill than cure. Both sides flung themselves into the battle with whole-hearted ardour. As early as July the returning steamers to New York were heavy with

Americans hastening home lest they should be crowded out of the later packets, and so miss their share in the great struggle. The same keenness was manifested throughout the whole campaign. In other elections it had been impossible to get more than twenty thousand men or so to parade the streets to demonstrate their political allegiance on behalf of the most popular presidential candidate. This year a hundred thousand men spent a whole day tramping the streets of New York, while another ninety-five thousand or so did the same in Chicago. As the fateful 3d of November drew near, the observer might see in the streets of New York and Chicago black knots of men dotted along the principal streets: these were citizens, all oblivious of their daily business, listening as for their lives while rival disputants expounded the currency question. The last two days, after the campaign had been wound up, the strain became even painful. New York was like a besieged city hanging breathlessly upon tidings that would spell salvation or ruin. The effort had been made; its success or failure was not yet manifest. There was a sickening sense that something might have been left undone which it was now too late to do. The roaring city stood still, and for twenty-four hours you could hear its heart beat. And when the day dawned every citizen went soberly but very early to the polls, to acquit himself of a burden no longer tolerable—the most brutish immigrant awed and humanised for one day in the presence of his great responsibility.

II.

It would be rating the mental elevation of the United States too superhumanly high to suppose that

this was the attitude of the whole seventy millions during the whole six months. Even more power-

fully than patriotism, all the instincts of business were aroused and concentrated on the election. Home-keeping Britons can have very little idea of the domination which business exerts over the United States. It is more than a passion, more than a religion—it is the whole of life. If you run through the list of your British acquaintance you will come to the conclusion that, while there may be few that would refuse a fortune honestly come by, there are almost fewer who have not some aim or interest in life which they rather pursue than money. Such a man hardly exists in the United States. A few no doubt there are—officers in the services, teachers, ministers of religion—whose profession forbids the active chase after the dollar. But these very men, by their interest in business generally, and by their half-apologetic attitude towards their own vocation, seem to admit that, it may be as contented, it may be as envious, spectators, they stand but on the bank of the real stream of life. Business is the real life for a man. No man in the country is so rich that he can afford to look down upon it; no man is so poor but he can aspire to play his part in it. The aristocracy of Europe may despise it: the plutocracy of America despises everything else.

This absorbing interest in trade and finance, and the resultant aptitude for them, furnish the explanation of the astounding keenness and intelligence with which the people of the United States entered into the campaign. Any other nation would have left abstruse questions of currency to high finance and political economy. But this was exactly the one topic that the United States would not commit for discussion and judgment to anybody else but them-

selves. As the Scotsman loves to talk theology, the Frenchman theatre, the Englishman not to talk at all, so the American will lose no chance to talk dollars. Dollars, therefore, he talked, and probably no Democracy ever enjoyed the privilege of popular Government so gluttonously as the citizen of the United States enjoyed those six months' talk of gold and silver.

But the matter went deeper than the mere pleasure of academic debate. It was perhaps the only contested election of the world's history in which every elector had a direct money interest in the result. The only difficulty was to determine exactly where that interest lay. The arguments of either party were directed less to maintaining the broad balance of national expediency than to showing the individual voter that it was money in his individual pocket to vote for this man or the other. It must not be inferred from this that arguments which took higher ground, such as appeals to national integrity, were consciously or even unconsciously insincere. Without doubt many men supported the gold standard because they believed that to abandon it would be to dishonour the bill of their country. Whether the charge of repudiation was more than a popular cry for popular consumption it is hardly worth while to inquire. The proposal for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was intended, on the showing of its most coherent advocates, to level down the value of the gold dollar and level up that of the silver dollar, but on the whole to depreciate the value of the unit of currency. It was contended, with a show of reason, that this was dishonest towards

investors, whether native or foreign, who would receive dollars of less value in commodities than than they had been promised. One of the most telling points in the campaign was that the pensioners of the Civil War would see themselves docked of half their income at a blow. But on the other hand it might plausibly be argued, and was, that an appreciated dollar is just as dishonest as a depreciated one. If it is dishonest to pay a bondholder or pensioner in dollars buying less food than they did when he first began to draw his income, then it is dishonest to pay him in dollars buying more. At this rate colossal frauds have been perpetrated on the people of the United States ever since the great decline in agricultural prices began. It will be answered that it is impossible that the rate of interest or amount of pension could be regulated by every fluctuation which supply and demand may create in the wheat market; else why not go back to truck and barter at once? But it is a very different thing, said the advocate of gold, for a nation to tamper with the purchasing-power of the currency by legislative enactment. Very true; but unluckily the silver man had the answer pat that the demonetisation of silver in 1873 was just such a legislative interference with the standard of value. If remonetisation of silver was repudiation, then so was the demonetisation of it. On the moral side, therefore, the voter could consider free coinage, according to his taste and fancy, either as the righting of a wrong or the adding of a second wrong to make a right.

But the voter troubled himself little with either consideration. Instances of men who deliberately voted for what they believed to be

their own pecuniary loss must have been rare indeed. In the main the contest resolved itself into a direct conflict of commercial interest between various sections of the community, and was generally so regarded. The simplest case of all was that of the silver-mining industry. The five states that bestride the Rocky Mountains—Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Nevada—live entirely on silver, or did. In these evil days, with silver down to half-a-crown an ounce, only a few of the very richest mines can be worked at a profit. Nevada is wellnigh depopulated, and her deserted mines silted up with alkaline dust; Colorado and Utah are living very largely on the gold mines of Leadville, Cripple Creek, and Mercur; Idaho and Montana eke out a living with copper and lead. Yet every state of the five is known to be paved with silver ore in one form or another. If the price of silver could be driven up until it would pay to mine this, population would flow in, capital would flow in, wages would leap upwards, fair cities would rise (and therewith the price of real estate), and the centre of gravity of the Union would begin to shift westward,—in brief, the West would make such a progress as would dazzle the world. Now, amid all the contradictions predicted as likely to result from free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, one thing is incontrovertibly certain—it would send up the value of silver bullion. If every man owning fifty cents' worth of bullion could take it to the mint and have it coined into a full dollar, silver bullion would come to be a very desirable thing to possess. The dollar might be depreciated, and in time the quantity of silver flung on the market might drive it down to

the old price. But never mind. Considering the enormous amount of ore available, the immediate margin of profit was enough to make gigantic fortunes on. What wonder then that these five states—men, women, and children, miners, farmers, and the very bankers themselves—were all white-hot for silver?

Unfortunately for the cause of silver, the power of these states was not equal to their zeal. They are among the least populous in the Union, and only command 16 electoral votes between them out of 447. But one powerful political lever is theirs. Every state by the Constitution sends two senators to Washington,—New York, with six millions, sends no more; and Nevada, with forty-five thousand, no less. The silver states were thus able to establish a faction in the Senate, formidable both by its numerical proportion to the whole body and its conspicuous political ability. Nominally Republicans, these men really represented the silver industry, and it alone. To the adroit activity of this group, it has been alleged, the adoption of the free silver policy by the Democratic party can be directly traced. They worked secretly for years (so it is said) to capture the Democratic organisation; they circulated such books as 'Coin's Financial School,' and sent such speakers as Mr Bryan over the whole West and South. They convinced or bought up the politicians of the precinct, the ward, and the county, whose influence chose the delegations to Chicago. The Democrats were badly in want of a policy, for the Wilson-Gorman revision of the M'Kinley tariff had not brought prosperity, and a reaction to Protection was almost certain. Then came the Convention, and Mr

Bryan with his crown of thorns and cross of gold—carefully rehearsed, if we are to believe this story, and completely successful. The Convention came over to silver like a flock of sheep. Thus the silver group played, not their own but the other party as their trump card for the great stake—and lost.

Whether or no we are to credit them with this masterpiece of adroit duplicity, there is one respect in which the influence of the silver states is easily appreciable. How could it ever come about, it may be asked, that the keenest financial people of the world could ever furnish so large a body of opinion—a minority, it is true, but a very powerful minority—in favour of the palpable economic heresy that the relative values of the two precious metals can be fixed and maintained by law? The answer is, that for years the silver group had been accustoming the nation to the idea of bimetallism. Until the Chicago Convention it had principally impressed itself upon the Republican party, to which it is nominally affiliated. It had bartered its support for protection against pious opinions in favour of bimetallism. Mr M'Kinley has often declared himself in its favour, and it is shrewdly believed that he was quite as ready to fight this election for silver as for gold. The very St Louis Convention, which at last after years of vacillation declared squarely for gold, still contained a hedging reservation in favour of bimetallism, if other nations could be induced to join in the experiment. The idea of free coinage, therefore, had nothing unheard of or paradoxical to frighten the electors: it was but a step, and that an easy one for unreflecting patriotism, from bimetallism by international con-

sent to bimetallism by the puissant mandate of the United States.

But how was that to affect the pockets of the rest of the country—of the East, of the middle West, and of the Pacific slope? To the farmers it appealed as at least a possibility of relief, where everything else had failed. Following the great settlement of the West (which incidentally half ruined farming in New England), the production of wheat in India, Australia, and the Argentine had driven down prices to starvation point, while bad seasons had often cut away the meagre margin of profit still remaining. It is no exaggeration to say that the farmers of Nebraska and Kansas have often wanted food to eat and almost always been without a dollar to spend. They were in debt to the mortgage companies, by whose help they had bought their land, and set up their homesteads; they were in debt to the local stores for the ragged shirts on their backs, and the broken boots on their feet. Now, as they had settled in the country in time of boom, when money was to be had for the signing of a name, nothing would content them but to regain prosperity by the same means. Why wait for irrigation or an increase of home consumption? Boom was the only kind of prosperity they knew, and free coinage offered the prospect of a boom. Selling their wheat in the Liverpool market for British gold, they could spend the proceeds at home in a double portion of new depreciated United States dollars. Labour and commodities would be proportionately dearer, no doubt; but the mortgage debt, which never contracted its iron figures as prices went down, would remain inexpansive as they went up. Here

was relief and a profit, a hope and a boom. So the Western farmer waved his old slouch hat for silver and the boy orator of the Platte.

The Eastern manufacturer, supposing that he exported his products, might have argued in the same strain as the Western farmer. But there was this difference, that the Easterner was not in debt—at any rate not in the same way—and that in many instances, as a shareholder, he had others in debt to him. The Eastern attitude was not so much a condemnation of the probable effects of free coinage as a flat refusal to try to calculate those effects at all. It might turn out well or ill: he was very well as he was, and he did not mean to have the whole fabric of credit and exchange flung out of gear. He produced arguments against free silver, but they were intended to convince others: for himself he was resolute not to disturb a state of things with which, bad times and good together, he was well satisfied. He contended that with a fall in money and a rise in values the working man would buy just half the advantages with his wages that he enjoys to-day—a contention not over sincere, since he knew as well as anybody that the American working man would never consent to divide his standard of comfort by two. To put it summarily, the East had money, and therefore desired to keep up the price of it; the West and South had none, and therefore desired to depreciate it. That was the central issue of the fight. It was a battle of monetary interests—a battle of and for and by dollars. The East won, because its interests were weightier; because its knowledge of business was greater, and commanded a respect

for its opinion on a business topic ; and because it had more dollars to spend on the campaign. And, above all, because the men who promised low wages, idle mills, penniless investors, in the case of

Mr Bryan's success, were believed to be the very men who had the power and the will to transmute their predictions into ruinous reality. Business spoke, and the nation obeyed.

III.

But business was not merely on the defensive. In the early stages of the contest the Chicago Convention, with its sudden apparition of Mr Bryan out of a machine, created something of a panic in the East, and every ounce of available energy was put into propaganda antagonistic to free silver. But when it became manifest that the heresy had taken no deep root among the working men of the East, it was felt that a more positive programme was required to win the country. Times were bad. Mr Bryan came before the pinched electors with a proposal, however intrinsically fallacious, intended to remedy them ; Mr M'Kinley could hardly stand up against him empty-handed. So Protection, which at first had cut no figure in the Republican election literature and stump speeches, gradually came to fill a larger and larger part of the field. "The tariff," Mr M'Kinley insisted again and again, "is an issue." By election day there was hardly a village but bore its poster representing a blandly beneficent figure of the candidate, proclaiming that he would rather open the mills of the country to the labour of the United States than the mints of the country to the silver of the world.

Without doubt Protection played a great part in securing the election of its champion. It was something definite and affirmative to vote for, and no democracy, least of all that of the United

States, cares to vote a blank negative. Protection appealed, just as free silver appealed, to the man who felt himself misused by the laws of supply and demand, and thought it time Congress did something in the direction of their repeal. That appeal, moreover, met with a wonderful success. That it should awaken the enthusiasm of the man who had been put on half-time at the factory was nothing wonderful. But even the farmers—that is to say, the more prosperous and the less mortgage-ridden of them—found it at least as tempting a medicine as the free coinage of silver. True, the prices of their products had depreciated, but then, so had the volume of demand for them. With every mill running and every mechanic making good full-time wages, they reckoned on a greatly increased demand for the very commonest necessities of life. The certain increase in the home market had more attraction for the solidier class of farmers than the dubious benefits of Bryanism. And if it was pointed out to them that increased tariffs handed them over in manacles to the manufacturers of whom they had to buy clothes and machinery, they responded with the blessed word competition. Competition, the tyrant and the redeemer of American commerce, was to keep prices low for manufactures, while they rose for wheat and butter and eggs.

But Protection was more than a popular cry. It was the object

of a vast commercial deal. As the Republican mind saw nothing in the silver agitation but a huge conspiracy to put up the price of silver and enrich a ring of mine-owners, so the Democratic mind saw nothing in protection but a conspiracy of manufacturers, coal-owners, shipping-owners, and the like to raise the price of their merchandise and secure enormous profits for themselves. This view of the campaign was brought into strong prominence by the fact that Mr M'Kinley's campaign, both before and after his nomination at St Louis, was conducted by Mr Mark Hanna. It was conducted, moreover, with singular coolness, mastery, and success. Mr Hanna was beyond question the hero of the election. He appears to embody American business capacity, and perhaps American business unscrupulousness, with complete freedom from the American impulse towards display. Mr Hanna made no speeches; he saw as little as possible of newspaper reporters; he smiled at the attacks upon him; he never swaggered, and he never whined—but he worked. He perfected an enormous machine, and worked it with unerring, almost inhuman, precision. The fuel for that machine was dollars, and Mr Hanna turned the levers which distributed the energy they developed into the precise point where it was required. Reputed to be a man of narrow intellectual vision, little versed in the finer arts of the politician, he fought the battle with the only weapon he knew of—money. And he won it brilliantly.

Mr Hanna by trade is a coal-owner, a shipping-owner on the great lakes, a general manufacturer and capitalist. The men and the companies who poured millions into his lap were of the same in-

terests as himself. Is it likely, asks the American, that they would have supplied the Republican machine with every cent it could advantageously consume unless they looked to see their money back with interest? Disinclination to face the chances of a bimetallic currency might account for much, but the spoils theory is so deeply ingrained in the American mind that the victors would expect more. And what else but protection? Coal is imported into the United States on the east from Halifax, on the west from Vancouver Island; Mr Hanna might fairly claim as his own personal reward that it should be weighted with a heavy duty. The sheep-farmers and the weavers of Ohio stood staunchly by their fellow-statesman M'Kinley; were they to go without their reward? The planters of cane-sugar in Louisiana and the beet-growers of Nebraska showed themselves deaf to the voice of the Protector; but was that any reason why the beet-growers of California and the maple-growers of Vermont should not be rewarded for their loyalty to the cause? Had not every manufacturing industry and every trust done its utmost in the service of sound money and plenty of it? Each and all had the clearest right to claim their share of the legislative spoil, and they will not be backward to do so.

The accounts of Mr M'Kinley's views which have been cabled to this country since his election represent him in a becomingly chastened mood, disclaiming any desire for protection beyond the demands of the present attenuated revenue. We need not take him too seriously. Just now he is under great obligations to the dissentient Democrats who favour the gold standard but abhor the

high tariff and all its works. Besides this, the Senate, though it contains a small and nominal Republican majority, really leaves the balance of its power in the hands of the senators from the Silver States. They care nothing for or against Protection, but the day is gone by to purchase their votes by academic professions of bimetallism. If they like to amalgamate with the Democratic opposition, the Senate will be a very difficult factor for militant Protectionism to deal with. But the Senate, as has been hinted, presents one great advantage to the President in dealing with it: it is small. The judicious gift of an embassy or two can often turn a minority into a majority. Where Mr Cleveland was iron, Mr M'Kinley is prepared to be butter. And if suasion fail, it is only a question of waiting a year or two until the Republican state legislatures have time to change their Democratic senators for good Protectionists. Protection in some measure, and by some means or other, the United States will have. Mr M'Kinley is not the strong man he looks. Mr Hanna and his friends are very strong, and they will bend him to their will.

However, the British exporter may comfort himself with one or two considerations. The influ-

ences against Protection will alleviate its incidence, at least for the moment. It takes time to forget Democratic allies and bribe silverite senators. And when it comes, it will probably hit Germany, and be meant to hit Germany, harder than ourselves. Germany has imposed numberless vexations and restrictions upon American imports. The latest move, a few days before the election of Mr M'Kinley, was to institute regulations to the effect that every tin of preserved meat should be opened for inspection—that is, spoiled—before its admission to the empire. That means the ruin of the canned meat trade, and therewith the bitter wrath of the gigantic packing industries of Chicago, St Louis, and Kansas City. After such amenities, will the United States keep its hands off the woollen goods with which German mills, running day and night, now flood the Western world? Will they respect the vast beet-sugar industry of Germany, when their own beet-growers are in sight of bankruptcy? Our own exporters may look forward to President M'Kinley's term without enthusiasm; the Germans are shaking in their shoes already. To the suffering Briton it will be a reflection not without balm if the German suffers more.

IV.

The dollar, then, was not inaptly the ensign round which this great battle was fought. First and last it was a battle for dollars—a huge struggle of one material mercenary interest against another. Each state, each man, voted to save his country by filling his own pocket. There was, however, one great section of the country whose motive, if it can

hardly be called purer, was at least more disinterested. This section was the South, the old Confederate States, and the motive was detestation of the North. The origin of that detestation is known to everybody; but its extent is possibly not so well known in this country. We are told by Northern newspapers and Northern books that the bitterness of

the war is past. It was pronounced a happy emblem of reconciliation that Generals Palmer and Buckner, who stood for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency as gold-standard Democrats, had fought against each other in the early sixties. No doubt it was very pretty, but the animosities of a generation ago are still too raw to be salved by any such quackery. It must be remembered that the Americans are more given over to anniversaries and celebrations than any people on earth. Hardly a day passes but some such auspicious occasion finds its chronicle in Northern newspapers, and each is a fresh drop of bitterness in the cup of the South. There men feel that the world has done them rank injustice. The North, they say, has the world's ear to glorify its own prowess and shoulder into oblivion the heroism of the South. The grievance is a fanciful one, as any European can tell; but that makes no difference. The passionate South broods over it from year to year. Lately it has informed its very school-books with a vengeful rancour against the North, just as heretofore they had breathed rancour against Britain. So long as this lasts, so long with a progressing energy will the South resent and thwart the superior influence of the North. The danger will be a chronic one. The South will be fuel ready to the firebrand of any incendiary. Silver, labour, state rights as against the Federal authority—it matters not what the cry may be. The South is ready to take it up and fight.

The North and the Republicans are only reaping what they sowed. For the war the North cannot be blamed, though there are acid accusations still current as to the

barbarous conduct of it. But the real mischief was done after the war, in the days of reconstruction. The Republican party is expiating the decade of shameless jobbery and robbery with which it celebrated its victory in the Southern states. Take the trouble for a moment to imagine a high-spirited people, just bleeding from a war which they had fought almost to the last man, and far beyond the last dollar, taxed, pillaged, and insulted by blacks who a year or two ago had been their chattels. Those cruel years seared the South with a hissing iron. And because the wickedness was done at the command of Republican bosses, and in the name of the Republican party, for a white man to proclaim himself Republican to-day is to forswear his race, and step back to the nigger and towards the brute-beast. The solid South is inalienably Democratic. The party may win or lose elsewhere: the old Confederate states never waver nor falter in the blackest hour of panic and defeat.

On the morning of the 4th of November the newspapers of New York announced in letters an inch high that the solid South had been broken. The portent was worthy of the type, if only it had happened. But the solid South was not broken. On the night of the election, besides Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky, the Republicans claimed Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri. If this claim had been made good, the solid South would have been broken indeed, and this would perhaps have been the most momentous result of the whole election. But the four last-named states were all the while quite safe and sound for Democracy.

Not a single state that had gone whole-hearted into the Confederacy came out on the side of Mr K'Kinley. Even in Kentucky the incoming President only scrambled home by a few hundred votes. The explanation of this victory was simple enough. It was not that many white men had voted for a candidate labelled with the name of Republican, though many thousands desired his success. But the leading men of business, who were sufficiently men of business to eschew free coinage but not sufficiently anti-Southern to vote Republican, had no scruples in encouraging and assisting their negro servants to vote for M'Kinley direct. In past years they had done all they could to hinder them from registering themselves as voters. This year they made it easy,—they found the money to pay the black men's poll-tax; the officials in charge of the polls abstained from the usual manœuvres to suppress the black man's vote.

For it must be borne in mind that it is only on condition of wholesale and flagrant violations of what we should call electoral purity that the South maintains its Democratic solidity. Before the Briton blames the white man for this, he would do well to try a few years' engulfment among the blacks. But, morality apart, the break-down of the system of intimidation and suppression of votes would have changed the whole political equilibrium of the United States. Had the negro and his leader got command of the electoral machine, Republicanism would have started every Presidential campaign of the future with long odds in its favour. But what just succeeded in Kentucky failed utterly elsewhere. The South remains a

reservoir of Democracy, of sectional bitterness, and of national danger.

The apprehension had been expressed in this country that the addition of a solid West to a solid South might bring about a second civil war, longer drawn out and more murderous than the first. In the United States themselves men mocked at the prediction, and the event has proved them right. In truth there is no solid West, and no prospect of it. Broadly, it may be said that the East is disposed to laugh at the rusticity of the West, and that the West responds with sneers at the culture of the East. To the European eye neither rusticity nor culture is very apparent; but it is difficult not to detect a certain mutual jealousy which might easily ripen into dislike. A New Yorker would almost sooner hear London praised than Chicago. But to suppose that the West is seriously banded against the East on the silver question or any other is a complete delusion. The election returns dispel it in a moment. Mr Bryan carried most of the states west of the Mississippi, it is true. But he did not carry Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, California, or Oregon. In South Dakota, his own Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, and Washington, his majorities were small. Now, a country so evenly divided can never enter with effect upon a civil war. Furthermore, the commercial relations between the two halves of the country, the East supplying manufactures, the West food-stuffs, forbid any such internecine madness. If there was no hint of a fight this time, when the monetary interests of the two seemed diametrically opposed, there is not likely to be next time, nor any time in the immediate future.

V.

There remains for brief consideration one other factor in the campaign. The Chicago platform may be compared with the Newcastle programme; it was meant to furnish an Adullam wherein every variety of discontent with the existing order might find some promise of alteration appealing directly to itself. For the mining West there was free silver; for the farming West free trade. The South needed no incentive beyond the hated name of Republicanism. But what about the North and East? Here was committed the decisive and irreparable blunder of the campaign. It was decided to stir up labour against capital: so far, from a partisan point of view, the Democratic counsel was good. The blunder lay in the pivot selected for the agitation.

It is probable—if universal report can prove anything, it is certain—that the Chicago platform owed what were called its Anarchistic features to Governor Altgeld of Illinois. He is a man of unquestionable ability, and all but his bitterest enemies allow that in most respects he has made a good governor. On the other hand, his own political associates hardly take the trouble to deny that he is self-seeking, insincere, utterly reckless of means, and not over loyal. He won the name of Anarchist—most unreasonably, if Americans or anybody else ever allowed reason to enter into their heads when once the word Anarchism is abroad—by pardoning certain criminals who had been concerned in rioting and bomb-throwing in Chicago some eight years ago. The explanation of it was not love of Anarchism, but love of self. He had made a com-

pact with the Socialists and Anarchists, who are very strong among the herding foreigners of Chicago, to release these men in exchange for their solid vote when he stood for Governor of the State. Such deals are of daily occurrence in the United States, and this particular deal no more proved Mr Altgeld an Anarchist than the widespread suspicion that he bartered Democratic votes for M'Kinley as President against Republican votes for himself as Governor argues him a Republican.

Now, Governor Altgeld had come into collision more than once both with the Federal authorities at Washington and with the Supreme Court of the United States. Riots had stopped the mails, and the President not unnaturally felt himself justified in using Federal troops to restore order. Mr Altgeld chose to consider this a personal affront, and posed as the champion of the prerogatives of the State as against the nation. He said that if Federal troops came into Illinois again, they would find State troops to oppose them. And there can be little doubt that he secured the insertion into the Chicago platform of the attacks on Federal authority and the Supreme Court, more out of personal pique than any deep-laid design to overthrow society. Be that as it may, the battle-ground was the very worst that could have been chosen. The more the Americans commit the selection of their everyday judges to popular suffrage, the more they cling to the paramount authority, dignity, and independence of the Supreme Court. The more they decentralise and bestow the minor functions of sovereignty upon the

State, the more they cherish the final attributes of sovereignty committed to the central Government. The attitude is natural, reasonable, and universal. Imagine, then, the horror and indignation when they saw the ultimate safeguards of the Constitution fiercely assailed. The assault meant less than it seemed to mean, for in reality it represented little but the private spite of an individual. But the opposition to it was collective. With the more stable classes it did the

democratic canvass more damage than free silver itself. To the floating masses of working men, many of them out of work, and many newly arrived immigrants, hardly able to babble a few words of American-English, what was the use of an attack upon the Supreme Court to them, or what knew they of the Federal authority and the status of the State? In a word, this part of the programme did it an inappreciable deal of good, and an incalculable deal of harm.

VI.

This is perhaps a sufficient, though necessarily a fragmentary, outline of the principal forces in play during the election. There rallied to Mr M'Kinley all the solid respectable classes who had business to make or mar, all the classes who imagined that protection would put money in their purse, and all law-abiding citizens who were frightened at the bloodless spectre of sham Anarchism. Mr Bryan had to depend on the silver interest, which finished his Old Guard; on such part of the agricultural interest as he could pick up by economic clap-trap; on such part of the labour interest as he could influence by vapid generalities about revolutionary projects which offered no benefit to anybody; on the South and on the lifelong Democrats, who knew that he had been regularly nominated by the regularly chosen representatives of the party, and who would sooner think of changing their nationality than of voting against a presidential candidate so accredited. The potency of the last-named influence was shown by the gold Democratic movement. Not a man of those prominently connected with it but would have

voted, and probably did vote, directly for Mr M'Kinley. But to detach the rank and file of the Democratic party, it was necessary to put up candidates bearing the name of Democrat, and appealing to the memory of Jefferson. So dominant in American politics is the party name over the party principle.

With the joint appeal to so many shades of thought and sentiment, adding thereto a personal canvass unsurpassed for courage, endurance, and personal glamour in the whole history of popular agitation, Mr Bryan, it will be said, ought surely to have won the country. But here lay the radical blunder of his party and his platform. In the attempt to gather together malcontents of every denomination for the grand assault on substance and respectability, they wholly forgot the regular Democratic voter, who really was the backbone of their cause. More: they actually went out of their way to estrange him. They mazed him with heresies about the currency; they frightened him with bogies about the Constitution. In one word, they could not have their cake and eat it. To gain

the silver Republicans, the Populists, and the Anarchists, they threw away the Democrats.

And now, what has been the net result of the momentous struggle? What has been gained and what lost? What dangers to the future prosperity and stability of the country have been laid and what revealed? The first result is plain. The victory of Mr McKinley has averted, for four years at least, an experiment in finance which must have been at the best hazardous and attended with cruel individual hardships, and at the worst ruinous to the national credit and the national industries. That has been done, but how far does that go? Will the battle have to be fought all over again in 1900? The present probability is that it will. The battle has been fought on an economic issue, and there is no great probability that four years hence the economic conditions will have materially changed. The price of silver is not likely to go up. In the Rocky Mountains—not to mention the Broken Hill mine, and including the rich lodes of Kootenay in British Columbia—there is silver enough to rebuild half the cities of America. The moment that for any reason the price goes up, it will pay exploiters to mine a lower grade of ore: down it will go again. Nor is there any likelihood that the next four years will see Western agriculture in better estate than it is to-day. Just now the farmer's pockets are full; he is paying the store-keeper what he owes, and he is making up the arrears on his mortgage. But in few cases is he paying off the whole principal. Wheat has gone up beyond his rosiest dreams; but it is only one crop, and he was a long way behind. Next year, and the next, and the next, the wheat-harvest in India

is not likely to fail; it is much more likely to fail in Dakota and Kansas. As regards silver and farming, 1900 may be expected to find the field as white to Mr Bryan's harvesting hand as has 1896. Riper, indeed, since four years more of depression must convince the doubter of this year that free silver may perhaps have had something in it after all.

On all this, beyond doubt, Mr Bryan and his friends are counting, when they so jauntily inaugurate the contest which is to land them in power at Washington in the second year of next century. But if this dream is ever to harden into fact, one lesson must be learnt from the abortive effort which is just dying away. There must be something better to attract the working man. There is no need to set labour against capital: labour is already set against capital far more grimly in the United States than anywhere in the world. The fomenters of discord have only to stand by and let the hostility accumulate for yet four years more. Already it has come to this, that the etiquette of every strike demands not only picketing and importation of blacklegs, and other tame European methods, but revolvers and dynamite almost from the very outset. Homestead and Cœur d'Alene and Leadville witness it, and the tale of victims is hungrily conned over in many a labourer's cabin. The train is laid; it waits only the match.

It wants no great acumen to forecast the formula of 1900. It will be war against the trusts. It was part of the stock-in-trade this year, but it was not prominently displayed. You can hardly fight an election on more than two main issues: otherwise parties overlap. This year the Democrats chose silver for one, and the Republicans

forced Protection upon them for the other. Denunciations of trusts were rapturously received, but free silver and Protection gave the sentiment no room to breathe. Now, a campaign against trusts would awaken no such dismay as greeted the attack upon the Federal sovereignty and the Supreme Court. On the contrary, it would tend to unite all classes. Industrial enterprise in the United States has been left far freer from legal fetters than in European countries. Little is done by the State; all is left to the initiative of the individual. The owner of a plot of ground in New York or Chicago can put up a building of twenty storeys, if he has the mind and the capital, without troubling himself either about his neighbours' ancient lights or the width of the street. The apparent negligence is explained partly by the Americans' horror of retarding mechanical progress, and partly by their reliance on competition. They have cast overboard the law as the safeguard of individual right, and put themselves under the protection of competition, and of it alone.

Now, a trust, in its exacter acceptance, is the very negation of competition. It is a combination of all the producers of a necessary article to regulate its price to their own profit and the loss of the public. Here the Americans have made an exception to their general rule, and passed laws forbidding such corporations to trade in the life-blood of their fellow-men. But these laws are either not stringent enough to meet the case, or, like most laws in the United States, go unenforced. To what extent trusts which are, or should be, illegal exist it is not easy to determine. It is their obvious interest to lie as close as possible. But some there certainly are—

such as the Standard Oil Trust and the Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal Trust. Many Americans have much to say for the first: commanding the whole supply of oil, but also commanding an enormous machinery of distribution, advertisement, and the like, it supplies oil at an exceedingly low price. The mechanical conditions of this age are such that a great field lies open for the use of oil in directions unsuspected a generation ago. But when the Standard Trust has taught millions of people to rely on oil for every purpose—has made oil, in short, a necessity of life—what then is to prevent it from raising the price, and decamping with a booty immeasurably richer than if it had never first allured the people into dependence upon it? Not the law certainly, for the Standard Oil Trust is believed to violate the law by its very existence.

It may be only in the imagination of labour-agitators and sensation-mongering journalists that trusts exist to control the price of every necessity of life. Absolute control of supply is probably rare; combinations among the leading producers, who are strong enough to set the tune to the market, are probably very common. Whether that be so or not, it is indisputable that the power of associated capitalists is daily riveted more firmly upon the United States. One very galling instance of it is found in combinations among great employers of labour—railway companies, for example—to keep a mutual black-list. If a working man offends one of them, whether in time of strike or on his own initiative, he will get no employment from any. Men have changed their names and disguised themselves in vain to escape this merciless and omniscient boycott. That

these great industrial organisations crush out all small private traders goes without saying. Worse still, the law is at their command for a price. A bribe to a judge or an attorney, it matters not in what form conveyed, will protect them from violations of any statute already in force. A bribe to a few politicians will secure any new statute they may desire to promote their business at the public expense. They even maintain their own members in legislative bodies,—pocket assemblymen, pocket congressmen, pocket senators,—like any magnate of Georgian days. They stand beside and above the law, and they use their immunity to empty the pockets of the citizen and to fill their own.

Here, then, is the weak point of the Republicans. They have triumphed this year because all the powers of money were on their side. They can hardly throw over Mr Hanna and his trusts in 1900. If Mr Bryan and his associates will strike straight and hard at this heel of Achilles, they may yet avenge this year's defeat. It is difficult to see four years ahead, especially in the United States, where a President's term of office is as a generation in Europe. But at present only two obstacles present themselves. One is that Mr Bryan's obstinate fanaticism—supposing him to secure another nomination—may again burden the ship with free silver: with free silver he will never capture the East, unless in times of direful depression and distress. The other obstacle is a curious idiosyncrasy of the American character. While he is shouting the loudest at the abuse of riches, he is never altogether sincere in desiring their downfall. Their transfer to better hands, assuredly: their disappear-

ance from society, no. He can never forget that he may one day, as like as not, be a great capitalist himself: he generally considers himself equipped with all the qualities that go to make a great capitalist. Therefore he regards the wealth of others as in some measure held in trust for him, and protects the prerogatives of capital with a prospective and contingent jealousy.

This feeling might even yet rescue the trusts from the reward of their iniquities. But it cannot save them for ever. The longer they remain undisturbed the firmer seated will be their power; the harder, therefore, will it be for the prospective and contingent monopolists to win through to the coveted future. One by one the ambitious clerks and operatives will conclude that there is no chance for the poor man until the present priests of the dollar are swept from their seats. As this hostility grows and hardens, capital and its parasites will become apprehensive, and guard their privileges ever more closely and more pitilessly. Where is it to lead? The world has never yet seen an industrial war. The slave-wars of old time, and many civil wars later, show, however, that a great contest can be organised on other than a territorial basis. The astonishing military aptitude of the people of the United States would supply the soldiers, the leaders, and the strategy. Such a war would disengage itself from riots breaking out over the whole country; it might easily grow into the most awful massacre the world ever saw.

The salvation of the United States will be to purge itself from corruption and greed, at once and thoroughly. It is not to be expected from Mr McKinley; but the

next administration, Republican or Democratic, might witness the beginning of the work. Perhaps, too, at some approaching day there may grow up in the United States a class at present conspicuously absent—a class analogous to what the Greeks happily called “the middle citizens.” That is a class which is not violently prejudiced in favour of any party, which is not in want, but is not rich, and does not wish to be. Possessing other aims than wealth, its politics will be to make the United States a country fit for a poor man to live in. There is perhaps the nucleus of this non-partisan party

to be perceived in the unexampled numbers who this year voted against the party of their nominal allegiance. Such a class would be a surer safeguard to the country than many Supreme Courts. And the country needs it. For if this memorable election means anything, it means the opening of the assault of poverty and discontent upon the dominion of riches. Masquerading to-day behind a vain and trivial irrelevancy, it yet shows its black and vengeful face under the mask. To-morrow it will rush to the onslaught stark and hideous and very wicked, but with much wickedness to avenge.

G. W. STEEVENS.

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